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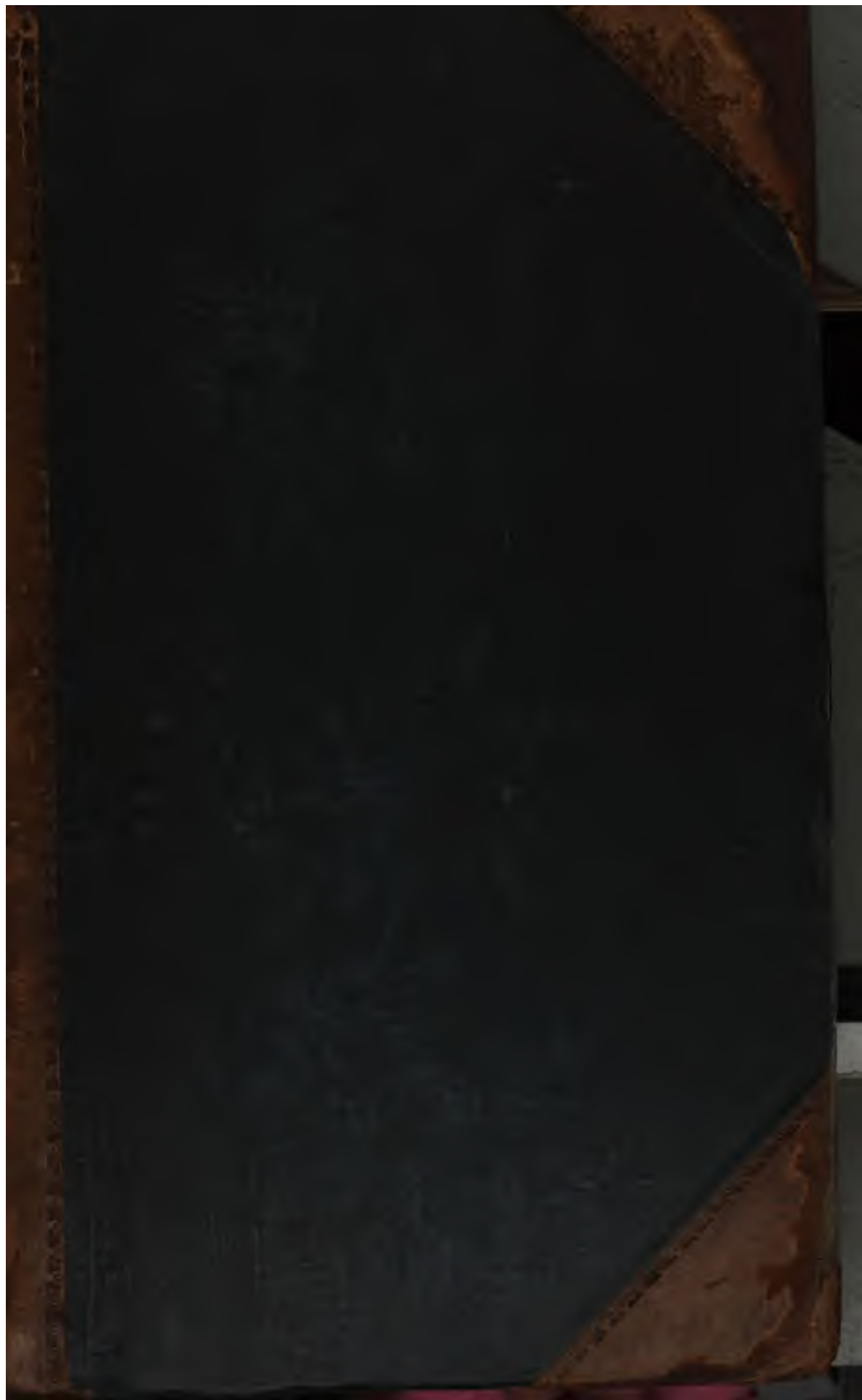
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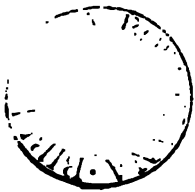


THE  
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EDITED BY  
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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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No. XXV.—MAY 15, 1866.

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THE ELECTORAL LAWS OF HUNGARY.

As the Hungarian Diet at present attracts no small portion of the attention of Europe, it may not be uninteresting to readers to learn something of the process by which this body was brought into existence. I therefore propose in the present article to set forth, as succinctly and clearly as possible, the past and present laws of Hungary, in so far as they relate to the election of their Diet or Parliament. The subject has a double value for Englishmen. In the first place, a knowledge of those laws may render somewhat more intelligible the brief notices of what is going on at Pesth, which are given in our daily press; in the second place, an account of the fortunes of constitutionalism among the Magyars forms a part—and not the least interesting part—of the history of political liberty throughout the world. As I have frequently visited Hungary for the purpose of studying its language and its history, and was present at some of the elections of the present Diet, I may attempt a somewhat more life-like account than could be drawn from books or German reports. It is exceedingly difficult for one nation to obtain a fair and true idea of another; but, if that knowledge is to be acquired only through the intermediation of a third nation, that difficulty is seriously increased.

Many of my readers may, perhaps, be in a general way aware that before 1848 the Hungarians lived under an aristocratical sort of constitution. My expressions are purposely vague, because there was a good deal of vagueness in that old constitution—if not in its theory, at any rate in its practice—and the ideas of most Englishmen on the subject are vaguer still. Some of them, however, know that in 1848 the Hungarians legally, but at the same time radically, changed this constitution. Their Reform Bill went, in fact, much farther than ours, as the abuses against which it was directed were more serious and more inveterate than those under which unreformed

England laboured. Under the system which prevailed before 1848, the kingdom of Hungary was, in some important points, rather a confederacy of fifty-two counties and districts, than one central well-organised State. Decentralisation and self-government prevailed there to almost as great a degree as in the United States of America before the war. One important circumstance prevented any real resemblance between the two confederacies. In the United States the central government was comparatively weak, and was further conducted by a president elected for a term of four years. Hungary, on the contrary, was governed by an hereditary king, who was surrounded, advised, served, and sometimes controlled, by a permanent army of bureaucrats—men who, like the late Duke of Wellington, held, as their ruling principle in politics, that “the king’s government *must* be carried on.” What served still further to complicate matters was that the Crown, besides its constitutional prerogatives—in themselves sufficiently large—derived an enormous increase of power from the fact that the constitutional king of Hungary was at the same time absolute sovereign of dominions in the aggregate equalling that kingdom in territorial extent, and exceeding it in population and wealth. Under these circumstances, it must certainly be at first sight a matter of surprise that the old Hungarian constitution existed so long. The Hungarians themselves explain the fact partly by referring to the indomitable energy, courage, and self-devotion which their race has always shown in defence of its rights; partly by the fascination exercised by their local self-government on all who in any way took part in it, whereby the lowest freeman, who had, perhaps, a very vague idea of the interests of the country at large, and but a lukewarm attachment to them, was nevertheless animated by a burning zeal in the defence of that fraction of the constitution which was peculiarly his own—his personal liberty, the privileges of his caste, the rights of his parish and his county. Both these facts are true, and, taken together, go a great way to explain the phenomenon of the continued existence of the Hungarian constitution, in spite of its loose organisation and its apparent weakness, in the face of the extensive prerogatives of the Crown, unscrupulous and hostile ministers, a large standing army, and the contagion of the example of contented slavery presented by all the populations around them. They go a great way, as I have said, to explain the phenomenon, but not the whole way. Austrian statesmen were, before 1848, always content to leave good alone; indeed, they often left bad alone. As they lived in a glass house, they thought it best not to irritate their high-spirited children into throwing stones. Besides this, there was a great deal about the Hungarian constitution which recommended it to their forbearance. It was a very venerable, time-honoured, *legitimate* institution. If one came to look closely

into the matter, it was as old as, perhaps older than, the "all-highest family," "the gloriously reigning house" itself. It was no modern system spawned by some disciple of Rousseau. So far from recognising the "rights of man" as its foundation stone, it absolutely and completely ignored that detestable, newfangled doctrine. And though the Hungarians certainly did use a great many naughty words, which ought never to be heard in the mouths of good subjects, such, for instance, as "the voice of the people," "the claims of the country," "the rights of the citizens," "privilege," "charters," "abuse of prerogative," "constitution," and such like; and though occasionally an enthusiastic young gentleman of good family, in glittering gala dress glorious with braid and buttons of onyx and jasper, might at the county quarter-sessions cite, amid the applause of his younger hearers, the examples of Brutus and Timoleon as worthy of imitation; might quote Plutarch—only from a Latin translation though—and, laying his hand on his dapper little sabre, hint that tyrants might find that it was not carried merely for show,—yet, after all, their bark was worse than their bite. Had not they stopped their ears, like a deaf adder, against the voice of the Corsican charmer, when he called on them to declare that the House of Hapsburg had "ceased to reign?" When he had discomfited every imperial-royal army from the banks of the Ticino and the Rhine to those of the March and the Raab, did not they send against him the "Insurrection," a national army of sixty thousand "nobles," with rusty swords and old flint matchlocks, who showed that, if they could not conquer for their king, they could at any rate die for him? And so the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance, who concerned themselves so much about conspiracies in Naples, rebellions in Belgium, and *pronunciamentos* in Spain, allowed the Hungarian constitution to remain unmolested in the very centre of their dominions; and the Emperor Francis, that most paternal and anti-Jacobin of monarchs, rejoiced the hearts of a Hungarian deputation in 1821 by telling them in his peculiar and characteristic Latin—"Totus mundus stultizat et constitutiones imaginarias querit; vos habetis constitutionem, et ego amo illam et illæsam ad posteros transmittam."

What that fox meant by the word *illæsam*, he himself perhaps could not have exactly explained. In a moment of candour he would probably have admitted that in *his* vernacular, *unverbessert* was about the right translation. After the overthrow of Napoleon, until the year 1823, he never convoked a Hungarian Diet. As many of his predecessors, and notably the popular Maria Theresa, had neglected to ask the advice of that assembly for an even longer period of time, it is possible that he thought the course she pursued a strictly constitutional one. Indeed, if constitutions are to be explained, not according to the written letter of the statute book, but according

to general custom and precedent, an impartial, non-Hungarian historian must admit that he had great show of right on his side. Now if an English sovereign were to proceed in a similar manner to dissolve his parliament, and then unaccountably to forget to issue any writs for the election of a new one, the English constitution would be considered, if not abolished, at any rate in complete abeyance. The Hungarians of those days did not take quite so extreme a view of the case. They were so accustomed to this state of things from their constant study of the previous history of their country, that they must have found out some theory which explained it partially away. They admitted that it was not strictly constitutional for the crowned king—for the acts of an uncrowned king, such as Joseph II., were universally reprobated as things utterly and irredeemably illegal and invalid—to govern so long without the advice of his Diet; still the constitution could not be considered as defunct, nor even in a state of completely suspended animation, as long as the county organisation remained untouched, and the “congregations” met regularly. By the “congregations” are meant those quarterly meetings which, for want of a better English equivalent, I have called “quarter-sessions.” On this organisation of the counties (*comitatus* or *municipia*) I must speak somewhat at length, as it was the cardinal point of the constitution, and was always so regarded by the Hungarians themselves. Nor, indeed, can the electoral laws be really understood by any one who has not a clear idea of a Hungarian county.

A Hungarian county before the reforms of 1848 might be called a *direct* aristocratical republic. By “direct,” I mean that every privileged citizen had the right to appear in the assembly in person, but could not be represented there; just as Athens was a direct democracy in contradistinction to the American States, which are governed by representative legislatures. In this republic the franchise was hereditary. Every freeman, or, as the Hungarian law books styled him, every *nobilis*, could attend the county assembly. If he was born *nobilis*, no degree of poverty or of ignorance, nothing short of actual, proved crime, could disfranchise him. He could not be personally arrested for debt. On suspicion of high treason against His Most Sacred Majesty he could be summarily arrested; but for no crime of lesser enormity. Even in case of murder, highway robbery, or burglary, he must be first summoned three times to appear before his peers on the county tribunal. Only after his neglect or refusal to obey those summons could he be arrested like a malefactor. Although so poor as to be obliged to work as a day labourer for hire, and ignorant of the Latin language, in which the debates were largely, though not exclusively carried on, he went into the “congregation” and voted. His individual vote counted for as much as

the individual vote of any count or baron there; and it must be remembered that the number of these "nobles" was so large that one-twentieth of the whole adult male population possessed the franchise under this aristocratical constitution. The ordinary "congregations" were held four times a-year. Should, however, any special measure require immediate consideration, an extraordinary meeting might be called at any time. Every three years there was held what was called a *restauratio*, at which the county authorities were elected for the next three years. The evils of such a system do not require to be specially pointed out. Hungary suffered to a great extent from all those abominations which are complained of in many American States, as the consequences of the popular election for short terms of judges, a class of men who ought everywhere to be carefully preserved from all temptations to demagoguery. Although, theoretically, all "nobles" were equal in the "congregation," practically that assembly was almost always in the hands of those who were rich enough to purchase support, or eloquent enough to persuade their fellows. Education, ability either in debate or in administration, social rank, and wealth, had as much influence there as elsewhere. And the institution was not without its good effects. The habit of debating and voting in the county assembly carried the theory and practice of constitutionalism down to almost the lowest grades of society. It kept alive in the Hungarian people that enduring and intense interest in home politics which even now must strike the English traveller who has mourned over the servility and indolence of Frenchmen and Germans. If the Hungarian's zeal is not always according to knowledge, it is at any rate something much better than apathy.

But it is not so much with the merits or demerits of this system of county autonomy that we have now to do, as with its relations to the government and to the Diet. I have mentioned above that the officers of the counties were elected for terms of three years. To this rule, however, there was one important exception. The official who stood highest in rank was nominated by the Crown. This was the *fő-ispány* (German *Obergespann*) or Lord-Lieutenant, as we may, perhaps, venture to call him. Next to him in rank and authority was the superior elected official, called the First *al-ispány* (German *Erster Vicegespann*). In ordinary times the relations between these two officers may be compared to that which exists between the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the English universities. The *fő-ispány* took precedence in rank, presided at grand pageants, gave good dinners, represented the county at Court and in the Upper House, of which he was *ex officio* a member, even when not by birth a magnate, which was generally the case. On the other hand, the real administration of business was in the hands of the First *al-ispány*.

When, however, a conflict arose, or threatened to arise, between the central government and the county, this first elected magistrate occupied a position which resembled that which, I imagine, the *Justiza Mayor* occupied, whenever a constitutional difficulty arose in the mediæval kingdom of Arragon. It was his duty to see that the municipal privileges of the county were not encroached upon by the nominee of the government. On the other hand, the Lord-Lieutenant, as the representative of the Crown, had to take care and interpose his veto, whenever the congregation sought to encroach upon the royal prerogative. Unlike certain States of the American Union, the Hungarian counties never dreamt of any right of *secession*, but they not only claimed, but even exercised, a limited right of *nullification*. During those long intervals in which no Diet was held, when the *Statthaltere* or Council of Lieutenancy in Buda issued an ordinance to the Lord-Lieutenant, or in his absence to the first *al-ispány*, it was the duty of that magistrate to call the general congregation of the county, and submit the ordinance to them for approval or disapproval. If the assembly considered that the ordinance was illegal and unconstitutional, that the Crown had overstepped the limits of the prerogative in issuing it, they laid it aside with all due respect, and the administration of the county went on, as if no such ordinance had ever been issued. "Ponamus ad acta" was the phrase they employed on such occasions. In case a lord-lieutenant, particularly subservient to the Government, attempted to carry into execution such an ordinance, without first submitting it to the "congregatio generalis," he would find himself confronted by an insuperable obstacle in the passive resistance of the whole body of elected magistrates.

It is evident that the system, whose main features I have here given, was to a certain extent a check upon the encroachments of arbitrary power, and that it was not without reason that the Hungarians called the counties "the bulwarks of the constitution." M. de Gérando, a Frenchman naturalised in Hungary, in his book entitled "L'esprit Public de la Hongrie," characterised these "congregations" as *une multitude de diétines*. It is also evident that these bulwarks were, after all, but a very imperfect defence of liberty. If I may be allowed to illustrate the state of things by another military simile, I should say that the Hungarian constitution was not defended by a standing army conducting a regular campaign, but by a number of local militias, carrying on a guerrilla warfare against the Government, and only occasionally uniting to fight *en masse*. The history of Hungary during the last century and the first half of the present, abundantly demonstrates the imperfect resistance which such bodies were able to make against the central government, always arbitrary and often illiberal in its tendencies. If, however, the "congregations" had been suspended, together with the Diet, the power of even pro-

testing would have been lost altogether ; and the Hungarians, as a constitutional people, were strongly attached to this right of protesting. That, however, they knew how barren of results this right often was, is shown by the popular proverb, "To protest and to go into a public-house are allowed to everybody."

When I spoke of the guerilla bands occasionally uniting to fight *en masse*, I of course referred to the meetings of the Diet. An Englishman must not hastily imagine that the old Hungarian Diet was a parliament such as ours. Indeed, Hungarians of the present day emphatically deny that identity. Admiration of English institutions had a great deal to do with bringing about the reforms of 1848. The old Diet consisted of two Houses, or, as they were called, *tables*. The Table of Magnates bore a great resemblance to our House of Lords. It was composed of all the titled nobility of the kingdom, princes, counts, and barons—and *all* the sons of a magnate were magnates and sat at the "Table," even during their father's lifetime, as soon as they attained the age of twenty-four—the Catholic bishops and mitred abbots, the great functionaries of the realm, and the lords-lieutenant of the counties. Its influence in the country, and on the course of legislation, has been, however, during this century, even less than that of our own Upper House.

The Lower Table resembled not so much the English House of Commons, as the American Senate, although it was at the same time very different from the latter body. It was not composed of the *representatives of the people*, but of the *delegates of the counties*. It is true that the delegates of certain "royal free cities" sat in the assembly ; but as the county members considered that, on account of the defective and illiberal provisions of their charters these cities were too much under the control of the Government, they made a *comp d'état* in the course of the last century, and deprived the borough members of all right to vote, although they were still allowed to sit at the Table, and even to speak in the debates. Thus the Lower Table was practically composed of the delegates of the counties alone. It was, in fact, a sort of Hungarian Congress. Just as Delaware and New York were of equal importance in the American Senate, so all the counties, whatever their difference in size, wealth, or intelligence, were represented by two delegates at the Table. Enormous Bihar—as extensive as the kingdom of Wirtemberg—and metropolitan Pesth had no more ; Torna, the Rutlandshire of Hungary, and Ugocsa, whose insignificance became proverbial in the saying, *Ugocsa non coronat* (to designate an opposition which may be safely ignored), had no less. Such a delegate was called in the Hungarian language *követ*, in the Latin *legatus*, both words being also applicable to the ambassador of a sovereign state at a foreign court. In so strict a sense were the members of the Lower Table mere spokesmen of the



will of the counties, that it was not considered sufficient for them to receive at their elections "instructions" as to how they should act. Such cases as those of Mr. Burke in former days, and Mr. Horsman in our own, were provided against. It was part of the duties of a delegate to correspond with his constituents, and inform them of any new subjects of interest which might be brought before the Table, in order that they might be debated in the "congregation," and the result of such debate be forwarded to him for his guidance. Should he not follow the instructions furnished him, or otherwise fail to give satisfaction, he might be recalled at any time, and another delegate be sent in his place. In one word, the counties were everything in the Diet, as well as out of it.

The individuality of the county was felt and understood even by the uneducated classes. As it was composed exclusively of "nobles," and was administered by their "worships" the elected magistrates, the county itself was styled "worshipful and noble." I once observed to a Hungarian friend that the sword, which is the only weapon carried by the county heyduks or constables, was a very awkward and unpractical one. He answered, "It is enough for the peasant that he knows that the heyduk is sent by the county. When there is a row in the village pothouse, the village judge goes in armed only with his staff of office, and, as he shakes it over the heads of the rioters, he cries, 'I should only like to see the boldest of you dare to take this stick out of my hand: it is the stick of the worshipful and noble county.'"

Having by this time a sufficiently good idea of the counties as they existed before 1848, let us consider briefly such of the measures carried in that memorable year as bear upon our subject. First of all, I must observe that though these measures were in the end carried with almost unexampled haste, most of them had been debated and discussed through many previous Diets. The most striking of these reforms, the one most easily to be apprehended, and therefore the one most widely known, was the abolition of the privileges of the "nobles," such as freedom from taxation and the exclusive possession of the franchise. This was, however, no isolated measure, but formed part of a grand scheme for converting the loose confederation of counties into a democratic centralised state at the expense of the privileges of the hereditary "nobles," the independence of the municipalities, and the prerogative of the Crown. We have at present nothing to do with the measures directed against the prerogative of the Crown, beyond making two observations. The first is, that it was this feature in the Hungarian Reform Bill which brought upon its originators the fatal hostility of the Court, and by hurrying on revolution and civil war prevented the full and complete development of their scheme. I have besides to observe that, in place

of the irregular *guerrilla* opposition of the counties, it was determined to introduce a new and more effectual check upon the abuse of prerogative in the form of a ministry responsible to the Diet. As a ministry could not be held responsible unless power was given it to carry out its measures, the sphere of action of the *municipia*, that is of the counties, had to be seriously curtailed. I may here, by the way, remark that as soon as Hungary has set in order her relations with the Crown and the other lands included in the Austrian Empire, and is able to turn her attention to her internal organisation, one of the most interesting and important questions will be that of the amount of municipal independence which can still be left to the counties.

Meanwhile, the position in which those corporations at present stand is avowedly a provisional one. The last unreformed Diet passed a law beginning thus: "Until such time as the Diet, to be convoked immediately after the dissolution of the present, shall have legislated upon the point, it is ordained that," &c., &c. This provisional regulation was to the following effect:—In every county a "congregation" was to be held without delay. To this congregation were to be admitted, not only all such as under the old system had place there, but also representatives from the newly enfranchised peasant *communes*. This congregation was to elect a permanent committee, which was to exercise all the powers of the congregation until such time as the reformed Diet passed a law for the re-organisation of the counties. So hurried was the legislation of the last unreformed Diet that it is not specified how many representatives of the peasants were to be called to the "congregation," nor what proportion they were to bear to the "noble" members of that assembly. It was equally vague as to constitution of the committee, merely ordaining that its numbers should be proportioned to the size of the county, and so composed as fairly to represent all its interests. Since then eighteen years have passed away, and still this provisional state of things is the only legal one. A reformed Diet met in the summer of 1848, but the civil war which then broke out prevented any permanent organisation of the country.

This circumstance has given rise to curious complications which there was no strictly legal way of solving. During the interval between the end of 1849 and of 1860 the country was governed by *ordonnances*, which claimed for themselves no other legality than that which could be derived from the *fiat* of an absolute monarch. At length, towards the end of 1860, the counties received orders, or rather permission, to reorganise themselves. But how? Illegality had been accumulated upon illegality, until it had become impossible to frame any line of conduct which should satisfy at once the letter and the spirit of the regulations of 1848—or, indeed, strictly interpreted,

either the one or the other. Under these abnormal circumstances what was done in one county became no guide for the next. Things depended in a great measure upon the personal character or political tendencies of the lord-lieutenant. Each acted according to his own ideas of what was just or of what was expedient, or as he was swayed by fear either of the Government or of the public opinion of his county. Thus no one rule was universally followed. In some counties "congregations" were held which proceeded to elect new committees; in others the "congregations" contented themselves with electing new committee-men to fill up the vacancies which death or exile had made. In other counties no "congregations" were held, but all the remaining members of the committee elected in 1848 constituted the committee of 1860. Lastly, there were cases where the lord-lieutenant took the committee list of 1848, struck out all such names as displeased him, and then convoked the residue to act as the lawful plenipotentiaries of the county.

Such was the course pursued in 1860. When the difficulty recurred in 1865 experience had made it easier to deal with, and the Government ordered all its lords-lieutenant to convoke the committees of 1860 in all such cases in which the co-operation of the county was absolutely necessary. Of this more presently.

The suspension of the county congregations, and the provisional transfer of their power to the committees, was one great blow dealt by the Reform Bill of 1848 to the old constitution. Another was the formation of new electoral districts. As I mentioned above, under the old system every county, small or great, had sent two delegates to the Diet. The reformers determined that though the counties should be retained for purposes of administration, and as "bulwarks of the constitution," they should no longer form electoral districts. Every county was divided, according to its size, into a greater or lesser number of urban and rural electoral districts. These districts were to be as nearly as possible equal in point of population, wealth, civilisation, &c. It was intended that the Diet should from time to time readjust this division, so that it might accord with the changes produced by the fluctuations of population, wealth, &c.; just as was done in the United States in the composition of the House of Representatives. Each such district was to return but *one* member to the Diet. No elector, no matter how varied his qualifications, is allowed to register or to vote in more than one district, to wit, that in which he generally resides.

But what more than all else marked the radical character of the reforms of 1848, was the low qualifications required for the voters which it introduced. In the first place the Diet declared that it did not feel itself justified in depriving any citizen of political rights which he had previously enjoyed. Consequently all nobles, as well

as all burgesses of the old "Royal Free Cities," born before the passing of the Act, retained their rights of voting. Besides these, however, all persons who belonged to the four following classes were invested with the franchise :—

1. Owners of a freehold estate, which in towns was to consist of houses or land of the value of at least 300 florins, and in the rural districts of at least a quarter of a "*sessio*." This word "*sessio*" denotes the portion of land originally allotted to the peasant by the landlord, the rent being paid partly in kind and partly in labour. The "*sessio*" varied in different parts of the country from 60 to 120 acres.

2. Manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, and artisans, holding a manufactory, warehouse, shop, or workshop, and keeping at least one man in constant employ.

3. All persons who derive from real or personal property a fixed income of at least 100 florins a year.

4. Without regard to their incomes, all physicians, surgeons, lawyers, civil engineers, members of the Hungarian Academy of Literature and Science, artists, professors, schoolmasters, the clergy of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant Churches, apothecaries, and notaries.

All electors, whatever may be their qualifications, must be Hungarians by birth or by naturalisation, not subject to parents, guardians, or masters, nor convicted of treason, fraud, robbery, murder, or arson.

From the foregoing sketch of these laws it will be seen how far they agree or disagree with the ideas of parliamentary reform which prevail in England. It will be seen that the representation of minorities is entirely disregarded. Indeed, all Hungarians with whom I have spoken on the subject, look upon such representation as a superfluous and irrational complication. They will have no South Lancashire with its three members, nor City of London with its four. For instance, the twin-capital of the country, Buda-Pest, the former on the right, the latter on the left bank of the Danube, return in all seven members to the Diet. But to do this they are divided, Pest into five, and Buda into two electoral districts, each voting for its own representative alone. Again, no such constituencies as the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, constituencies independent of residence, find a place in the Hungarian scheme. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli's "un-English" plan of "fancy suffrages" is considered by them to be not merely admissible, but even imperiously demanded by reason and common-sense. They consider it iniquitous that an educated and independent citizen should be excluded from the polling-booth merely because he does not live in a house of a certain rental.

As I have already observed, the laws of 1848 were passed in a very hurried manner. In fact, the whole mass of these laws—limiting the power of the Crown by the appointment of a responsible ministry, suspending the time-honoured municipal organisation of the counties, abolishing the privileges of the nobility, and instituting a completely new system of election—were all proposed, discussed, and voted in the incredibly short space of three weeks. The consequence is that they are defective to a most lamentable extent. Indeed, the unreformed Diet only intended to lay down certain principles and to pass certain necessary provisional measures. As it had declared itself to be no suitable organ for the expression of the will of the whole country, it thought that the most proper course it could pursue was to leave the work of legislation to the reformed Diet, or Parliament. As this body was to meet in a few weeks after the passing of these laws, their imperfections were not supposed to be of much practical consequence. But the ensuing civil war and consequent absolutism grievously marred the plan. Years have passed; the present Parliament is the third elected under the new system, and still the revision and completion of the laws of 1848 is not yet begun.

Each of these three Parliaments—I use the word as equivalent to “Reformed Diet”—has been elected under peculiar circumstances. The first of them, elected in the summer of 1848, passed through the polling booth without much trouble. The newly enfranchised classes were in too good humour to abuse the confidence which the privileged orders had shown towards them. Besides, their political advancement had come upon them so suddenly that they had no time to scheme as to what they were to do with it. The second Parliament was elected in 1861, when the whole nation was moved as one man by an intoxication of self-confident exultation over the fall of the absolutist system of M. Bach. Last year, on the occasion of the third election, the country was not so unanimous in feeling. The failure of the attempt at reconciliation in 1861, the mitigated oppression of the “Provisorium” of the last four years, the frank behaviour of the Emperor last summer, and the measures taken by the new ministry, had increased the desire for peace, moderated the exaggerated idea many Hungarians had entertained in 1861 of their nation’s power and consequence, and soothed to a great extent the very natural suspicion with which all measures emanating from Vienna are regarded. All this, to a certain degree, increased and intensified the diversity of opinions in the country. But what especially tended to make the late elections more sharply contested than the previous ones was the greater influence possessed by the Hungarian members of the ministry than in 1861. In that year the Viennese Government left the Hungarian elections almost entirely to themselves. It did not even give the lords-licutenant any precise

directions as to the organisation of their respective counties. This course of conduct may have been the result of mere inexperience, or it may have been dictated by an insufficient appreciation of the importance of Hungary, or by a feeling that it was politic to leave the public opinion of that country uninfluenced and untrammelled, or it may have been, as most likely it was, the result of all these three causes combined. However that may be, the present ministry, which contains M. George Majlath and Count Maurice Eszterhazy, has acted otherwise. These gentlemen may be enlightened patriots, as the "Right" publicly proclaims, or dark and Machiavellian intriguers, as some of my friends of the extreme "Left" privately hint, but they have at any rate one great advantage over M. Schmerling and Co. in that they are Hungarians and really understand the peculiar circumstances and temper of their countrymen. This was especially shown by the guarded measures taken by them with respect to the elections. Just as persons rescued from death by starvation have to be fed at first very cautiously and sparingly, so did the Hungarian Chancellor, M. Majlath, dole out to his country only so much of her old constitutional rights, only so far did he relax the stringency of the "Provisorium," as was necessary for his purpose.

The explanation of the measures he adopted brings us back to the county system as modified by the laws of 1848. In those laws a large space is occupied by a detailed account of the process of election, and the machinery by which it was to be carried. As this is the most complicated portion of those laws, and the one in which minute details were most necessary, so is it the most imperfect, and the one in which most ambiguities are to be found. As I have before mentioned, the counties, although no longer electoral districts, still exist for purposes of administration. To the counties, that is to the permanent committees, to which had been transferred the powers formerly belonging to the old "congregations," was entrusted the carrying out of the elections.

Thus no elections could lay any claim to a legal character which did not emanate from the permanent committees of the counties. These committees must therefore be convoked. On the other hand, the Government had in 1861 found that the description M. de Gérando had given of the old "congregations"—*une multitude de diétines*—was equally applicable to their successors the new "committees." In that year the majority of these assemblies had vied with each other in forestalling the decisions of the Diet, and in denouncing and resisting the acts of the Government. This, too, they did in a point on which a state whose finances are so embarrassed as the Austrian, must be peculiarly sensitive. They refused to pay taxes which had not been sanctioned by the Diet. The mere thought of a repetition

of such scenes was enough to make the hair of any Austrian finance minister to stand on end. The committees must not be reinstated in their former positions.

Out of this dilemma the Government extricated itself ingeniously but simply. The counties were not reorganised last autumn. The magistrates nominated by the lords-lieutenant—themselves nominees of the Crown—did not retire to make room for magistrates elected either by the “congregations” or the “committees.” But all things else remaining as unconstitutional as ever, the lords-lieutenant convoked the permanent “committees” of 1861 *ad hoc*, that is to say, to perform all the acts necessary for carrying out a legal election, but nothing more. The law directs that the committees shall be presided over by the *al-ispány* (German *Vicegespann*). The lords-lieutenant allowed that for this purpose the constitutional *al-ispány* who resigned in 1861 should act as such, and not the actual *al-ispány*, who is nominated by the lord-lieutenant, and serves during the *provisorium*, as the present period of the suspension of the constitution is called. By this means the present Government contrived to avoid the evils of administrative disturbance, while at the same time satisfying the imperious claims of legality.

Having now explained the various phases of the Hungarian electoral system during the present century, I should like to go on and describe its workings, as I witnessed them during the elections of last November, and give the English reader some idea of the sort of deputies obtained by the process; but I feel that if I did so I should exceed the limits which can be allotted to this article, and must reserve it for a second.

ARTHUR J. PATTERSON.

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## THE OXFORD REFORMERS OF 1498.

### CHAPTER I.

#### 1. JOHN COLET RETURNS FROM ITALY TO OXFORD (1496).

It was probably in Michaelmas term of 1496<sup>1</sup> that doctors and students of the University of Oxford were startled by the announcement that a late student, recently returned from Italy, was about to deliver a course of public and gratuitous lectures in exposition of St. Paul's Epistles.

This was an event of no small significance and novelty in the closing years of that last of the Middle Ages; not only because the Scriptures for some generations had rarely been expounded at all at the Universities, but still more so because the would-be lecturer had not as yet entered deacon's orders,<sup>2</sup> nor had obtained, or even tried to obtain, a doctor's degree.<sup>3</sup> If the exposition of the Scriptures was to be admitted at all at Oxford, at least ought not so dangerous a duty to be restricted to those duly qualified and authorised to discharge it? Was every stripling who might travel as far as Italy and return infected with the "new learning" to be allowed to set up himself as a theological teacher, without graduating in divinity, and without waiting for decency's sake for the bishop's ordination?

Men who in their time had ground patiently on in the scholastic treadmill, following with toilsome steps in the beaten paths of their forefathers, putting their neck to the hereditary collar, and never daring restively to shirk it, would be likely to look with surprise and uneasiness upon this unconstitutional proceeding on the part of a student who had been trained at Oxford under their tutelage.<sup>4</sup>

(1) In a letter written in the winter of 1498-9, Colet is spoken of as "*Jam triennium erranti;*" &c. See *Erasmus to Colet*, prefixed to "*Disputatio de Tedio et Pavore Christi.*" Eras., op. v. 1264, A.

(2) He was ordained deacon in December, 1497. Knight's *Life of Colet*, p. 22.

(3) Erasmus Judoco Jonæ. Eras., op. iii. p. 451.

(4) The practical position of Scripture study at Oxford may be illustrated by the following passage from Tindale's "*Practice of Prelates.*" Tindale was, when a youth, at Oxford during a portion of the time that Colet was lecturing on St. Paul's Epistles.

"In the Universities they have ordained that no man shall look on the Scripture until he be noselled in heathen learning eight or nine years, and armed with false principles with which he is clean cut out of the understanding of the Scripture. . . . And when he taketh his first degree, he is sworn that he shall hold none opinion condemned by the Church. . . . And they, when they be admitted to study Divinity, because the Scripture is locked up with such false expositions of natural philosophy that they cannot enter in, they go about the outside and dispute all their lives about words and vain opinions, pertaining as much unto the healing of a man's heel as health of his soul. Provided yet . . . that none may preach except he be admitted of the Bishops."—*Works of Tindale and Frith*, vol. i. p. 437.



In all ages, more or less, there is a new school of thought rising up under the eyes of an older school of thought. And probably in all ages the men of the old school regard with some little anxiety the ways of the men of the new school. Never is it more likely to be so than in an epoch of sharp transition, like that on which the lot of these Oxford doctors had been cast.

We sometimes speak as though ours were, *par excellence*, the age of progress. *Theirs* was much more so if we duly consider it. Their youth and manhood had been spent in days which may well have seemed to be the latter days of Christendom. They had seen Constantinople taken by the Turks. The final conquest of Christendom by the infidel was a possibility which had haunted all their visions of the future. Were not Christian nations driven up into the north-western extremity of the known world, a wide pathless ocean lying beyond? Had not the warlike creed of Mahomet steadily encroached upon Christendom, century by century, stripping her first of her African churches, from thence fighting its way northward into Spain? Had it not maintained its foothold in Spain's fairest provinces for seven hundred years, while from the East was it not steadily creeping over Europe, nearer and nearer to Venice and Rome, in spite of all the crusades could do to stop its progress? If, though little more than half the age of Christianity, it had already, as they reckoned it had, drawn into its communion five times<sup>1</sup> as many votaries as there were Christians left, was it a groundless fear that now in these latter days it might devour the remaining sixth? What could hinder it? A Spartan resistance on the part of united Christendom perhaps might. But Christendom was not united, nor capable of Spartan discipline. Her internal condition seemed to show signs almost of approaching dissolution.

The shadow of the great Papal schism still brooded over the destinies of the Church. That schism had been ended only by a revolution which, under the guidance of the great and good Gerson, had left the Pope the constitutional instead of the absolute monarch of the Church. And the embers of schism and revolution were still smouldering underneath, ready to break out again, in new fury, who could tell how soon?

It was in the ears of this apparently doomed generation that the double tidings came of the final expulsion of the infidel out of Spain and of the discovery of the Terra Nova in the West.

The ice of centuries suddenly was broken. The universal despondency at once gave way before a spirit of enterprise and hope; and it has been well observed, men began to congratulate each other that their lot was cast upon an age in which such wonders were achieved.

(1) "The Turks being in number five times more than we Christians." And again, "Which multitude is not the fifth part so many as they that consent to the law of Mahomet."—*Works of Tindale and Frith*, ii. pp. 65 and 74.

Even the men of the old school could appreciate these facts in a fashion. The defeat of the Moors was to them a victory to the Church. The discovery of the New World extended her dominion. They gloried over both.

But these outward facts were but the index to an internal upheaving of the mind of Christendom, to which they were blind. The men who were guiding the great external revolution—reformers in their way—were blindly crushing out the first symptoms of this silent upheaving. Gerson, while carrying reform over the heads of Popes, and deposing them to end the schism or to preserve the unity of the Church, was at the same moment using all his influence to crush Huss and Jerome of Prague. Queen Isabella and Ximencs, Henry VII. and Morton, while sufficiently enlightened to pursue maritime discovery, to reform after a fashion the monasteries under their rule, and ready even to combine to reform the morals of the Pope himself in order to avert the dreaded recurrence of a schism,<sup>1</sup> were not easy to pursue these purposes without the sanction of Papal bulls, and without showing their zeal for the Papacy by crushing out free thought with an iron heel and zealously persecuting heretics, whether their faith were that of the Moor, the Lollard, or the Jew.

The fall of Constantinople, which had sounded almost like the death-knell of Christendom, was in truth the chief cause of her revival. Exiles who had fled into Italy had brought with them their Eastern lore. The invention of printing had come just in time to aid the revival of learning. The printing press was pouring out in clear and beautiful type new editions of the Greek and Latin classics. Art and science with literature sprang up once more into life in Italy; and to Italy, and especially to Florence, which, under the patronage of the splendid court of Lorenzo de Medici, seemed to form the most attractive centre, students from all nations thronged.

Already Oxford students had been to Italy and returned full of the new learning. Grocyn, one of them, had already commenced publicly teaching Greek at Oxford, not altogether to the satisfaction of the old divines, for the Latin of the Vulgate was, in their eye, the orthodox language, and Greek a Pagan and heretical tongue. Linacre, too, had been to Italy and returned, after sharing with the children of Lorenzo de Medici the tuition of Politian and Chalcondyles.<sup>2</sup>

(1) See British Museum Library, No. 1445, *g* 23, being the draft of private instructions from Ferdinand and Isabella to the special English Ambassador, and headed, "Year 1498. The King and Queen concerning the correction of Alexander VI." The original Spanish MS. is in the hands of B. B. Wiffen, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, near Woburn, and an English translation of this important document has recently been reprinted by him in the "Life of Valdes," prefixed to a translation of his "CX. Considerations." Lond., Quaritch, 1865, p. 24.

(2) Pauli Jovii *Elogia Doctorum Vivorum Basileæ*, p. 145.

Moreover, to have been in Italy, and especially in Florence, when these Oxford students were there, was not merely to have drunk at the fountain-head of learning; it was also to have come face to face on the one hand with Rome, at the time when Alexander VI. was her Pope, when poison and the stiletto were the means unscrupulously used to obtain Church preferment and the "cure of souls;" and on the other, with Savonarola, while as yet his fire was holy, and his star had not entered the mists in which it set in later years.<sup>1</sup> Recollecting what the great Prior of San Marco was—what his fiery and all but prophetic preaching was—how day after day his burning words went forth against the sins of high and low, against tyranny in Church and State, against idolatry of philosophy, and the neglect of the Bible in the pulpit; recollecting how they told their tale upon the conscience of Lorenzo de Medici, of Pico, of Ficini, of Politian, to say nothing of the crowds of Florence—can these English students, we may well ask, have passed through all this uninfluenced themselves! Mingling with these men in daily intercourse, they must have heard the story of Savonarola's visit to the dying Lorenzo. They must have known all about the sudden change in Pico's course of life, wrought in measure, at least, by Savonarola's influence.<sup>2</sup> They must have heard the common talk of the people: how Politian had ended his profligate life with words of contrition, and the dying request that he might be buried in the habit of the order to which Savonarola belonged, and in the church from whose pulpit the vengeance of Heaven had so often been pronounced upon lives dissolute as his.<sup>3</sup> Above all, they must again and again have joined with their literary friends in the crowd daily pressing to hear the wonderful preacher. Can they, of all others, have listened uninfluenced? Drinking in as they did at Florence the spirit of reviving learning, must they not have caught along with it something of the spirit of religious reform? And if the revival of the study of Greek was deemed to be dangerous by divines of the traditional school at Oxford, any the least indications of a radical spirit may well have increased the anxiety with which men, who were accustomed to consider the Reform of Gerson as a final measure, must have regarded the introduction of the "new learning" within the sacred precincts of their ancient university.

What wonder that they should be startled still more at the announcement that another Oxford student, just returned from Italy,

<sup>1</sup> (1) Savonarola's first sermon in the Duomo at Florence was preached in 1491. (Villari, i. 122.) Grocyn and Linacre were in Italy before Lorenzo's death, and therefore in 1492. They returned to Oxford in 1496, or earlier.

(2) See Savonarola's sermon on the death of Pico, translated by Sir Thomas More. More's Works, fol. 9.

(3) See Villari, i. 232, Anno 1494.

yet ungraduated in divinity, not even in deacon's orders, nevertheless was about to deliver a course of lectures, this Michaelmas term of 1496, on one of the Epistles of St. Paul!

This student was John Colet, the son of Sir Henry Colet, a wealthy merchant who had been more than once Lord Mayor of London,<sup>1</sup> and was in high favour at the court of Henry VII. His father's position held out to him the prospect of a brilliant career. But having passed through the regular course of Oxford studies, and taken his degree of M.A., when the time came for him to choose a profession, instead of deciding to follow up the chances of commercial life or of royal favour, he had resolved to enter the Church.

The death of twenty-one<sup>2</sup> brothers and sisters, leaving him the sole survivor of so large a family, may well have given a serious turn to his thoughts. But inasmuch as family influence was ready to procure him immediate preferments, the path he had chosen need not be construed into one of great self-denial. It was not till he had already been presented to a living in Suffolk and a prebend in Yorkshire, that he left Oxford in about 1493, for some years of foreign travel.<sup>3</sup>

During his stay first in France and afterwards in Italy, he seems to have devoted himself to the study of the works of the Early Church Fathers, including amongst them the mystic writings then attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite. He seems to have taken a decided liking to the works of Origen and Jerome in preference to those of Augustine; whilst of Scotus and Aquinas he at the same time formed that low opinion which he retained through life. He is said also to have diligently studied during this period what English authors he could lay his hands on, in order, by mastering their style, to prepare himself for the great work of preaching the Gospel in England.<sup>4</sup>

What it was that had turned his thoughts in this direction no record remains to tell. Yet the knowledge of what was passing in Italy, while Colet was in Italy, surely may give a clue (not likely to mislead) to the explanation of what otherwise might remain wholly unexplained. Lorenzo de Medici was dead before Colet set foot upon Italian soil: probably also Pico and Politian.<sup>5</sup> But Savonarola at least was alive; and the death of these men had added to the grandeur

(1) Erasmus Judoco Jones, *op. iii. p. 455, F.* Also Sir Henry Colet's Epitaph, quoted in Knight's *Life of Colet*, p. 7.

(2) *Eras.*, *op. iii. 455, F.*

(3) See ecclesiastical records cited in Knight's *Life of Colet*, pp. 21, 22.

(4) *Eras.*, *op. iii. 456, B.* The words of Erasmus are the following:—"Habet gens Britannica qui hoc præstiterunt apud suos, quod Dantes ac Petrarca apud Italos. Et horum evolvendis scriptis linguam expolivit, jam tum se præparans ad præconium sermonis Evangelici."

(5) Lorenzo de Medici died in 1492. Pico and Politian in 1494. Colet left England

of his position. He was still preaching those wonderful sermons, all of them in exposition of Scripture, to which allusion has been made, and exerting that influence upon his hearers to which so many great minds had yielded. Colet could hardly have visited Italy without visiting Florence,<sup>1</sup> and if he did come within the circle of the magic power of the great preacher, it may well be that the impressions he had thus received, and the turn which his thoughts had taken, stand to some extent in the relation of cause and effect.<sup>2</sup> Be this as it may, whatever amount of obscurity may rest upon the history of the mental struggles through which Colet had passed before that result was attained, certain it is that he had returned to England with his mind fully made up, and with a character already formed and bent in a direction from which it never afterwards swerved. He had returned to England, not to enjoy the pleasures of fashionable life in London, not to pursue the chances of Court favour, not to follow his father's mercantile calling, not even to press on at once towards the completion of his clerical course; but unordained as he was, and without doctor's degree, in all simplicity to begin the work which had now become the settled purpose of his life,—to return to Oxford and announce this course of lectures on St. Paul's Epistles.

## 2. COLET'S LECTURES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES (1496-7).

To appreciate the full significance of Colet's lectures, it is needful to bear in mind what was the current opinion of the scholastic divines of the period concerning the Scriptures, and what the practical mode of exposition pursued by them at the Universities.

The scholastic divines, holding to a traditional belief in the *plenary* and *verbal* inspiration of the whole Bible, and remorselessly pursuing this belief to its logical results, had fallen into a method of exposition almost exclusively *textarian*. The Bible, in both theory and practice, had almost ceased to be a record of real events, and the lives and teaching of living men. It had become an arsenal of texts; and these texts were regarded as detached invincible weapons to be

in 1493, or 1494 probably, but as he visited France on his way to Italy the exact time of his reaching Italy cannot be determined.

(1) Mr. Harford, in his *Life of Michael Angelo*, vol. i. p. 57, mentions Colet, among others, as studying at Florence, and cites "*Tiraboschi*, vi. pt. 2, p. 382, edit. Roma, 4to., 1784." But I cannot find any mention of Colet in *Tiraboschi*.

(2) In opposition to the likelihood of this being a correct suggestion, it may be asked why Colet never alludes in his letters or elsewhere to his Italian journey? In reply, it may be said that we have nothing of Colet's own writing relating to his early life. All we know is derived from Erasmus, and the only allusion by Colet to his Italian journey which Erasmus has preserved is the passing remark that he (Colet) had there become acquainted with certain *monks* of rare wisdom and piety. Was Savonarola one of them? *Eras.*, op. iii. 459, A.

legitimately seized and wielded in theological warfare, for any purpose to which their words might be made to apply, without reference to their original meaning or context.

Thus, to take a practical example, when St. Jerome's opinion was quoted incidentally that possibly St. Mark, in the second chapter of his Gospel, might by a slip of memory have written "Abiathar" in mistake for "Abimelech," a learned divine, a contemporary of Colet's at Oxford, nettled by the very supposition, declared positively that "that could not be unless the Holy Spirit himself could be mistaken;" and the only authority he thought it needful to cite in proof of the statement, was a text in Ezekiel: "Whithersoever the Spirit goes, thither likewise the wheels were lifted up to follow him."<sup>1</sup> It was in vain that the reply was suggested that "it is not for us to define in what manner the Spirit might use his instrument." The divine triumphantly replied, "The Spirit himself in Ezekiel *has* defined it. The wheels were not lifted up, except to follow the Spirit."<sup>2</sup>

This Oxford divine did not display any peculiar bigotry or blindness. He did but follow in the well-worn ruts of his scholastic predecessors. It had been solemnly laid down by Aquinas in the "Summa" that "inasmuch as God was the Author of the Holy Scriptures, and all things are at one time present to his mind, therefore under their single text they express several meanings." "Their literal sense," he continues, "is manifold; their spiritual sense threefold—viz., allegorical, moral, and anagogical."<sup>3</sup> And we have the evidence of another well-known Oxford student, also a contemporary with Colet at the University, that this was then the prevalent view. Speaking of the dominant school of divines, he remarks: "They divide the Scripture into four senses—the literal, tropological, allegorical, and anagogical;—the literal sense has become nothing at all. . . . Twenty doctors expound one text twenty ways, and with an antitheme of half an inch some of them draw a thread of nine days long. . . . They not only say that the literal sense profiteth nothing, but also that it is hurtful and noisome and killeth the soul. And this they prove by a text of Paul, 2 Cor. iii., 'The letter killeth,

(1) "Ut tribuatur lapsui memoriæ in evangelista gravatim audio. Qui si spiritu sancto inspiratus scripsit, memoria falli non potuit, nisi et ille etiam falli potuerit, quo ductore scripsit. Dicit mihi Ezechiel: Quocunque ibat spiritus, illic pariter et rotæ elabantur sequentes eum." (*Annotationes Ed. Leei in annotationes Novi Testamenti Desiderii Erasmi*. Basil, 1520, pp. 25, 26.) Lee studied at Oxford during a portion of the time of Colet's residence there. Knight states that he was sent to St. Mary Magd. College (the college where Colet is supposed to have taken his degree of M.A.) in 1499. (Knight's Erasmus, p. 286.)

(2) "Quod dicis (non est nostrum definire, quomodo spiritus ille suum temperavit organum) verum quidem est, sed spiritus ipso in Ezechiele definivit: Rotæ non elabantur nisi sequentes spiritum."—*Annotationes Edwardi Leei*, p. 26.

(3) Aquinas Summa, pt. 1, quest. i. articulo x.

but the Spirit giveth life.' Lo! say they, the literal sense killeth, the spiritual sense giveth life."<sup>1</sup> And the same student, in recollection of his intercourse at the Universities with divines of the traditional school in these early days, bears witness that "they were wont to look on no more Scripture than they found in their Duns;"<sup>2</sup> while at another time he complains "that some of them will prove a point of the Faith as well out of a fable of Ovid or any other poet, as out of St. John's Gospel or Paul's Epistles."<sup>3</sup> Thus had the scholastic belief in the verbal inspiration of the Sacred text led men blindfold into a condition of mind in which they practically ignored the Scriptures altogether.

Such was the state of things at Oxford when Colet commenced his lectures. The very boldness of the lecturer and the novelty of the subject were enough to draw an audience at once. Doctors and abbots, men of all ranks and titles, flocked with the students into the lecture hall, led by curiosity doubtless at first, or it may be, like the Pharisees of old, bent upon finding somewhat whereof they might accuse the man whom they wished to silence. But since they came again and again, as the term went by, *bringing their books with them*, it soon became clear that they continued to come with some better purpose.<sup>4</sup>

Colet already, at thirty, possessed the rare gift of saying what he had to say in a few telling words, throwing into them an earnestness which made every one feel that they came from his heart. "You say what you mean and mean what you say. Your words have birth in your heart, not on your lips. They follow your thoughts instead of your thoughts being shaped by them. You have the happy art of expressing with ease what others can hardly express with the greatest labour."<sup>5</sup> Such was the first impression made by Colet's eloquence upon one of the greatest scholars of the day, who heard him deliver some of these lectures during another term.

From the fragments which remain of what seem to be manuscript notes of these lectures, transcribed under Colet's direction at Oxford, and now preserved in the Cambridge University Library,<sup>6</sup> something more than a superficial notion may be gained of what these lectures

(1) Tyndale's "Obedience of a Christian Man;" chap. "On the Four Senses of the Scriptures."

(2) Preface to the Five Books of Moses.

(3) Tyndale's "Obedience of a Christian Man;" chap. "On the Four Senses of Scripture." That Tyndale was at Oxford during Colet's stay there (*i.e.* before 1506), see the evidence given by his biographers. It appears that he was born about 1484. Fox says "*he was brought up from a child in the University of Oxford*," and there is no reason to suppose that he removed to Cambridge before 1509. (See Tyndale's "Doctrinal Treatises," xiv. xv., and authorities there cited.)

(4) Eras. Judoco Jonæ. Eras. op. iii. p. 456.

(5) Eras. Colet. Eras. op. iii. p. 40, F. Epist. xli.

(6) MSS. G. G. 4. 26.

were. They were in almost every particular in direct contrast to those of the dominant school. They were not textarian. Instead of delivering a series of wiredrawn dissertations upon isolated texts, Colet began at the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans, and went through with it to the end, in a course of lectures, treating it as a whole, and not as an armoury of detached texts. Nor were they on the model of the *Catena aurea*, formed by linking together the recorded comments of the great Church authorities. With the single exception of one allusion to a mystic writer, I do not recollect a single quotation from any one of the Fathers or Schoolmen throughout the exposition of the Epistle to the Romans.

Instead of following the current fashion of the day, and displaying analytical skill in dividing the many senses of the Sacred text, Colet, it is clear, had but one object in view, and that object was to bring out the direct practical meaning which the apostle meant to convey to those to whom his epistles were addressed. To him they were the earnest words of a living man addressed to living men, and suited to their actual needs. He loved those words because he had learned to love the apostle—the *man*—who had written them, and had caught somewhat of his spirit. He loved to trace in the epistles the marks of St. Paul's own character. He would at one time point out, in his abruptly suspended words, that "*vehemence of speaking*" which did not give him time to perfect his sentences.<sup>1</sup> At another time he would compare the eager expectations expressed in the Epistle to the Romans of so soon visiting Rome and Spain, with the far different realities of the apostle's after life; recalling to mind the circumstances of his long imprisonment at Casarea, and his arrival at last in Rome, *four years* after writing his Epistle, to remain a prisoner two years longer in the Imperial city before he could carry out his intention of visiting Spain.<sup>2</sup> He loved to tell how, notwithstanding these cherished plans for the future, the apostle was yet "prepared by his great faith and love of Christ"<sup>3</sup> to bear his disappointment, and to reply to the prophecy of Agabus, that he was ready, not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of his Master, if need be, instead of fulfilling the plans he had laid out for himself.

And whilst investing the epistles with so *personal* an interest, by thus bringing out into view their connection with St. Paul's character and history, Colet sought also to throw a sense of reality and life into their teaching, by showing how specially adapted they were to the circumstances of those to whom they were addressed. When, for instance, he was expounding the Epistle to the Romans, he would

(1) "— *est ex vehementia loquendi imperfecta et suspensa sententia,*" MSS. G. G. 4. 26, fol. 23, *in loc.*; Rom. ix. 22.

(2) *Id.*, fols. 59 *et seq.*

(3) *Id.*, fol. 61.



take down his Suetonius, in order to ascertain the state of society at Rome and the special circumstances which made it needful for St. Paul so strongly to urge Roman Christians "to be obedient to the higher powers, and to pay tribute also."<sup>1</sup>

It is very evident, too, how careful he was not to give a one-sided view of the apostle's doctrine—what pains he took to realise his actual meaning, not merely in one text and another, but in the drift of the whole epistle; now ascertaining the meaning of a passage by its place in the apostle's argument; now comparing the expressions used by St. Paul with those used by St. John, in order to trace the practical harmony between the Johannine and Pauline view of a truth, which, if regarded on one side only, might be easily distorted and misunderstood.<sup>2</sup> If the manuscript expositions of Colet preserved at Cambridge may be taken as evidence of the nature of his public lectures, they may well have excited all the interest which they seem to have done.

Doctors of Divinity, coming to listen at first that they might find something definite to censure, might well indeed find something to learn. Amongst the students, probably, the seed found a ground in some degree prepared to receive it. But it must have required an effort on the part of the most candid and honest adherents of the traditional school to reach that stand-point from which alone Colet's method of free critical interpretation of the Scriptures could be found to be in perfect harmony with his evident love and reverence for them. *They* attributed an extent of Divine inspiration to the apostle which placed his words on a level in authority with those of the Saviour himself; while Colet, we are told, was wont to declare that when he turned from the apostles to the wonderful majesty of Christ, their writings, much as he loved them, seemed to him to shrink into insignificance, in comparison with the words of their Lord.<sup>3</sup>

Yet they could hardly fail to see, whether they would or not, that while their own system left the Scriptures hidden in the background, Colet's method brought them out into the light, and invested them with a sense of reality and sacredness which pressed them home at once to the heart.

### 3. VISIT FROM A PRIEST DURING THE WINTER VACATION (1496-7).

Colet, one night during the winter vacation, was alone in his chambers. A priest knocked at the door. He was soon recognised by

(1) MSS. G. G. 4. 26, fols. 44 and 45, *in loco*. Rom. xiii.

(2) See especially MSS., fols. 5, 6, fol. 18, and fol. 80.

(3) "Plurimum tribuebat Epistolis Apostolicis, sed ita suspiciebat admirabilem illam Christi majestatem ut ad hanc quodammodo sordescerent Apostolorum Scripta." (Eras. op. iii. 459, F.) See also this view followed by Erasmus in his *Ratio Fere Theologicæ*. "Nec fortassis absurdam fuerit, in sacris quoque voluminibus ordinem auctoritatis aliquem constituere," &c. (Eras. op. v. 92, C., and id. p. 132, C.)

Colet as a diligent attender of his lectures. They drew their chairs to the hearth, and talked about this thing and that over the winter fire, in the way men do when they have something to say, and yet have not courage to come at once to the point. At length the priest pulled from his bosom a little book. Colet, amused at the manner of his guest, smilingly quoted the words, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The priest explained that the little book contained the Epistles of St. Paul, carefully transcribed by his own hand. It was indeed a treasure, for of all the writings that had ever been written, he most loved and admired those of St. Paul; and he added, in a politely flattering tone, that it was Colet's lectures during the recent term which had chiefly excited in him this affection for the apostle. Colet turned his searching eye upon his guest, and finding that he was truly in earnest, replied with warmth, "Then, brother, I love you for loving St. Paul, for I, too, dearly love and admire him." In the course of conversation, which now turned upon the object which the priest had at heart, Colet happened to remark how pregnant with both matter and thought were the Epistles of St. Paul, so that almost every word might be made the subject of a discourse. This was just what Colet's guest wanted. Comparing Colet's lectures with those of the scholastic divines, who, as we have heard, were accustomed "out of an antitheme of half an inch to draw a thread of nine days long," upon some useless topic, he may well have been struck with the richness of the vein of ore which Colet had been working, and he had come that he might gather some hints as to his method of study. "Then," said he, stirred up by this remark of Colet's, "I ask you now, as we sit here at our ease, to extract and bring to light from this hidden treasure, which you say is so rich, some of these truths, so that I may gain from this our talk whilst sitting together something to store up in the memory, and at the same time catch some hints as to how to seize hold of the main points in the Epistles when I read St. Paul to myself."

"My good fellow," replied Colet, "I will do as you wish. Open your book, and we will see how many and what golden truths we can gather from the first chapter only of the Epistle to the Romans."

"But," added the priest, "lest my memory should fail me, will you let me write them down as you say them?" Colet assented, and thereupon dictated to his guest a string of the most important points which struck him as he read through the chapter. They were, as Colet said, only like detached rings, carelessly cut from the golden ore of St. Paul, as they sat over the winter fire, but they would serve as examples of what might be gathered from a single chapter of the apostle's writings. The priest departed fully satisfied with the result of his visit; and from the evident pleasure with which Colet told this

story in a letter to the Abbot of Winchcombe,<sup>1</sup> we may learn how his own spirits were cheered by the proof it gave that he had not laboured altogether in vain.

#### 4. YOUNG THOMAS MORE COMES TO OXFORD (1497).

Still, sharing the fate of all men whose duty leads them out of the beaten track, Colet felt himself alone. He had undertaken these lectures, not in the first exultation of newly-acquired power, to display by a maiden flight the strength and reach of his wing, but in earnest discharge of what seemed to him to be his duty, and with an humble and self-depreciating view of himself which breaks out again and again in the course of his exposition of the Epistles.<sup>2</sup> Never does he speak with greater warmth and energy than when he insists with St. Paul "that rites and ceremonies neither purify the spirit nor justify the man even though commanded by God;" that they are not, and never were, of any avail without that "*living sacrifice*" of men's hearts and lives "which they were meant to typify."<sup>3</sup> He had evidently himself made the sacrifice of which he spoke, and it became obvious to those who knew him best that he had a higher object in life than the pursuit of his own pleasure.<sup>4</sup> Still in his solitary path he longed for fellowship,—above all that a man like-minded, who cared for the same things, should step into the ranks beside him, and join him in fellow-work.

It was true that ever and anon some little incident like that of the visit of the priest threw a ray of light upon his path and cheered him on his way. He had also the friendly support of Grocyn and Linacre, who were working hard to naturalise the study of Greek in the English University. In Prior Charnock, too, the head of St. Mary's College, he had found a sympathising friend. Nor does it appear that he met with much open opposition at first, however much of ill-will the course he was taking had caused in the minds of some. To move the hearts of those whose views were set and hardened in traditional channels was beyond his hopes. His sympathy lay with the young. One youth, still in his teens, the son of a barrister of Lincoln's Inn,—“Young Master More,” as he was familiarly called,—was his especial favourite, though thirteen years his junior. He had come to Oxford, not long after Colet's return from Italy, preparatory to future studies at the Inns of Court. For

(1) Cambridge University Library, MSS. G. G. 4. 26, p. 62, *et seq.*, and printed in Knight's Life of Colet, App., p. 311.

(2) See especially the concluding paragraphs of his expositions, both of the Epistles to the "Romans" and to the "Corinthians."

(3) MSS., G. G. 4. 26, fols. 4, 5, and fols. 29, 30.

(4) Eras. op. iii. pt. 1, p. 461, F.

the father had already destined the son to follow him in his own profession of the law.

Young More had probably been known to Colet from childhood. He was sent to Oxford by Cardinal Morton, in whose household he had served, as the sons of gentlefolk were then wont to do, and Colet had doubtless heard him well spoken of by his master, for the Cardinal used, we are told, to tell his guests that "this child here, waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man."<sup>1</sup>

Colet's deeper knowledge of More at Oxford confirmed former impressions. His ready wit,—even as a boy he would sometimes step in among a group of players and extemporise a part for himself,<sup>2</sup>—added to great natural power and versatility of mind, which enabled him to master with ease all branches of the University teaching to which he applied himself, made such an impression upon Colet that he came to regard him as "the one genius amongst his English friends."<sup>3</sup> Moreover, along with these intellectual gifts was combined a gentle and loving disposition, which threw itself into the bosom of a friend with so guileless and pure an affection, that when men came under the power of its unconscious enchantment they literally *fell in love* with More. This Colet did also, in spite of thirteen years' disparity of age. He found in his young acquaintance the germs of a character somewhat akin to his own;—along with so much of life and generous loveliness, he found a natural independence of mind which formed convictions for itself, and a strength and promptness of will whereby action was made as a matter of course to follow conviction. There was, in truth, in More's character a singular union of Conservative and Radical tendencies of heart and thought.

What so likely as that this youth should become a disciple of his older friend? He was passing through a peculiarly impressible period of life,—just seventeen. Colet had but to use the influence which More's affectionate disposition gave him, and he might mould him, one would think, into a disciple after his own heart.

But it was the father's purpose that young More at Oxford should be preparing for his future profession. Jealous lest the temptations of college life should disqualify him for the severe discipline involved in those legal studies to which it was to be the preparatory step, he kept him in leading-strings as far as he possibly could, cutting down his pecuniary allowance to the smallest possible sum which would enable him to pay his way, and even compelling him to refer to himself before purchasing the most necessary articles of clothing as his old ones wore out. He judged that by these means he should keep his

(1) Roper, p. 4.

(2) Roper, p. 4.

(3) Eras., op. iii. 477, A.

son more closely to his books, and prevent his being allured from the rigid course of study which in his utilitarian view was best adapted to fit him for the bar.<sup>1</sup>

Colet must have known this, and he was not the man to take advantage of another behind his back. The care he took not to force his own views and feelings even on those of equal age and powers with himself, is a sufficient guarantee that he would use no undue influence over the young student to whom, in spite of his youth, he had become so devotedly attached. If ever More should become a disciple of Colet's, it would be by the force of example and not of persuasion; because of the inherent force of truth, and not of the influence which Colet had it in his power but did not choose to exert. This point at least the next chapter of this history will fully prove.

Meanwhile this first academical year of 1496-7 was wearing itself out, and still Colet was pursuing his solitary path, delivering, each successive term, his course of lectures on one or another of St. Paul's Epistles, with unabated zeal, and not without hope that ere long some kindred soul might become knit to his, not only in the bond of affection and friendship, but in the fellowship of fellow-work.

##### 5. ERASMUS, TOO, COMES TO OXFORD (1497).

When Michaelmas term again came round, a foreign scholar—Erasmus, of Rotterdam—arrived at Oxford, with letters of recommendation from the prior and canons of St. Genovese at Paris to Prior Charnock. Erasmus was an entire stranger in England; he did not know a word of English, but was at once most hospitably received into the College of St. Mary the Virgin, of which Charnock was the head. Colet had indeed heard the name of Erasmus mentioned as a learned scholar at Paris, but as yet no work of his had risen into note, nor was even his name generally known. He was as yet scarcely turned thirty—just the age of Colet; but in his wasted sallow cheeks and sunken eyes were but few traces left of the physical vigour of early manhood. In place of the glow of health and strength, were lines which told that midnight oil, bad lodging, and the harass of the life of a poor student, driven about and ill-served as he had been, had long ago sapped out of a weakly body the most part of its physical vigour. But the worn scabbard told of the sharpness and temper of the steel within. His was a mind restless for mental work, now fighting through the obstacles of ill health and poverty, in pursuit of its natural bent, as it had once had to fight its way out of monastic thralldom to secure the freedom of action which such a mind required.

(1) Stapleton's "Tres. Thomæ," Colon., 1612 ed., chap. i. pp. 155-6, and chap. ii. p. 168.

Though well schooled and stored with learning, yet he had not come to Oxford to teach, or to make a name by display of intellectual power, but simply to add new branches of knowledge to those already acquired. Greek was to be learned now at Oxford—thanks to the efforts of Grocyn and Linacre—and Erasmus had come to Oxford bent upon adding a knowledge of Greek to his Latin lore. To belong to that little knot of men north of the Alps who already knew Greek,—whose number yet might be counted on his fingers,—this had now become his immediate object of ambition. What he meant to do with his tools when he got them, probably was a question to be decided by circumstances rather than by any very definite plan of his own. To gain his living by taking in pupils both in Latin and Greek, and to live the life of a scholar at some continental university, was probably the future floating indistinctly before him.

Yet there are indications in letters written years before this, at the time when, quitting the monastic life for ever in disgust, he was entering holy orders, that Erasmus had already turned his attention towards the study of Scripture in the original languages. He had met with the works of Laurentius Valla, and diligently studied them, and to some extent at least had taken side with him in favour of free inquiry and in opposition to the blind bigotry which sought to obliterate his work by branding it as heresy.<sup>1</sup> For many years his great aim had been to perfect his Greek, and pursue his theological studies in Italy.<sup>2</sup> But his last hope of being able to do this had recently ended in disappointment, and now he had come from Paris to Oxford to pursue them there.

Prior Charnock seems to have at once taken to Erasmus. He did all in his power to give him a warm welcome to the university.<sup>3</sup> He seems to have taken him at once to hear Colet lecture;<sup>4</sup> and he very soon informed Colet that his new guest turned out to be no ordinary man.<sup>5</sup> Upon this report Colet wrote to Erasmus a graceful and gentlemanly letter,<sup>6</sup> giving him a hearty welcome to England and to Oxford, and professing his readiness to serve him.

Erasmus replied, warmly accepting Colet's friendship, but at the same time telling him plainly that he would find in him a man of slender or rather of no fortune, with no ambition, but warm and open-hearted, simple, liberal, honest, but timid, and of few words. Beyond this he must expect nothing. But if Colet could love such a man—if he

(1) *Eras.*, op. iii., Epist. i. and ii., the exact dates of which are not to be safely relied on.

(2) *Id.*, Epist. iii.

(3) Epist. xii., *Sixtinus Erasmo*.

(4) Else how could Erasmus describe Colet's style of speaking so clearly in his first letter to him, Epist. xli.

(5) "Virum optimum et bonitate præditum singulari." *Eras.*, Epist. xi.;

(6) *Coletus Erasmo*, Epist. xi.

thought such a man worthy of his friendship—he might then count him as his own.<sup>1</sup>

Colet *did* think such a man worthy of his friendship, and from that moment Erasmus and he were the best of friends. The lord mayor's son, born to wealth and all that wealth could command, whilst steeling his heart against the allurements of city and court life, eagerly received into his bosom friendship the poor foreign scholar whom fortune had used so hardly, whose orphaned youth had been embittered by the treachery of dishonest guardians, and who, robbed of his slender patrimony and cast adrift upon the world without resources, had hitherto scarcely been able to keep himself from want by giving lessons to private pupils! Whether he was likely to find in the foreign scholar the fulfilment of his yearnings after fellowship, must be left for further chapters of this history to disclose.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

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### VICTOR HUGO'S NEW NOVEL.<sup>2</sup>

How difficult it is to write a novel which shall be recognised as a fine work of art no less than as a pleasant pastime, becomes obvious enough when we see the splendid failures of men variously endowed, but not equal to all the highest demands of the art. It is the same with the drama. Nothing is easier than to write a play, nothing more difficult than to write a fine one. The critic who recognises the difficulty of an art will be all the more indulgent to shortcomings, and grateful for even the ambition to effect great things. In a work by Victor Hugo we always feel the presence of high aims and splendid talent. The greatest of modern French poets, he has preserved the dignity of his calling without a single derogation. His career has been stormy, or more properly speaking, noisy; but he has moved amid the plaudits and the hisses, the shouts and the jeers, with calm and resolute self-respect, compelling by his earnestness and ability the homage of even those whom he most offended by his assaults on their prejudices and opinions. Applause has never seduced him into a prodigal waste of his power. He has not traded on his reputation. He has written abundantly, but never carelessly. On these grounds, if on only these, criticism when most unsparing will

(1) Eras., Epist. xli. p. 40, D.

(2) LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER. Par VICTOR HUGO. London: W. Jeffs.  
THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. By VICTOR HUGO. Authorised English Translation. By W. MOY THOMAS. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

recognise the value of his works. He offends in many ways, but his genius condones offence.

*Les Travailleurs de la Mer* has qualities which will variously affect the reader. There is a certain gorgeous enormity, a daring inflation about it which cannot be met elsewhere; and if the splendour is barbaric, it is undeniably splendid. Page after page, and chapter after chapter may be mere fireworks which blaze and pass away; but as fireworks, the prodigality is amazing: Bengal lights follow upon Roman candles; rockets climb luminous and hissing, and descend in sprays of varied colour; Catherine-wheels whirl and squibs spurt, suddenly bursting out in a fresh place, when you imagine the tumult is subsiding. I cannot say that such writing is to my taste, but I know it throws many readers into raptures.

Unless the reader greatly care for rhetoric which has more imagery than sense, and for a certain poetical mode of looking at things which is quite as much capricious as poetical, and will seldom bear the steady light of reflection, he will not rank this novel among his favourites, because the story and characters are subordinated to the rhetoric; and although the great nodes in the fable are chosen with the admirable instinct of the picturesque by which Victor Hugo in all his works forcibly impresses the imagination of the public, yet his mastery over human nature is by no means comparable to his mastery over the picturesque, and the passionate interest of the story is feeble. One of the rhodomontade chapters of *Les Misérables* begins with this eminently characteristic sentence: "Ce livre est un drame dont le premier personnage est l'infini." If we discount the nonsense, we may accept this as fitly applicable to the *Travailleurs*: the Infinite certainly has the part of protagonist in this work, under the forms of the Abyss, the Unknown, Night, the Shadows, and Immensity, so fatiguingly familiar to all Victor Hugo's readers. And when these are the actors, human beings may shrink into neglected corners, or make their appearance only to be dwarfed by the comparison.

This is a mode of treatment which so evidently issues from the author's peculiar genius that we have no right to complain of it, though we have a perfect right to express our preference for another mode of treatment. He has given us a poetical vision of the sea, which is more like an apocalypse than the vision of a healthy mind; but at any rate it is what he sees. He presents us with that; whether we can see with him or not is our concern, not his. I confess I cannot. Fond as I am of the sea, in all its aspects, and of submarine life in all its varieties, I never feel myself looking with his eyes. There is a certain large felicity of style which every now and then stirs me with a poetic thrill, but I never find myself dwelling on the pictures and finding out fresh beauties as the attention is prolonged.

This is the story. It is Christmas Day, the snow is whitening the



roads of Guernsey; a young man dressed like a sailor sees a little way a-head of him a young girl dressed for church. In the poet's felicitous language, "Elle allait devant elle avec une vivacité libre et légère, et à cette marche qui n'a encore rien porté de la vie, on devinait une jeune fille. Elle avait cette grâce fugitive de l'allure qui marque la plus délicate des transitions, l'adolescence, les deux crépuscules mêlés, le commencement d'une femme dans la fin d'un enfant." All at once she pauses, stoops, and traces some letters with her finger on the snow. She then smiles at the young man some distance behind her, and disappears. He finds it is his own name she has written on the snow. He walks on thoughtful. We have then some twenty pages devoted to a description of this young man, Gilliatt, the hero of the story. Although needlessly spun out, the description is good, and the harmless irony of the style effectively enough brings before us the narrowmindedness and stupidity of the Guernsey-world, which regarded Gilliatt as a sorcerer. The stage is then cleared for the appearance of another actor, Mess Lethierry, a retired sailor, who has made his fortune by the daring innovation of running a steamer between Guernsey and St. Malo. He is well sketched, and we might say the same of his charming niece Déruchette, the heroine, she who wrote that name upon the snow. Unfortunately the author fails lamentably to develop or even sustain his first sketch. Here it is; the reader must put up with Mr. Thomas's translation, and no translation can adequately render such a style as Victor Hugo's:—

"Yonder maiden, for example, if we could see her as she really is, might she not figure as some bird of the air? A bird transmuted into a young maiden, what could be more exquisite? Picture it in your own home, and call it Déruchette. Delicious creature! One might be almost tempted to say, 'Good morning, Mademoiselle Goldfinch.' The wings are invisible, but the chirping may still be heard. Sometimes, too, she pipes a clear, loud song. In her child-like prattle, the creature is, perhaps, inferior; but in her song, how superior to humanity! When womanhood dawns, this angel flies away; but sometimes returns, bringing back a little one to a mother. Meanwhile, she who is one day to be a mother is for a long while a child; the girl becomes a maiden, fresh and joyous as the lark. Noting her movements, we feel as if it was good of her not to fly away. The dear familiar companion moves at her own sweet will about the house, flits from branch to branch, or rather from room to room; goes to and fro; approaches and retires; plumes her wings, or rather combs her hair, and makes all kinds of gentle noises—murmurings of unspeakable delight to certain ears. She asks a question, and is answered; is asked something in return, and chirps a reply. It is delightful to chat with her when tired of serious talk; for this creature carries with her something of her skyey element. She is a thread of gold interwoven with your sombre thoughts; you feel almost grateful to her for her kindness in not making herself invisible, when it would be so easy for her to be even impalpable; for the beautiful is a necessary of life. There is, in this world, no function more important than that of being charming. The forest-glade would be incomplete without the humming-bird. To shed joy around, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the

golden thread of our destiny, and the very spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service? Does not beauty confer a benefit upon us, even by the simple fact of being beautiful? Here and there we meet with one who possesses that fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of this magical influence, which is, however, for that reason, only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like a cheerful warmth: she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live: she is the Aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be: she makes an Eden of the house; Paradise breathes from her; and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living, in common, drag behind them? *Déruchette* possessed this smile: we may even say that this smile was *Déruchette* herself. There is one thing which has more resemblance to ourselves even than our face, and that is our expression: but there is yet another thing which more resembles us than this, and that is our smile. *Déruchette* smiling was simply *Déruchette*."

When the niece and the steamer, *Lethierry's* two pets, are fairly introduced, two other actors make their entrance, one of them, *Rantaine*, a partner of *Lethierry*, who suddenly decamps with fifty thousand francs; and the other, *Clubin*, the personification of puritanic honesty, who had from the first divined *Rantaine*, and who is captain of the *Durande*—*Lethierry's* steamer. Then we have an Evangelical clergyman—the Rev. *Ebenezer Caudray*, young, poor, but learned, and with great expectations. This man's life is saved by *Gilliatt*. He had fallen asleep on a rock; the tide had risen, and would have drowned him, but for *Gilliatt's* opportune aid.

Although the movement of the story is slow, and is incessantly interrupted by the author's irrepressible rhetoric, yet the reader feels that the ground is being prepared for the coming struggle. *Gilliatt* has nightly hovered about the house where *Déruchette* lives, and serenades her with the bagpipe! But she (not being Scotch) is insensible to the bagpipe, and has never thought of *Gilliatt* whose name she wrote on the snow in a girlish freak. Suddenly *Gilliatt* hears that a great calamity has befallen her. He hurries to the house. To learn what the calamity is we have to follow *Clubin*, the austere honest, through several scenes of rather commonplace melodrama, till we are startled by a singularly effective *coup de théâtre*. *Rantaine* has been unwise enough to visit *St. Malo* once more, in disguise; *Clubin* has pierced the disguise, and revolver in hand, has come upon him suddenly in a lonely spot, and says:—

"*Rantaine*, you have on a pair of American breeches, with a double fob. In one side you keep your watch. Take care of it.'

"Thank you, *Sieur Clubin*.'

"In the other is a little box made of wrought iron, which opens and shuts with a spring. It is an old sailor's tobacco-box. Take it out of your pocket, and throw it over to me.'

"Why! this is robbery.'

“You are at liberty to call the coast-guardman,’ and Clubin fixed his eye on Rantaine.

“Stay, Mess Clubin,’ said Rantaine, making a slight forward movement, and holding out his open hand.

“The title ‘Mess’ was a delicate flattery.

“Stay where you are, Rantaine.’

“Mess Clubin, let us come to terms. I offer you half.’

“Clubin crossed his arms, still showing the barrels of his revolver. ‘Rantaine, what do you take me for? I am an honest man.’ And he added, after a pause: ‘I must have the whole.’

“Rantaine muttered between his teeth, ‘This fellow’s of a stern sort.’

“The eye of Clubin lighted up, his voice became clear and sharp as steel. He cried:—‘I see that you are labouring under a mistake. Robbery is your name, not mine. My name is Restitution. Hark you, Rantaine. Ten years ago you left Guernsey one night, taking with you the cash-box of a certain partnership concern, containing fifty thousand francs which belonged to you, but forgetting to leave behind you fifty thousand francs which were the property of another. Those fifty thousand francs, the money of your partner, the excellent and worthy Mess Lethierry, make at present, at compound interest, calculated for ten years, eighty thousand six hundred and sixty-six francs. You went into a money-changer’s yesterday. I’ll give you his name—Rébuchet, in St. Vincent Street. You counted out to him seventy-six thousand francs in French bank-notes; in exchange for which he gave you three notes of the Bank of England for one thousand pounds sterling each, plus the exchange. You put these bank-notes in the iron tobacco-box, and the iron tobacco-box into your double fob on the right-hand side. On the part of Mess Lethierry, I shall be content with that. I start to-morrow for Guernsey, and intend to hand it to him. Rantaine, the three-master lying-to out yonder, is the *Tamaulipas*. You have had your luggage put aboard there with the other things belonging to the crew. You want to leave France. You have your reasons. You are going to Arequipa. The boat is coming to fetch you. You are awaiting it. It is at hand. You can hear it. It depends on me whether you go or stay. No more words. Fling me the tobacco-box.’

“Rantaine dipped his hand in the fob, drew out a little box, and threw it to Clubin. It was the iron tobacco-box. It fell and rolled at Clubin’s feet.

“Clubin knelt without lowering his gaze; felt about for the box with his left hand, keeping all the while his eyes and the six barrels of the revolver fixed upon Rantaine. Then he cried: ‘Turn your back, my friend.’

“Rantaine turned his back.

“Sieur Clubin put the revolver under one arm, and touched the spring of the tobacco-box. The lid flew open. It contained four bank-notes: three of a thousand pounds, and one of ten pounds. He folded up the three bank-notes of a thousand pounds each, replaced them in the iron tobacco-box, shut the lid again, and put it in his pocket. Then he picked up a stone, wrapped it in the ten-pound note, and said, ‘You may turn round again.’

“Rantaine turned.

“Sieur Clubin continued: ‘I told you I would be contented with three thousand pounds. Here, I return you ten pounds.’ And he threw to Rantaine the note enfolding the stone.

“Rantaine, with a movement of his foot, sent the bank-note and the stone into the sea.

“As you please,’ said Clubin. ‘You must be rich. I am satisfied.’

“The noise of oars which had been continually drawing nearer during the dialogue, ceased. They knew by this that the boat had arrived at the base of the cliff.

"Your vehicle waits below. You can go, Rantaine."  
 "Rantaine advanced towards the steps of stone, and rapidly disappeared."

This is not the *coup de théâtre* to which I alluded, but it is necessary to the understanding of what follows. Clubin having thus secured Lethierry's money, has to set sail for Guernsey on the morrow. A thick fog comes on. Tangrouille, the pilot, is discovered to be drunk. Clubin snatches the helm from his hands. The fog thickens; suddenly a crash, the steamer is on the rocks! Clubin quiets the despair of the passengers, gives his orders with perfect calmness, sees them all on board the longboat, gives them the ship's papers and instruments.

"The crew had taken their places before them.

"Now," cried Clubin, "push off."

"A cry arose from the longboat.

"What about yourself, captain?"

"I will remain here."

"Shipwrecked people have little time to deliberate, and not much for indulging in tender feeling. Those who were in the longboat and in comparative safety, however, felt an emotion which was not altogether selfish. All the voices shouted together: 'Come with us, captain.'

"No: I remain here."

"The Guernsey man, who had some experience of the sea, replied: 'Listen to me, captain. You are wrecked on the Hanways. Swimming, you would have only a mile to cross to Pleinmont. In a boat you can only land at Rocquaine, which is two miles. There are breakers, and there is the fog. Our boat will not get to Rocquaine in less than two hours. It will be dark night. The sea is rising—the wind getting fresh. A squall is at hand. We are now ready to return and bring you off; but if bad weather comes on, that will be out of our power. You are lost if you stay there. Come with us.'

"The Parisian chimed in: 'The longboat is full—too full, it is true, and one more will certainly be one too many; but we are thirteen—a bad number for the boat, and it is better to overload her with a man than to take an ominous number. Come, captain.'

"Tangrouille added: 'It was all my fault—not yours, captain. It isn't fair for you to be left behind.'

"I have decided to remain here," said Clubin. "The vessel must inevitably go to pieces in the tempest to-night. I won't leave her. When the ship is lost, the captain is already dead. People shall not say I didn't do my duty to the end. Tangrouille, I forgive you."

"Then, folding his arms, he cried: 'Obey orders! Let go the rope, and push off.'

"The long boat swayed to and fro. Inbrancam had seized the tiller. All the hands which were not rowing were raised towards the captain—every mouth cried, 'Cheers for Captain Clubin!'

"An admirable fellow," said the American.

"Sir," replied the Guernsey man, "he is one of the worthiest seamen afloat."

"Tangrouille shed tears. 'If I had had the courage,' he said, 'I would have stayed with him.'

The longboat pushed away, and was lost in the fog. Nothing more was visible. The beat of the oars grew fainter, and died away. Clubin remained alone."

Up to this moment the reader has only had some vague misgivings,

enough not to make the new revelation too incredible. He turns the page:—

“When Clubin found himself upon this rock, in the midst of the fog and the wide waters, far from all sound of human life, left for dead, alone with the tide rising around him, and night settling down rapidly, he experienced a feeling of profound satisfaction. He had succeeded. His dream was realised. The acceptance which he had drawn upon destiny at so long a date, had fallen due at last. With him, to be abandoned there, was, in fact, to be saved.

“He was on the Hanways, one mile from the shore; he had about him seventy-five thousand francs. Never was shipwreck more scientifically accomplished. Nothing had failed. It is true, everything had been foreseen. From his early years Clubin had had an idea, to stake his reputation for honesty at life's gaming-table; to pass as a man of high honour, and to make that reputation his fulcrum for other things; to bide his time, to watch his opportunity; not to grope about blindly, but to seize boldly; to venture on one great stroke, only one; and to end by sweeping off the stakes, leaving fools behind him to gape and wonder. What stupid rogues fail in twenty times, he meant to accomplish at the first blow; and while they terminated a career at the gallows, he intended to finish with a fortune. The meeting with Rantaine had been a new light to him. He had immediately laid his plan—to compel Rantaine to disgorge; to frustrate his threatened revelations by disappearing; to make the world believe him dead, the best of all modes of concealment; and for this purpose to wreck the *Durande*. The shipwreck was necessary to his designs. Lastly, he had the satisfaction of vanishing, leaving behind him a great renown, the crowning point of his existence. As he stood meditating on these things amid the wreck, Clubin might have been taken for some demon in a pleasant mood. He had lived a lifetime for the sake of this one minute. His whole exterior was expressive of the two words—‘At last.’ A devilish tranquillity reigned in that sallow countenance. His dull eye, the depth of which generally seemed to be impenetrable, became clear and terrible. The inward fire of his dark spirit was reflected there.

“Man's inner nature, like that external world about him, has its electric phenomena. An idea is like a meteor; at the moment of its coming, the confused meditations which preceded it open a way, and a spark flashes forth. Bearing within oneself a power of evil, feeling an inward prey, brings to some minds a pleasure, which is like a sparkle of light. The triumph of an evil purpose brightens up their visages. The success of certain cunning combinations, the attainment of certain cherished objects, the gratification of certain ferocious instincts, will manifest themselves in sinister but luminous appearances in their eyes. It is like a threatening dawn, a gleam of joy drawn out of the heart of a storm. These flashes are generated in the conscience in its states of cloud and darkness. Some such signs were then exhibiting themselves in the pupils of those eyes. They were like nothing else that can be seen shining either above or here below.

“All Clubin's pent-up wickedness found full vent now. He gazed into the vast surrounding darkness, and indulged in a low, irrepressible laugh, full of sinister significance. He was rich at last! rich at last! The unknown future of his life was at length unfolding; the problem was solved.

“Clubin had plenty of time before him. The sea was rising, and consequently sustained the *Durande*, and even raised her at last a little. The vessel kept firmly in its place among the rocks; there was no danger of her foundering. Besides, he determined to give the longboat time to get clear off—to go to the bottom, perhaps Clubin hoped it might. Erect upon the deck of the shipwrecked vessel, he folded his arms, apparently enjoying that forlorn situation in the dark night.

“Hypocrisy had weighed upon this man for thirty years. He had been evil

itself, yoked with probity for a mate. He detested virtue with the feeling of one who has been trapped into a hateful match. He had always had a wicked premeditation; from the time when he attained manhood he had worn the cold and rigid armour of appearances. Underneath this was the demon of self. He had lived like a bandit in the disguise of an honest citizen. He had been the soft-spoken pirate; the bond-slave of honesty. He had been confined in garments of innocence, as in oppressive mummy-cloths; had worn those angel wings which the devils find so wearisome in their fallen state. He had been overloaded with public esteem. It is arduous passing for a shining light. To preserve a perpetual equilibrium amid these difficulties, to think evil, to speak goodness—here had been indeed a labour. Such a life of contradictions had been Clubin's fate. It had been his lot—not the less onerous because he had chosen it himself—to preserve a good exterior, to be always presentable, to foam in secret, to smile while grinding his teeth. Virtue presented itself to his mind as something stifling. He had felt sometimes as if he could have gnawed those finger-ends which he was compelled to keep before his mouth.

“To live a life which is a perpetual falsehood, is to suffer unknown tortures. To be premeditating indefinitely a diabolical act, to have to assume austerity; to brood over secret infamy seasoned with outward good fame; to have continually to put the world off the scent; to present a perpetual illusion, and never to be oneself—is a burdensome task. To be constrained to dip the brush in that dark stuff within, to produce with it a portrait of candour; to fawn, to restrain and suppress oneself, to be ever on the *qui vive*; watching without ceasing, to mask latent crimes with a face of healthy innocence; to transform deformity into beauty; to fashion wickedness into the shape of perfection; to tickle as it were with the point of a dagger, to put sugar with poison, to keep a bridle on every gesture and keep a watch over every tone,—not even to have a countenance of one's own—what can be harder, what can be more torturing? The odiousness of hypocrisy is obscurely felt by the hypocrite himself. Drinking perpetually of his own imposture is nauseating. The sweetness of tone which cunning gives to scoundrelism is repugnant to the scoundrel compelled to have it ever in the mouth; and there are moments of disgust when villainy seems on the point of vomiting its secret. To have to swallow that bitter saliva is horrible. Add to this picture his profound pride. There are strange moments in the history of such a life, when hypocrisy worships itself. There is always an inordinate egotism in roguery. The worm has the same mode of gliding along as the serpent, and the same manner of raising its head. The treacherous villain is the despot curbed and restrained, and only able to attain his ends by resigning himself to play a secondary part. He is summed-up littleness capable of enormities. The perfect hypocrite is a Titan dwarfed.

“Clubin had a genuine faith that he had been ill-used. Why had not he the right to have been born rich? It was from no fault of his that it was otherwise. Deprived as he had been of the higher enjoyments of life, why had he been forced to labour—in other words, to cheat, to betray, to destroy? Why had he been condemned to this torture of flattering, cringing, fawning; to be always labouring for men's respect and friendship, and to wear night and day a face which was not his own? To be compelled to dissimulate was in itself to submit to a hardship. Men hate those to whom they have to lie. But now the disguise was at an end. Clubin had taken his revenge.

“On whom? On all! On everything! Lethierry had never done him any but good services; so much the greater his spleen. He was revenged upon Lethierry. He was revenged upon all those in whose presence he had felt constraint. It was his turn to be free now. Whoever had thought well of him was his enemy. He had felt himself their captive long enough.

“Now he had broken through his prison walls. His escape was accomplished.

That which would be regarded as his death, would be, in fact, the beginning of his life. He was about to begin the world again. The true Clubin had stripped off the false. In one hour the spell was broken. He had kicked Rantaine into space; overwhelmed Lethierry in ruin; human justice in night, and opinion in error. He had cast off all humanity; blotted out the whole world.

"The name of God, that word of three letters, occupied his mind but little. He had passed for a religious man. What was he now? There are secret recesses in hypocrisy; or rather the hypocrite is himself a secret recess.

"When Clubin found himself quite alone, that cavern in which his soul had so long lain hidden was opened. He enjoyed a moment of delicious liberty. He revelled for that moment in the open air. He gave vent to himself in one long breath. The depth of evil within him revealed itself in his visage. He expanded, as it were, with diabolical joy. The features of Rantaine by the side of his at that moment would have shown like the innocent expression of a new-born child.

"What a deliverance was this plucking off of the old mask! His conscience rejoiced in the sight of its own monstrous nakedness, as it stepped forth to take its hideous bath of wickedness. The long restraint of men's respect seemed to have given him a peculiar relish for infamy. He experienced a certain lascivious enjoyment of wickedness. In those frightful moral abysses so rarely sounded, such natures find atrocious delights—they are the obscenities of rascality. The long-endured insipidity of the false reputation for virtue gave him a sort of appetite for shame. In this state of mind men disdain their fellows so much, that they even long for the contempt which marks the ending of their unmerited homage. They feel a satisfaction in the freedom of degradation, and cast an eye of envy at baseness, sitting at its ease, clothed in ignominy and shame. Eyes that are forced to droop modestly are familiar with these stealthy glances at sin. From Messalina to Marie-Alacoque the distance is not great. Remember the histories of La Cadière and the nun of Louviers. Clubin, too, had worn the veil. Effrontery had always been the object of his secret admiration. He envied the painted courtesan, and the face of bronze of the professional ruffian. He felt a pride in surpassing her in artifices, and a disgust for the trick of passing for a saint. He had been the Tantalus of cynicism. And now, upon this rock, in the midst of this solitude, he could be frank and open. A bold plunge into wickedness—what a voluptuous sense of relief it brought with it! All the delights known to the fallen angels are summed up in this; and Clubin felt them in that moment. The long arrears of dissimulations were paid at last. Hypocrisy is an investment; the devil reimburses it. Clubin gave himself up to the intoxication of the idea, having no longer any eye upon him but that of Heaven. He whispered within himself, 'I am a scoundrel,' and felt profoundly satisfied."

This is an effective situation if we are not too critical as to the psychology, nor too sceptical as to the means by which it is brought about. Unhappily it will not withstand reflection. Granting the patient hypocrisy of the man, and the frankness with which he recognises his own scoundrelism, we are still under some difficulty as to the opportune arrival of the fog, and its convenient density just at the time when it was wanted to serve Clubin's plan. The elements are not usually so ready to play into our hands; yet unless the fog had come at this particular moment, and with this amount of density, the deeply-laid scheme could not have been carried out. Such reflections spoil one's enjoyment. But the reader is not suffered to reflect; he is hurried on; and a fine turn is given to the incident

when the fog clears away, and discloses to the exulting Clubin that he is not on the Hanways, a mile from the shore, but on the Douvres rocks, fifteen miles from the shore. "Tout ce qu'il avait échafaudé aboutissait à cette embûche. Il était l'architecte laborieux de sa catastrophe. Nulle ressource. Nul salut possible. *Le triomphe se faisait précipice.*" This is a striking Nemesis. At last he spies a cutter, and resolves to swim towards it. He takes a plunge, regains the surface—"at that moment he felt himself seized by one foot."

Here the chapter ends, leaving the reader puzzled as to the fate of the austere scoundrel. The next scene discloses the consternation of Lethierry and his friends at the wreck of the *Durande*. The machinery of the steamer might possibly be rescued; and Lethierry promises the hand of his niece to the man who rescues it.

"Now if ever a dream had appeared wild and impracticable, it was that of saving the engines then embedded between the Douvres. The idea of sending a ship and a crew to work upon those rocks was absurd. It could not be thought of. It was the season of heavy seas. In the first gale the chains of the anchors would be torn away and snapped upon the submarine peaks, and the vessel must be shattered on the rocks. That would be to him a second shipwreck to the relief of the first. On the miserable narrow height where the legend of the place described the shipwrecked sailor as having perished of hunger, there was scarcely room for one person. To save the engines, therefore, it would be necessary for a man to go to the Douvres, to be alone in that sea, alone in that desert, alone at five leagues from the coast, alone in that region of terrors, alone for entire weeks, alone in the presence of dangers foreseen and unforeseen—without supplies in the face of hunger and nakedness, without succour in the time of distress, without token of human life around him save the bleached bones of the miserable being who had perished there in his misery, without companionship save that of death."

Yet this task Gilliatt undertakes for love of Déruchette. This is the second great node in the story. It will not withstand a critical examination, but it appeals powerfully to the imagination by its daring and originality. Chapter after chapter describes the laborious invention, and the perils of Gilliatt, as lonely on those terrible rocks amidst a stormy sea, he makes for himself a forge, and tools, and works away till he rescues the machinery. There is something partly ludicrous and partly sublime in it. The wildest improbabilities are so earnestly and circumstantially related that the reader almost believes them, moved as he is by sympathy with the energetic efforts of the hero. When all is ready, and Gilliatt is about to depart with his prize, he has another and more formidable enemy to face. In the grandiose language of the author, "L'abîme se décidait à livrer bataille;" which means that a storm burst.

The fury of the elements appeased, Gilliatt has to vanquish the monster of the deep which had already spoiled the triumph of Clubin.

This monster, described with all Hugo's *verve*, is simply the *Octopus*, or Poulp, a cephalopod intensely interesting to naturalists on many



grounds, but greatly hated by sailors and fishermen on account of the terrible tenacity of its grasp ; when once its suckers are applied to a net, or your arm, there is no resource but killing the beast ; relax his hold he won't. Clubin's foot was seized by a monster Poulp, and Clubin was dragged helpless under the waves to become the food of crabs, and to suffer a "sea change." His skeleton, with the belt containing his ill-gotten plunder, are found by Gilliatt, after Gilliatt has killed the Poulp. This romance of the sea-bed will affect various readers with various emotions, some will shudder, some will laugh ; but all must admit that it is written with singular power and vividness.

At last Gilliatt was free to return with his prize, and claim his dearly-bought *Déruchette*. After weeks of privation, struggle, and suffering, he was once more under her window. A nightingale was singing in the distance. The stars were tranquilly shining over head. A form was seen in the garden. It was *Déruchette*. Gilliatt gazed at her with a beating heart as she seated herself on a bench. She was in a reverie ; he was so close that he could almost hear her breathe.

"A noise aroused them both—her from her reverie—him from his ecstasy. Some one was walking in the garden. It was not possible to see who was approaching on account of the trees. It was the footstep of a man. *Déruchette* raised her eyes. The steps drew nearer, then ceased. The person walking had stopped. He must have been quite near. The path beside which was the bench wound between two clumps of trees. The stranger was there in the alley between the trees, at a few paces from the seat. Accident had so placed the branches, that *Déruchette* could see the new comer while Gilliatt could not. The moon cast on the ground beyond the trees a shadow which reached to the garden seat. Gilliatt could see this shadow. He looked at *Déruchette*. She was quite pale ; her mouth was partly open, as with a suppressed cry of surprise. She had just half risen from the bench, and sunk again upon it. There was in her attitude a mixture of fascination with a desire to fly. Her surprise was enchantment mingled with timidity. She had upon her lips almost the light of a smile, with the fulness of tears in her eyes. She seemed as if transfigured by that presence ; as if the being whom she saw before her belonged not to this earth. The reflection of an angel was in her look.

"The stranger, who was to Gilliatt only a shadow, spoke. A voice issued from the trees, softer than the voice of a woman ; yet it was the voice of a man. Gilliatt heard these words :—'I see you, mademoiselle, every Sunday and Thursday. They tell me that once you used not to come so often. It is a remark that has been made. I ask your pardon. I have never spoken to you ; it was my duty ; but I come to speak to you to-day, for it is still my duty. It is right that I speak to you first. The *Cashmere* sails to-morrow. This is why I have come. You walk every evening in your garden. It would be wrong of me to know your habits so well, if I had not the thought that I have. Mademoiselle, you are poor ; since this morning I am rich. Will you have me for your husband ?'

"*Déruchette* joined her two hands in a suppliant attitude, and looked at the speaker, silent, with fixed eyes, and trembling from head to foot.

"The voice continued :—'I love you. God made not the heart of man to be silent. He has promised him eternity with the intention that he should not be alone. There is for me but one woman upon earth. It is you. I think of you as

of a prayer. My faith is in God, and my hope in you. What wings I have you bear. You are my life, and already my supreme happiness.'

"Sir," said Déruchette, 'there is no one to answer in the house!'

"The voice rose again:—'Yes, I have encouraged that dream. Heaven has not forbidden us to dream. You are like a glory in my eyes. I love you deeply, mademoiselle. To me you are holy innocence. I know it is the hour at which your household have retired to rest. But I had no choice of any other moment. Do you remember that passage of the Bible which some one read before us; it was the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis. I have thought of it often since. M. Hérode said to me, you must have a rich wife. I replied no, I must have a poor wife. I speak to you, mademoiselle, without venturing to approach you; I would step even farther back if it was your wish that my shadow should not touch your feet. You alone are supreme. You will come to me if such is your will. I love and wait. You are the living form of a benediction.'

"I did not know, sir," stammered Déruchette, 'that any one remarked me on Sundays and Thursdays.'

"The voice continued:—'We are powerless against celestial things. The whole Law is love. Marriage is Canaan; you are to me the promised land of beauty.'

"Déruchette replied, 'I did not think I did wrong any more than other persons who are strict.'

"The voice continued:—'God manifests his will in the flowers, in the light of dawn, in the spring; and love is of his ordaining. You are beautiful in this holy shadow of night. This garden has been tended by you; in its perfumes there is something of your breath. The affinities of our souls do not depend on us. They cannot be counted with our sins. You were there, that was all. I was there, that was all. I did nothing but feel that I love you. Sometimes my eyes rested upon you. I was wrong, but what could I do. It was through looking at you that all happened. I could not restrain my gaze. There are mysterious impulses which are above our search. The heart is the chief of all temples. To have your spirit in my house—this is the terrestrial paradise for which I hope. Say, will you be mine. As long as I was poor, I spoke not. I know your age. You are twenty-one; I am twenty-six. I go to-morrow; if you refuse me I return no more. Oh, be my betrothed; will you not? More than once have my eyes, in spite of myself, addressed to you that question. I love you; answer me. I will speak to your uncle as soon as he is able to receive me; but I turn first to you. To Rebecca I plead for Rebecca; unless you love me not.'

"Déruchette hung her head, and murmured, 'Oh! I worship him.'

"The words were spoken in a voice so low that only Gilliatt heard them. She remained with her head lowered, as if by shading her face she hoped to conceal her thoughts.

"There was a pause. No leaf among the trees was stirred. It was that solemn and peaceful moment when the slumber of external things mingles with the sleep of living creatures; and night seems to listen to the beating of Nature's heart. In the midst of that retirement, like a harmony making the silence more complete, rose the wide murmur of the sea.

"The voice was heard again. 'Mademoiselle!'

"Déruchette started.

"Again the voice spoke. 'You are silent.'

"'What would you have me say?'

"'I wait for your reply.'

"'God has heard it,' said Déruchette.

"Then the voice became almost sonorous, and at the same time softer than before, and these words issued from the leaves as from a burning bush:—'You are my betrothed. Come then to me. Let the blue sky, with all its stars, be witness

of this taking of my soul to thine ; and let our first embrace be mingled with that firmament.'

"Déruchette arose, and remained an instant motionless, looking straight before her, doubtless in another's eyes. Then with slow steps, with head erect, her arms drooping, but with the fingers of her hands wide apart, like one who leans on some unseen support, she advanced towards the trees, and was out of sight.

A moment afterwards, instead of the one shadow upon the gravelled walk, there were two. They mingled together. Gilliatt saw at his feet the embrace of those two shadows."

This is a touching situation, old as the hills, but always touching ; yet how singularly feeble in all the passionate and psychological elements is Victor Hugo's presentation of it ! I say nothing of the triviality of the representation of Déruchette and her clerical lover, it is enough to point to the *evasion* of the dramatic difficulty (and dramatic interest) as regards Gilliatt. We have no glimpse of what is passing in his mind. We know that his hopes are pitilessly wrecked—that he has undergone these weeks of superhuman toil to come back and find her for whom he toiled, quietly accepting the most ridiculous of clergymen ; but except the sudden resolution quietly to give up all claim to Déruchette (with a heroism commoner on the stage and in fiction than in life) we have none of the tragedy wrought out. The situation is presented, and is left to tell its own story. This is simply an evasion of the difficulty. In the closing scene, as throughout, we have poetical painting of external nature instead of the poetry of human nature. Gilliatt has given away his Déruchette ; she is sailing in the *Cashmere* with her bridegroom ; her self-sacrificing lover seats himself on the very rock where he had rescued her bridegroom from the waves some months before, and there, while the tide rises, he awaits the passage of the ship which is carrying away all he holds dear in life.

"The steersman was at the helm ; a cabin-boy was climbing the shrouds ; a few passengers leaning on the bulwarks were contemplating the beauty of the scene. The captain was smoking ; but nothing of all this was seen by Gilliatt. There was a spot on the deck on which the broad sunlight fell. It was on this corner that his eyes were fixed. In this sunlight were Déruchette and Caudray. They were sitting together side by side, like two birds warming themselves in the noonday sun, upon one of those covered seats with a little awning which well-ordered packet boats provided for passengers, and upon which was the inscription, when it happened to be an English vessel, 'For ladies only.' Déruchette's head was leaning upon Caudray's shoulder ; his arm was around her waist ; they held each other's hands with their fingers interwoven. A celestial light was discernible in those two faces formed by innocence. Their chaste embrace was expressive of their earthly union and their purity of soul. The seat was a sort of alcove, almost a nest : it was at the same time a glory around them ; the tender aureola of love passing into a cloud.

"The silence was like the calm of heaven. Caudray's gaze was fixed in contemplation. Déruchette's lips moved ; and, amidst that perfect silence, as the wind carried the vessel near shore, and it glided within a few fathoms of the Gild-Holm-

'Ur seat, Gilliatt heard the tender and musical voice of Déruchette exclaiming:—  
'Look yonder. It seems as if there were a man upon the rock.'

"The vessel passed. Leaving the promontory of the Bû de la Rue behind, the *Cashmere* glided on upon the waters. In less than a quarter of an hour, her masts and sails formed only a white obelisk, gradually decreasing against the horizon. Gilliatt felt that the water had reached his knees. He contemplated the vessel speeding on her way. The breeze freshened out at sea. He could see the *Cashmere* run out her lower studding-sails and her staysails, to take advantage of the rising wind. She was already clear of the waters of Guernsey. Gilliatt followed the vessel with his eyes. The waves had reached his waist. The tide was rising; time was passing away. The sea-mews and cormorants flew about him restlessly, as if anxious to warn him of his danger. It seemed as if some of his old companions of the Douvres rocks flying there had recognised him.

"An hour had passed. The wind from the sea was scarcely felt in the roads; but the form of the *Cashmere* was rapidly growing less. The sloop, according to all appearance, was sailing fast. It was already nearly off the Casquets. There was no foam around the Gild-Holm-'Ur; no wave beat against its granite sides. The water rose peacefully. It was nearly level with Gilliatt's shoulders.

"Another hour had passed. The *Cashmere* was beyond the waters of Aurigny. The Ortach rock concealed it for a moment; it passed behind it, and came forth again as from an eclipse. The sloop was veering to the north upon the open sea. It was now only a point glittering in the sun.

"The birds were hovering about Gilliatt, uttering short cries. Only his head was now visible. The tide was nearly at the full. Evening was approaching. Behind him, in the roads, a few fishing-boats were making for the harbour.

"Gilliatt's eyes continued fixed upon the vessel in the horizon. Their expression resembled nothing earthly. A strange lustre shone in their calm and tragic depths. There was in them the peace of vanished hopes, the calm but sorrowful acceptance of an end far different from his dreams. By degrees the dusk of heaven began to darken in upon them, though gazing still upon the point in space. At the same moment the wide waters round the Gild-Holm-'Ur and the vast gathering twilight closed upon them.

"The *Cashmere*, now scarcely perceptible, had become a mere spot in the thin haze. Gradually the spot, which was but a shape, grew paler. Then it dwindled, and finally disappeared. At the moment when the vessel vanished on the line of horizon, the head of Gilliatt disappeared. Nothing was visible now but the sea."

There is a certain pathetic poetry in this which would be irresistible, had the author made it credible by showing us its psychological truth. But, unhappily, he has thrown all his force into descriptions. We not only see nothing of Gilliatt's soul, but we altogether fail to sympathise with his excess of self-sacrifice, because we cannot sympathise with his passion. Had he known Déruchette and loved her upon some better ground than that of her having once piqued his curiosity by writing his name on the snow, we should have understood that without her life would be insupportable, and that losing her he would commit suicide. But had he loved her thus he could not so calmly have resigned her.

Altogether we must regard this fable less as a dramatic story exhibiting the evolution of character and passion, than as a vehicle for the display of Victor Hugo's powers of description. It is a prose

poem, of a fantastic kind, descriptive of Guernsey, the sea, the clouds, the storms, the fogs, and the monsters of the deep. Like Bayes, in the *Rehearsal*, Victor Hugo considers "a plot good for nothing but to bring in his fine things." Very fine things are brought in now and then; very tawdry finery at times. There are chapters of singular power, and phrases of peculiar felicity, such as "La nature perméable au printemps était moite de volupté," or this: "La mélancolie c'est le bonheur d'être triste." Every one familiar with Hugo's writings will anticipate the kind of pleasure and the kind of annoyance which these volumes will produce. There is the old prodigality of imagery, the old tricks of phrase, the old hyperboles, and the old nonsense. But there is not so much nonsense as in the book on "Shakspeare" and in "Les Misérables," though there is more than English readers will like. Mr. Thomas has very properly softened it in his translation. For example, when the author, with gratuitous and silly profanity says of Clubin's wife, "Si le bon Dieu eût été amoureux d'elle elle l'eût été dire au curé," Mr. Thomas renders it, "If a saint had made love to her she would have told it to the priest." Again, where the author in his hyperbolic account of the Poulp (at which every naturalist will laugh) says—

“Orphée, Homère, et Hésiode n'ont pu faire que la chimère;

“Dieu a fait la Pieuvre.

“Quand Dieu veut, il excelle dans l'exécration.

“Le pourquoi de cette volonté est l'effroi du penseur religieux.”

Mr. Thomas softens this into "Creation abounds in monstrous forms of life." Again, the author, describing the sea-bed and its horrors (he has no sense of its ravishing beauties), "des formes épouvantables" (which have frightened no one) "de vagues linéaments de gueules, d'antennes, de tentacles, de nageoires," which he calls "une ruche d'hydres, l'horrible est là idéal," attempts a climax, thus, "Figurez vous, si vous pouvez, un fourmillement d'holothuries." Mr. Thomas quietly omits this bathos. Probably he has seen holothuria, and if so, his sense of the ludicrous would not permit him to translate the passage. The attempt to create a shudder by calling upon the reader "to imagine a swarm of silkworms," would have the sort of effect this passage has on any one who has seen a holothuria.

It is in the opening chapters of the third volume that Victor Hugo's pegasus fairly gets the bit between his teeth. An anthology of grandiloquence! The winds are a populace of titans, the immense mob of Darkness—*l'immense canaille de l'ombre*. They are also "les oiseaux fauves de l'infini." Whence come they? he asks; and the answer is characteristic. "De l'incommensurable. Il faut à leurs envergures le diamètre du gouffre." Pages of this kind of writing

display the author's inexhaustible rhetoric, but do not greatly delight readers of taste, who hear without instruction that the winds have the "dictatorship of chaos," or that—

"Les vents courent, volent, s'abattent, finissent, recommencent, planent, sifflent, mugissent, rient; frénétiques, *lascifs* (!) effrénés, prenant leurs aises sur la vague irascible. . . . Qui les entend écoute Pan. Ce qu' il y a d'effroyable, c'est qu' ils jouent. Ils ont une colossale joie composée d'ombre."

"Lascivious winds," that have colossal joys composed of shadow, do not belong to Nature as conceived by rational minds; but they will be recognised by all Victor Hugo's readers.

There is a passage, page 21, which we are sorry that decency forbids our citing, it is so characteristically hyperbolic and nonsensical. But here is something quotable and worth meditating by those who think fine feathers make fine birds, and that fine writing is eloquence:—

"Le fleur promettait obscurément le fruit, toute vierge songeait, la reproduction des êtres, préméditée par l'immense âme de l'ombre, s'ébauchait dans l'irradiation des choses. On se fiançait partout. On s'épousait sans fin. *La vie, qui est la femelle, s'accomplait avec l'infini, qui est le mâle.*"

Here again is a specimen of the poetic transcendentalism which abounds in the book:—

"Le Possible est une matrice formidable. Le mystère se concrète en monstres. Des morceaux d'ombre sortent de ce bloc, l'immanence, se déchirent, se détachent, roulent, flottent, se condensent, font des emprunts à la noirceur ambiante, subissent des polarisations inconnues, prennent vie, se composent on ne sait quelle forme avec l'obscurité, et on ne sait quelle âme avec le miasme, et s'en vont, larves, à travers la vitalité. C'est quelque chose comme les ténèbres faites bêtes."

Whoever understands this may perhaps understand what can be the "coup de jarnac de l'abîme." The abyss is a personality with whom Victor Hugo is very much at home; indeed, without the "abyss" and "l'ombre," "l'infini" and "Night," the "gulf" and "Dieu," he would be sorely pressed. A strange obtuseness to the ludicrous makes him introduce these abstractions in the most incongruous manner. It is with him quite a simple turn of phrase when, describing his hero naked on the rocks, he contrasts this naked man with Immensity. "Il était nu devant l'immensité, alors dans l'accablement . . . se confrontant avec l'ombre en présence de cette obscurité irréductible . . . ayant autour de lui et au dessous de lui l'océan, et au-dessus de lui les constellations, sous l'insondable il s'affaissa, il renonça, il se coucha tout de son long le dos sur la roche, et face aux étoiles, vaincu, et joignant les mains devant la profondeur terrible il cria dans l'infini: *Grace! Terrassé par l'immensité il la pria.*" Not content with describing him as prostrated by immensity, he goes on to compare this naked gladiator to the gladiator of the

circus, "having the abyss for his circus;" and instead of wild beasts, "les ténèbres;" instead of the eyes of spectators, the "gaze of the unknown;" instead of vestals, the stars; instead of Cæsar, God!

I have dwelt the longer on this weak side of Victor Hugo's style because, when so considerable a writer gives us a novel, we are bound in very respect to him to criticise it as literature, and not to let it pass with the half-contemptuous tolerance usually awarded to novels. If, as we have seen, the plot is mainly for the sake of the writing, we are bound to look a little closely into the writing. I willingly allow that the writing is often singularly felicitous, if it is also often singularly faulty, and even absurd. He has no sobriety; little respect for truth; no solicitude about sense: a sonorous phrase, or a startling image, exercises a spell over him which he is unable to resist. People are apt to consider that when a writer departs widely from commonplace he is powerful, and that when he presents images of grandiose unreality he is imaginative. But it is not so. Real power is plastic; a fine imagination sees vividly and truly. The difference between the aimless wanderings of reverie, and the concentrated, regulated, orderly movements of thought, may be tested by any one in his own experience. It is easy to let the mind wander capriciously amid the evanescent suggestions of reverie, and difficult to fix the thought upon the true relations of things. If the reader who has been delighted with the *brio* of one of Victor Hugo's descriptions, and astounded at its wealth of images, will only think of the thing described, and ask himself whether it has become more vivid to him—whether through these images he has learned to see it with a keener and a nobler vision, or finds himself in any way enriched, he will be able to estimate aright the value of this prodigal rhetoric. Unless the poet "lends a precious seeing to the eye," he has used his arts in vain. Now, in my opinion, Victor Hugo rarely sees things truly; he sees them fantastically, and expresses them hyperbolically. Hence it is, that although he keeps us in a constant state of amazement at his ingenuity and cleverness, we never lay down the book enriched by an enlarged faculty of vision.

EDITOR.

## A HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE THEORIES OF THE SOUL.

In the work of Aristotle called "De Anima," on the Soul, or the Vital Principle, there occurs at the commencement the following observation relative to the mind. "Every feeling of the mind," he says, "has a double aspect, or may be viewed and studied on two different sides—a mental side and a bodily side." He considers it to be the business of two different sets of inquirers to master these two sides. Thus, he says, the physical philosopher (ὁ φυσικός) and the mental philosopher (ὁ διαλεκτικός) would view the same passion differently. Take anger, for example: according to the mental philosopher, anger is the appetite for injuring some one (a truly mental fact); according to the physical philosopher, it is a boiling up of blood about the heart, with increase of animal heat (truly physical circumstances). The illustration is perfect as representing the two sets of facts, constituting the two distinct studies; the one looks at the state of feeling properly so called, known only by each person's separate consciousness, the other looks at the bodily accompaniments as they appear to the outward senses and to the common observation of mankind.

Had Aristotle been able to adhere steadily to this remarkable stroke of insight, as we may now consider it to be, the human race might possibly have been saved from centuries of perplexity and confusion. Still better, if he had reconsidered that part of the remark that divided the business of studying the mind between two separate classes of inquirers, and had come to see that the man that directed his attention to the mental side should also qualify himself as a physical philosopher to the extent of mastering the physical accompaniments as well, he would have set forth the real position of scientific psychology according to the most advanced view of the present time.

To facilitate the comprehension of the successive opinions on the nature of the mind or soul, let us first take a classified view of these various opinions.

### I. TWO SUBSTANCES.

1. Both Material:—Most of the Ancients; the early Fathers.
2. An Immaterial and a Material:—Commencement in Plato and Aristotle; the later Fathers; the Schoolmen; Descartes; prevalent opinion.



## II. ONE SUBSTANCE.

1. Mind and Matter the same :—the cruder forms of Materialism ; the Pantheistic Idealism of Fichte.
2. Contrast of Mind and Matter saved :—guarded or qualified Materialism—held by many Physiologists and Metaphysicians ; the growing opinion.

As the history is principally occupied with the growth and development of Immaterialism (I. 2), let us further prepare the way by a summary view of the arguments in favour of this position, which are also the points of attack of its opponents.

1. The Soul must partake of the nature or essence of the Deity.
2. The Soul has no determinate place in the body.
3. Reason or Thought—the power of cognising the Universal—is incompatible with matter (Aquinas).
4. The dignity of the Soul requires an essence superior to matter.
5. Matter is divisible, mind indivisible.
6. Matter is changeable and corruptible ; mind is a pure substance.
7. Mind is active, or possesses Force ; matter is passive, inert, the thing acted on.
8. The Mind has a Personal Identity ; the particles of the body are continually changing.

The Ancients certainly distinguished between the substance of the soul and the substance of the body ; but the substance of the soul was among them very generally accounted matter, namely, the two higher elements, Air and Fire, to which Aristotle added an Æther, or fifth essence (quintessence), of a still subtler consistency. These higher elements made up the celestial bodies, as well as the gods themselves ; they were distinguished from the lower couple, Earth and Water, not merely by their subtlety, but by the regularity and perfection of their movements ; the gross matter below the sphere of the moon was the subject of irregularity, and was on that account an inferior essence. It was not to be expected that the material of the human soul would transcend the material of the gods ; the tendency to assimilate mind to Deity being general at all stages of this speculation.

The ancients also differed from the moderns in not admitting the *separate* existence of the soul (although Aquinas understood Plato's pre-existence as separation). Those of them that held the doctrine of personal immortality coupled it with transmigration ; the soul in quitting one body found another ready for its reception. After-existence was thus coupled with pre-existence. It was repugnant to these philosophers to suppose an absolute beginning, or creation, either for matter or for mind.

Let us, however, descend to particulars. Among the pre-Socratic

philosophers, we find Parmenides affirming that the human mind, as well as the human body, is composed of the same elements as the rest of nature; and that sensation and thought are dependent on the body and on the properties of its elemental composition; perception being the drawing of like to like; solid matter is perceived by the solid element of mind, and so on. The celebrated Nous, or mind, of Anaxagoras is a form of matter, thinner than even air or fire, and also distinguished by being absolutely pure or unmixed. Doubtless, however, these *imaginary* modifications of matter may be considered as approaching to, and anticipating, the immaterial substance of later times.

Of the best known Greek sects, the Epicureans denied altogether the survival of the soul. The Stoics affirmed the soul as well as the body to be material, and considered it a detached fragment of the all-pervading soul of the world, into which, after the death of the individual, it was re-absorbed.

The views of Plato and Aristotle require a fuller attention, as in them we seem to have at least the beginnings of the modern theory.

Plato in his Ideas, or Eternal Self-existent Forms (abstractions converted into transcendent realities), took a start that removed him, wide as the poles asunder, from a materialistic theory. His difficulty was to come down from his heights to embrace the universe of gross matter. The Idea—idea of the round, the one, the good—is indivisible, imperishable, always equal to itself, in no respect material. If Soul or Mind were an Idea solely, it would have a perfectly immaterial existence; but it is not a pure Idea. In constructing the Soul, Plato had to bring heaven somewhat down to earth. The Soul of the World—the Cosmical Soul or moving principle—was a mixture of the Idea with the world of Sense; it combined the indivisible, incorporeal attributes of the one with the plurality and the materiality of the other. The human soul is made up, like the Cosmical Soul, of the same union of the Ideal and the Sensible. The Soul partaking of the Idea of life, and excluding death, must be a Self-mover; now all life and motion springs from the universe of Ideas, and not from the universe of body or matter.

The position of Aristotle in this matter is surrounded with much difficulty and obscurity, and yet is of great importance in the development of the modern view.

It is well known that the Soul, in Aristotle, was nearly synonymous with life or vitality. Every vital function—nutrition, growth, decay, as well as movement, sensibility, and thought—was a manifestation of the soul. Mind, in the common acceptation, was with him the highest form of life; at least he struggled towards some such conclusion. The lowest soul was the merely Vegetative principle, embracing nutrition and growth; above this were the Sensitive and Appetitive

souls, common to animals and men, and embracing mental functions, as sensation, memory, physical pleasure and pain, and the desires growing out of these: in short, the mental sphere of the brutes. All these powers would of course rise and perish with the bodily frame. So far his meaning is tolerably plain. But now comes the exclusively human prerogative called Reason, Intellect (Nous), which is pre-existent, passes into the body as something divine, and is immortal. By this he means in general the power of thinking, but more especially the faculty of apprehending, in immediate knowledge, the highest principles (*e.g.*, the abstract truths of Mathematics), such principles as cannot be evoked by mere sensation. Then came, however, the standing difficulty—the connection of the immaterial with the material part. Reason, Nous, must act on the sensitive and appetitive soul; nay more, the most abstract principle that we can think of has its sensible representation (*phantasma*); the principle that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, supposes visible dimensions and figure. To facilitate the matter, he provides a distinction (as if for the everlasting puzzle of commentators) between the Active Nous and the Passive Nous,—a form-giving and a form-receiving faculty. It is the Active Reason that is alone distinct from the body, free from suffering, eternal, and immortal, the divine part of man, the participator in the Divine Reason itself. But how this Active Reason is related to the personality of the individual, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to the Deity (the Universal Nous, the incorporeal, indivisible, unlimited, absolute, Prime Mover), has never been agreed upon.

We must still make another plunge into chaos, and glance for a moment at Neo-Platonism. It may be a passing relief, however, to indicate our drift, namely, to show by what steps the modern settlement, or allocation of the respective parts of the immaterial and the material in man, was gradually developed.

Plotinus agreed with Plato in the grand distinction of the Ideal and the Sensible, and in constituting the Soul a middle term between them. But he differed from Plato in selecting the One, or the Good, as the highest of all the Ideas, and as the creative source of the rest, and the First Cause of all things. The One gives birth to the Ideas, the Ideas to the Soul, the Soul to the world of Sense. The primary One is neither Nous, nor anything that can be cognised by Nous or Reason; it sends forth a copy of itself, as the sun sends forth rays, which copy turns round and beholds the original, and thereby becomes Nous. In this created Nous, the Ideas are immanent, as component parts. The Nous then, as a copy of itself, produces *the Soul, which is partly turned to the Nous, as its producer, and partly to the material world, its product.* The Soul is an immaterial substance. Not only is the highest principle, the Nous, separate from the

bodily frame, but even memory, the power of perception, and the vegetative principle of the body, which are grouped together in the Soul, are also separate from the body. The body, in fact, is in the soul, not the soul in the body. The soul is present in the whole body as a whole, without dividing itself among the parts; "it is all in the whole, and all in every part." (This is not, as supposed, an invention of the Schoolmen.) Here we have a clear step in advance on the road to Immaterialism. The upshot will be seen when we come to the Schoolmen. We must now, however, pass to the early Fathers of the Church.

The early Fathers had been pagan philosophers before they were Christians; they thus brought with them into Christianity more or less of the tenets of their respective philosophical sects. Accordingly, the double materialism of antiquity was a prevailing tenet of the first five centuries. A proper immaterial or spiritual substance, as now recognised, was as yet incomprehensible to the greater number of men. Such a thing, no doubt, had made a beginning in the Greek schools, but was not as yet fully formed even there; and it received no aid, either from Judaism or from Christianity. In these early centuries, it was very generally held as essential to the Christian doctrine of future rewards and punishments, that mind should be a corporeal substance; for only matter could be susceptible to physical pain and pleasure.

In general, we may say, that the early Fathers, whether accepting the Oriental and Greek notions of transmigration and pre-existence, or, like Irenæus and Arnobius, making the immortality of the soul depend upon the will of God in his purposes in the salvation of part of mankind, describe in nearly the same terms the essence of Deity and the essence of the soul. Before, and even after the Nicæan Council, God was often described as a sublime light. A converted Epicurean would add to this a human form; a Platonist would use the term "incorporeal" in the Platonic sense of the word, which was not the modern sense.

Clement of Alexandria speaks thus of God:—"A positive knowledge of God is impossible: we know only what he is not. He is formless and nameless, though we are right to call him by the noblest names. He is infinite; he is neither Genus, nor Differentia, nor Species, nor Individual, nor Number, nor Accident, nor anything that any positive attribute can be ascribed to." This is certainly not Corporeality, neither is it what we mean by an Incorporeal nature. It is a mere rhetorical employment of negatives to work up a powerful impression. Origen conceived of God as a purely spiritual being,—not fire, not light, not æther, but an absolutely incorporeal Unity or monad. Only on the supposition of Incorporeality can he be considered absolutely unchangeable, for

everything material is changeable, divisible, transitory. This is an obvious following out of the transcendental germs in Greek philosophy. "In the world, God, who is himself unextended, is everywhere present by his active power, like the builder in his work, or as our soul, in its sensitive part, is spread through the whole body; only he does not fill evil with his presence." "The human soul, as a created spirit, was enclosed in matter because of sin." With all this, Origen further remarks that the word "incorporeal" is not to be found in Scripture, and that a *spirit* strictly means a body.

Tertullian is represented (by Ueberweg) as joining, in the manner of the Stoics, with an Ethics tending to the repression of sense, a sensationalist doctrine of cognition, and a materialistic Psychology. He is a coarse Realist. "The senses deceive not: all that is real is body. The corporeality of God does not, however, detract from his sublimity, nor that of the soul from its immortality. Everything that is, is body after its kind. The Deity is a very pure luminous air, diffused everywhere. What is not body is nothing. Who shall deny that God is body, though he is a spirit? A spirit is a body of its own kind, in its own form. *The soul has the human form, the same as its body, only it is delicate, clear, and ethereal.* Unless it were corporeal, how could it" (as the Stoics also said) "be affected by the body, be able to suffer, or be nourished within the body?" "Man is made in the likeness of God; God, in forming the first man, took for pattern the future man Christ."

The materialism of Tertullian is thus pronounced and decisive. Then, again, Melito wrote a treatise to prove God's corporeality. Gregory Nazianzen conceives of spirit only as possessing the properties of motion and diffusion. Maximus could not accept the immensity of God, because he did not see how two substances could exist together in the same space. Even when the Deity was called incorporeal, this property was not incompatible with visibility under certain circumstances; it meant only a negation, somewhat in the manner of the ancients, of the grosser properties of matter. That spirits could be seen was a very common belief; many persons declared that they had seen the souls of the dying as they left the body. Gradually, however, the attribute of visibility was abstracted from the nature of spirit; and the Deity began to be considered incorporeal, meaning also invisible; but the human soul did not rise at once to the same august distinction. Thus in Origen, the soul would seem to have a middle place between gross matter and the one truly spiritual essence—the Deity. It is to him a matter of astonishment that the *material* soul should have ideas of immaterial things: and he concludes that it must possess, if not an absolute, at least a relative immateriality.

So much for the double materialism prevailing among the early

Fathers. We shall now see the beginning of the spiritualistic movement within the Church. This movement may be said to be headed by St. Augustin, the most profound and metaphysical of all the Latin Fathers; by Claudian Mamertus, a priest of Vienne, in the south of France; and in Asia, by Nemesius, Bishop of Emessa.

But even anterior to Augustin (354—430), there were indications of the coming change. In this view, Gregory of Nyssa (331—94) is of importance. His work on the Creation of Man (says Ueberweg) contains a number of psychological remarks. Scriptural views are mixed up with Platonic and Aristotelian opinions. The possibility of the creation of matter, by the Divine Spirit, depends upon its being the unity of qualities in themselves immaterial. The human spirit interpenetrates the whole body. It came into existence with the body, and neither before nor after it. *The spirituality of God, which is beyond dispute*, proves the possibility of immaterial existence. The soul is a created, living, thinking, and (so long as it is provided with organs of sense) percipient entity. The thinking power does not belong to matter: otherwise *matter generally would exhibit it* [a happy hit], and would assume a variety of artificial forms in consequence.

We shall now glance at St. Augustin. A younger contemporary and antagonist of his, Vincentius Victor, represented the later stage of the materialism of the early Fathers, when the Deity was no longer considered as material; and St. Augustin expresses his satisfaction that his youthful opponent had surrendered that absurdity. "But then," says Victor, "I hold, in opposition to St. Augustin, that the soul is corporeal. If the soul were incorporeal, it would be a mere bloodless vacuity, an ethereal empty substance." He also dwells on the standing illustration of the materialist fathers, the parable of Lazarus and Dives. Again, "the body," he says, "has breathed into it by the Creator at birth, a second *corporeal* substance of an incomprehensible kind."

To all this St. Augustin replies with considerable force and perspicuity. He defines body as "anything consisting of greater or lesser parts, and taking up more or less room in space" (the first part confused if not mistaken—mind, too, has *degree*, if that be his meaning); that is to say, he fastens upon the attribute of EXTENSION as the defining mark of the material or object world, in its opposition to the subject mind. He then argues, with great justice, that the most ethereal substances are still corporeal (as occupying space): that air, for example (which Victor strangely looks upon as a spiritual substance, the matter of the Deity), fills a vessel as well as water, and can manifest this fact by excluding water.

In short, it begins to be apparent to St. Augustin that in the ancient system, there is no real distinction between soul and body; the refined matter of the soul is still matter. Then comes his reason-

ings from the origin of the soul. "God, who is admitted by his opponent to be incorporeal, and to breathe his own nature into man, must either impart his incorporeal nature, in which case Victor is refuted, or he must change his own nature into body, which is absurd."

There was some variety of opinion among the Fathers as to the rendering of the language of the New Testament, which speaks of three elements—body, soul, and spirit—as belonging to humanity. Some maintained that there was a real triple division corresponding to these names;—a body, an animal soul, and a spirit,—the dwelling of the Deity; but others joined two into one and made out a dualism. The scheme of St. Augustin was very much what has since prevailed; the body is the material part; and the soul and spirit are two aspects of the immaterial part.

Claudian Mamertus, in the middle of the fifth century, wrote a treatise on the Soul, in reply to Faustus, the Bishop of Riez, in the south of France, who still adhered to the materialism of the soul. Faustus maintained, like St. Augustin's opponent, that God only is incorporeal (which, however, in his mind was nothing more than the language of lofty eulogium); but that the soul in common with every *created thing* is matter. He dwells as usual upon the argument from rewards and punishments, and from Lazarus and Dives: his reasonings altogether being hasty, crude, and weak. Mamertus, on the other hand, says Mr. Lewes, has exhausted all the capital arguments whereby Descartes was thought to have established the doctrine of immaterialism. Like St. Augustin and Descartes, he aimed at making the contrast of mind and matter complete; and like them he seemed unable to divine any other cause than by imagining a second substance, which should be the negation of everything belonging to matter.

We select merely his leading positions:—

1. The Deity is incorporeal; and makes men in his image, and therefore incorporeal.

2. The Soul, or the Life, has no determinate place in the body (as our bodily organs have), but is everywhere in the whole body, and hence incorporeal. This connection of the soul, and the whole soul, with every part, was often repeated in the scholastic times.

3. Reasoning is inherent in the soul; but reason is incorporeal, and so must be the soul. This is exactly Descartes. Then, again, perception by the senses takes in the body with its sense organs and nerves. This plausible distinction between the inner faculties of reasoning, imagining, and so on, and the faculty of perceiving by the senses, which involves the organs of sense, is a favourite position in modern spiritualism, as may be seen in Bishop Butler, for instance; but is wholly untenable. So much for Mamertus.

The consideration of the Scholastic adjustment of the Immaterial and the Material requires us to go back to Paganism. The course from

Aristotle to Aquinas (1226—74) is shown in the following brief summary from Ueberweg. "Aristotle regarded as Form (his highest abstraction and antithesis to matter), free from matter, and yet individual, the Deity, and the Active Nous or Intellect, the only immortal part of the human soul; leaving uncertain the relation between this immortal Nous and the mortal compound of soul and body. Among his immediate followers, as Dicæarchus and Strato, the prevailing view was that all Form is immanent in matter. Alexander the Aphrodisian ascribes to Deity, but to Deity only, a transcendental existence, free from matter, and yet individual; he makes the human soul depend entirely on matter for its individual existence. The later commentators, given over to Neo-Platonism, as Themistius, assert the human Nous to have the same independent and individual existence as the Deity. On this side Thomas Aquinas ranges himself. Thomas also follows his predecessor and master Albertus Magnus (who had largely tinctured Aristotle with streams from Neo-Platonism), in ascribing to the separable and immaterial substance the lower animal functions as well as the higher intellectual." Thomas's view then is, that one and the same Substance (our immaterial half) is the principle of growth and nutrition (the vegetative or nutritive soul of Aristotle); operates as the sensitive, the appetitive, and the motive souls; and is, finally, Rational. *This opinion got dogmatic sanction at the Council of Vienne, 1311.* Of course the lower functions of the soul (Nutritive, &c.) need bodily co-operation during earthly life; the Intellect, on the other hand, works without any organ; except that it makes use of the perceptions, or phantasms, of sense. Thomas declares Aristotle to have held that the Active Intellect or Nous, belongs to the individual soul, that it is not material, and works without a material organ; that it therefore exists distinct from the body, passes into it from without, and remains active after death. As arguments, Thomas urges that, if the Intellect were considered distinct from the soul, man could not properly be called rational, as opposed to the brutes; could not preserve his moral character, which depends on the Intellect or Reason; could not connect together the perceptions of the senses with the inner faculty of thought. This last was no doubt a real difficulty in the Aristotelian dualism; the thinking power had to reside in one substance and the sensations in another. Thomas repudiated the Platonic doctrine of pre-existence. The soul, as being the Form of the body (Aristotelian), is naturally joined to the body; the separation from the body, if not *contra naturam*, is at least *præter naturam*. It is a separation that supposes first a union. The soul is created by God as soon as the body is ready to receive it. The immortality follows from the immateriality. Forms inherent in matter, like the souls of animals, are destroyed by dissolution. It is otherwise with the human soul, which *being able to cognise the*



*Universal* (3), must subsist immaterially. It cannot be destroyed by the destruction of matter; neither can it be destroyed through anything in itself, because in the very conception of Form, that is, Actuality, lies the notion of Existence. (This is the Platonic view that the notion of Life is inseparable from the notion of the Soul.) Besides, the longing after immortality, as being natural, brings its own fulfilment. It is not, however, the faculty of Thought alone that is immortal; the lower powers, belonging to the same immaterial substance, and dependent on bodily organs only for their activity, partake also of immortality? Duns Scotus reclaimed somewhat from this extreme position, ascribing to God alone pure actuality and freedom from matter, and to everything created—angels and the soul—matter as well as form; not exactly corporeal matter, but a created something, the basis of all finite existence, including matter. But without effect. Aquinas had triumphed; the utmost limit of abstraction in the line of dualism had been reached.

Coming down now to modern times, we have to recognise Descartes as, by pre-eminence, the philosopher of Immaterialism (the word Spirituality is not used by him). Still, it is not unlikely that John Calvin, who preceded him by a century, had a considerable share in making this the creed of religious orthodoxy.

Calvin substantially adopted the settlement of Aquinas, and his views are found in his "Institutes," and in a short treatise "On the Sleep of the Soul," written against the doctrine that the soul is unconscious between death and the resurrection, a view which some of the Reformers were inclined to in their opposition to purgatory. We follow Calvin's phraseology in the "Institutes." The Soul is an immortal essence, the nobler part of man; it is a creation out of nothing, not an emanation; it is essence without motion, not motion without essence. Its power of distinguishing good and evil, the swiftness and wide range of its faculties (so opposed to the brutes), the power of conceiving the invisible God, are evidences that it is incorporeal, being incompatible with body. Then as to the vexed connection with space; it is not properly bounded by space; yet still it occupies the body as a habitation, animating its parts and endowing its organs for their several functions. The strength of Calvin's reasoning is still the "point-of-honour" argument.

Now for Descartes. It is not uncommon to style him the father of modern mental philosophy, so forcibly did he insist on the fundamental and inerasible distinction between matter and mind. Matter, whose essence is extension, is known by the senses, and is so studied by the physical observer; mind, whose essence is thinking, can be known only by self-consciousness, the organ or faculty of the metaphysical observer. He made the distinction (which Reid dwelt so much upon in his "Inquiry") between the mental element and the physical element in sensation; the feeling that we call heat being

one thing, the physical property of the fire being a different thing. He stated it as a cardinal principle that nothing conceivable by the power of the imagination could throw any light on the operations of thought; which was merely stating, that the feelings and thoughts of the mind were something very different from a tree, a field, a river, or a palace, or anything in the extended world. He argues for the Immateriality of the mental aggregate, or thinking principle.

Descartes was not without his theory of the physical accompaniments of the immaterial principle. He assigned to the soul a definite centre or locality in the brain, a small body near the base called the pineal gland. He explained the mode of action of the brain by the flow of animal spirits along the nerves; but then the effect of these animal spirits was confined to the manifestations of our animal life, and did not connect themselves with the thinking principle or the proper soul. It is well known that he refused mind to animals, treating them as automatons or machines. In the fifth chapter of his "Discourse on Method," he goes very fully into what he considers the impassable distinctions between man and the brutes.

For his clear conception of the difference between matter and mind, Descartes deserves all praise; that was to establish a fact. His appended doctrine of an immaterial substance is an hypothesis, for which, even if argument would suffice to make it intelligible and tenable, his arguments were singularly inadequate. He gives the often-repeated distinction between the divisibility of matter and the indivisibility of mind; but although this could impose even upon Bishop Butler, it was blown to tatters like a cobweb by the materialists. True, a lump of brass is divisible; but make it into a watch, and you can no longer split it into two without destroying it as a watch. You can no more cut a man's brain into two working brains than you can bisect his intelligence.

The great rival of Descartes in his own time was Hobbes, with whom substance was body, or matter, and nothing else. Spirit meant only a subtle invisible fluid, or æther (whose existence, however, he took no account of in his philosophy); or else it was a ghost, or mere phantom of imagination. But we must go on to the eighteenth century aspect of the question.

Locke's allusions to the subject are characteristic of his usual sagacity and sobriety. He cannot see that we are in any way committed to the immaterial nature of mind, inasmuch as Omnipotence might, for anything we know, as easily annex the power of thinking to matter directly, as to an immaterial substance to be itself annexed to matter. These are his words:—"He who will give himself leave to consider freely, and look into the dark and intricate part of each hypothesis, will scarcely find his reason able to determine him fixedly for or against the soul's materiality."

About the close of Locke's career, begins the great materialistic campaign of the last century, which may be said to culminate in Priestley. Before Priestley, the most important names on his side (the materialist) were Toland and Collins; while Samuel Clarke, a leader of the opposition, attacked more especially the materialism of the forgotten Dodwell. Priestley had to contend with Price, whom he always treated with respect, and with Baxter, an extreme spiritualist, now a shade. Bishop Butler had argued for spiritualism in his "Analogy," but had contributed nothing new to the defence. It will be enough for us to advert to the Priestley stage of the English controversy; but first let us dispose of De la Mettrie and the continental materialists, who belong to the earlier half of the century.

De la Mettrie is introduced to us by Carlyle, among the boon companions of Frederick, in the early part of his reign. He was a *bon vivant*, a diner out, and a wit, as well as a philosopher; and his tragical end has no doubt been often used as a moral against too great fondness for good eating. His books, "Man a Machine," "Man a Plant," are written with great vivacity and cleverness of illustration, and were well suited to make an impression upon the more sceptical of his contemporaries. They are mainly made up of copious illustrations of the influence of physical conditions on the state of the feelings, such, for example, as food, stimulants, &c. "What a vast power there is in a repast! Joy revives in a disconsolate heart; it is transfused into the souls of all the guests, who express it by amiable conversation or music." Again: "Raw meat gives fierceness to animals, and would do the same to man. This is so true that the English, who eat their meat underdone, seem to partake of this fierceness more or less, as shown in pride, hatred, contempt of other nations." So, "Man has been broken and trained by degrees, like other animals. . . . We are what we are by our organisation in the first instance, and by instruction in the second. . . . Man is framed of materials, not exceeding in value those of other animals; nature has made use of one and the same paste—she has only diversified the ferment in working it up. . . . We may call the body an enlightened machine. . . . It is a clock, and the fresh chyle from the food is the spring." He goes slightly into the question whether matter has an inherent activity, adducing examples in the affirmative; but we shall see this position better argued by Priestley. He will not undertake to decide the existence of a Deity, the arguments for and against are so nearly balanced in his mind, and he is equally uncertain about immortality; but he thinks materialism the most intelligible doctrine, as contenting itself with one substance, the most comfortable to entertain, and *the most calculated to promote universal benevolence.*

A similar strain of argument, with less wit and more logical

concatenation, appears in the "Système de la Nature" of Baron d'Holbach ; but we must now go on to Priestley.

Joseph Priestley, besides being a voluminous and able writer on theology, mental philosophy, history, and many other things, was a distinguished experimenter in physical science, as his well-known discoveries attest. He commences his work on "Materialism" by an appeal to what was emphatically the eighteenth-century logic, the logic not of Aristotle, nor even of Bacon, but the logic of Newton ; for Newton was a logician by precept no less than by example. His four rules of philosophising were not merely given at the outset of every work of natural philosophy, but were laid to heart and acted out by scientific inquirers. Priestley was also, in consequence of his scientific studies, the fit man to deal with the crude and inaccurate notion, adduced as an argument for spiritualism (8), that matter is a solid, impenetrable, inert substance, and wholly passive and indifferent to rest or motion, except as acted on by some power foreign to itself. In opposition to this view, he shows that matter is essentially gifted with active properties, with powers of attraction and repulsion ; even its impenetrability involves repulsive forces. Indeed, he is disposed to adopt the theory of Boscovich, which makes matter nothing else than an aggregate of centres of force, or points of attraction and repulsion, one towards another. The inherent activity of matter being thus vindicated, why should it not be able to sustain the special activity of thought, seeing that sensation and perception have never been found but in an organised system of matter ? It being a rigid canon of the Newtonian logic, not to multiply causes without necessity, we should adhere to a single substance until it be shown, which at present it cannot, that the properties of mind are incompatible with the properties of matter. In following out his argument, he presents a well-digested summary of the facts referring to the concomitance of body and mind ; and cleverly retorts the doctrine that the body impedes the exercise of our powers, by remarking that, on that theory, our mental powers should be steadily increasing as we approach to dissolution. He urges the difficulties of having an immaterial and unextended substance in relation of place with matter, as well as mechanically acting upon matter ; points that had never indeed been cleared up to the general satisfaction of the immaterialists. As the Fathers had often said, there can be no mutual influence where there is no common property. He is especially indignant at the practice of shielding absurdity under the venerable name of mystery. He would have doubtless applied Newton's rule, against multiplying causes, to forbid the multiplying of mysteries without necessity. And, in general, as to a spiritual substance, the vulgar, like the ancients and the first Fathers, will never be able to see the difference between it and nothing at all. He then takes up the Scripture view

of the question, endeavouring to prove that the language of the Old Testament implies only a single substance with spiritual properties or adjuncts; that the same view is most conformable to the New Testament; and that the doctrine of a separate soul embarrasses the whole system of Christianity. He of course will not admit a middle state, between death and the resurrection; nor that such a state apart from the body has anything to do with the immortality of the soul, which he places exclusively on the Scripture testimony to a general resurrection.

Such is a summary of by far the ablest defence of the single substance doctrine in the last century. It became the creed of great numbers at the end of that century and beginning of this. The celebrated Robert Hall was for many years a materialist in this sense; and the occasion of his ceasing to be so can hardly be considered as a refutation of the doctrine. He says of himself, that "he buried his materialism in his father's grave."

Coming down to the present century, we may take Dugald Stewart as a fair representative of the metaphysicians. We find him repudiating materialism; but when we inquire what he understands by it, we see that he really means the confounding of mind and matter under one common phenomenon, or one set of properties, the material properties; as in an unguarded phrase of Hume's, "that little agitation of the brain that we call thought;" for though an agitation of the brain *accompanies* thought, it is not itself the thought. Stewart says that, "although we have the strongest evidence that there is a thinking and sentient principle within us essentially distinct from matter, yet we have no direct evidence of the possibility of this principle exercising its various powers in a separate state from the body. On the contrary, the union of the two, while it subsists, is evidently of the most intimate nature." And he goes on to adduce some of the strong facts that show the dependence of mind on body. He says that the mental philosopher is rightly occupied in ascertaining "the laws that regulate their connection, without attempting to explain in what manner they are united."

The late Professor Ferrier, who in his "Institutes of Metaphysics" has set forth, in a nomenclature of his own, the contrast or antithesis of mind and matter, bestows a somewhat contemptuous handling on the common-place spiritualism. We quote his words:—

"In vain does the spiritualist found an argument for the existence of a separate immaterial substance on the alleged incompatibility of the intellectual and the physical phenomena to co-inhere in the same substratum. Materiality may very well stand the brunt of that unshotted broadside. This mild artifice can scarcely expect to be treated as a serious observation. Such an hypothesis cannot be meant to be in earnest. Who is to dictate to nature what phenomena, or

what qualities, inhere in what substances; what effects may result from what causes? Matter is already in the field as an acknowledged entity—this both parties admit. Mind, considered as an independent entity, is not so unmistakably in the field! Therefore, as entities are not to be multiplied without necessity, we are not entitled to postulate a new cause, so long as it is *possible* to account for the phenomena by a cause already in existence; which possibility has never yet been disproved.”

I now pass to the latest phase of the subject, or the new German materialism.

A movement in favour of materialism has arisen in Germany within the last fifteen years; which is in part a re-action from the high-flown philosophy that so long prevailed, and in part an application to mind of the physical science of this century, as Priestley in his day applied the physical science of the last century.

It is to be remarked, however, that spiritualism, as familiar to us, was never the philosophic creed of Germany. Kant, who ridiculed alike materialism and idealism, still less dreamt of bestowing on matter a real existence, by the side of an independent spiritual principle. Hegel and Fichte being over-mastered with the idea of unity, had to make a choice; and attaching themselves by preference to the dignified mental side, became pantheists of an ideal school; resolving all existence into mind or ideas. People generally, when tired of Kant's destructive process, became either materialists or idealists, and not believers in a double substance.

As regards the materialistic movement, the scientific men first broke ground; and we have emphatic utterances from such men as Müller, Wagner, Liebig, and Du Bois Reymond, all tending to rehabilitate the powers of matter. But the outspoken and thorough-going materialism begins with Moleschott, who in 1852, published his "Circular Course of Life," a series of letters addressed to Liebig. In 1854, Vogt came into the field, in the form of an attack upon Wagner, the great physiologist, who had said that although nothing in physiology suggested a distinct soul, yet this tenet was demanded by man's moral relations. In a series of subsequent works, Vogt has urged the dependence of mind on body in extreme and unnecessarily offensive language. The third and most popular expounder of these views is Büchner, in his book "Matter and Force," which was first published in 1856, has run through a great many editions, and has been also translated into English.

It is not necessary to expatiate upon the views of these writers, Their handling turns partly on the accumulated proofs, physiological and other, of the dependence of mind on body, and partly upon the more recent doctrines as to matter and force, summed up in the grand generality known as the Correlation, Conservation, or Persist-

ence of Force. This principle enables them to surpass Priestley in the cogency of their arguments for the essential and inherent activity of matter; all known force being in fact embodied in matter. Their favourite text is "no matter without force, and no force without matter." The notion of a quiescent impassive block, called matter, coming under the influence of forces *ab extra*, or superimposed, is less tenable now than ever. Are not the motions of the planets maintained by the inherent powers of matter? And, besides the two great properties called inertia and gravity, every portion of matter has a certain temperature, consisting, it is believed, of intestine motions of the atoms, and able to exert force upon any adjoining matter that happens to be of a lower temperature. Then they ask with Priestley and Ferriar: "Why introduce a new entity, or rather a nonentity, until we see what these multifarious activities of matter are able to accomplish?" They also reply to the spiritualistic argument based on the personal identity of the mind, and the constant flux of the body, by the obvious remark that the body has its identity, too, in type or form, although the constituent molecules may change and be replaced.

It is not to be supposed that these writers are in the ascendant in Germany, or that their language is always metaphysically guarded. Still, having written intelligible books, a somewhat rare thing in Germany, appealing to a palpable and determinate class of facts, they have been extensively read; and their ideas, or the scientific facts that they are based on, are modifying even the highest transcendentalism of that remarkable country.

The rapid sketch thus given seems to tell its own tale as to the future. The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their force; they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance, with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical side and the mental side, a *double-faced unity*, would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case. We are to deal with this, as in the language of the Athanasian Creed, "not confounding the persons nor dividing the substance." The mind is destined to be a double study—to conjoin the mental philosopher with the physical philosopher; and the momentary glimpse of Aristotle is at last converted into a clear and steady vision.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

## THE REVISED EDUCATIONAL CODE—IN PRACTICE.

No branch of public education can be more important than that which has for its object the moral and intellectual elevation of the working classes. No section of the community is likely to derive so much benefit from knowledge, nor is the enlightening of any other class calculated to do so much for the general improvement of society. At the same time, it is equally well known that those who gain their livelihood by manual labour are backward in perceiving the advantages of education, and unwilling to perform the duty of conferring them upon their offspring. Learning begets learning. The working classes of this country have been unable to appreciate the value of knowledge because, until lately, they have been almost entirely destitute of it. Putting aside the fact that no accommodation was provided for those who could not pay much for the instruction of their children, it is unquestionable that, thirty years back, there not only was no popular education, but an aversion to the adoption of any. Progress was retarded by ignorance, and by a superstition still worse in its consequences. The cry of "What was good for our fathers is good for us" was only to be silenced by practical demonstration. The time is past when 90 per cent. signed their names with marks, when no teachers existed save those cast in that noble mould whence came Mr. Wackford Squeers; and we may anticipate that a proportionate advance for the future will cause a general diffusion of learning equal to the hopes of the most sanguine. The advance of knowledge is not an arithmetical, but a geometrical progression. The past generation, having once felt the want of education, became generally anxious to give some to their children: these, having partaken of the benefits of a little, will be alive to the advantage of their progeny obtaining much.

The interference of Government in the matter of popular education has been salutary. The lower orders evidently needed some instigation to send their children to school. As things were, no amount of instigation would serve to overcome their positive inability to do so. Wages were lower than at present; education was much dearer. It was impossible for a labourer earning a few shillings a week, at a time when bread was excessively dear, to pay the sums then demanded for an education which was as great a sham as that of Dotheboys Hall. It was necessary to give the working parent the power, before endeavouring to instil into him the inclination. The Government measure effected the former; and a multitude of improving and civilising influences, the latter.



More than half a century has elapsed since the establishment of national education. Nearly twenty years have passed since the publication of the Educational Minute of 1847. The object of that minute was not only a worthy one, but its details were admirably calculated to suit the requirements of the time. It was not equal to every demand that might be made upon it. It was not thoroughly equal to the task of giving the lower classes full and efficient instruction. It is now obsolete; but it was nevertheless creditable to those who drew up and introduced it. But it must not be looked upon as a perfect system of education. Aristotle's treatise is estimable as the first exposition of the science of logic. But if logic had remained in the condition in which Aristotle's treatise left it, a **very** great amount of improvement would have been lost. The old **minute** induced many competent men to enter the profession. It exhibited the value of knowledge to the lower classes; and it bestowed upon them much valuable information. But those who became schoolmasters under its provisions committed the mistake of considering it sufficient for the purpose, and injured their cause by opposing alterations.

That a new system was needed seems unquestionable. Few systems that were in operation twenty years ago are in operation still. Few systems which are in operation now will remain unaltered twenty years hence. The nature of the age forbids it. The old minute was only effective in giving instruction to able and willing boys. It was not calculated to stir up those to whom learning was a bore, and compel them to receive some smattering of the elements. It dealt with masses and ignored individuals. The teacher was not made answerable for the progress of every single child under his care, and the result was that a very large per-centage made no progress. In all schools a certain number will not learn, whatever sort of means be used. Unless the system of looking for attainment in every individual be adopted, this number will always be much larger than need be. The working of the old minute offered great facilities for the improvement of boys and girls who would improve, but it left the rest almost as it found them.

With the view of meeting these deficiencies the Revised Educational Code was drawn up about five years ago, and submitted to the country. It has now been in active operation for three or four years, and has thus given opportunity for its merits to be judged of from their results in practice.

The Revised Code is not only utterly inefficient to secure the end it proposed, but may render national education worse than the old regulations left it. It is unreasonable and illogical in theory, and it has been disastrous in practice. It has lowered the value of the profession so much that efficient men will not enter it; it

has caused those who are now schoolmasters eagerly to embrace opportunities of getting free. It is not at all strange to us that neither its future consequences nor its illogical stipulations should have been foreseen by the nation at large. Though much discussion, some opposition, and a great deal of doubt and hesitation were exhibited on its announcement, yet no decisive stand was made against it by any, except teachers themselves. In fact, very little active interest was taken in it by any other portion of the community. A languid debate or two in Parliament, a few leaders in the papers, an occasional article in the magazines, served to completely exhaust the general sympathy of the public. The truth is, that the national education system, in its details and practical application, is, and was, totally incomprehensible to the great mass of the nation, and the great majority of their representatives. It is handed over to the management of the committee appointed for that purpose, and they are left in peaceable possession. They are supposed to understand their duties, and unless some very flagrant error is committed, this department of Government excites very little attention. The leading features of the system may be pretty generally known, but of its details, its practical operation, and the influences which bear upon it, the public know less than of any other branch of Government. In truth, the whole organisation of national instruction is a problem, only to be worked out by those interested in the solution. To extricate the salient feature of such a complication from the chaos of regulations for pupil teachers, masters, mistresses, students, assistants, training colleges, grants, aids, prizes, stipends, and endowments, is a feat not commonly performed. A pupil-teacher generally finds it one of the greatest labours of his apprenticeship to fully comprehend the profession to which he belongs. The various influences which operate upon the working of the scheme are still more latent, and can only be known to teachers themselves and the servants of the Committee of Council on Education. Hence, any ordinary person examining the Revised Code would be utterly at a loss to know what effect this or that clause might have when actually tested.

We can account for the passing of the new minute upon this, but upon no other supposition. The nation gave it a sort of dubious acquiescence. No one cared to meddle with what he did not understand. Our theory is supported by the circumstances which led to the resignation of Mr. Lowe, the late Vice-President of the Committee. It was reported in the House of Commons that this gentleman was guilty of suppressing portions of the reports of one of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools. This matter was at once taken up by the House, especially by Lord Robert Cecil. Mr. Lowe resigned. The controversy then dropped at once. A new Vice-President was appointed, and the question of the suppression of reports was never concluded.

The body of teachers, both male and female, throughout the country understood the probable effect of the innovation well enough, and exerted themselves to the utmost to procure its defeat. Everywhere meetings were held, resolutions taken, petitions sent in against the proposed alterations. These appeals were disregarded. The teachers were, not unnaturally, considered as too much interested in the affair to represent it fairly. They had no champion and they lost their cause. Nor did they altogether act either justly or wisely. They clamoured too much for the retention of the old and comparatively useless minute, and they objected to those parts of the new one which were both reasonable and calculated to be salutary. It is undoubtedly true that the proposed alterations were, so far as they affected teachers, extremely unjust. They were calculated to grind down the teacher in the social scale, and lower the value of his profession. Nevertheless, there were other matters in the New Code of an improving tendency, and by violently opposing good and bad together, the fraternity kept out of sight their real grievances, and thus lost all chance of redressing them.

The fundamental regulations of the Revised Code were good. Under the old system, every school which satisfied the inspector was assisted with an annual grant of money towards the teacher's salary and other expenses. This grant consisted of so much per head for every child who had attended the school a minimum number of times. The payment of the grant depended, not upon the individual knowledge of each boy, but upon the general efficiency of the school being up to the mark. The inspector examined the children in classes, not as individuals. This method left room for all sorts of expedients to ensure this "general efficiency;" of which, making the cleverness of a few cover the defects of the many, was the most favoured. Nor was this the gravest fault of the old system. In no vocation is the servant less under the eye of the master than in that of teaching. The teacher has the school to himself, and he is absolute in it. The minister of the parish is the only individual who ever interrupts him; it is seldom that the minister can find time to do this often; generally he does it but rarely. The teacher, then, is under no effective surveillance, and, if so disposed, has abundance of opportunity to cheat the country of its time. If human nature could always be depended upon for following the dictates of conscience, such a consideration would be unnecessary. It is needless to say such is not the case. Though the body of masters and mistresses is as conscientious as any other, yet in every station of life men and women may be found who will not hesitate to take selfish advantages. It becomes necessary to do away with the possibility of this, in order to preserve from suspicion those who are inclined to fulfil their duty. Cases have occurred, in our own knowledge, where the master has left

his school to the care of his pupil-teachers, and occupies himself with private matters at his desk. There was nothing to prevent him. If the minister happened to look in, he could draw no conclusion from what he might see. There are many reasons why a master may be at his desk for a minute or so during school-hours, and no one could presume that he had been there longer. When the day of his examination came, such a master would tell his best boys that if they answered well he would give them each twopence; to those from whom he expected little knowledge, that if they behaved well, he would give them a penny.

The New Code benefited the country, and also the whole body of honest teachers, by doing away with the chance of any one adopting this or other such stratagem. The principle it embraced was that of paying only for results; of making the grant to schools depend upon the knowledge of each individual scholar. For that which the teacher effected he was paid; for that which he failed to effect he was not paid; and if his neglect were flagrant, he lost his situation. All children who are examined must have attended a certain number of times, as under the old code. All those who fulfil this condition are first catechised in Holy Scripture. If their performance in this department be unsatisfactory, no further examination is held. If it be satisfactory, they are then individually examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic. For each scholar who passes in these three subjects a certain yearly sum is paid. If the scholar fail in one or more of the three, payment for that or those is withheld.

If this principle had been properly followed up, it is quite evident that its results must have been much more satisfactory than anything which the old system could produce. All other examinations are conducted individually, and why not those of children? Paying only for results, or "piece-work," is not advisable in all professions and trades; but it has a better effect, perhaps, in teaching than in any other avocation. In many instances of "piece-work" the task is slovenly done in order to insure a quantity of it. Education, at least elementary education, admits of no such resource. The child either can read or cannot. He either works his sum correctly, or else incorrectly. Decision is given accordingly. There is a natural inclination in the best teacher to give more time and attention to a well-behaved boy of ability, and do less for those specimens of stupidity and blackguardism which are to be found in every school. No system can wholly do away with this sort of feeling. Nevertheless, it is detrimental in its effects; and the best method of subduing it is that adopted by the New Code.

The committee also did well in reducing the standard of knowledge required of each scholar presented for examination. The old Minute prescribed a certain amount of grammar, geography, and

nistory, in addition to the fundamental reading, writing, arithmetic and Holy Scripture. All knowledge is valuable; and so would there have been if the pupil could, by any means, have become master of a sufficient quantity of it. Whatever the future occupation of the working-man's son, a knowledge of these subjects would have been both a benefit and a consolation to him in after life. However, from some reason or other, these extra subjects were never well taught. Either the number of boys to each teacher was too great, the attendance of the majority too irregular, or some other cause intervened. Certain it is that few national schools made a respectable stand in these branches of knowledge, and the majority did not rise above the level of decided inferiority. Even the information given in Holy Scripture was generally utterly absurd and foreign to the end in view. This did not arise from the incompetency of the master so much as from the ignorance of pupil-teachers. The majority of schools could present a fair amount of knowledge in this branch, but it was of an unpractical, if not injurious description. It was truly asserted in the House of Commons, that whilst the children were intimate with the names and ages of the antediluvians, the length, height, and breadth of Noah's ark, the catalogue of the twelve tribes of Israel, the cities they passed through in the wilderness, and were well versed in the interesting and instructive episode relative to Potiphar's wife, they were almost ignorant of the great doctrines of the New Testament, and the more practical parts of the Old. We can quite readily conceive that the earlier books of the Bible are by no means the most proper for the instruction of children, especially very young ones. They are totally beyond their comprehension, and are calculated to leave unreal and superstitious impressions. Without explanation, they are in fact likely to do more harm than good. If there is any thing in them capable of mystifying Bishop Colenso, there is surely much to puzzle a child. The committee, therefore, did well in insisting upon a more practical method of teaching this subject, and in doing away with grammar, geography, and history altogether. It remains to be proven that the five hours of each day are not sufficient to inculcate the elements of these three subjects. But they had better be left alone altogether than taught as they were taught.

If the authors of the Revised Code had carried out the remaining clauses with such wisdom and judgment as they showed in the matters already mentioned, all would have been well. National education would have been infinitely improved, and the profession of teacher would have still remained one to which an intelligent and respectable man might apply himself. It unfortunately happened that upon this basis of good the Committee of Council reared an immense edifice of the most irrational and injurious regulations that could be devised. Whatever there was of evil in the old code they left untouched; whatever the

was of good they converted into evil. It was reasonable on their part to purpose paying for results ; it was most certainly unreasonable to refuse to pay for those results when obtained. The sum which they pay each year for each child who passes their standard is utterly inadequate to meet the expenses of schools, to provide them with proper apparatus, and to bestow upon the schoolmaster a salary which at its maximum is greater than a blacksmith's, or which at its minimum is higher than a scavenger's. They have abolished all the aids granted by the former minute to help out the master's salary, or instruct the pupil-teachers, or provide the school with proper books and apparatus. These sums were, as may well be imagined, never very munificent. It has never been shown that they were a burden to the nation ; and we can see no other reason for their withdrawal than is to be found in the supposition of a most injudicious parsimony. In whatever direction public retrenchment may operate, surely the department of public education ought to be treated somewhat liberally. It is doubtless to the advancement of civilisation, and the good of the State, that millions should be spent upon a number of war-vessels one year, that they may rot in some dockyard the next ; but it is certainly of equal importance that the great mass of our population should be supplied with a few glimpses of light and truth to rescue them from the abyss of crime and ignorance into which they have for centuries been sunk.

The miserly spirit which prevails throughout the Revised Minute is not apparent, from a perusal of the same. In fact, any person, unacquainted with the system, perusing this elaborate document, would be inclined to believe that it was an extremely liberal arrangement, and well worthy of the age in which it was produced. The following statements will not only exhibit this arrangement itself, but also its results in actual operation.

No teacher can hold any but a small rural school without having first gained a certificate of merit at one of the training colleges. The old code allowed certain yearly stipends for these certificates, varying, of course, according to their degree ; the holder of a first-class receiving more than the holder of a second, &c. These payments were made in order to help out the master's or mistress's salary, which, from all other sources was insufficient to maintain him in a position similar to that of a respectable clerk, with whom he might at least claim to rank. The New Code altogether abolished these payments, and thus reduced the master's salary by a sum varying from £30 to £15, and a mistress's from £20 to £10. This might be a trifle in the income of a bishop, but to a teacher it is a most serious matter. To a teacher who received the maximum salary under the old code—about £120—it was a grievous reduction, especially as teachers who received this sum were always men of standing in the profession, and likely to have wives and families. But when

the maximum would sometimes run as low as £60 or £70, it was intolerable. It is now exceedingly difficult for any but the most fortunate masters to support themselves in a respectable manner. We are not inclined to esteem the position of the teacher as one to which great dignity is attached. It never has been esteemed so highly as it ought to be. But we certainly place him above a chimney sweep or a dustman in position, and think that he ought to be so in remuneration. No one expects to see a teacher in a fustian jacket and corduroy trousers. We are sure that any one of her Majesty's inspectors would be more surprised than gratified at such a spectacle, and that it would not be a favourable omen for the school in which he might behold it. The wisdom of the Revised Code may not have driven the teacher to fustian and corduroy; but we know that his cloth is too often singularly conspicuous about the seams, and is not always what it should be at the elbows.

Further; the old code stipulated that each master should instruct his pupil-teachers for the space of one hour and a half each day. For this labour he should, if the pupil-teacher passed the examination at the end of the year, receive the sum of £5 for the first teacher, £4 for the second, £3 for every succeeding one. This, we consider, was both a just and a wise arrangement. It was only fair that the master should receive something for a tedious labour like this. The amount he did receive was surely not excessively great, when we reflect that if he only possessed one teacher, which was often the case, his payment did not amount to more than threepence or fourpence an hour. The New Minute ordained that the pupil-teacher should be instructed one hour per day instead of an hour and a half. And it followed up this act of liberality by doing away with the payment altogether! How the committee expected the teacher to be instructed we are unable to say. We should conceive it to be impossible for the most conscientious man to do the work with so good a grace and with so earnest a mind as before this unaccountable change. We doubt, in consequence, whether any pupil-teachers are instructed as they ought to be; in many cases, the master is entirely indifferent to their success or failure. Many teachers will do all they can to avoid being burdened with an apprentice, even when the attendance of children at their school imperatively demands some assistance. They will prefer working harder in the school, to staying an hour every day when their ordinary duties are over. For which conduct they have ever a ready apology because the reputation of the teachers' profession has so greatly deteriorated that apprentices are extremely difficult to procure.

Again, the Committee of Council under the old code would assist deserving schools in the purchase of books and apparatus, by supplying them at greatly reduced rates. All schools which had passed

successive examinations creditably were eligible for a grant of this description. The Revised Minute did away with this assistance also. The only aid that schools now receive from Government is the Capitation Grant, the payment before spoken of for each child who has attended the requisite number of times, and exhibited the requisite amount of knowledge.

Now, if this grant had been sufficient to compensate for all the above retrenchments, no harm would have been done. It would have been just as equitable to have paid the managers of schools a sum which would have enabled them to buy books, pay the master, and educate the pupil-teachers, as for Government to do these things separately. This is notoriously not the case. The committee has deprived schools and teachers of these various aids, and nothing has been given to compensate this loss except the Capitation Grant, which is totally insufficient. In consequence all departments suffer; books, apparatus, pupil-teachers, masters, and mistresses. Scarcely any master gets better pay than a good blacksmith, and many no more than a scavenger. £100 is an excellent salary; the great majority of teachers receive less. The number who receive from £65 to £70 is large; but many are even below this, ranging as low as £40. In some cases, the services of man and wife are required in the country for about £65. These sums are altogether too small. It is easier for a man to become a clerk, blacksmith, or anything of the kind, than it is to become a schoolmaster. The trouble and expense are less, and the pay is better. What counterbalancing advantage does the teaching profession hold out?

There are various inducements which may lead any one to undergo the poverty and hardships to be found in the Church. Not only may there be a feeling of fitness for the work, and a consciousness of its noble nature, but there is also the respectability of the position which it gives to the poorest and most threadbare clergyman—dignity in the social scale and deference in society. None of these considerations can be said to tempt the schoolmaster. If his position is one of high responsibility, that responsibility is, and ever has been, but little estimated; and if the labour be for a noble end, it is unquestionably, when properly performed, the most harassing and thankless that can fall to the lot of man. The society which is open to the schoolmaster is invariably beneath him in intellectual acquirements, although he cannot fairly be said to stand high in this particular. In towns he ranks among the lower class of clerks; in the country he ranks nowhere. He has literally no society; he is below the farmer, the squire, and the parson, and he is above the day-labourer. Perhaps he is parish clerk and conductor of the choir; if so, he has some sort of companionship and recreation.



When these and other matters are considered, it becomes extremely difficult to see what motive operated with the Committee of Council in making these pecuniary retrenchments. The period of probation necessary to become a schoolmaster is long, and attended with risk, anxiety, and expense. The candidate has first to serve an apprenticeship of five years, during which his services as teacher were recompensed by the old code with £75, commencing with £10 the first year, and increasing to £20 the last. Under the New Code he is left to make his own arrangements with the school manager. From the great diminution of funds at the command of the latter, the terms he is able to get are never better than the old code offered, and not always so good. He is required to pass an examination each year, the chances of his rejection being certainly very small, except the last year, when, at the examination previous to entering college, very many are rejected, and the labour of their apprenticeship lost. He then, if successful, spends two years at college, during which he has to maintain himself in clothing, books, and travelling expenses. If he be a first-class scholar £4 is allowed him the first year, and £6 the second, towards assisting him in these expenses. However, as the number of first-class scholars is small, this is not to be depended upon. Much praise and boasting has been at various times emitted respecting the liberality of Government in thus providing education, board, and lodging in order to train the future master. However meritorious this liberality may be, it does not remove expense, anxiety, and risk from the teacher and his parents. No good school is open to a master just leaving college. These latter have invariably to content themselves with about £50 or £60 in a rural district. If there were any chance of procuring a school with about £100 salary, there might be some encouragement. But, as we have before said, such schools are not only extremely rare, but are always filled up by teachers of standing.

Again, a large proportion of pupil-teachers are rejected at the examination for scholarship, which is that held immediately before entering college. What are these to do? If they try to procure situations as clerks, they have to content themselves with the pay of a boy of fifteen, through their want of commercial experience. They may obtain situations as assistant masters; and a very tempting prospect lies before the ex-pupil-teacher in this capacity. He may have to transfer himself to some place far away from all his relations and friends, and support himself upon a salary which varies from £40 a year to *nine shillings a week!*

From such causes as these there can be but one effect. The profession of teacher is visibly declining in public estimation. It is in fact becoming reduced to the same condition in which Dickens found it in the days of Mr. Squeers and his Yorkshire establishment. No

one will have anything to do with it who can find better employment. In a few years there will be scarcely any teachers fit for the duties. All this cannot happen at once. Though the deterioration is sensible enough now, it is not very great, and for an excellent reason. A very large number of decent, well-informed men who became schoolmasters under the old code are still schoolmasters. They know no other branch of industry except their own, and they are accordingly compelled to remain in it. The knowledge of the teacher, though often respectable, is seldom varied or exact; hence he is rarely able to find employment in any other capacity. The few who can escape, do escape. These are invariably the most able men in the profession. Some become clerks, some travellers, and a greater number set up private schools; but the great majority must remain where they are. Hence, as far as masters and mistresses are concerned, the educational system has received little damage, because there has not yet been a sufficient lapse of time for these old servants to decrease. The generosity which imposed the conditions of the Revised Code upon all who had engaged under the old one, had fulfilled its terms, had expected to be treated according to its stipulations, and had adopted the calling of teacher for life, may be looked upon as somewhat doubtful. One thing, however, is certain; the Committee of Council are, as yet, on the safe side of the question. They have secured the present generation of masters; and they have them fast.

Still, we think, another consideration might have engaged their attention a little. How has the future been provided for? It is easy enough to keep what has been once gained, but the difficulty is to gain more. Though the schoolmasters who are teaching at present are safe enough, it is not equally certain where their successors will come from. In point of fact, the office of pupil-teacher is one which hardly any amount of persuasion, advertising, or any other means whatever will serve to fill up. Pupil-teachers are extremely difficult to procure. Those who will join the profession are either too weak for any manual labour, or else propose serving the apprenticeship of pupil-teacher merely because of the opportunities for learning which it affords. Nothing can be a more certain proof of the soundness of our preceding remarks than this notorious fact. Almost every month brings out some letter in the National Society's paper complaining of this difficulty. Many schools find the problem quite incapable of solution, and engage assistant masters in the place of teachers. Where the assistant masters will come from when there are no pupil-teachers, and what sort of an assistant master can be got for nine shillings a week, are two questions we should exceedingly like to see solved. The latter is probably of small importance to the originators of the New Code;

the importance of the former will soon assert itself. The better class of working people, and others who have hitherto furnished our apprentices, will do so no longer. And we are sure that no reasonable individual, who fairly estimates the conditions of apprenticeship which we have laid down, will think this result anything but a rational one.

The preceding remarks have been confined chiefly to male teachers. The alterations of the New Code apply equally to females; but the result is not, nor likely to be, so disastrous. The avocation of schoolmistress was the best that offered itself to the daughters of working men and other females in humble life; and it was so far superior that the New Code has still left it without a rival. The general low value set upon female labour, because of the superabundant supply, is sufficiently well known. The universal repugnance felt towards domestic service—a feeling which does not cease at all upon the wane—leaves only the various branches of the sewing profession, shop-waiting, and a few other pursuits, besides teaching. The latter calling has greatly the advantage in respect to ability, shortness of working hours, and remuneration. On the other hand, the profession only offers the second and least important of these advantages to men. Hence the most intelligent and well-bred daughters of the working classes embrace that calling. The amount of knowledge required of a mistress is not great; but a little learning will do much for a woman. And it must be fairly allowed that the rising generation of female teachers seems in no way inferior to the established one, and that schoolmistresses in general are lady-like, well-behaved, and of as irreproachable character as any class of the community. Though the rural districts are already beginning to experience the results of the New Minute, the preceding compliment is to be paid to the present generation of masters, especially those who teach in towns. On the other hand, the contrast between the present body of female pupil-teachers and their male contemporaries is universally allowed, and constitutes in itself a standing exemplification of the results of the New Minute.

On the same principle that we disagree with the reduction of teachers' salaries, we disagree with the reduction of the amount of knowledge that was expected of them. Both measures have a tendency to lower the intellectual status of the teacher. As is the teacher, so will be the taught. To demand less knowledge was doubtless perfectly in accordance with the principle of giving less pay, but was not the less reprehensible on that account.

We will not pursue the present investigation any further. Many particulars, indeed, remain to be discussed. The case of a large school in a populous district, no rival existing within a circle of half a mile radius, being plunged in a debt of £100 through the pecuniary

retrenchments of the New Code, *and the minister having to totally close the school and send the children to find instruction where they might*, is one worthy of inquiry. So also is the fact that another school was reduced to such poverty that the salary of the master (about £70) was always in arrears,—sometimes so much as half a year. So also is the fact that a poor widow's daughter, having won a scholarship, was kept waiting a whole year before a place was found for her at any of the training colleges. Much might also be said about the condition of the training colleges themselves, and of their fitness or otherwise for the work they have to perform. The causes and effects of these and many other matters are well worthy of investigation. We have, however, said enough to direct the attention of the public to a branch of our social system with which scarcely any one is acquainted, and to point out a condition of things of which few are aware. We have, we believe, said enough to show that our system of national education, so far from being a noble, creditable, and effective one, is rotten in theory, almost useless in practice, and a disgrace to the intellectual status of the age. At a time when knowledge was just beginning to be diffused amongst the lower orders, and was finding its way into the remotest agricultural districts, this innovation has brought everything to a standstill. Schools are cramped for want of funds; masters indifferent and anxious to escape from the profession; the rising generation of pupil-teachers, the very worst specimens of the class from which they spring.

On teachers themselves these alterations will press heavily; but for them and the nation in general we conceive the only hope is in affairs becoming worse and worse. The best form of a social grievance is its worst form. When the evil is not of sufficient magnitude to become generally injurious, little attention is paid it. But when its effects become more and more alarming, a general outcry is raised, and vigorous efforts made for its removal. This is precisely what we look for in the case of the National Education. We are no foreboders of evil. We are quite certain that in a few years the New Educational Code will be consigned to the oblivion which it merits; and a system, far more effective than any yet thought of, calculated both to bestow efficient instruction and to tempt efficient instructors, will do more to improve the condition of the lower classes than any other instrument of civilisation.

J. WISKER.

## VITTORIA.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE THIRD ACT.

THE libretto of the Third Act was steeped in the sentiment of Young Italy. I wish that I could pipe to your mind's hearing any notation of the fine music of Rocco Ricci, and touch you to feel the revelations which were in this new voice. Rocco and Vittoria gave themselves a life that cannot belong to them now; yet, as they contain much of the vital spirit of the revolt, they may assist you to some idea of the faith animating its heads, and may serve to justify this history.

Rocco's music in the opera of *Camilla* had been sprung from a fresh Italian well; neither the elegiac-melodious, nor the sensuous lyrical, nor the joyous buffo; it was severe as an old masterpiece, with veins of buoyant liveliness threading it, and with sufficient distinctness of melody to enrapture those who like to suck the sugar-plum of sound. He would indeed have favoured the public with more sweet things, Carnival dolcetti, but Vittoria, for whom the opera was composed, and who had been at his elbow, was young, and stern in her devotion to an ideal of classical music that should elevate and never stoop to seduce or to flatter thoughtless hearers. Her taste had directed as her voice had inspired the opera. Her voice belonged to the order of the simply great voices, and was a royal voice among them. Pure without attenuation, passionate without contortion when once heard it exacted absolute confidence. On this night her theme and her impersonation were adventitious introductions; but there were passages when her artistic pre-eminence and the sovereign fulness and fire of her singing struck a note of grateful remembered delight. This is what the great voice does for us. It rarely astonishes our ears. It illumines our souls, as you see the lightning make the unintelligible craving darkness leap into long mountain-ridges and twisting vales and spires of cities and inner recesses of light within light, rose-like, towards a central core of violet heat.

At the rising of the curtain the knights of the plains, Rudolf Romualdo, Arnaldo, and others, who were conspiring to overthrow Count Orso at the time when Camillo's folly ruined all, assemble to deplore Camilla's banishment, and show, bereft of her, their helplessness and indecision. They utter contempt of Camillo, who is this day to be Pontifically divorced from his wife to espouse the detestable Michiella. His taste is not admired. They pass off. Camillo appears

He is, as he knows, little better than a pensioner in Count Orso's household. He holds his lands on sufferance. His faculties are paralysed. He is on the first smooth shoulder-slope of the cataract. He knows that not only was his jealousy of his wife groundless, but it was forced by a spleenful pride. What is there to do? Nothing, save resignedly to prepare for his divorce from the conspiratrix Camilla and espousals with Michiella. The cup is bitter, and his song is mournful. He does the rarest thing a man will do in such a predicament—he acknowledges that he is going to get his deserts. The faithfulness and purity of Camilla have struck his inner consciousness. He knows not where she may be. He has secretly sent messengers in all directions to seek her, and recover her, and obtain her pardon; in vain. It is as well, perhaps, that he should never see her more. Accursed, he has cast off his sweetest friend. The craven heart could never beat in unison with hers.

"She is in the darkness; I am in the light. I am a blot upon the light; she is a light in the darkness."

Montini poured this out with so fine a sentiment that the impatience of the house for sight of its heroine was quieted. But Irma and Lebruno came forward barely under tolerance.

"We might as well be thumping a tambourine," said Lebruno, during a caress. Irma bit her under-lip with mortification. Their notes fell flat as bullets against a wall.

This circumstance aroused the ire of Antonio-Pericles against the libretto and revolutionists. "I perceive," he said, grinning savagely; "it has come to be a concert, not an opera; it is a musical harangue in the market-place. Illusion goes; it is politics here!"

Carlo Ammiani was sitting with his mother and Luciano breathlessly awaiting the entrance of Vittoria. The inner box-door was rudely shaken: beneath it a slip of paper had been thrust. He read a warning to him to quit the house instantly. Luciano and his mother both counselled his departure. The detestable initials "B. R.," and the one word "Sbirri," revealed who had warned, and what was the danger. His friend's advice and the commands of his mother failed to move him. "When I have seen her safe; not before," he said.

Countess Ammiani addressed Luciano: "This is a young man's love for a woman."

"The woman is worth it," Luciano replied.

"No woman is worth the sacrifice of a mother and of a relative."

"Dearest countess," said Luciano, "look at the pit; it's a cauldron. We shall get him out presently, have no fear; there will soon be hubbub enough to let Lucifer escape unseen. If nothing is done

to-night, he and I will be off to the Lago di Garda to-morrow morning, and fish and shoot, and talk with Catullus."

The countess gazed on her son with sorrowful sternness. His eyes had taken that bright glazed look which is an indication of frozen brain and turbulent heart—madness that sane men enamoured can be struck by. She knew there was no appeal to it.

A very dull continuous sound, like that of an angry swarm, or more like a rapid muffled thrumming of wires, was heard. The audience had caught view of a brown-coated soldier at one of the wings. The curious Croat had merely gratified a desire to have a glance at the semicircle of crowded heads; he withdrew his own, but not before he had awakened the wild beast in the throng. Yet a little while and the roar of the beast would have burst out. It was thought that Vittoria had been seized or interdicted from appearing. Conspirators—the knights of the plains—meet: Rudolfos, Romualdos, Arnoldos, and others,—so that you know Camilla is not idle. She comes on in the great scene which closes the opera.

It is the banquetting hall of the castle. The Pontifical divorce is spread upon the table. Courtly friends, guards, and a choric bridal company, form a circle.

"I have obtained it," says Count Orso; "but at a cost."

Leonardo, wavering eternally, lets us know that it is weighted with a proviso: if Camilla shall not present herself within a certain term, this being the last day of it. Camillo comes forward. Too late, he has perceived his faults and his weakness. He has cast his beloved from his arms to clasp them on despair. The choric bridal company gives intervening strophes. Cavaliers enter. "Look at them well," says Leonardo. They are the knights of the plains. "They have come to mock me," Camillo exclaims, and avoids them.

Leonardo, Michiella, and Camillo now sing a trio that is *tricuspidato*, or a three-pointed manner of declaring their divergent sentiments in harmony. The fast-gathering cavaliers lend masculine character to the choric refrains at every interval. Leonardo plucks Michiella entreatingly by the arm. She spurns him. He has served her; she needs him no more; but she will recommend him in other quarters, and bids him to seek them. "I will give thee a collar for thy neck, marked 'Faithful.' It is the utmost I can do for thy species." Leonardo thinks that he is insulted, but there is a vestige of doubt in him still. "She is so fair! she dissembles so magnificently ever!" She has previously told him that she is acting a part, as Camilla did. Irma had shed all her hair from a golden circlet about her temples, barbarian-wise. Some Hunnish grandeur pertained to her appearance, and partly excused the infatuated wretch who shivered at her disdain and exulted over her beauty and artfulness.

In the midst of the chorus there is one veiled figure and one voice distinguishable. This voice outlives the rest at every strophe, and contrives to add a supplemental antiphonic phrase that recalls in turn the favourite melodies of the opera. Camillo hears it, but takes it as a delusion of impassioned memory and a mere theme for the recurring melodious utterance of his regrets. Michiella hears it. She chimes with the third notes of Camillo's solo to inform us of her suspicions that they have a serpent among them. Leonardo hears it. The trio is formed. Count Orso, without hearing it, makes a quatuor by inviting the bridal couple to go through the necessary formalities. The chorus changes its measure to one of hymeneals. The unknown voice closes it ominously with three bars in the minor key. Michiella stalks close around the ranked singers like an enraged daughter of Attila. Stopping in front of the veiled figure, she says—

"Why is it thou wearest the black veil at my nuptials?"

"Because my time of mourning is not yet ended."

"Thou standest the shadow in my happiness."

"The bright sun will have its shadow."

"I desire that all rejoice this day."

"My hour of rejoicing approaches."

"Wilt thou unveil?"

"Dost thou ask to look the storm in the face?"

"Wilt thou unveil?"

"Art thou hungry for the lightning?"

"I bid thee unveil, woman!"

Michiella's ringing shriek of command produces no response.

"It is she!" cries Michiella from a contracted bosom; smiting it with clenched hands.

"Swift to the signatures. O rival! what bitterness hast thou come hither to taste!"

Camilla sings aside: "If yet my husband loves me and is true."

Count Orso exclaims: "Let trumpets sound for the commencement of the festivities. The lord of his country may slumber while his people dance and drink!"

Trumpets flourish. Witnesses are called about the table. Camillo, pen in hand, prepares for the supreme act. Leonardo at one wing watches the eagerness of Michiella. The chorus chants to a muted measure of suspense, while Camillo dips pen in ink.

"She is away from me: she scorns me: she is lost to me. Life without honour is the life of swine. Union without love is a yoke of savage beasts. O me miserable! Can the heavens themselves plumb the depth of my degradation?"

Count Orso permits a half-tone of paternal severity to point his kindly hint that time is passing. When he was young, he says,



in the broad and benevolently frisky manner, he would have signed ere the eye of the maiden twinkled her affirmative, or the goose had shed its quill.

Camillo still trifles. Then he dashes the pen to earth.

“Never! I have but one wife. Our marriage is irrevocable. The dishonoured man is the everlasting outcast. What are earthly possessions to me, if within myself shame faces me? Let all go. Though I have lost Camilla, I will be worthy of her. Not a pen—no pen; it is the sword that I must write with. Strike, O count! I am here: I stand alone. By the edge of this sword, I swear that never deed of mine shall rob Camilla of her heritage; though I die the death she shall not weep for a craven!”

The multitude break away from Camilla—veiled no more, but radiant; fresh as a star that issues through corrupting vapours, and with her voice at a starry pitch in its clear ascendancy:—

“Tear up the insufferable scroll!—  
O thou, my lover and my soul!  
It is the Sword that reunites;  
The Pen that our perdition writes.”

She is folded in her husband’s arms.

Michiella fronts them, horrid of aspect:—

“Accurst divorced one! dost thou dare  
To lie in shameless fondness there?  
Abandon’d! on thy lying brow  
Thy name shall be imprinted now.”

Camilla parts from her husband’s embrace:—

“My name is one I do not fear;  
’Tis one that thou would’st shrink to hear:  
Go, cool thy penitential fires,  
Thou creature, foul with base desires!”

CAMILLO (*facing Count Orso*).

“The choice is thine!”

COUNT ORSO (*draws*).

“The choice is made!”

CHORUS (*narrowing its circle*).

“Familiar is that naked blade.  
Of others, of himself, the fate—  
How swift ’tis Provocation’s mate!”

MICHELLEA (*torn with jealous rage*).

“Yea; I could smite her on the face.  
Father, first read the thing’s disgrace.  
I grudge them honourable death.  
Put poison in their latest breath!”

ORSO (*his left arm extended*).

“ You twain are sunder d : hear with awe  
The judgment of the Source of Law.”

CAMILLA (*smiling confidently*).

“ Not such, when I was at the Source,  
It said to me;—but take thy course.”

ORSO (*astounded*).

“ Thither thy steps were bent : ”

MICHIELLA (*spurning verbal controversy*).

“ She feigns !

A thousand swords are in my veins.  
Friends ! soldiers ! strike them down, the pair ! ”

CAMILLO (*on guard, clasping his wife*).

“ ’Tis well ! I cry, to all we share.  
Yea, life or death, ’tis well ! ’tis well ! ”

MICHIELLA (*stamps her foot*).

“ My heart’s a vessel toss’d on hell ! ”

LEONARDO (*aside*).

“ Not in glad nuptials ends the day.”

ORSO (*to Camilla*).

“ What is thy purpose with us ?—say !

CAMILLA (*lowly*).

“ Unto my Father I have cross’d  
For tidings of my Mother lost.”

ORSO.

“ Thy mother dead ! ”

CAMILLA.

“ She lives ! ”

MICHIELLA.

“ Thou liest !

The tablets of the tomb defiest !  
The Fates denounce, the Furies chase  
The wretch who lies in Reason’s face.”

CAMILLA.

“ Fly, then ; for we are match’d to try  
Which is the idiot, thou or I.”

MICHIELLA.

“ Graceless Camilla.”

ORSO.

“ Senseless girl:

I cherish’d thee a precious pearl,  
And almost own’d thee child of mine.”

CAMILLA.

“Thou kept'st me like a gem, to shine,  
 Careless that I of blood am made;  
 No longer be the end delay'd.  
 'Tis time to prove I have a heart—  
 Forth from these walls of mine depart!  
 The ghosts within them are disturb'd:  
 Go forth, and let thy wrath be curb'd,  
 For I am strong: Camillo's truth  
 Has arm'd the visions of our youth.  
 Our union by the Head Supreme  
 Is blest: our severance was the dream.  
 We who have drunk of blood and tears,  
 Know nothing of a mortal's fears.  
 Life is as Death until the strife  
 In our just cause makes Death as Life.”

ORSO.

“'Tis madness!”

LEONARDO.

“Is it madness?”

CAMILLA.

“Men!”

'Tis Reason, but beyond your ken.  
 There lives a light that none can view  
 Whose thoughts are brutish:—seen by few,  
 The few have therefore light divine:  
 Their visions are God's legions!—sign,  
 I give you; for we stand alone,  
 And you are frozen to the bone.  
 Your palsied hands refuse their swords.  
 A sharper edge is in my words,  
 A deadlier wound is in my cry.  
 Yea, tho' you slay us, do we die?  
 In forcing us to bear the worst,  
 You made of us Immortals first.  
 Away! and trouble not my sight.”

*Chorus of Cavaliers; RUDOLFO, ROMUALDO, ARNOLDO, and others*

“She moves us with an angel's might.  
 What if his host outnumber ours?  
 'Tis heaven that gives victorious powers.”

[*They draw their steel. ORSO, simulating gratitude for their devotion to him, addresses them as to pacify their friendly ardour.*]

MICHELLEA to LEONARDO (*supplicating*).

“Ever my friend! shall I appeal  
 In vain to see thy flashing steel?”

LEONARDO (*finally resolved*).

“Traitor! pray, rather, it may rest,  
 Or its first home will be thy breast.”

*Chorus of Bridal Company.*

"The flowers from bright Aurora's head  
 We pluck'd to strew a happy bed.  
 Shall they be dipp'd in blood ere night?  
 Woe to the nuptials! woe the sight!"

Rudolfo, Romualdo, Arnaldo, and the others, advance towards Camillo. Michiella calls to them encouragingly that it were well for the deed to be done by their hands. They bid Camillo to direct their lifted swords upon his enemies. Leonardo joins them. Count Orso, after a burst of upbraidings, accepts Camillo's offer of peace, and gives his bond to quit the castle. Michiella, gazing savagely at Camilla, entreats her for an utterance of her triumphant scorn. She assures Camilla that she knows her feelings accurately.

"Now you think that I am overwhelmed; that I shall have a restless night, and lie, after all my crying's over, with my hair spread out on my pillow, on either side my face, like green moss of a withered waterfall: you think you will bestow a little serpent of a gift from my stolen treasures to comfort me. You will comfort me with a lock of Camillo's hair, that I may have it on my breast to-night, and dream, and wail, and writhe, and curse the air I breathe, and clasp the abominable emptiness like a thousand Camillas. Speak!"

The dagger is seen gleaming up Michiella's wrist; she steps on in a bony triangle, faced for mischief: a savage Hunnish woman with the hair of a goddess—the figure of a cat taking to its forepaws. Close upon Camilla she towers in her whole height, and crying thrice, swift as the assassin trebles his blow, "Speak," to Camilla, who is fronting her mildly, she raises her arm, and the stilet flashes into Camilla's bosom.

"Die then, and outrage me no more."

Camilla staggers to her husband. Camillo receives her falling. Michiella, seized by Leonardo, presents a stiffened shape of vengeance with fierce white eyes and dagger aloft. There are many shouts, and there is silence.

*CAMILLA, supported by CAMILLO.*

"If this is death, it is not hard to bear.  
 Your handkerchief drinks up my blood so fast  
 It seems to love it. Threads of my own hair  
 Are woven in it. 'Tis the one I cast  
 That midnight from my window, when you stood  
 Alone, and heaven seem'd to love you so!  
 I did not think to wet it with my blood  
 When next I toss'd it to my love below."

*CAMILLO (cherishing her).*

"Camilla, pity! say you will not die.  
 Your voice is like a soul lost in the sky."

CAMILLA.

“I know not if my soul has flown; I know  
My body is a weight I cannot raise:  
My voice between them issues, and I go  
Upon a journey of uncounted days.  
Forgetfulness is like a drowning sea;  
But you are very bright above me still.  
My life I give as it was given to me:  
I enter on a darkness wide and chill.”

CAMILLO.

“O noble heart! a million fires consume  
The hateful hand that sends you to your doom.”

CAMILLA.

“There is an end to joy: there is no end  
To striving: therefore, ever let us strive  
In purity that shall the toil befriend,  
And keep our poor mortality alive.  
I hang upon the boundaries like light  
Along the hills when downward goes the day:  
I feel the silent creeping up of night.  
For you, my husband, lies a flaming way.”

CAMILLO.

“I lose your eyes: I lose your voice: 'tis faint.  
Ah, Christ! see the fall'n eyelids of a saint.”

CAMILLA.

“Our life is but a little holding, lent  
To do a mighty labour: we are one  
With heaven and the stars when it is spent  
To serve God's aim: else die we with the sun.”

She sinks. Camillo droops his head above her.

The house was hushed as at a veritable death-scene. It was like a cathedral service than an operatic pageant. Agostini done his best to put the heart of the creed of his chief into the verses. Rocco's music floated them in solemn measures, and Vi had been careful to articulate throughout the sacred monoto that their full meaning should be taken.

In the printed book of the libretto a chorus of cavaliers, fol by one harmless verse of Camilla's adieux to them, and to her band and life, concluded the opera.

“Let her stop at that—it's enough!—and she shall be untouc said General Pierson to Antonio-Pericles. “I have informati you know, that an extremely impudent song is coming.”

The General saw Wilfrid hanging about the lobby, in fla disobedience to orders. Rebuking his nephew with a frow commanded the lieutenant to make his way round to the stag

see that the curtain was dropped according to the printed book.

“Off, mon Dieu! off!” Pericles speeded him; adding in English, “Shall she taste prison-damp, zat voice is killed.”

The chorus of cavaliers was a lamentation; the key-note being despair: ordinary libretto verses.

Camilla’s eyes unclose. She struggles to be lifted, and, raised on Camillo’s arm, she sings, as with the last pulsation of her voice, softly resonant in its rich contralto. She pardons Michiella. She tells Count Orso that when he has extinguished his appetite for dominion he will enjoy an unknown pleasure in the friendship of his neighbours. Repeating that her mother lives, and will some day kneel by her daughter’s grave—not mournfully, but in beatitude—she utters her adieu to all.

At the moment of her doing so, Montini whispered in Vittoria’s ear. She looked up and beheld the downward curl of the curtain. There was confusion at the wings: Croats were visible to the audience. Carlo Ammiani and Luciano Romara jumped on the stage; a dozen of the noble youths of Milan streamed across the boards to either wing, and caught the curtain descending. The whole house had risen insurgent with cries of “Vittoria.” The curtain-ropes were in the hands of the Croats, but Carlo, Luciano, and their fellows, held the curtain aloft at arm’s length at each side of her. She was seen, and she sang, and the house listened.

The Italians present, one and all, rose up reverently and murmured the refrain. Many of the aristocracy would, doubtless, have preferred that this public declaration of the plain enigma should not have rung forth to carry them on the popular current; and some might have sympathised with the insane grin which distorted the features of Antonio-Pericles, when he beheld illusion wantonly destroyed, and the opera reduced to be a mere vehicle for a fulmination of politics. But the general enthusiasm was too tremendous to permit of individual protestations. To sit, when the nation was standing, was to be a German. Nor, indeed, was there an Italian in the house who would willingly have consented to see Vittoria silenced now that she had chosen to defy the Tedeschi from the boards of La Scala. The fascination of her voice extended even over the German division of the audience. They, with the Italians, said: “Hear her! hear her!” The curtain was agitated at the wings, but in the centre it was kept above Vittoria’s head by the uplifted arms of the twelve young men:—

“I cannot count the years,  
That you will drink, like me,  
The cup of blood and tears,  
Ere she to you appears:—

*Italia, Italia shall be free!*”

So the great name was out, and its enemies had heard it.

“You dedicate your lives  
To her, and you will be  
The food on which she thrives,  
Till her great day arrives:—  
*Italia, Italia shall be free!*”

“She asks you but for faith!  
Your faith in her takes she  
As draughts of heaven’s breath,  
Amid defeat and death:—  
*Italia, Italia shall be free!*”

The prima donna was not acting exhaustion when sinking low in Montini’s arms. Her bosom rose and sank quickly, and she gave the terminating verse:—

“I enter the black boat  
Upon the wide grey sea,  
Where all her set suns float:  
Thence hear my voice remote:—  
*Italia, Italia shall be free!*”

The curtain dropped.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### WILFRID COMES FORWARD.

AN order for the immediate arrest of Vittoria was brought round the stage at the fall of the curtain by Captain Weisspriess, and delivered by him on the stage to the officer commanding, a powerful lieutenant of Croats, whose first proceeding was dictated by his military instinct to get his men in line, and who was utterly devoid of any subsequent idea. The thunder of the house on the other side of the curtain was enough to disconcert a youngster such as he was, nor have the subalterns of Croat regiments a very signal reputation for efficiency in the Austrian service. Vittoria stood among her supporters apart; pale, and “only very thirsty,” as she told the enthusiastic youths who pressed near her, and implored her to have no fear. Carlo was on her right hand; Luciano on her left. They kept her from going off to her room. Montini was despatched to fetch her maid Giacinta with cloak and hood for her mistress. The young lieutenant of Croats drew his sword, but hesitated. Weisspriess, Wilfrid, and Major de Pymont were at one wing, between the Italian gentlemen and the soldiery. The operatic company had

fallen into the background, or stood crowding the side places of exit. Vittoria's name was being shouted with that angry, sea-like, horrid monotony of iteration which is more suggestive of menacing impatience, and the positive will of the people, than varied, sharp, imperative calls. The people had got the lion in their throats. One shriek from her would bring them, like a torrent, on the boards, as the officers well knew; and every second's delay in executing the orders of the general added to the difficulty of their position. The lieutenant of Croats strode up to Weisspriess and Wilfrid, who were discussing a plan of action vehemently; while, amid hubbub and argument, De Pymont studied Vittoria's features through his opera-glass, with an admirable simple languor.

Wilfrid turned back to him, and De Pymont, without altering the level of his glass, said, "She's as cool as a lemon-ice. That girl will be a mother of heroes. To have volcanic fire and the mastery of her nerves at the same time, is something prodigious. She is magnificent. Take a peep at her. I suspect that the rascal at her right elbow is seizing his occasion to plant a trifle or so in her memory—the animal! It's just the moment, and he knows it."

De Pymont looked at Wilfrid's face.

"Have I hit you anywhere accidentally?" he asked, for the face had gone dead-white.

"Be my friend, for Heaven's sake!" was the choking answer. "Save her! Get her away! She is an old acquaintance of mine—of mine, in England. Do; or I shall have to break my sword."

"You know her? and you don't go over to her?" said De Pymont.

"I—yes, she knows me."

"Then, why not present yourself?"

"Get her away. Talk Weisspriess down. He is for seizing her at all hazards. It's madness to provoke a conflict. Just listen to the house! I may be broken, but save her I will. De Pymont, on my honour, I will stand by you for ever if you will help me to get her away."

"To suggest my need in the hour of your own is not a bad notion," said the cool Frenchman. "What plan have you?"

Wilfrid struck his forehead miserably.

"Stop Lieutenant Zettlich. Don't let him go up to her Don't——"

De Pymont beheld in astonishment that a speechlessness such as affects condemned wretches in the supreme last minutes of existence, had come upon the Englishman.

"I'm afraid yours is a bad case," he said; "and the worst of it is, it's just the case women have no compassion for. Here comes a *parlementaire* from the opposite camp. Let's hear him."



It was Luciano Romara. He stood before them to request that the curtain should be raised. The officers debated together, and deemed it prudent to yield consent.

Luciano stipulated further that the soldiers were to be withdrawn. "On one wing, or on both wings?" said Captain Weisspriss, twinkling eyes oblique.

"Out of the house," said Luciano.

The officers laughed.

"You must confess, signor," said De Pymont, affably, "though the drum does issue command to the horse, it scarcely thinks of doing so after it has shown its sheep-skinned emptiness. Can you suppose that we are likely to run when we see you empty-handed? These things are matters of calculation."

"It is for you to calculate correctly," said Luciano.

As he spoke, a first surge of the exasperated house broke upon the stage and smote the curtain, which burst into white zig-zags, as if it were a breast stricken with panic.

Giacinta came running in to her mistress, and cloaked and hooded her hurriedly.

Enamoured, impassioned, Ammiani murmured in Vittoria's ear "My own soul!"

She replied: "My lover!"

So their first love-speech was interchanged with Italian simplicity and made a divine circle about them in the storm.

Luciano returned to his party to inform them that they held the key of the emergency.

"Stick fast," he said. "None of you move. Whoever takes the first step takes the false step; I see that."

"We have no arms, Luciano."

"We have the people behind us."

There was a fiercer tempest in the body of the house, and on sudden silence. Men who had invaded the stage joined the Italian guard surrounding Vittoria, telling that the lights had been extinguished; and then came the muffled uproar of universal confusion. Some were for handing her down into the orchestra, and getting her out through the general vomitorium, but Carlo and Luciano held her firmly by them. The theatre was a raging darkness. The stage was barely illumined. "Santa Maria!" cried Giacinta, "how dreadful that steel does look in the dark! I wish our sweet boy would cry louder." Her mistress, almost laughing, bade her keep close and be still. "Oh! this must be like being at sea," the poor creature whined, stopping her ears and shutting her eyes. Vittoria was in a thick gathering of her defenders; she could just hear that a parley was going on between Luciano and the Austrians. Luciano made his way back to her. "Quick," he said; "nothing cows

rob like darkness. One of these officers tells me he knows you, and gives his word of honour—he's an Englishman—to conduct you out: come."

Vittoria placed her hands in Carlo's one instant. Luciano cleared space for them. She heard a low English voice.

"You do not recognise me? There is no time to lose. You had another name once, and I have had the honour to call you by it."

"Are you an Austrian?" she exclaimed, and Carlo felt that she was shrinking back.

"I am the Wilfrid Pole whom you knew, I think. You are entrusted to my charge; I have sworn to conduct you to the doors in safety, whatever it may cost me."

Vittoria looked at him mournfully. Her eyes filled with tears. "The night is spoiled for me!" she murmured.

"Emilia!"

"That is not my name."

"I know you by no other. Have mercy on me. I would do anything in the world to serve you."

Major de Pymont came up to him and touched his arm. He said briefly: "We shall have a collision, to a certainty, unless the people hear from one of her set that she is out of the house."

Wilfrid requested her to confide her hand to him.

"My hand is engaged," she said.

Bowing ceremoniously, Wilfrid passed on, and Vittoria, with Carlo and Luciano and her maid Giacinta, followed between files of bayonets through the dusky passages, and down stairs into the night air.

Vittoria spoke in Carlo's ear: "I have been unkind to him. I had a great affection for him in England."

"Thank him; thank him," said Carlo.

She quitted her lover's side, and went up to Wilfrid, with a shyly extended hand. A carriage was drawn up by the kerbstone; the doors of it were open. She had barely made a word intelligible, when Major de Pymont pointed to some general officers approaching.

"Get her out of the way while there's time," he said in French to Luciano. "This is her carriage. Swiftly, gentlemen, or she's lost."

Giacinta read his meaning by signs, and caught her mistress by the sleeve, using force. She and Major de Pymont placed Vittoria, bewildered, in the carriage; De Pymont shut the door, and signalled to the coachman. Vittoria thrust her head out for a last look at her lover, and beheld him with the arms of dark-clothed men upon him. La Scala was pouring forth its occupants in struggling roaring shoals from every door. Her outcry returned to her deadened in the rapid rolling of the carriage across the lighted Piazza. Giacinta had to hold her down with all her might. Great clamour was for one moment heard by them, and then a rushing voicelessness. Giacinta

screamed to the coachman till she was exhausted. Vittoria sank shuddering on the lap of her maid, hiding her face that she might plunge out of recollection. The lightnings shot across her brain, but wrote no legible thing; the scenes of the opera lost their outlines as in a white heat of fire. She tried to weep, and vainly asked her heart for tears, that this dry dreadful blind misery of mere sensation might be washed out of her, and leave her mind clear to grapple with evil; and then, as the lurid breaks come in a storm-driven night sky, she had the picture of her lover in the hands of enemies, and of Wilfrid in the white uniform; the torment of her living passion, the mockery of her passion bygone. Recollection, when it came back, overwhelmed her; she swayed from recollection to oblivion, and was like a caged wild thing. Giacinta had to be as a mother with her. The poor trembling girl, who had begun to perceive that the carriage was bearing them to some unknown destination, tore open the bands of her corset and drew her mistress's head against the full warmth of her bosom, rocked her, and moaned over her, mixing comfort and lamentation in one offering, and so contrived to draw the tears out from her,—a storm of tears; not fitfully hysterical, but tears that poured a black veil over the eyeballs and fell steadily streaming. Once subdued by the weakness, Vittoria's nature melted; she shook piteously with weeping; she remembered Laura's words, and thought of what she had done, in terror and remorse, and tried to ask if the people would be fighting now, but could not. Laura seemed to stand before her like a Fury stretching her finger towards the dear brave men whom she had hurled upon the bayonets and the guns. It was an anguish unendurable. Giacinta was compelled to let her cry, and had to reflect upon their present situation unaided. They had passed the city-gates. Voices on the coachman's box had given German pass-words. She would have screamed then had not the carriage seemed to her a sanctuary from such creatures as foreign soldiers, white-coats; so she cowered on. They were in the starry open country, on the high-road between the vine-hung mulberry trees. She held the precious head of her mistress, praying the saints that strength would soon come to her to talk of their plight or chatter a little comfortingly, at least; and but for the singular sweetness which it shot thrilling to her woman's heart, she would have been fretted when Vittoria, after one long-drawn wavering sob, turned her lips to the bared warm breast, and put a little kiss upon it, and slept.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

## RELIGIOUS LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

OF late various aspects of religious life in Scotland have attracted a large amount of attention. It has been asked with surprise how a people who bravely struggled for religious liberty, who resisted successfully dictation in religious belief, and who have been distinguished by their attachment to the Bible, can be so blindly warped to exploded dogmas, and so despotic in forcing their opinions on others. To understand aright this apparent anomaly, and accurately to estimate the position of the people, it is necessary to look into their system of religious training, the very essence of which is that children must be "brought up" in the faith of their fathers, and that their "dear-bought liberties"—doctrines, forms of worship, and church organisation — are perfect, and must be rigorously maintained.

The Scotch are characterised as priest-ridden and bigoted. This is true only in a sense, and that not the sense usually accepted. Through their training, they are helplessly ignorant of the opinions and rights of others, and unconsciously under clerical influence. The ordeal through which the vast majority in Scotland have passed has somewhat perverted their nature, and so narrowed their vision that it seems to them the height of charity to make all men even as they are—servile, prejudiced, and intolerant. At the very earliest stage the process of mental subjugation begins. "The Catechism," "the minister," "the Church," are the word-charms which meet them on the threshold of existence, and before which they are taught to bow. Children are born and baptised, in one form or another, into the Church. As soon as they can articulate, the dry doctrines and dogmatic affirmations of the Shorter Catechism are poured into their minds as water is poured into a bucket. If they are teachable, and possess a retentive memory, the process is comparatively easy. It is not always so; in general, and not unnaturally, it is a hard and disagreeable task. Children, even of tender years, are compelled, under the terror of the rod or solitary confinement in the school-room, which becomes for the occasion a prison-house, to commit to memory answers to questions the most solemn and abstruse. They have to repeat, no matter how glibly, if only the words are remembered, such answers as the following:—

"The decrees of God are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his will, whereby, for his own glory, he had fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass."

"The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in the

guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin."

"The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days; and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy."

The folly of burdening the minds of children with such replies, the very words of which they are incapable of comprehending,—the moral effect, when they come to understand and reflect, of teaching these difficult and disputed doctrines with all the authority of the Word of God, "the *only* rule to direct us," as the second question of the Catechism declares, must be manifest to every thoughtful and unbiassed on-looker. The devout Scotchman who has passed through the experience, and become habituated to the yoke, sees nothing in it but the faithful discharge of a stern duty. It matters not that the process is felt to be a punishment rather than a pleasure, and that it comes to be associated in the youthful mind with all that is aimless and unlovely. In the majority of cases it serves its end; cardinal doctrines are implanted, and the youthful mind is safely, if painfully, shaped into the orthodox mould. Little effort is made to give the learners any intelligent conception of the words they repeat; it is seen to be hopeless, or regarded as a secondary consideration. The chief aim is to get the words firmly fixed in the memory as a basis of subsequent action; and the boy who excels most in this parrot-work is pronounced the "best scholar," and rewarded accordingly. The rivalry here is not in the amount of useful knowledge acquired, but in the number of words and sentences that can be remembered. Children are not taught certain elementary truths, or familiarised with the simplest and most obvious requirements of religion; they are made the receptacles of an elaborate and complicated system of theology.

Those who have passed through the dreary ordeal, and have been enabled to look back on it with some degree of enlightenment, can only think of the protracted punishment, and the time worse than lost, with repugnance and regret. To them the school—at least in respect to religious instruction, which above all others should have been a "way of pleasantness"—has no endearing associations; and happy are they if some kind hand tried to guide them into the path of goodness, and some loving voice sought to unfold to them the beauty of truth.

This is the "religious element" in education so fiercely contended for in Scotland, and to maintain which the clergy have successfully opposed all efforts to introduce a system more in harmony with the

spirit of the age and the requirements of the people. To maintain a monopoly in laying "the foundations of belief," and make sure that theological dogmas are taught in a sufficiently authoritative and orthodox way, they have rejected every proposal which would have tended to secure for all classes a sound general education, to remove invidious sectarian distinctions, and to place schools under a fairly constituted and representative management. It is hopeful to find that some ministers see the folly of this course, and are not afraid to give expression to their convictions. Before the Royal Commissioners for Education, the Rev. Dr. James Taylor, of Glasgow, stated, "that it forms no part of the duty of a Church, as constituted by scriptural authority, to take charge of the secular instruction of the community; that if this is claimed by the Church as a right, it is nothing but priestcraft; and if it is considered a duty, there is no warrant for it in the Bible." Speaking on this subject several years ago, the Rev. Dr. Lee, of Edinburgh, said, "Education by the Church means nothing but education by the clergy; education controlled and directed by them according to their peculiar and professional views and feelings. Is the propriety of this self-evident? Do the people desire it? Are they prepared to submit to it?" "The clergyman," he continues, "is not religion, nor is religion the clergyman. He is not necessarily the impersonation or expression of true Christianity. He may be rather the impersonation of narrow-mindedness, intolerance, bigotry, sectarianism. This is no bare possibility. The largest charity must admit that it has been often realised." Remarking that "under ecclesiastical management the schoolmaster is just the minister with modifications; that the value of the school is its tendency to serve as a *seminarium ecclesie*, a feeder for the church or chapel," he adds most truly that "national education is a national business," and that its superintendence or direction "will never be well or satisfactorily done till all classes take a hearty interest in it; and that they never will do till they are all admitted to co-operate actively in the work." If legislators are to deal with the question of education, it would be well for them to look narrowly into the obstructive policy which has been so long pursued, and inquire how far it is the work of the people or only of a narrow and self-interested few. The instruction of the young has been too long under ecclesiastical control. A system which aims chiefly at producing theological machines cannot much longer exist. Essentially bad in itself, carried into the present time, with its new lights and requirements, it is glaringly out of place and utterly inadequate. Something more in accordance with modern progress and true Christian liberty is demanded. To allow the Bible to be read at schools, and leave the young, as their minds attain maturity, with such parental guidance as may be given, to

educe their own conclusions as to doctrines, churches, and forms of worship, would surely be a wiser and better way.

The dogmatic instruction and clerical control are not confined to the school-room. Too often the school-training is followed up by a home-training equally objectionable and injurious. Whatever other branches of instruction are neglected, in "well-ordered" families the religious machine-work is sternly carried on. I would not be understood to say one word against the parent's right to educate his children as he thinks fit, far less to discourage religious home-instruction; my complaint is, that the training is so often purely and perniciously theological. The plain truth is, that to *make* children religious by teaching them certain dogmas and practices has come to be the leading idea; and that compulsion is regarded as the necessary and natural resort in accomplishing this end. With how many in Scotland has it been the bitter experience! Prayer by compulsion—children even terrified by coarse threats into repeating their "good words;" reading by compulsion—dreary books in divinity, or dull missionary records; Sabbath observance by compulsion—whole days spent in church-going, enforced catechism and verse learning, and the aforesaid reading;—is it strange that the mind is cramped, the sympathies blunted, and the whole being vitiated?

The out-come of a training thus commenced and carried on may be easily foreseen. Too many, as soon as the opportunity comes, revolt from its severities into open profligacy; a few cast off its influence, and adopt opinions in accordance with their own inquiries. A very limited number openly avow themselves sceptical; and the vast majority become mere ecclesiastical implements, or sink into a lifeless formalism. There are also those, and happily they are not few, who rise above the gloomy influences which surround them, and whose genuine piety and unimpeachable virtue, whose deeds of charity and devotion to all that is good and noble, are felt as a vital power among the people.

The second great stage in the religious life of the vast majority of whom I have spoken is when they have formally to "join the Church." In most cases the step is no matter of individual choice or decision. They have been rigidly taught that this must be done at a given period; it is what their parents did and what their neighbours do; and having reached the mature age of eighteen or twenty, they too must become "communicants," or bear the brand of an odious singularity. The point of denominational attachment is settled by hereditary descent; sometimes, it may be, by private friendship or preference for a minister; rarely is it even a consideration of creed or form of Church government. The young man gets his Confession of Faith, grinds up in the questions and answers of some "Guide to the Communion Table," and having done so, feels fully equipped to face the

minister. It is not a trying ordeal. He reads a portion of that book which teaches that religion is a thing of the heart, and profession the public avowal of a living faith; he answers a few questions from his stereotyped Guide Book; with a score of others he bows his head, signifying in this wholesale way "the great change" he has undergone; and he is thereupon pronounced worthy to join in that solemn service which his Bible says is only acceptable to God as the expression of a spiritual communion with a risen and personally realised Redeemer.

The Sacramental season, with its fasts, its sermons long and numerous, and its faces ditto, comes on. The communicants, new and old, meet around the tables. The minister addresses them in a tone and form peculiar to the occasion. He declares that personal conversion and a holy life are necessary to worthy acceptance of "the elements," and in words of burning terror warns the unprepared of their danger. It matters not that by the very act of admission he has labelled them all worthy recipients, or that he knows full well many of them should not be there. It is not expected that they will now publicly rise from the tables; and were any honest worshipper, who doubted his own fitness, to do so, no one would be more shocked and surprised, or more ready to quell the budding fears, than the officiating clergyman. Although the ceremony has been gone through many thousand times, very seldom, if ever, has it been followed by action in this way. At first, some who have a glimmering that all is not right within shrink from the responsibility they incur; but as the application is repeated, and they see others no better than themselves at ease, they become hardened and indifferent. But to all this the chief actor is blind. Having unburdened his conscience, the minister bids "the beloved" come and partake of the feast prepared for them. They do so reverently; the ceremony is over; the assembly breaks up; and there is a manifest feeling of relief. The people seem to think they have atoned by one week's services for six months' transgressions; and can (in the language of the pulpit) "go down to the world" to eat, drink, and make merry till the sacred season comes round again.

I would not be uncharitable; there are many earnest and devout worshippers; I speak not of individuals as such; it is of a system alike in its nature and tendency to be condemned. It seeks to make man religious by rules and regulations, not by affecting the heart and cultivating the spiritual nature. It is all forms, externalities—a mere worldly organisation and show. And what are the results? Some we have already seen, but they are subtle and varied. Independence of thought and individuality of character are crushed. Oneness of belief, or seeming oneness, is deemed the highest attainment of Church members; diversity is dreaded and condemned; and it is sought to reduce all to one dead level of uniformity. Spiritual development is



impossible. So long as men remain under the influence of the system, there is an effectual barrier to inquiry, free thought, and true spiritual enlightenment. Any one who strikes out of the beaten path is a heretic, and whatever questions the infallibility of established usages is a damnable heresy. Men go through the mill and come out what we see—ignorant, narrow-minded, and full of all uncharitableness. The Bible speaks of a “law of liberty;” this system knows only a law of bondage. The Bible demands a service of the heart; the system is satisfied with dead formalism, and fosters a systematic hypocrisy. It is no exaggeration to say that there are thousands who go through the formalities of sermon hearing, fast keeping, and sacramental attendance, who are totally destitute of religious faith, and whose intellects reject or have never comprehended the doctrines of the Church. And what is worse, the religious teachers know this, and practically sanction it by their silence. Religious systems are not to be judged by the moral conduct of those who may have been instructed in them; but it is a fact which cannot be ignored that all over Scotland, especially in those districts where the instruction is most rigid and the clerical control most direct, drunkenness and illegitimacy fearfully abound.

That there is some fatal defect in the system or mode of training, the religious life and social condition of the people too plainly show. Some revivifying agency is needed if religion is to remain a living power in the country. The “Revival movement,” which lately spread with contagious rapidity over Scotland, and so speedily disappeared, signally failed to produce any general or permanent effect. It was a rebound from the formalism and corruption of the Church into an extreme equally at variance with spiritual independence and intelligent religious belief. Shallow, and in most cases lamentably ignorant, its leaders appealed to the passions, and sought to rouse men into action by painting, in a style too coarsely familiar for more minute definition here, the joys of heaven and the horrors of hell. For a time it was effective. Whole communities were moved to immediate confession of guilt and to expressions of repentance which were at once accepted as evidence of genuine conversion. The process went on till the preachers took their departure or the excitement wore off, and the multitudes, as a hundred to one, returned to their former ways, too often hardened and disgusted by the hollow show in which they had taken part. The leaders aimed too exclusively at “awakening,” and were too ready to accept mere emotional manifestations; they failed to see the importance and rarely possessed the capacity of imparting solid instruction. They did not teach that only as man is brought into harmony with God is he truly religious; that only as his whole faculties are cultivated and developed is he fulfilling his destiny; that in *being*, not merely in saying and doing, consists practical goodness. It was not sought to return to the

freedom, purity, and clear-sighted simplicity of New Testament Christianity.

Within the past few years there has grown up in Scotland, in defiance of hide-bound system and strongly repressive measures, a well-marked spirit of inquiry and independent action. This spirit is to be seen more or less among all classes, but especially in literary circles and in the newspaper press. Perhaps the latter fact may account for a leading "revival" preacher having, in a description of the Last Day, included among the harlots and sabbath-breakers coming up to judgment, "clouds of editors!" The band of earnest inquirers is still small and ill-defined, yet it is strong enough and numerous enough to make its voice heard and its influence felt. All honour is due to those ministers who have lately declared so emphatically for the good old law of liberty; the bitterness and bigotry with which the honest avowal of their deliberate convictions has been received show what they have to contend against. One of their most recent censors charitably accuses them of wishing to "blot out" the Fourth Commandment, because they do not like it, and actually says that "the man who would delete the Sabbath [*his austere and hypocritical Sabbath*] from the calendar of the world (!), has no business to be in the world." But it ought to be known that these men have, in no small degree, been forced to the position they occupy by the gradual growth of enlightenment among the laity. Clerical influence has been perceptibly declining. With the thoughtful, Sabbath observance has ceased to be a fruitless and unnecessary struggle to comply with Judaic severities. Mere church-going and ceremonialism are not regarded as the essence of piety. Freedom in forms of worship is felt to be an individual right. Catechisms and confessions are not held to sum up and exhaust all wisdom, human and divine. The Church has been losing its hold on the intelligence of the few; and, lacking, as it has long done, the active sympathy of the many, there has arisen the danger of a total estrangement of the people. Perceiving this, and conscious of kindred feelings in themselves, some ministers have been prompted to inquiry; they have looked into the creeds and into the Bible, and seeing more or less clearly what is required, they have boldly taken their stand as the exponents and leaders of free thought and progressive action. The majority still cling to their traditions, and their desperate efforts to gag or subdue the onward movement only tend to strengthen latent convictions and give precision to half-formed opinions. The spirit of inquiry is growing, and will grow, though with fatal dimness of vision many of the clergy fail to perceive it. Unquestionably a power is at work which will break the shackles of bigotry and revolutionise the ecclesiastical system of Scotland, which will vitalise the religious life of the people and enable them to assert their spiritual independence.

H. G. REID.

## THE PRESIDENT'S DEFENCE.

It has often been alleged that Americans are particularly susceptible to the influence of aristocracies; but it is doubtful if they have ever given more grounds for this charge than their English cousins have of late for the more serious one of yielding an eager deference to the American mob. And of this no instance has been more painful to those who represent the American people, as distinguished from the mob, than the loud and almost universal applause which was returned over the Atlantic in response to President Johnson's veto of the measures passed by Congress for the protection of those negroes whom, having used in the late war for their own purposes, it is now called upon to cast back to the unrestricted control of the very men they helped to subjugate, and whose wrath they have incurred by their devotion to the Federal cause. The plaudits of educated Englishmen are mingled with those of the mobs of New York and Washington, which, driven into their dens and holes under the administration of President Lincoln, have emerged at the call of his successor to pursue again their congenial occupation of sacking the homes of negroes and assaulting the negroes' friends; they are mingled also with the brutal yells of all the Fenians in the United States. The sober verdicts of State Legislatures, the earnest protest of the Emersons, the Longfellowes, the Lowells, are unheard amid the noisy brayings of a party which does not comprise in its ranks a single literary, nor even an educated man—unless it be Mr. Bancroft.

What must be the inevitable result of the policy, should it succeed, to which the President is thus hounded on by men who should know better? Setting aside for a moment the great wrong against the negro which it contemplates, let thoughtful Englishmen consider the circumstances under which this conflict is taking place. Out of a half century of bitter agitation, culminating in a fearful war, we have arrived at this crisis. If there is any one thing that this dreary experience has made certain, it is that there can be no internal peace and consequently no real advancement in America so long as there is a negro-agitation in it. Another certain thing is, that there must and will be such an agitation in it so long as the negro is deprived of the rights and immunities awarded to the lowest and most ignorant of all other races. The principles of human equality, announced in the Declaration of Independence, have passed into the conscience of the Northern people. The fiend that has harried the American Republic for generations is the conviction that there was in it one great violation of every sacred law upon which it had been established.

lished and defended. And thus the chain which was around the negro's neck was gradually fastened about that of the nation, and of every man in the nation. Under the long and angry agitation every other interest has been, as it were, in atrophy. Literature and Art have been neglected. We have had no definable foreign policy, and no political economy. Appeals from foreign nations to America on the subject of Free Trade, International Copyright, and other subjects of importance, have fallen upon the ears of a people so long preoccupied with the one all-absorbing agitation, as to have only a rudimentary knowledge of, or interest in, any other question. For one generation the American Congress has never given a single day to the discussion of Free Trade. One great maelström has been in the centre of the nation, sucking into itself everything and everybody. And now, after the tremendous effort, with its fearful sacrifices, which the American people have made to deliver themselves and their country from this horrible curse, and just as they were rejoicing in the prospect of peaceful seas, a reckless and ignorant man makes a violent effort to hurl them back again into the turmoil, danger, and internecine fury of the past,—to strike out every result of the conflict except the half-million graves and the heavy debt—and people of our own blood and language are found cheering him on to the frightful patricide!

So far as their immediate cause is concerned the American opponents of the President have no interest in wishing English opinion to be other than it is. English opinion has ceased to be, except indirectly, of importance. The fact that every man and every newspaper in Europe which opposed President Lincoln's defence of the Union is upholding President Johnson's policy for its reconstruction has materially helped the Congress. The "Radicals" have not failed to reprint and circulate the sentiments of the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and of other journals, whose Confederate sympathies in the late war were well known, with marked effect. The voices of those men whose influence is of direct importance in America have been distinctly and unanimously given in favour of Congress. Therefore, if I again draw attention to the errors, as I conceive, which are prevailing in England concerning the struggle in America, it is certainly not in the interest of any party; but it is with an eye to the future, and to save from crumbling away what remains of any common ground upon which the controlling minds of England and America can hereafter stand. When President Johnson, and the monster which through his ignorance is striving to recover from its wounds and again devastate the country, have been crushed, there will, I fear, be left enough of alienation between the two countries; it really seems a gratuitous addition to it that any Englishman

should, in common with the basest elements of American politics and society, hail every effort made to return us to that chaos of crime and dissension from which we have with such difficulty and after such sad losses emerged.

I do not propose to discuss here the pluck of the President, nor his taste, nor to speculate on the probabilities of his success or of the success of Congress, but to consider this previous question—Which is right?

To simplify this question let me observe here that the question between the President and Congress is an eminently practical one. That slavery might better have been reformed than abolished, a Mr. Carlyle held, is an intelligible position; that it would have been better to have permitted the South to establish a separate Confederacy is a position for which there was much to be said; that the admission of ignorant masses to the franchise is a political error is a view maintained by many in the United States, and particularly among those termed “radicals.” But we are called in America to act under fixed conditions whether they be *the* best or not. If there were any advantages in slavery they at least have irrecoverably gone whatever evils of it may remain; the question of a separate confederacy exists no longer; nor is there at present an opportunity of restricting suffrage to those fitted for it. From this point I propose to follow step by step the President's own defence of his policy and position as laid by him before the English people in the American correspondence of the *Times*, and published in that paper May 1.

1. The President says of the late civil war:—“It was the renewal of an old conflict. The two sections were ready to go to war before the rebellion broke out—the one to preserve slavery, the other to destroy it.” This, so far as the President's opinion goes, settles the question as to whether slavery was the cause of the war. “Each side,” he continues, “was willing to sacrifice the Government in order to gain its object. The South struck first; the rebellion was subdued at the Southern end of the line, and now it is swinging round to the other line.” Setting aside the notable fact of a President elected exclusively by Republican votes, putting anti-slavery men on the same level with those who plunged the country into civil war for the sake of slavery, what is the ground upon which he accuses the two-thirds majorities in Congress of rebellion? Rebellion means the nullification of some law; what law has Congress disregarded? Is it rebellion to refuse to admit the representatives of the eleven States lately in rebellion? The Constitution says:—“Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members.” Is it rebellion to pass over the President's veto against a

measure which he deems unconstitutional? The President is not the judge of the constitutionality of a measure. Even the Supreme Court can only decide indirectly on the constitutionality of a law, that is, upon a special case that may arise under it. With regard to the Civil Rights Bill, which is simply the practical interference of the Federal Government with States which have laws whose action would set aside the rights it has conferred upon negroes, to the extent only of protecting those rights, the President vetoed it on the ground that it violated the constitutional rights of those States to define their own terms of citizenship, and to deal each as it pleased with its inhabitants. This position may easily be proved untenable even under the Constitution as it was before the recent amendment was incorporated into it; but the new Article (XIII.), whose adoption President Johnson himself has formally announced, after emancipating all the slaves in America, makes it the duty of "Congress" "to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation." By what right can Congress transfer this, its plain constitutional duty, to the local courts and laws of States controlled by ex-slaveholders? Under any theory of States-rights whatever, it is undeniable that the nation has decided by the solemn act of a change in its organic law to protect the negro from the wrongs which the unchanged slave codes of the South would still inflict upon him, and itself from the danger of finding that it has abolished only the name and not the fact of the institution from which it has suffered so much. "But," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "the President distinguished between the principle on which the bill is professedly based, and the bill itself; the former he was anxious to see carried out, but the means proposed he considered objectionable and hazardous." The President objected both to the Freedmen's Bureau Bill and to the Civil Rights Bill that they were based upon the right of the Central Power to interfere with the domestic affairs of States. The expression, then, of an anxiety to see the principle carried out, coupled with his objection to the means proposed, can only mean that the President would like to see the negroes protected, but is opposed to any interference on the part of Congress for that end. But either Congress or the States must secure the civil rights of negroes if they are to be secured at all. If the President could point out a State where the laws do not discriminate unjustly against persons of colour, he would but name a spot to which, by its own terms, the Civil Rights Bill has no application whatever. If the expression ascribed to him means anything, it means that he is in favour of a principle, but opposed to the only possible means of carrying it out. If he thinks there is another way, surely in his veto he might have suggested it.

In 1862 Congress passed and President Lincoln signed a law

fixing a certain oath of loyalty to be administered to every official who should thereafter act in any of the rebellious States before he should be admitted to office. Congress, after twice demanding of the Executive whether this oath had been taken by the various officials appointed by the President to act in the South was, after an irregular delay of several months, recently informed by the President that he had not been able to find men in the South who could take the oath and had consequently disregarded it. This is the magistrate who charges the North with rebellion. It is the first case of admitted violation of a law of the United States by the Executive, whose first oath is that he will execute the laws of the country.

2. The President says:—"They [*i.e.*, his opponents in Congress] know nothing practically of the real state of the South. The very man who has drawn up the Civil Rights Bill—what are his means of judging? I left him in the Senate and went out to Tennessee, and bore my share of the troubles. He stopped at home, and made no endeavours to make his theories square into the events of the war and legislate on ideas which he has never put to the test." The words recall some incidents in Mr. Johnson's life worth mentioning and that are to his credit. When he left the Senate and went out to Tennessee, after his manly speech against secession, and before hostilities had begun, Mr. Johnson journeyed by train through the State of Virginia. When that train stopped for a few moments at a town appropriately named Lynchburg, a number of residents entered and dragged him from the carriage by his nose; they knocked him down, kicked him, spat in his face, and at length dragged him to a tree, amid the cheering of a large crowd; and had proceeded towards hanging him so far as to place a halter around his neck, when some old man raised his voice, and said that his (Johnson's) own neighbours at Greenville, Tennessee, had, as the speaker had been informed, made arrangements to hang their senator on his arrival, and that as Virginians had no right to deprive them of that privilege, they had to permit him to go on. So Mr. Johnson was put in the train again. Arriving at home, he was put to flight; his son was killed; his daughter died through distress and privation. Whilst he was in Tennessee he seemed to have views remarkably like those of the man who, he now says, knows nothing about the South. His severity against rebels was greater than those of any other military governor appointed by Mr. Lincoln. But what were his views of the relations between whites and blacks? In his speech proclaiming the freedom of the negroes in Tennessee he denounced "the corrupt and damnable aristocracy" of the South which had made the negroes the victims of their lust, and cried:—"Coloured men of Tennessee! this, too, shall cease. Your wives and daughters shall no longer be dragged in

a concubinage compared to which polygamy is a virtue, to satisfy the brutal lusts of slaveholders and overseers." With equal vigour did he describe the other wrongs of the negroes. Nor did he seem then to have concluded from his own and their experience that rebels and slaveholders were the proper persons to control States. "I speak now," he cried, "as one who feels the world his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. . . . Loyal men, white or black, shall alone control her destinies." The superior knowledge of the South which Mr. Johnson boasts—which has made him willing to trust the negroes entirely to those whom he denounced as "corrupt and damnable," and the States to whites only, and those whites who cannot take the oath of loyalty—must have been obtained since he left the South and came to Washington. His last utterance in the South is that quoted above. That those who pulled his nose, and were ready to hang him, now fawn at his feet may argue to him a change of heart in them; to others it may appear connected with the change in his official position. But if there is any change of feeling in the South toward the negroes who aided in its subjugation, might we not reasonably expect to see it expressed in mild and just laws? The Southern States have met in Conventions and deliberately readjusted their codes, and yet in but one of them is the negro able to testify in a court against a white man, in none is he able to purchase land, in none is he permitted to have schools, in none can he move about at will from one place to another.

Whilst President Johnson, for the sake of his war with Congress, declares the rebellion in the South over, he, for the sake of some other interest, takes care to occupy the Southern States with 150,000 troops. Over these troops there are commanders, and under them agents, all maintained there by the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the army. The leading commanders in the South are Generals Thomas, Grierson, Saxton, Fiske, Terry, and Howard. The authority of these generals extends over the entire eleven States. Now, these men and their subordinates have every one been carefully examined and cross-examined as to the present feeling in the South, and they have, without exception, declared their belief that the Southern States are at heart as disloyal as ever to the Union; that their animosity towards the negro is extreme; and that were the Federal troops withdrawn they have no doubt that every negro and every Unionist would be slain or forced to fly. Of those who testify thus, not one has ever been associated with abolitionism. The one who has the largest command, and who testifies most strongly—General Thomas—is a native and citizen of Virginia. General Lee and Mr. Stephens, of the late Confederacy, have frankly admitted before the Reconstruc-



tion Committee, that they and, as they believe, the Southern people still hold to the right of Secession, and that they would prefer being kept out of Congress to surrendering the right of whites to the absolute control of blacks. Unless the President has some facts with which to upset these, he has no case at all. So far as he has state any, it confirms the grounds upon which Congress still refuses an implicit trust. In his conversation with the *Times*' correspondent he declares that those who are urging negro-enfranchisement are "going the way for a conflict of races." The plain meaning of this—and the President has frequently repeated it—is, that if the United States should enfranchise negroes by law, the whites would prevent their voting by force. But if they would rebel against a law enfranchising negroes, why may they not annul the law emancipating them, if they ever obtain the power to do so? To take away the negroes' rights for fear that those rights may be attacked is like depriving a man of his property in order to secure him against robbers. Not only the conflict of races, but many another conflict known to society—as that between robbers and robbed, murderer and murdered—might be avoided by placing the former helpless at the feet of the latter. But as Congress has sworn to support a constitution which commands it to "guarantee to every State a republican form of government," to "provide for the general welfare," and to enforce negro-emancipation "by appropriate legislation," it can hardly be expected to relinquish at once, entirely and for ever, its authority over the Southern States.

3. The next point made by the President is this:—"The very thing which we said these Southern States could never do, which we fought them four years to prevent them doing, these men affirm that they have actually done—namely, been out of the Union." To this it may be proper to say, first of all, that the various opinions held by Republicans upon the technical condition of States whose Legislature and Courts united in rebelling against the Union have nothing whatever to do with that practical conviction in which they agree that it would be wrong to restore the Southern States at this time to their old power in the Union. Their action is based upon considerations of public danger. And for the President who is himself occupying eleven States with troops to talk of their being equal in the Union with the other States, into none of which he would dare to send a regiment any more than he would to quarter one in Hyde Park, is too absurd to require further comment. Equally absurd is it to speak of States being regarded as out of the Union because they are not admitted to full power. Their disabilities are proofs that they are much less "out of the Union" than other States. It is a mere trick of words. New York is as much more

independent of the Union than any of the eleven States excluded from Congress, as a man under ordinary circumstances is more independent than a prisoner.

4. "The Southern States," says the President, "are ready to come back upon our terms, take loyal oaths, and acknowledge their allegiance, but these men say they shall not." It is hard in reading this not to suspect the President of being a deep humourist. If to-morrow morning it were to be read throughout Great Britain as an official statement that Stevens, Mitchell, and all the Fenians had tendered to Her Majesty their oaths of loyalty and allegiance, and their promises of future quietness, on the sole condition that Stephens should be Prime Minister, Mitchell Foreign Secretary, and the other offices filled by O'Mahoney, Sweeny, and other distinguished Fenians, it would not excite a sensation very different from that with which loyal Americans will read this declaration of the President's on behalf of the Southern States. Mark the generosity of those States! They kindly consent to send 110 men to the fine marble capitol at Washington, each of whom is to be paid £600 per annum and their travelling expenses, out of the Treasury of the United States. They not only consent to enter themselves, but to relieve the Southern negroes of the trouble of representing themselves, and furnish them with eighteen white representatives without even calling on them to express an opinion as to whether they—the negroes—will be represented or misrepresented by them. Nay, so unlimited is this fraternal feeling, that they propose thus, by relieving four millions of loyal blacks of their own representation to have a force sufficient, with friends already in Congress, to relieve their victors of the necessity of governing the country any longer! A new kind of returning prodigals these, whom America is invoked to receive with best robe and fatted negro; prodigals who, having wasted their portions, come with demands to rule in the paternal mansion, and therein to renew the debaucheries they have practised in the far countries!

The intimation of the President and others that the Republicans of Congress are animated by a spirit of hostility to the South, is one not justified by anything they have said or done. So far as the existence of such a feeling is inferred from their refusal to trust the negroes to the power of local laws manifestly hostile to them, it is like A inferring enmity on the part of B because B will not give him what belongs to C. So far as it is gathered from the refusal to admit the Southern representatives, it argues a higher respect for the South on the part of the "Radicals" than on that of their opponents. Though their policy be for the moment sterner, it rests on a belief in the genuineness and honesty of the South; any other must assume that

the South has been a mere braggart in its long-continued avowal of hostility to the North, that it has been the means of filling half a million graves for a casual interest which it is now ready to surrender, or that it is a mere spaniel whose devotion is secured by the lash. President Johnson is not the only one connected with the country who is entitled to give an estimate of Southern feeling. Amongst many others, the writer of this article, though driven from his father's home in Virginia more than ten years ago for his anti-slavery views, has always had the means of ascertaining the views and feelings of many persons intimately connected with the conduct of affairs in the South; and he has reason to know that the able and best men of the South—the men who contended for a principle wrong though it was—are not to be found cringing with profuse loyalty before Andrew Johnson, but are eating their hearts in lonely places throughout the South, and will surrender only with death the hopes of Southern independence, and of the resuscitation of Southern institutions. Northern men cannot fail to know this. They know how much loyalty they would feel to the South and Slavery had these prevailed in the late war. And it is because they respect the spirit of their opponents that the majorities of Congress have unanimously determined to exact that condition of reconstruction which will prevent a recurrence of the old causes of dismemberment and evil,—a condition which will enlist time and all other healing forces for the work of union,—which will identify every man's political interest, and even his daily bread, with freedom and justice: it is that embodied in their "platform"—UNIVERSAL AMNESTY, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WHEN we concluded our last notice the second reading of the Franchise Bill had not yet passed—the last and most eventful night of the debate had yet to come, when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli were to be pitted against one another in a manner that had not been witnessed since 1852. All who hear Mr. Gladstone must observe that there is a mixture of animosity and contempt in his treatment of Mr. Disraeli which he never betrays when replying to any other speaker. He then becomes most animated, puts forth all his strength and oratorical science, and seems not only bent on defeating an opponent, but on crushing an enemy. In the shock of these two antagonists we see the last remains of the bitter political feeling of the last generation, which has been dying out since the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, and the key to these feelings must be sought in the history of those times. Mr. Gladstone was the chosen friend and disciple of Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Disraeli his bitter and unscrupulous enemy. Had it not been for Mr. Disraeli, the repeal of the Corn Laws would probably have been acquiesced in by the country gentlemen, the Conservatives would never have split, and the Protectionist party would never have existed. It was Mr. Disraeli who urged the Tory rank and file to turn out their natural leaders, and take himself in their place; who shortened the life of Peel by his venomous accusations, and caused Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Newcastle, Cardwell, and others, to wander as outcasts, under the name of Peelites, till Lord Aberdeen's Government in 1853. The first time that Mr. Disraeli gained the climax of his ambition in high office was in 1852, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then it was that Mr. Gladstone met him in fair fight, and overthrew him in the sight of friends and foes. His budget was mercilessly dissected—he had to beat an ignominious retreat—and Mr. Gladstone succeeded to his office, to reap his greenest laurels where his opponent had exhibited his greatest failure. All who heard the speech of 1852 must have thought of it while Mr. Gladstone was speaking the other night. It was not the mere Franchise Bill that roused his energies. The memories of a life were present to him, and he was answering the man who had driven him from the track of political life he meant to pursue, and led him to find friends he never dreamed of. Mr. Disraeli was now occupying the post as Conservative leader of the House of Commons, which Mr. Gladstone had probably looked forward to in moments of early ambition. By clever jockeying he obtained the post of leader fifteen years earlier than his rival; and this was the man who ventured to taunt him with his youthful aspirations, which he himself had been the principal agent in frustrating.

Mr. Disraeli made a speech rather dull and rambling in its earlier parts, with all the best points as usual towards the end. The House was very hot and rather impatient before Mr. Gladstone rose at half-past one. His fine voice was clear and strong and in perfect order; it was never strained, never exerted beyond its proper pitch, and a stream of exquisite diction flowed out, without hesitation, without interruption, till the speaker, at the end of nearly two hours, had ex-

plained his plans, defended the weak points, answered general and particular objections, vindicated his life, and urged by arguments, drawn from history and nature, the necessity, the justice of the important measure on which he had staked his reputation and position. This was really the only earnest speech in the debate, for Mr. Mill's was an unimpassioned essay, Mr. Lowe's a fine declamation, with personal objects too transparent, and a dread of democracy too far-fetched, to inspire any real emotion. Mr. Gladstone's was a grand and finished oration, spoken "ore rotundo," and such as has not been heard for many a year. It worthily inaugurated a great change in our constitution, and produced a marked change in the feelings of those who doubted if Mr. Gladstone could lead the House. The only criticism that could be passed upon it is, that it was perhaps a shade too democratic in its tone to hit exactly the national feeling; perhaps too inclined to yield to generous impulses, which should not be indulged in too freely by men wielding enormous power, and on whose judgment a nation has to rely in matters where its very existence may be at stake. The conclusion also, borrowed from Longfellow's "Excelsior," could hardly be considered happy. In an adaptation of this sort, taken as the climax of a great speech, where the reason and the feelings of the hearers are to receive their final enthralment by the orator, there ought to be all the elements of strength—first, great weight from the authority of the author, nobleness of sentiment, practical wisdom, and, if possible, the argument from the success of the course adopted.

But in this case all the qualities are absent save one. The author is a charming, but second-rate, rather maudlin American poet; and the moral of the poem is, that we should try after an unattainable excellence even with the certainty that we shall perish in the attempt. In this there is no practical wisdom, and no success; there is only a certain vague nobleness of sentiment, which some may think not sufficiently under the guidance of reason and discretion. As the rash and unhappy youth Excelsior lies dead in the snow, we don't feel at all sure that the parties who grasp his standard and carry it forward are not the people whom he left with some disdain behind him pursuing the ordinary duties of life, and contented with quiet progress. If Mr. Gladstone is to retain his hold on the British public, it must be by the exercise of the valuable practical business qualities he possesses, by restraining his somewhat ardent imagination, and tempering his opinions by the advice of some of his experienced and cautious colleagues, who, though his inferiors in showy gifts, may be his superiors in sound judgment.

The Redistribution Bill is as moderate a measure as the Government could well have proposed, and, though by no means faultless, is a great improvement on Lord Russell's last effort, in 1860. The principles which should govern such a bill are, to give adequate representation (1) to agricultural constituencies, (2) to great town unities, (3) to small town unities. The first two objects are fairly carried out by the Bill, although it is difficult to see why Croydon, with 20,000 inhabitants and rapidly increasing, should be left without a representative. The third object is better carried out than in the Bill of 1860, but is still very imperfectly accomplished. A certain number of the smallest boroughs should have been disfranchised, for they are either nomination boroughs, or else live on corruption, with their ordinary existence positively poisoned by the

privilege of returning members. These are too deeply infected to be cured by joining them to another borough, and the best way is to disfranchise them altogether. The nomination boroughs are often tolerably pure, but they are unjustifiable on principle, and their existence does far more harm than good to the general influence of the noblemen for whose sake they are kept up. Why should Calne be kept up that Lord Lansdowne should return one member for Chippenham. Why should Wilton, which is really a part of Salisbury, which already possesses two members for 9,000 inhabitants, be kept up that the dependents of Lord Pembroke may send their master's representative to the Commons' House. Why should Totnes, Dartmouth, and Ashburton, three focuses of evil, one worse than the other, according to the revelations of election committees, and common report, form a group which will probably be worse than the separate boroughs, while Torquay and Newton, within a few miles of them, with a newly settled, rich, and thriving population of nearly 50,000, be left, in what is intended as a permanent settlement of Reform, without any representative at all?

With all its imperfections, however, we say the Bill ought to pass. What will be its fate on Monday next is now unknown; but if the Conservatives defeat it, moderate as it is, they will prove the insincerity of the vote they gave on Lord Grosvenor's amendment, by which they pledged themselves not to oppose all reform, but carefully to consider the measure as a whole. That whole is now before them; they are powerful enough to fashion it as they please. They can have one bill or two bills; they can enfranchise or save from a schedule any borough they like. They can divide the counties, and probably prevent the leaseholders of the towns having the votes they so much dread; at least they have a better chance of doing so than they will in all likelihood ever have again. So let them not lose the opportunity. If the Ministry are beaten, and dissolve on the cry of reform or no reform, the Tories will assuredly be beaten, but a fierce spirit will be aroused, and the lovers of wild popular energies will clap their hands. The Tories will not be able to direct the course of affairs as they do now, but will depend for moderation on the mercies of their opponents. Mr. Disraeli has raised once more the old standard of Toryism, which we thought had been laid up for ever in some old baronial hall, or buried in the grave of Lord Eldon. It means that change as change is bad, that reform of our institutions is unnecessary, and that these have a self-adapting power, if left to themselves, to conform to the wants of ever-advancing time. This doctrine is held in spite of the fact that change is the great rule of nature; in spite of the teachings of history confirming the wise aphorism of Bacon, "*morosa rerum retentio res turbulenta est, æque ac novitas*," We thought it was the Conservatives—that is, the advocates of moderate progress—who were opposed to the Liberals in the House of Commons, till Mr. Disraeli raised the old battle-cry. We now know that we have to deal with the old spirit which opposed the abolition of the punishment of death for stealing five shillings from the pocket, with the same violent antagonism as if it had been an act to abolish monarchy. We cannot believe that many will follow such a cry, but we grieve to see among the number General Peel, with headlong excitement, offering himself as a leader. General Peel, in whose sound judgment and common sense his brother, the great Sir Robert, placed such confidence, that he is said to have been the only man with whom he talked over

some of his most important measures,—General Peel now places himself side by side with his brother's enemy, in opposition to all reform, for his speeches will bear no other sense; thus turning his back on his own opinions and acts seven years ago. We discredit the rumours current, that it is necessary for the "Tory" party to "blood their hounds;" that office has irresistible charms, if it be only for three months, in order that a few bishops and magistrates may be made, and a few pensions and places granted. Such sordid views can never actuate a great party; but if the Tories act now as they blamed the Whigs for acting in 1859 about their own Reform Bill, they stand self-condemned; but if they assist in settling a troublesome obstacle in the way of peaceable progress, their magnanimity will be appreciated, and the country will not forget it. Mr. Gladstone supported them in 1859, and it was not his fault that reform was not then carried. Let them support him now in return. If they do not, the words of Carlyle, once applied to the great Peel, will be true of Gladstone:—"The largest veracity ever done in Parliament in our time, as we all know, was of this man's doing; and I believe England, in her dumb way, remembers that too. The 'traitor Peel' can very well afford to let innumerable ducal costermongers, parliamentary adventurers, and lineal representatives of the Impenitent Thief, say all their say about him, and do all their do. With a virtual England at his back, and an actual eternal sky above him, there is not much in the total net amount of that. When the master of the horse rides abroad, many dogs in the village bark; but he pursues his journey all the same."

Between the two portions of the Reform Bill Mr. Gladstone introduced his Budget, and as usual under his management, presented us with a satisfactory balance-sheet. It is pleasant to know, in such a time of financial panic, that at any rate the national affairs are prospering; that the national revenue is steadily growing; that there are few pressing taxes to take off; and that we can turn our attention to a method of relieving our posterity of the vast amount of the debt that weighs upon us, and will weigh upon them, when perhaps they will be less able to bear it. To ease ourselves in twenty years of a load of nearly fifty millions is a small but satisfactory beginning: nothing indeed equal to the extraordinary progress the United States are making by paying off from twenty to thirty millions every year out of their surplus revenue. Having once made a beginning, however, we shall probably find means for further reductions, particularly if our revenue goes on increasing as it is now doing. What a wonderful increase in each penny of the income-tax in only a few years, from £700,000 to £1,400,000! Nothing can show the growth of the wealth of the country more than this.

If this increase continues, we may, perhaps, put by a fixed sum every year for paying the interest and a part of the principal of the national debt—a charge which will be fixed, and then not liable to be constantly assailed by the host of applicants for a reduction of taxation. As the debt diminishes in amount it will rise in value, and this may suggest new expedients for still further reducing either the principal or the burden of the charge.

What a scene the city has presented in the last few days! What frightful losses in the midst of general prosperity! What misery will be occasioned to some, in the midst of generally increasing wealth! The panic is just taking place at the time of our going to press, and its causes and its remedies are too

arge a question to be treated of hastily. Inquiry will doubtless take place at the proper time by Parliament, as has happened so frequently before, and never without good results, until, at last, an accurate knowledge of the funds we have to deal with as a general community will prevent our assets and liabilities from periodically presenting so lamentable a contrast.

The position of affairs on the Continent has become so complicated during the last fortnight that to all appearance the only solution now left is that of cutting the knot with the sword. This is so much the more to be deplored, that a peaceful settlement would even now be possible,—not only by some unexpected accident, such, for instance, as was the attempt (fortunately an unsuccessful one) on the life of the Prussian Minister-President,—not only by one of those events which the ignorant call miracles,—but by the Powers concerned recognising the danger and criminality of their conduct, and refusing to enter on a course which must lead to the endless misery of a great portion of the Continent, without, perhaps, in the end enabling any of those who take part in the struggle to attain their objects. The dice have not yet been thrown, but their rattle already makes Europe tremble. Three desperate gamblers—Prussia, Italy, and Austria—sit at the table. Two of them have determined to risk the lives of hundreds of thousands, the happiness of millions, and the hardly-won earnings of long years for purposes of political aggrandisement, while the third is ready to defend, by all the means in his power, that which he possesses by virtue of treaties, and obstinately insists upon keeping. All of them stake their own existence and the future of their country on the issue of their hazardous game, while people watch with eagerness and anxiety on which side the dice are to fall.

What was it that nipped in the bud the hopes of peace which began to unfold themselves at the end of April? Why must we now fear a war more than we did at that time, when warlike demonstrations had already begun? Why are we now no longer in the humour to laugh at the creation of a Liberal German Parliament by Germany's most detested Minister? Why does our fancy paint the terrible scenes of stifling battle-fields, mutilated corpses, and burning villages? Why do we now doubt that peace will be preserved, which we still thought we had reason to hope a fortnight ago? Unfortunately our reasons for these doubts are only too serious and well-grounded. They are based on the conviction, which no scepticism can now remove, that the leader of the Prussian Cabinet, and the whole Italian nation from the king to the *lazzarone*, wish to bring about a war with Austria at any price; on the melancholy fact that the imperial madness of the House of Hapsburg is incurable; on the now evident wish of the only man who could prevent war to precipitate it for his own ends by purposely holding aloof; and, finally, on a series of events which have closely followed one another during the last few days, and at which we will cast a rapid glance in order to enable our readers fully to appreciate the situation.

Austria's declaration that she was ready to begin disarming simultaneously with Prussia, nay even twenty-four hours earlier, was accepted by the latter Power, not, it is true, in very gracious terms, but still accepted. The imperial regiments in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia then began to return to their former quarters, and Europe breathed more freely, the danger of a conflict having apparently been averted. Suddenly, however, the news, or, to speak more plainly,



the falsehood, was sent from Vienna to the world, that Italian volunteers had invaded the territory of Austria. This falsehood, for such it was, came, not from Italy, but from Vienna, where it was invented, circulated, and, what is more unfortunate, believed. Future historians will find it difficult to explain to our descendants how, on the strength of such a *canard*, whose inaccuracy was proved the evening after it was published, the Emperor could have immediately ordered his army in Venetia to be placed on a war footing, thereby emptying his exhausted treasury to the dregs, and endangering the peace of his empire. If it should turn out that this was the case, the Italians must not be blamed for saying that the Austrian Government had invented and circulated the *canard* in question in order to provide themselves with a pretext for their armaments against Italy. We believe, however, that we can state, in the most positive manner, that the Austrian Government is not open to the charge of having purposely given circulation to a falsehood in this case. This, of course, only makes the conduct of the Emperor the more unpardonable, in giving, on the strength of such a report, marching orders to the troops in the north to advance to the south. We say the Emperor advisedly, for his ministry had no share in this insane decision. Its ungrateful task was only to carry out what its master, with all the thoughtless impulsiveness of a Hapsburg, had concocted together with his aides-de-camp. That Bismark might thereby obtain a pretext for continuing the Prussian armaments was a thought which never entered the minds of the sapient military cabinet of Francis Joseph; and the world has now acquired a new and striking illustration of the old truth, that if absolute monarchs may sometimes do good, this is more than counter-balanced by the power they have of doing an immense amount of evil.

What the Emperor in his wisdom had not foreseen was immediately felt by every small stockjobber at Vienna and Frankfort, and Count Bismark pounced upon his opportunity with lightning speed. While the negotiations for a mutual disarmament were going on, he was detained in his room by a bad leg; now, however, he moved about with his customary activity, and it seemed as if by the mobilization of the Austrian troops in Italy he himself had been mobilised. He hurried to the king to persuade him that Austria was only arming in Italy in order to be able afterwards to attack Prussia; and finding that the other Ministers were of the same opinion, the king, after much hesitation, at length decided to yield once more to his evil genius. Count Bismark lost not a moment in informing the Cabinet of Vienna, through Baron Werther, that Prussia could not disarm while Austria was strengthening her army in Italy. To prove her good faith she must also place her Venetian army on a peace footing, and at the same time cause her German allies, especially Saxony and Wurtemberg, to put an end to their armaments.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was, it is said, provoked to the utmost by these pretensions. This is quite intelligible to those who know with what haughtiness the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine always looks down upon the house of Hohenzollern, and still more to those who witnessed the humble subserviency with which Count Bismark had formerly approached the Emperor at Vienna and Gastein, and had called him the chivalrous conqueror of revolution, the shield of Germany, and the hope of mankind. That this man, of all others should now dictate to him how he was to dispose of his army in the interior of his empire—that he should, so to say, place the knife at his throat, was to

much for his pride. He persisted in his armaments in Venetia, and the rest of the drama, in so far as it has been played out hitherto, developed itself with startling rapidity.

To the Austrian armaments Italy replied by arming in her turn, at the same time declaring that she had not the remotest intention of attacking Austria. Of the attitude she has taken up, and also of that of France, we shall speak in the sequel. At present we must, in order not to break the thread of our narrative, return to Austria and Prussia.

King William has at length been brought by his astute and unscrupulous Minister to the point towards which the latter has so long been tending. He now really believes that Austria, bankrupt as she is, without an important ally, and torn by internal dissensions, has seriously contemplated the sacking of Potsdam, Charlottenberg, and Berlin. His conscientious scruples against a shortening of the miserable existence, as sovereigns, of the small German princes, have been partly removed since he became convinced that even those of them whose crowns he had saved by means of his troops in 1848, are not disposed to follow him like a flock of sheep to Frankfort. He may, perhaps, even now wish to avoid war, but he allows himself to be persuaded into doing everything that makes it inevitable, places one division after another on a war footing, tears the industrious peasant from the plough, summons all able-bodied Prussians from abroad, drags the peaceful citizen from his trade, and sends his regiments of the guard to the Saxon frontier.

The last of these steps is perhaps the most ominous of any that have yet been taken. The evident desire of the Prussian and Italian Governments to drive Austria into a war would probably have already brought it on, had it not been one of the main objects of those Powers to appear as the attacked, and not the attacking parties. In this respect even Count Bismark seems to show some regard for public opinion. He knows very well what he wants, but he is in a difficulty as to the proper mode of commencing operations. In this he resembles the young lady who declared she could write a letter to her lover with the greatest ease if she only knew how to begin. How to start the mare is Count Bismark's difficulty; and he is in a fair way to remove it now that the second division of the guards has received orders to proceed to Görlitz, on the Saxon frontier. Perhaps Herr von Beust will be to him what Garibaldi will be to Italy, and if the Saxon Cabinet calls upon Austria to enter Saxony, we may be assured that Count Bismark will regard this as a *casus belli*. Thus would the war-charger at length be started, and the first words of the love-letter fairly written.

A good huntsman has more than one arrow in his quiver, and Bismark is a good huntsman when Austria is his game. Should he not succeed in bringing her to bay in the North or the South, he has still an arrow in reserve—the reform of the Confederation, and all that may be got out of it. What we anticipated has now occurred; the German princes hesitate to accept the rendezvous at Frankfort. Count Bismark has acted with them as Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have done with our Parliament. The latter said, “Give us a vote of confidence, and we will then show you, and not till then, our bill for the redistribution of seats;” and Count Bismark declares he will not divulge his projects until the German governments trustfully assemble at Frankfort. Unfortunately the count is of all living statesmen the one who is least entitled to ask for a

vote of confidence either in or out of Germany, and the consequence is that is denied him. It is well known what the more liberal and enlightened of the German princes feel on this subject. They argue that if a German Parliament is necessary for a suitable reform of Germany, it should be honourably asked for, but at the same time care should be taken that it really represents what professes to be, namely, an universal German Parliament, and that it does not fall into the power of a single State, which would only use it to promote its own ends, to annex the less powerful of the German States, and to entirely dispossess a member of the Confederation (Austria). For this purpose it is above all necessary that the equalisation of the influence of the two great Powers should be secured, and also that the other German States should have the position in the Confederation established in accordance with their relations towards each other, as they alone are able to prevent the predominance of Prussia, which, as is shown by the tendencies of her government and the late events in her Parliament, can only be productive of ruinous consequences for the German nation.

These opinions are shared by most of the other German sovereigns, in so far at least as regards their own security. There is, however, a split in the Bund and this is the arrow which Count Bismark holds in reserve, to be directed against Austria and her allies in Germany, among whom Bavaria is already wavering. If the other arrow misses, this perhaps will hit. Of Italy Prussia is sure under any circumstances.

Such is the state of affairs in Germany,—a melancholy and almost hopeless one, and especially discouraging in these days of self-glorification at our having shaken off the rule of brute force. An evil spirit seems to be dragging German into a fratricidal war, and the German, who has so often compared himself with the dreamer Hamlet, is now at length, as M. Klaczko well remarks in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, leaving his philosophical meditations for the realities of life. But how strange is the drama which he presents to the world in doing so. He rushes onward, blind and furious, hews about him right and left, is the plaything of every accident, stabs harmless old men, his dearest playfellows, even the fair Ophelia, and ends by falling himself in a fratricidal duel. When all over, appears Fortinbras, who has been arming while Hamlet was soliloquising, and steps into his succession. M. Klaczko's parallel is an excellent one, but we do not quite agree with him in his conclusion. He says that the part of Fortinbras will on the present occasion be played by Russia, coming from the icy north like the Fortinbras of Shakspeare. To us it seems that the future antagonist of the German Hamlet lives much nearer to the office of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* than the Emperor Alexander, and that the parallel would lose none of its aptness by this slight modification.

Whatever may be the wishes of the Emperor Napoleon in the present crisis there can be no doubt as to those of a large and important section of his people. The lamentable effects produced on industry and commerce by the increasing danger of a European war have been felt with great severity in France, where the equivocal attitude maintained by the Emperor in face of continental complications has created a feeling of extreme uneasiness among those who are interested in the preservation of peace. The strength of this feeling which was in no way appeased by the pacific, but very vague utterances of the

*Constitutionnel*, was shown in a remarkable manner during the debate on the contingent which is annually voted for the French army, when occurred a scene unparalleled in the parliamentary annals of the present Empire. The way in which M. Ollivier, who acted as the spokesman of the Opposition on this occasion, announced to M. Rouher the course which his party intended to follow, was in itself eminently characteristic of the determination of the House to elicit some statement from the Government in regard to its foreign policy. He "warned" M. Rouher of his intention to open this question during the debate, and plainly hinted that an answer would be expected—a proceeding entirely contrary to the traditions of the present régime, according to which Deputies have no right to ask questions of Ministers. M. Rouher accordingly evaded the appearance of conceding this right by giving his answer before M. Ollivier put his question; but practically the question was as free as in our own Parliament, for not only did the Minister answer a question of which a member had given notice, but, although he deprecated any further speeches on the subject, the debate was continued by MM. Thiers, Jules Favre, and Ollivier, and M. Rouher himself found it necessary to speak at its close.

Perhaps the most striking incident, however, of the debate was the enthusiastic approval with which the House received the admirable speech of M. Thiers. Although there were many points on which the illustrious orator was almost alone in his opinion, such as the necessity for maintaining the treaties of 1815, and the mistaken policy of the Emperor in having lent his troops to promote the work of Italian unity, he exposed, with such merciless logic and generous indignation, the pitiful tergiversations of Bismark in the Danish affair, and pointed out with such clearness what should be the policy of France in the present crisis, that the House rose as one man to congratulate and cheer an orator who had so well expressed what they all felt and thought. Ever that timid and obedient majority on which the Emperor had hitherto been accustomed to rely, was carried away by the general enthusiasm, and heartily applauded the man whom they have been taught to look upon as the most dangerous enemy of the system they are pledged to uphold. So important, indeed, was this demonstration of feeling on the part of the majority, that the Emperor, already soured by the defection of the *tiers-parti*, has now openly thrown down the gauntlet against the wealthy middle-class, who have hitherto been his chief supporters in the House, by his memorable declaration at Auxerre that the "real genius of France" is only to be found among the working-classes; that among them alone he "breathes freely," and that, therefore, it is on them alone that he will in future rest to support him against the other classes in the country.

M. Rouher's statement, which, it is said, was drawn up under the eye of the Emperor himself, and for which all Europe had for several days been looking with extreme anxiety, was certainly not of a nature to calm any fears, or indeed to give any trustworthy indication of the policy the Emperor intended to pursue.

The "entire liberty of action" which he reserves to himself, though kept within the bounds of a "pacific policy" and a "loyal neutrality," evidently leaves him the option of taking any course when war breaks out that he may think suitable to his interests. Since his declaration that "the Empire is peace," he has always professed to pursue a pacific policy, yet that did not prevent his engaging in the Crimean and Italian campaigns; and a "loyal neutrality" is just the sort of policy under present circumstances to lead to a European war, in which France, with the best intentions in the world, must

sooner or later be engaged. There can be no doubt that neither Austria, Prussia, nor even Italy, would fight if either of them were sure he would side with their adversary. It is this very neutrality—which, if we are rightly informed, has not been so very “loyal” after all—that has led each of these Powers to speculate on the chance of its being assisted by France, and risk its very existence in a war of which no one can foresee the issue.

It will be instructive to follow the complicated phases of the game of neutrality, as it has been played during the last few weeks at the Tuileries. At first, Prince Metternich had it all his own way, and Prussia was at a decided discount at the French Court. The Prince belonged to all the Emperor’s pleasure parties, and the fascinating Princess was an indispensable adjunct to the Empress’s *thés intimes*, while Count Goltz was looked upon with marked coldness by Napoleon, and had to transmit unpleasant messages to his Government from M. Drouyn de Lhuys. So intimate, indeed, did the Austrian ambassador become with the imperial family, that he even ventured freely to discuss with its principal members the vexed question which Austrian diplomatists never approach but with fear and trembling—that of Venetia. Perhaps this was one of the chief causes of his success at the French Court, for he did not dissimulate his approval of the solution proposed by Prince Napoleon, and not objected to, provided it was accompanied by an accession of territory to France, by his Imperial cousin—namely, the cession of Venetia to Italy for a money compensation. The idea soon became a favourite one at the Tuileries, and warlike rumours were industriously circulated in official circles at Paris, with the object of inducing Austria to make an amicable arrangement with her enemy in the south, in order to enable her to use all her strength in repelling any hostile attack from the north. All these efforts, however, were unsuccessful; the Emperor Francis Joseph obstinately refused to cede an inch of Austrian territory, and there was obviously no further advantage to be expected for France from Vienna. Prince Metternich now fell rapidly in the Imperial favour at the Tuileries, and the influence of Count Goltz rose in proportion. Count Bismark’s proposal to call a German Parliament by universal suffrage was received with gracious approval; Count Arese, the Emperor’s counsellor on the eve of the last Italian war, was now again frequently closeted with him; and Prince Napoleon proceeded to Naples, ostensibly to study antiquities, although the fact of his being accompanied by two officers of the French navy, and the simultaneous arrival of several Italian men of war in the bay, seemed to give his visit to that town a less peaceful character. Prince Metternich was furious. He had a stormy interview with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, which seemed only to increase his anger, and his absence from the court balls was wittily explained by his wife, who attributed it to his suffering from “la Prusse.” During the week which followed, his sufferings were a little alleviated, for there was some more coquetting with the Cabinet of Vienna, and a meeting of the two Emperors was even hinted at; but these *pourparlers* were not serious, and the Emperor himself apparently dealt the last blow at the hopes of a Franco-Austrian alliance by his strong declaration at Auxerre that he “detested the treaties of 1815.”

The other part of the declaration made by him on this occasion is, perhaps, even more significant. The direct appeal to the working-class as the depository of the “real genius” of the nation, taken in connection with the democratic proposal of a German Parliament started by Count Bismark, seems to point at

an intention to overthrow Austria by means of the "party of action," that terrible bugbear of the despots of the Continent, and to let loose the demon of revolution in Germany for the purpose of achieving that democratic unity under a Prussian Emperor of which the aspiring Minister-President at Berlin seems to dream. If this interpretation of the Emperor's speech be correct, the "tocsin de l'Auxerrois," as it has been nicknamed on the Paris Boulevards, was the death-knell of the ancient monarchy of the Hapsburgs.

With M. Nigra, the Italian Minister in Paris, the game of neutrality has been played no less skilfully. There can now be little doubt that a positive agreement has actually been arrived at between the Prussian and Italian Governments, and that France is aware of the fact. Indeed, the rash conduct of Austria in Venetia is attributed by some to her having obtained intelligence of such an agreement. At the same time Napoleon, who has no notion of binding himself to any particular line of action in view of the endless complications which would result from a general war in the present state of Europe, pretends to be very much shocked at the warlike preparations of Italy, though he prudently leaves to her the responsibility of the consequences of them. The "official announcement" made by M. Rouher, that Italy does not intend to attack Austria, was merely a rhetorical artifice introduced in order to take the sting out of M. Thiers' speech; for General La Marmora has since declared that although Italy has no present intention of attacking Austria, circumstances may arise which would render it necessary for her to do so. And indeed it is difficult to see how, with bankruptcy staring her in the face on the one hand, and her impulsive and passionate population urging her on to war on the other, she can avoid a conflict with her old enemy. War has now become to Italy an imperious necessity, and utter ruin is the only alternative. Nor is it absolutely necessary, as it is generally believed, that she should commence operations by the tedious process of laying siege to the Quadrilateral. She has already a formidable fleet in the Adriatic, which is perfectly capable of shutting up that sea, and thus destroying the commerce of the Austrian ports at one blow, and at the same time landing troops on the coast who would take the Austrian army in Venetia in the rear. That these plans have not been matured in concert with France it is hard to believe, especially if we take into account the very remarkable change which has occurred in the relations of the French Government with Prussia—a change so decided that it is already whispered M. Drouyn de Lhuys will not much longer keep his post, but be succeeded by M. Benedetti, the French Minister at Berlin, who is as warm an advocate of the Prussian alliance as M. Drouyn de Lhuys is of the Austrian.

If these suspicions are well founded, the combination against Austria is, it must be acknowledged, a most formidable one. Against Italy on her southern, France, perhaps, on her western, and Prussia on her northern frontier, she has only to oppose her own gallant, but heterogeneous army, and the lukewarm support of some of the smaller German States. But we have not yet exhausted the list of the dangers that threaten her; one of the most important consequences of the outbreak of hostilities would probably be a reopening of the Eastern question. Already we hear of a military insurrection in Albania, of warlike preparations in Servia and Montenegro, of a Greek propaganda in the Lebanon, where the ecclesiastical agitation is again reviving, and of attempts to produce a rising among the Christian populations of Turkey. The Govern-

ment of the Sultan, utterly unable to cope with these numerous hostile elements, has, with incredible infatuation, thrown itself into the arms of Russia, the Power which has for centuries planned the destruction of Turkey under pretence of protecting the Christian inhabitants, and the Czar now has a fair field for realising the dreams of his predecessors. In the Austro-Prussian struggle, Russia will of course take the side of Prussia; she has long coveted Galicia, which she looks upon as part of her ancient territory, on the plea that eight hundred years ago it was under a prince who was a remote relation of the founder of Moscow, and she will be glad of an opportunity to revenge herself on Austria for her "monstrous ingratitude" during the last Polish insurrection.

The point where the Eastern question looks most threatening at this moment is Roumania. The attempt to obtain Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as sovereign of the Principalities has proved a miserable failure, although the Government kept up the farce to the end, deluding Europe by telegrams announcing his unanimous election, and declaring at Bucharest that there was not the slightest doubt of the Prince's accepting the honour that was offered to him. On both points they were very wide of the truth. The prince's election was so far from being unanimous that there was a large party which voted against him, and he has now definitely refused the sovereignty. The government is rapidly falling into discredit; the finances are in a most deplorable condition, there not being enough money in the State treasury even to defray the expenses of the army and the civil administration; and the Conference at Paris has finally rejected the proposal of the Government commissioners to place a foreign prince on the throne of the Principalities. The elections for the new Chamber are generally in favour of the Radicals, and not of the Government party, as is stated in the telegrams, and the whole country is in a state of indescribable anarchy. At Bucharest all the public buildings are guarded by troops, and a conflict between the rival parties is daily expected. The Separatists still pursue their agitation in Moldavia, and a new party has now sprung up also in opposition to the Government which has proclaimed union and a native prince as its political programme. A third party does not object to a foreign prince, provided he belongs to one of the Latin races. The anarchy is, in fact, so great, that people are swayed about from one opinion to another, and lend themselves freely to the execution of the wildest and most subversive schemes. One of these deserves mention, as its consequences will, if carried out, be of very great importance to the neighbouring states. M. Rosetti, the Minister of Education, has just established a Rouman Literary Society, which is to receive a subvention from the State, and to contain three members from Moldavia, four from Wallachia, three from Transylvania, two from the Banat, two from Bukovina, two from the Marmarosh district in Hungary, three from Bessarabia, and two from Macedonia. These members are to act as political agents for preserving the Rouman nationality in their respective countries—to carry out, in fact, a propaganda similar to that of the German professors in Schleswig-Holstein, and which is doubtless intended to produce a similar result, namely, the enlargement of Roumania at the expense of her neighbours.

*May 11.*

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

ASTRA CASTRA: EXPERIMENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE ATMOSPHERE. By  
HATTON TURNOR. Chapman and Hall. 1865.

THE bulk and weight of this volume need not deter readers from its perusal. It is a ponderous work to handle, but a light work to read. The author professes to give the history of Aerostation, and as a chronicler of facts he deserves credit for his painstaking. Roughly as the work is put together, it contains a vast amount of interesting and amusing matter, and forms, indeed, an annual register of all that has been said, or thought, or done since the science had an existence. Everyone who has constructed a balloon or sailed in a balloon is here immortalised; fancies, too, are notified as well as facts, and Mr. Turnor is the honest chronicler of almost every crude proposal or imaginative conception that has been uttered upon his favourite subject.

The discursive character of the book is its most striking feature. The writer drifts hither and thither, brushes the skirts of many subjects, stops to gather each stray flower that allures his eye, and accumulates specimens of every object met with on the way without any attempt to select or to arrange. The book is, therefore, a medley, but it is an amusing medley, more amusing perhaps than if it had been artistically compiled.

Judging from appearances, we should imagine that the writer, having collected much valuable material and an equal amount of lumber, and having shaken the whole well together, had left the different portions to settle down of themselves into the positions they now occupy in this handsome-looking volume. The science of aerostation has not, therefore, found an historian in Mr. Hatton Turnor, but it has found an enthusiastic gossip, who, to use his own language, has endeavoured "to do justice to the ubiquity and importance of a subject which must in some degree be of great interest to all, for the medium which forms its basis is the air in which we all live, and move, and have our being."

Franklin once said of the science that it was an infant, but that it would grow. It may be called an infant still; nevertheless there are signs that the American's prophecy is already partially fulfilled. Balloons are now employed for military purposes and for scientific discovery, and when the law of air-currents is better understood it is possible we may be able to propel our air-vessels with as much certainty and safety as steamers are directed through the water. Thirty years ago, it will be remembered, Dr. Lardner denied the practicability of steam navigation, and the folly and uselessness of "ballooning" is asserted in the present day by men of standing and education. Scepticisms, however, should be silenced by the fact that those who have studied the subject most are the most confident of ultimate success. The screw which, despite much opposition, was used for the first time in steam-ships about twenty years ago, has proved of the utmost value; it is possible that the aerial screw will be equally useful and familiar before another twenty years have passed away. This question has excited far more interest in Paris than in London, and in the ninth chapter of "Astra Castra" the theories or experiments of Messieurs



Nadar, David, Barral, Babinet, and others, are fully recorded. Interesting diagrams also illustrate the text, and render it intelligible.

There are several chapters in this volume which will amuse the ordinary reader; but we may specially note the third, containing the letters of Lunardi, who was the first aeronaut to ascend from English soil; the sixth and seventh, which record several very remarkable balloon voyages; and the eleventh, which is devoted to an account of the ridicule the science has undergone. Aeronauts have always proved capital butts for the satirist, and Mr. Hatton Turnor has not only collected a number of racy witticisms, but by the aid of photozincography has transferred to his volume several clever caricatures.

JOHN DENNIS.

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THE HEBREW PROPHETS, Translated afresh from the Original, with regard to the Anglican Version, and with Illustrations for English Readers. By ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D., Vicar of Broad-Chalke, Wilts. Williams and Norgate, London.

WE were glad to find Dr. Pusey's work on the Minor Prophets followed so soon by one of Dr. Rowland Williams on the same subject. Both are eminent Hebrew scholars, and therefore well entitled to attention. But many will think that Dr. Pusey approaches the subject with a deeper reverence, and is, on that account, the more genial and worthy commentator. But I demur to this opinion altogether. True it is that the one writer asserts the perfect truth and absolute inspiration of every sentence found in the text, and that the other freely exercises his judgment throughout, sometimes disputing a traditional interpretation, and sometimes disagreeing with a sentiment; yet, after all, the deeper penetration and the truer reverence may be found with the latter rather than with the former. He who worships all in common without difference or discrimination cannot really understand the spirit of any part.

Let us ask ourselves, who were the Prophets, and what kind of message was it which they delivered to the world? what was their manner of life, and how were they accepted in their generation? They were one and all Reformers, and of the most thorough-going type. They were men not on good terms with the authorities in Church and State, but in an attitude of stern contradiction and defiance. They were Puritans, of much the same breed as John Bunyan and George Fox. They were a kind of Tribunes of the People, who arraigned the corruption, tyranny, and oppression of the upper classes in good set terms, and without flinching from the consequences. They were men not "at ease in Zion," but engaged in incessant warfare with religious formalism and social abuses. They were the firebrands of their age, scouted in all good society, encountering bitter persecution in life, and generally meeting with violent deaths. They were, no doubt, denounced by all the respectable classes in those days as sour fanatics, crazy enthusiasts, unprincipled demagogues, wild revolutionists, who wanted to turn the world upside down. We talk now-a-days and the Church has in all the ages since Christ extolled "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets," but while they lived it was a fellowship only of woe, reproach, and tribulation. The most glorious of their number, Isaiah, is traditionally believed to have been "sawn asunder;" and Stephen, just before the stoning, could challenge his enemies with "Which of the prophets have not

our fathers persecuted?" and Jesus Christ could apostrophise Jerusalem as "Thou that killest the prophets!"

Such were the men, and such their fate. Now if there be any temper of mind clean contrary to that of the Prophets, it is the spirit of him who feels an unreasoning veneration for all things prescribed, or of which there is an ancient tradition. The Prophets were bold thinkers and unscrupulous innovators; they were the pioneers of advancing thought and of enlarged liberty. They in all things alike, whether of Church or State, penetrated to the living "root of the matter," and lopped off all dead or decaying branches without scruple. As an Englishman, Milton was a good type of them; and as an exact opposite or anti-type, we would take a Tory churchman, or one who worships the letter of Scripture, believes it throughout to be all equally true and equally divine, and does not dare to criticise any part of it. If there be a temper antagonistic to that of the Prophets, it is this. Their true kindred were men like Milton, Knox, Bunyan, George Fox, and Savonarola.

He whose spirit most resembles that of the Prophets is likely to be their best and most genial commentator. Hence it is very clear to me that Dr. Rowland Williams, who with perhaps equal learning has assuredly a freer and bolder spirit, is more likely to expound the Prophets truly than Dr. Pusey, who on principle renounces all freedom of judgment. How men deceive themselves in the reverence which they profess to feel for persons and writings! Whole generations of worldly churchmen, who both professed and practised the most slavish doctrines, and who were deadly enemies to all reform and to all change, would still have felt shocked at any disparagement of the writings of the Prophets, though they would have been ready to crucify their living representatives! And so it was of old; the same persons who built the tombs of the prophets, and adorned their sepulchres, embrued their hands in the blood of the Son of God! Let no one, then, think better of Dr. Pusey as a commentator on the Prophets because he believes in their Plenary Inspiration, or think worse of Dr. Rowland Williams because he rejects it, but let him consider the temper of mind in which each approaches the task, and as resulting from it the great contrast between the two men in point of discernment, and power of extracting from the text a full and satisfying meaning.

This volume embraces six of the minor prophets and Isaiah. They are translated afresh from the original, with an introduction to each. He speaks with just admiration of the English version, as "endeared by so many associations, as well as commended by signal merit." We are glad also to find him sensible of the great merit of the Vulgate, the beauties and value of which have been so much slighted through Protestant prejudice. "Rome recognises it; therefore let us have nothing to do with it." Such would be the feeling of most Protestants put into plain words. Dr. Williams says that he has consulted "the ancient versions, particularly the Septuagint and Vulgate, the latter with a growing sense of its superior and almost singular merit." We are glad to find a Hebrew scholar write thus. Every Latin scholar of taste must have admired the quaint originality and grotesque grandeur of the Vulgate, besides that it is steeped in Orientalism. It is pleasant to find that it is generally exact and careful, as well as picturesque. There is a certain Lucretian tinge about it; it is like ebony—dark, yet splendid. Let us hope that it will be rescued from the neglect into which it has fallen, for it

is undeniably a more reliable version than the Septuagint. It is amusing to find Dr. Rowland Williams writing thus: "There is almost a want of reverence in Dr. Pusey's saying, though truly, that 'the Septuagint is full of blunders.'" Yet there is no chance of the Vulgate superseding it, or coming into fashion.

It is worthy of remark that our author translates *Jehovah* not as LORD, but "the ETERNAL." This is certainly better, and it is strange that it has not been before suggested. For in the word *Lord*, which answers to the Latin *Dominus*, the meaning of the Hebrew *Jehovah* (in Greek *ἐγὼ εἰμι ὁ ὢν*), which signifies undivided and unchangeable Existence, is entirely lost. "The Eternal" is very impressive, and comes as near to the awful meaning of the Tetragrammaton as any single English word can. The rendering "Lord" is entirely wide of the mark, and expresses quite another idea. Dr. Williams remarks, "Although the word 'Lord' is sacred or dear, yet it fails to convey that mystery of unchangeableness which it pleased God to stamp on the word *JEHOVAH* for those in whose language it is significant; it is well we should not forget whatever the deeper phrase can convey."

There can be no doubt that this work, in result, though not in design, militates against Messianic theories. The writer says boldly, "If the prophets are not orthodox (which would mean that our dominant teaching shrinks from the light), let those with whom the responsibility of power rests see to it." As a sample of this, let us take the supposed Messianic prediction in *Micah v.* The orthodox view is that this passage contains a distinct prediction, 700 years B.C., of four things:—1. The human birthplace of Christ; 2. His eternal generation; 3. His miraculous birth of the Virgin; 4. His spiritual and universal dominion. Hartwell Horne (whose book is the recognised one by all the Bishops for their examinations) says that "this prophecy of *Micah* is perhaps, the most important single prophecy in the Old Testament, and the most comprehensive, respecting the personal character of the Messiah; it carefully distinguishes his human nativity from his eternal generation; foretells the rejection of the Jews for a season; their final restoration, &c., and the universal peace destined to prevail throughout the earth in the 'Regeneration.' Moreover, Christ's prophetic character and second coming." Yet the simple saying at the close "and there shall be peace (no *man* in the original) when the Assyrian comes into our land," at once overturns this superstructure, and limits the prophet's horizon to the prospect actually before him, and to the times in which he lived. The expected ruler was probably Hezekiah, whose "religious zeal and courage marked him out as a prince likely to encourage the prophetic hope, that out of David's house was already rising a shepherd" who would restore the national fortunes. Even if he does not mean, without naming Hezekiah, he is confident that "the divine right of the ancient line of Bethlehem will prevail." Bethlehem was the humble cradle of the royal race, and the prophet reverts to it with hope. Nothing could be more natural, and we need not suppose any vaticination. But it will be said that the fact of a definite prediction of the birthplace of the Messiah many centuries before is certified by the mention of it in the New Testament (*Matthew ii. 5*). But how is it mentioned? As the expectation of the *Chief priests and Scribes*, who fastened this petty circumstance as a mark of Messiah, but who were deaf and blind to the grand characteristics of his mission, and who were strangely undiscerning of the signs of the times. Nor do we find that the coincidence of Christ

birthplace with the supposed prediction had the slightest influence in disposing them to admit the pretensions of Jesus. These sticklers for Micah's faculty of vaticination were the very persons who rejected Christ and clamoured for his blood. So little piety was there in those times, or in our own either, in attaching importance to petty circumstances like this. Our faith in Christ is determined by far other things; by the divine glory and beauty of his character, and by our finding that not a word of His has fallen to the ground, but that all that He asserted has been realised in history.

Let it be understood that our author does not dream of denying that the Almighty foresees all future events, and might, if He chose, inspire a prediction. He says: "I do not dispute how far God designed what he has actually permitted; but my business as interpreter is with the meaning of Micah, who has in his eye deliverance from the contemporary Assyrian."

There is truly a divine spirit in the Prophets, which is not enhanced by ascribing to them uncertain vaticinations. Their writings are poems of Conscience; they give the moral explanation of the events which were passing in the world; in reading them we see God in history. As Dr. Williams well expresses it, "They reveal the mystery of history, by turning that side of the curtain which is Providence. God does nothing in the theatre of the world, but he takes gifted spirits, his servants and prophets, behind the scenes, and reveals the instruction of the drama." Milton had truly described the office of the prophets in "Paradise Regained," and to just the same effect. They were politicians inspired with an awful sense of the operation of moral causes in the development and downfall of nations. Reading their brief but vivid remains is like reading history by flashes of lightning. The darkness of the moral scenery is lighted up by fire from heaven, and we see how God looks upon the world and its confusions. We trace the march of those eternal principles which regulate the destinies of nations. They are therefore authors for all time; in one word, Prophets, according to the saying of St. Augustine, "prædictorum narratio est futurorum præsentatio." We read in the past the picture of the future; fresh applications are perpetually arising. The grandest fulfilment of the main tenor of these prophecies—in which covetousness, selfishness, inequality, and oppression are so sternly denounced—was in the French Revolution, when an oppressive government, weighed in the balances and found wanting, passed away amidst storm and terror. These are the grand retributions which the Prophets teach, but they are the last things which are thought of by most professional theologians. They value them chiefly for some supposed vaticinations, predictions of mere outward things, while they pass by as of less moment those eternal lessons which really stamp them as divine teachers. There is no true reverence in this, or else it is reverence misapplied. Let us leave the mint, the anise, and the cumin, and attend to the weightier matters. And there cannot be a better guide in this path than Dr. Williams, who manifests throughout an awe-struck sense of these eternal verities, as expounded by those true servants of God—the Hebrew Prophets.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA, FROM THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD HARDINGE TO THE POLITICAL EXTINCTION OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, 1844 to 1862. Forming a Sequel to Thornton's "History of India. By LIONEL JAMES TROTTER, late of the 2nd Bengal Fusileers. In Two Vols. Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen. 1866.

CAPTAIN TROTTER is modest. He puts forth his very interesting volume merely as "a true, concise, and, I would fain hope, a readable narrative of events," leaving to "some future Milman, gifted with all the special knowledge of the late Mr. James Mill," the task of handling the period in all its fulness of suggestive details. The last years of the Company's reign are, indeed, so rich in stirring events that (as our author observes) it needs but a very small amount of literary cunning to make the narrative interesting to the "most general" reader. Yet though his first aim was to write a popular book, Captain Trotter does not forget that it is time we did something more than take a merely "general interest" in the record of deeds of arms, and in sensation sketches of savage tribes, gorgeous native courts, strange manners, stranger rites, and all the "contrasts" in which most Indian historians have delighted.

Captain Trotter's reflections are few: he does not quite realise Bishop Butler's ideal, "the author who only gives premises," but still he very generally leaves us to draw our own conclusions. He has his own views, though he does not force them upon us in detail: his brief notice of how Mr. Lewin was snubbed by the Madras Government for endeavouring to hold the balance in the Tinnevely riots, coupled with such phrases as "the Marquis of Tweeddale left the scene of his labours and his religious excesses;" the quaint way in which he characterises Sir W. Gomm, Napier's successor, as "a mild old gentleman of no great capacity, but of a strongly religious turn;" and his implied protest against the barbarous sacrilege which stripped the Burmese pagodas and poonghie-houses of their bells and images—all this proves him to be far above the narrowness of the average Anglo-Indian, in whom, too often, life among men of other creeds and other ways of thought seems only to have strengthened old prejudices and implanted new ones. He speaks out boldly, too, in defence of Lord Gough, whose "victory" at Chillianwallah was received with such a howl of rage and fear as had never greeted a British commander since the days of Admiral Byng. It was a victory, after all: Shere Singh was driven with heavy loss from ground of his own choosing. "Two hours more daylight, and the rout of Sobraon would have been renewed upon the Jhelum." Why begin to fight at three P.M.? The old story was that Lord Gough was nettled by a shot which was thrown close to him from some impertinent Sikh battery. Captain Trotter thinks he was surprised: he got within fighting distance of the Sikhs without knowing where they were. As for the long previous delay while Mooltan was being bombarded, that was Lord Dalhousie's fault; "Lord Gough was hampered by the waiting policy of his civil chief at Umballah;" possibly it was thought best, with a view to annexation, to treat the Khálsa as one would treat a large salmon—let them thoroughly wear themselves out before endeavouring to "land" them. Still, there are difficulties about Lord Gough's movements which the military reader must settle for himself. Kaye says "he planned his attack on sound tactical principles, and fully instructed his generals in their several parts;" yet (as Captain Trotter admits) "the enemy overlapped

us on both flanks; and Lord Gough had to give up his own plan, and follow the Sikh lead."

A word here as to our author's descriptive powers; they are such as his lighter writings would lead us to expect. Whether he is telling us how Colonel Havelock and Brigadier Cureton were caught in that fatal sand-trap at Ramnugger, or how Mooltan fell under a *feu d'enfer*, or how at Chillianwallah the 24th Foot turned and ran, while later on in the battle the 6th Light Horse and the 14th Dragoons, "retiring at a gallop, closely followed by hundreds of derisive Goorchurras, rode right over Christie's and Huish's troops, carrying ruin and dismay far into the rear, even among the doolies of the wounded,"—whatever he has to tell, Captain Trotter tells it in an animated and picturesque style. "The night on the field" at Ferozeshuhur, during which the enemy plied us with shot whenever a fire was lighted to thaw our soldiers' freezing limbs, is admirably painted; so is the grand success of Goojerat, which Lord Gough won just in time for his own reputation, and which was so ably followed up by Sir W. Gilbert's unflagging pursuit, as to force Shere Singh to a speedy surrender. The disarming of the veterans of the Khálsa, "who would fling their weapons on the pile and slowly turn away, unmindful of the proffered rupee to which they were entitled, each muttering as he went, 'My work is gone from me,'" is a striking scene. Sikh wars were doubtless useful to re-establish a prestige which the Cabul disasters had sadly weakened; but they are not wars on which the calm outsider can look back with much complacency. Sikhism was far better than the Hindooism or the Mahomedanism which it aimed at supplanting. It was a living faith; and even if we cannot go along with Captain Cunningham, and hold that the creed of Govind is better suited for certain Orientals than is our western Christianity, still the general hopelessness of civilisation from the outside makes us regret that it was not possible to do something better with the Khálsa than to batter it on the field, and to break it still more effectually by countenancing (so long as it was not directed against ourselves) the rascality of creatures like Lál Singh. It was the old story: "We were upholding," says Mr. Kaye, "an unprincipled ruler at the point of our British bayonets, and thus aiding him to commit iniquities which he would not else have been long suffered to perpetrate." Indeed, immediately after Lord Hardinge's conquest, the Sikhs were brought under "the great peril of the British military protectorate." They were told that the forbearance which still left them their national life was only experimental, and were expected to "reform" and settle down in the face of all that was most galling to a high-spirited people. When Major Broadfoot, their old enemy, was sent as agent towards the end of 1844, they must have felt that evil was in store for them; and when we began to seize their villages, nothing was left for them but to fight it out. Again, Moolraj's treachery in 1848, the murder of Agnew and Anderson, and the subsequent siege of Mooltan, were all mainly owing to the blunder of Lawrence's successor in getting Moolraj superseded from Lahore, instead of letting him quietly resign into British hands.

Mistakes of this kind give force to such attacks as have lately been made in *Fruzer* on "Military Politicians." But civilians make mistakes: to them we owe the old China war and that in Bhootan; and the system which has given us India, and which certainly did not bring on the mutiny, cannot be altogether bad. *Fruzer's* writer thinks so badly of our military residents, that, to get rid

of them, he would do away with the native army, which, moreover, he looks upon as hopelessly treacherous, forgetting that the circumstances of the mutiny were strictly exceptional. If we disarm India we shall scarcely be able to assert that we are governing the country for its good. The "dead-level" is bad enough already; but it will surely be worse to try to render a vast population less capable of self-defence than climate and habits have already made them. We must make the natives trust us, and then we shall be able to trust them. Our work out there is telling—we must remember that it is not so long since we have begun to work, even ostensibly, for the good of the country. Already we are finding out that, contrary to English prejudice, the Hindoo is capable of gratitude.

Captain Trotter's book opens up many other interesting questions: it is full of notices of social changes; it points out the specially unfortunate way in which the annexation of Oude was managed—"The natives would have rejoiced to see it annexed, had we annexed it without making a profit out of it for ourselves." About Lord Dalhousie (whose farewell minute, marking a man so great a yet so little, is given *in extenso*) the author cannot make up his mind; we surely need not wonder at his hesitation. For his estimate of Lord Canning we shall look with interest to his forthcoming volume.

H. S. FAGAN.

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RESOURCES AND PROSPERITY OF AMERICA. By SIR M. PETO, BART., M.P.  
Strahan.

SIR MORTON PETO tells us in his preface that his book bristles with figures and it does so. That figurative expression is the nearest approach to an effort at that imagination which he allows himself throughout his work. He has written as he declares to those who as he imagines may not appreciate the force of statistics, principally for the use of readers who do find in figures a source of valuable information.

So warned, no reader will look for amusement to Sir M. Peto's new book of America. Any reader who did so would be disappointed. Figures are dull and tabulated statistics, repeated page after page, require considerable energy and great digestive power for their profitable consumption. But by those who can work their way through these pages in despite of their dullness and necessary hardness, the book will be found to be a good book, useful, true, clear, impartial, and, above all, inspired throughout by generous sympathies. The reader may not find himself able to agree on all points with Sir M. Peto. I cannot agree with him in thinking that agriculture and commerce in the South have only needed the abolition of slavery to become as prolific and generous as they are in the North. I cannot bring myself to believe that industry, which is the motive power producing all wealth, can work on equal terms in a tropical climate and in a climate as distant from the tropics as our own. The relative position on the globe's surface of Massachusetts and Mississippi, has produced, and will continue to produce that variance in the wealth of those two States, which Sir Morton Peto has attributed solely to slavery,—as it produced also that tolerance for slavery at first, and love of slavery at last, which led to the late civil war. The history of all modern nations tells us that, in the warm regions near the sun, God has given fertility

to the earth, and that in the cold regions away from the sun God has given fertility to man, and that the fertility of man is the more valuable of the two. But apart from this, and one or two other matters of smaller moment, the author will carry with him any reader who is inclined to think well of those wondrous children of ours who have established themselves on the other side of the water.

Sir Morton Peto is quite right in telling us that the Americans are chiefly an agricultural, and not a commercial or manufacturing people. That it should be so with all new nations is simply in accordance with the natural sequence of things. Land, fertile from its freshness, uninjured by constant production, in unlimited abundance, is the readiest source of wealth to a young nation; and consequently the prairies of Illinois and Indiana, and the vast corn-producing plains of Wisconsin and Minnesota, are the real mines from which the States have dug their riches. The States now supply one-sixth of the corn and flour which we consume here in England, and will very soon supply a much larger proportion. Of all the sights to be seen in the States, the autumnal flow of corn through the town of Buffalo is the most remarkable.

But the States are possessed of almost every known source of wealth, and being possessed also of indomitable energy and untiring industry, they cannot pauperise themselves. What they have encountered of national debt, great as is the amount, will hardly be a load upon their back. Petroleum alone would bring them through, if every other resource failed them. Sir Morton Peto tells us of oil-wells giving three thousand barrels a day! Three thousand barrels of oil flowing up from a little hole in the earth that you might open among your cabbages in your kitchen garden;—oil-wells that would continue to run though they ran to waste, and could not be stopped! To a country with such resources as that a national debt of six millions sterling is nothing. Sir Morton Peto thinks that they will not submit to bear the debt, will not content themselves with paying simply the interest, but will wipe off the principal; and there is much evidence to show us that he is right in this. As for that angry impatience of taxation of which we used to hear, the Americans have shown no sign of it. Indeed, of all people, the Americans of the States are the most apt to submit themselves to the enactments of the law, and to do as they are told to do by those in authority.

That they have much to learn is a matter of course. Of whom among men or nations can the reverse be said? That American statesmen and merchants have not as yet learned to appreciate the advantages of free trade, that they still cling to protective duties, and desire to consume articles both dear and bad, lest their money should go away from them too freely,—as does the man who grows a bad cucumber in his own garden for half a crown, because he does not like to give sixpence to a greengrocer for a good one,—might be singular to us, were it not that it is hardly yet twenty years since we adopted the better principle ourselves. Remembering this, Sir Morton Peto might perhaps have omitted to tell his American friends so grandiloquently,—his friends who are certainly of a different way of thinking hitherto,—that “every right-thinking and right-minded man, of whatever nation, must echo”—certain observations quoted by him to the glory of free trade.

The bulk of the volume before us is divided into sections appropriated to—  
1, Agriculture; 2, Manufactures; 3, Minerals; 4, Commerce; 5, Railroads;



and on all these subjects Sir Morton Peto is quite at home, and has studied the details in the States with all that advantage which the experience of his own practical life in England has given him. His next section is on the South; and here, as I have said before, he is perhaps less correct in his views and in his facts than in the other portions of his work. He then describes American taxation with all its intricacies,—not forgetting to point out to us how the system should be altered, but acknowledging always that the great object of taxation will be achieved. Moneys needed for the honour, protection, and welfare of the country will be easily raised, and will be so raised as to lay but a light burden on the shoulders of the people.

In his concluding pages he makes one remark about the late war which I will quote, as it contains a truth,—which but few Englishmen would have acknowledged to be true a year or two since, which all will not see now, but which coming history will discern as plainly as the sun is felt at noonday. “For all America indeed, I think that the war, apart of course from the bloodshed and misery which it has occasioned,”—Sir Morton, however, might have altogether omitted his mealy-mouthed “apart,” and have seen that the bloodshed and misery have been as nothing to the good thing done,—“may be considered an advantageous occurrence. It has cleared the atmosphere of the great cloud which so long overhung and threatened everything in the country. The result relieves the nation of its one great difficulty. Apart from bloodshed,”—or even without bloodshed, I say,—“it was worth any sacrifice to America to be rid of slavery. Whilst that system existed it was impossible that the nation could have a settled, firm, or united administration. No public legislation could be attempted which in a greater or less degree was not affected by that absorbing question.” All this is very true. It might be said with more enthusiasm, and the allusions to the bloodshed might have been omitted;—but Sir Morton, saying what he has said, has said a great truth.

I have been surprised to find, in a work coming from so thoughtful a close-seeing a man, I may almost say no allusion to that subject in which the States should take its greatest pride, and do take a great pride,—the education, namely, of its children. Surely figures and statistics might have been used here with advantage. It is just the subject for figures,—a matter which statistics can make very plain to any man,—most unpleasantly plain to an Englishman. There is a statement in one table showing how many children were at school in 1860 in the Free State of Massachusetts, and how many in the Slave State of Maryland;—but beyond that I cannot find a word or figure with reference to the most perfect system of general tuition that the world has ever produced. It would not be fitting that I should go into the matter here in detail on the present occasion, but I think that Sir Morton might have found a corner in his book to tell us what education in Massachusetts means;—that the schools there are attended gratuitously by the whole population of the State, that the education is of a sort unknown in other countries except for the rich and fortunate, and that in Massachusetts a lad of sixteen who could not read or write would be about as rare as a man with four arms or a pig-faced woman.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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“ECCE HOMO.”<sup>1</sup>

AUTHORITATIVE, really influential teaching, on the subject of Christianity, is passing out of the hands of the Church. The lay intellect grapples with religious questions, and the public is fast learning to have more faith in lay treatment of religious topics than in the formal methods of ecclesiastics. Bishops and clergymen there still are who have audience of the great world, but they are not of the approved conventional type; they are Westbury bishops, Privy Council clergymen, suspected deans, gentlemen who have no faith in ecclesiasticism, and in whom ecclesiasticism has no trust, who in their instincts and preferences are lay rather than ecclesiastical.

Here is the most important religious book that has appeared in England for a quarter of a century, and, whether its author is a clergyman or not, it is essentially a lay production. The subject is taken up, not as religious questions are taken up in Synods and Conclaves, but as secular questions are taken up in Parliament by the best of our statesmen in their most nervous and characteristic speeches, directly, practically, perspicuously. No repetition of stereotyped phrases, no technical diction, no affected or overstrained raptures, no oracular obscurity, no dim religious light, no abandonment of the firm earth of history for the cloud-fields of theological hypothesis; yet profound reverence on every page, and powerful, vivid, original, and believing representation of the character, motives, objects of Christ. It has been called an infidel book artfully constructed to lull the suspicions of the orthodox; it has been called an orthodox book, disguised under a veil of free inquiry, to attract the notice of sceptics. These theories are insolent, paradoxical, and mutually confuting; and the only candid and rational way of regarding it is as a contribution, on the Christian side, to that positive and constructive religious literature, by which is being slowly but surely laid the foundation of the Church of the future. There is in the book, judged in the only fair way, that is, from the author's point of

(1) ECCE HOMO. Macmillan & Co. 1866.

view, and in recollection of the limits which he has assigned him a fresher, finer, more deep, more delicate apprehension of Christianity,—a more comprehensive appreciation of Christian ethics, bolder and more practical application of the spirit of Christianity to modern social requirements, through the instrumentality of modern science, than could be found in the books of professional theologians for twenty years. It is time the old Church, brooding over formularies this long while, lifted up her eyes and looked; for even that ever-daring, ever-conquering Prometheus, is laying his hand on her Divine fire, and mankind may come to be sensible of benefits resulting from the fact.

I have not met with any book representing to my mind so truly as this the under-currents of vital and progressive thought in England exhibiting an intelligence so precise, yet so subtle, of the more difficult and complex problems which ask solution from alert and courageous minds in our day; accepting, so frankly, the necessity of that qualification of broad and sweeping propositions which, after all inquiring, criticising, dogmatising, orthodox and heretical, begin to be dimly recognised as essential to the attainment of available final truth in matters of religion. "To pronounce the old law (Jewish) entirely true or entirely false would have been easy; but to consider it as true and Divine, yet no longer true for them, no longer their authoritative guide, must have seemed (to the early Christians) and must seem even to us, at first sight unnatural and paradoxical. This is intensely in the spirit of a time when men begin to perceive that truth is too impalpable an essence to fit into the mould of a comprehensive system of dogma; that the will of God, the ways of Providence, the nature of revelation, are too mysterious to be easily decided on, accounted for, explained, by some theory, sharp-cut and peremptory, of verbal inspiration, on the one hand, or of no inspiration at all, on the other.

It was one of the testimonies to be looked for in the case of such a book, and one which the author must, I should think, regard with lively satisfaction, that it should be set upon with savage virulence by zealots of opposite parties. The mode in which it has been received has been a test of the vitality and intelligence of religious parties in England, and an angry snarl from the den of dogmatic infidelity has been a fitting response to the senile shrieking of the *Record*. The language applied to it by Lord Shaftesbury has been heard with regret by all who honour him for the sincerity of his Christianity, and with surprise by all who considered him a gentleman. The right feeling, however, is pity for his lordship. He evidently speaks under the influence of that extreme fear which, to use the words of Ruskin, converts the intellect into "a shaking heap of clay," and "degrades the mind and the outward bearing of the body alike." It makes his lordship shudder to thi

that the slumber from intrusion on which he has so resolutely barred the early sunbeams and all sounds of the wakening world, should again, again, and yet again, be invaded. There were the Essayists and Reviewers, with their German flutes and trombones, setting the whole street in commotion; there was Dr. Colenso, with his large gong and performing Zulu; and now the soft, stealing melody, so keen, so clear, so sleep-dispelling, of "Ecce Homo" pierces his drowsy ear. What does it mean? He does not in the least know what it means; but, orthodox or heterodox, it is clearly not the old, old song to which he has listened from his infancy; and therefore it must be infidel, atrocious, cruel. A frightful suspicion clutches at his lordship's heart that he, too, must be up and doing, for the night is far spent, and the foot of the dawn is on the mountains; and, after having comfortably championed freedom of judgment all his life, he may actually, before he dies, be forced to learn what freedom of judgment means. The wonderfully stupid, if not wilful, misrepresentations of the *Record* were a disgrace even to the rump of the old evangelical party. But such are always the symptoms of decadence and of death in parties; and the more offensive the symptoms, the swifter the decay. There is force, we have all heard, in the leaf rotting on the highway, else how could it rot? and this force, not of life and growth, but of death, and removal, and clearance for new life, is at present in great activity in that dwindled and dishonoured party which was once Protestant and Evangelical, and now feebly echoes the maxims and apes the manners of the Continental Ultramontanes. That party in the Church of England, on the other hand, of which Keble was a representative, and from which John Henry Newman went forth, has been just and intelligent in its estimate of "Ecce Homo;" and the Nonconformist press has, so far as I am aware, been candid and honourable in dealing with it.

From the point of view of European culture, this book is remarkable as showing the strength of religion in England. It affords an impressive illustration of the fact that the *set* of opinion and feeling in this country—the course of the intellectual tide—is not away from religion but towards it, not away from the verities of Christianity but towards them. It is an outside book, written by one who found himself cast free from all the religious moorings of his youth, and who determined to start on a voyage of discovery, instead of having recourse to the regular theological guides. As an outside book it corresponds to the work of Strauss in Germany, and the work of Renan in France. Taking, as in mere courtesy we are bound to take, the statement made in the preface as true, we find that the author has conducted his investigation as completely apart from influence in favour of Christianity as either the Frenchman or the German. The book of Strauss is hard, learned, formally logical; it issues in rejection of Christianity: the book of Renan is brilliant,

imaginative, sentimental; its issue is practically the same: "Ecce Homo" is earnest, reverential, natural, calm; and its conclusion that Christianity is the Divine hope of the world. The philosophical investigations instituted by France and Germany into the character and history of Christ ended in philosophy; the investigation instituted in England by an independent intellect starting from philosophy ends in religion. The book, I repeat, is constructive, religious, adapted to consolidate and edify the Christian Church. I shall exhibit, with all brevity, one or two of the grounds on which I rest this assertion.

The fundamental conception presented of what Jesus Christ aimed at and effected is, that it was the establishment of a society, the erection of a Church. This is insisted upon from the first chapter to the last and has a radical connection with the author's view of the moral teaching by Christ and the mode of its diffusion in the world. Recognising Christ as having founded a Church, he recognises the historical Church as that which Christ founded. Thoroughly emancipated from sectarian trammels and from sectarian narrowness of view, he regards the Christian commonwealth, under whatever form it has existed in the several ages of modern civilisation, as the work of Christ, the Christian Church. "It has," he says, "already long outlasted all the States which were existing at the time of its foundation; it numbers far more citizens than any of the States which it has seen spring up near it. It subsists without the help of costly armaments; resting on no accidental aid or physical support but on an inherent immortality, it defied the enmity of ancient civilisation, the brutality of mediæval barbarism, and under the present universal empire of public opinion it is so secure that even those parts of it seem indestructible which deserve to die. It has added a new chapter to the science of politics; it has passed through almost every change of form which a State can know; it has been democratical, aristocratical; it has even made some essays towards constitutional monarchy; and it has furnished the most majestic and scientific tyranny of which history makes mention." I should infer that, deeming all questions respecting Church government, except the sovereignty of Christ, open questions, the writer of "Ecce Homo" would regret if his book tended to the disintegration of any existing Church or sect, and would feel himself rewarded if it tended to purify and elevate the Christian life in all. No view of Christianity yet presented to the world has been so Catholic as this; no contribution to the enterprise of constructing and strengthening the Christian Church has been so practical. It is in and through the existing framework, Christ's spirit irradiating and remodelling it from within, that the life of the Church can be renewed. The object of this author is to edify the Church, not to found a sect, and the concealment of his name has a special appropriateness to this object. I may add that

remark, though it does not occur in this connection, that his distinct acceptance of the Church visible, not any refining set of philosophers or mystical sect of religionists influenced more or less directly by the Church, as representing Christianity, seems to indicate that he regards that body of theological doctrine which has been accepted by the Church in all its great branches, Eastern, Latin, and Protestant, as a substantially correct epitome of Christian truth in its theological aspect.

I would point, in the second place, as illustrating the positive and constructive character of this book, to its firm grasp and constant exhibition of those ideas which are distinctively Christian, to which Christianity has owed its power of acting upon human society, and to which, on the ground that they are wider in their chronological range of application, and more profound in their meaning, than was within compass of the unaided human intellect, Christians may appeal as evidence that the Christian religion is supernatural and Divine. If a man proclaims truths which have, indeed, an application to society in his own time, but which apply also to states of society which his own age does not even foreshadow, to states of society which begin to be developed only after a thousand years; truths which remain vital, forceful, germinant, though nearly twenty centuries have passed over the world since his departure; you must say either that he was no mere man, or that he had access to stores of information, to sources of suggestion, not ordinarily accessible to men.

The author of “ Ecce Homo ” finds in the historical records of Christ’s life the announcement, to him distinct, of truths which would retain their potency under any conceivable form of civilisation; which can have been only partially and defectively apprehended by Christ’s contemporaries; and which the most civilised nations of the world are only now coming in sight of. These ideas tend to modify all conceptions prevalent in ancient times respecting the nature of force, material, and spiritual; to deepen and extend the whole sphere of human affection; to rearrange society, both domestic and international, on a new principle—the principle of conciliation, not opposition; of love, not hate. But I am at present concerned only to point out that, in “ Ecce Homo,” the main Christian ideas are elaborately exhibited, earnestly enforced, systematically dwelt upon, as constructive elements in the Christian commonwealth. The author is not a destroyer, but a builder-up. Strong, practical purpose is inscribed on his every page; and his profoundest ambition is felt to be to let men know Christianity better in order that they may love it more and derive greater advantage from it. He offers the Church support and co-operation.

“ Alas ! ” wrote Mr. Carlyle, “ is this the year of grace 1831, and are we still here ? Armed with the hatchet and tinder-box ; still no symptom of the sower’s sheet and plough ? ” “ Ecce Homo ” is a con-

siderable symptom in this kind, and it was worth thirty years' waiting for. The philosophy of which Mr. Carlyle also discourses, according which the whole duty of man is "to lay aside the opinion of his grandfather," has, it may be hoped, nearly done its work. To cut away the husk is well, but the very *next* cut after you have got off the husk will pierce and perhaps destroy the kernel; and the only object in cutting away the husk is to get at the kernel. "Doubtless," says Carlyle again "it is natural, it is indispensable, for a man to lay aside the opinion of his grandfather, when it will no longer hold together on him; but I had imagined that the great and infinitely harder duty was, to turn the opinion that does hold together to some account." This duty is which the author of "Ecce Homo" undertakes, and not without success. His book is the greatest constructively Christian work which has originated in modern Europe, beyond the formal boundaries of the Church and the influence of ecclesiastical tradition.

I cannot help dwelling for a moment upon this circumstance, as it seems to me, with the brightest promise, and shedding a light of good omen upon the future of England. A great book, one of the greatest books ever produced by an intellect starting from scepticism in England, is a book of faith. The sympathies which pervade it are not with change, with license, with that audacious and defiant spirit which confronts in proud self-assertion the very face of God, and which profanes the name of liberty by invoking it against moral law, but with simplicity, repose, humility, permanence, with all those elements of quiet strength of which are built up the pillars of those homes that rest on earth's central rocks but rise into the light of heaven. One cannot but rejoice to think that in all this is characteristically English. We have not reached that stage—some may call it a stage of development, I think it is a stage of decadence—in literature, at which things sacred have become the stock subjects of jest, and every clever man thinks himself bound to be satirically smart in his observations on the religious faith and heavenly hope of the world. Who that has made so much as one or two incursions into the domain of French or German literature but must have been aware of a perpetual tone of irony and satire, passing like a frost-wind over the whole region of the affections, and blighting with the keen touch of contempt the buds and flowers of domestic virtue? Heinrich Heine is to me a representative man in the respects, Heine, the greatest poetical genius of Germany since the period of Schiller and Goethe, with tones of a lyrical melody in him finer than anything I am, for my part, acquainted with, in any literature; but in every moral respect thoroughly morbid, making sport of all the men who have been revered in heaven, of all that men have most tenderly prized and loved on earth, carelessly blasphemous, laughingly immoral, conscious of utter woe and desolation, yet not feeling even his sorrow deeply enough to do more than jest about it. Here is a little poem

of his, untranslatable simple and complete, in which the aspect of this universe, as seen by the godless intellectualist of modern France or Germany, is portrayed. It is, I think, one of the most melancholy poems in any language, and perhaps its most melancholy touch is the mirthless jest at the end.

“ Das Herz ist mir bedrückt, und sehnlich  
 Gedenke ich der alten Zeit;  
 Die Welt war damals noch so wöhnlich,  
 Und ruhig lebten hin die Leut'.  
 Doch jetzt ist alles wie verschoben,  
 Das ist ein Drängen! eine Noth!  
 Gestorben ist der Herrgott oben  
 Und unten ist der Teufel todt.  
 Und alles schaut so grünlich trübe,  
 So krausverwirrt und morsch und kalt,  
 Und wäre nicht das bischen Liebe,  
 So gäb es nirgends einen Halt.”

In England the beat of the popular pulse is so true to the moral instincts of healthful mankind that licentious or blasphemous literature, even though high-spiced with satire, would have no chance; and it is hardly too much to say of our higher intellect that it is all reverent and religious. At bottom this phenomenon is, I believe, connected with the thorough domestication in England, since the sixteenth century, of the Bible. Apart from all theories about it, that Book, if in the homes and hearts of a people, will keep them sound in all the vital elements, and sterling and princely attributes of character. Our most influential authors of the last forty years—those who have most powerfully moulded the characters and formed the opinions of the boys and girls of England—Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, Mrs. Barrett Browning, have been affected, each and all of them, even in their literary development, by the English Bible; and if we consider not merely the high tone of sentiment in the works of these great authors, but the robustness of their sympathy with the household virtues, and their masculine scorn for all morbid conditions of intellect and feeling, we shall have some idea of the superlative and inestimable value to a nation of such heaven-sent guides and teachers. Place the poems of Tennyson, thrilling with a passionate melody which sets them infinitely above those of Wordsworth and the primrose school, yet pure as the sky, beside the poems of Heine and the French literature *aux Camélias*, and you will understand the contrast between the moral state of a nation in which is produced an “*Ecce Homo*” and one whose most heartfelt religious sentiment is embodied in a *Vie de Jésus* by M. Renan.

“*Ecce Homo*,” as the name might suggest, is an inquiry into the character, objects, and morality of Christ, to the exclusion of all theological questions. These last are to be pronounced upon in a subsequent volume, and that part of the entire investigation which



may be regarded as the simplest, most easy, and best adapted precise and positive ascertainment, is presented in the volume now before us. The inquiry meanwhile proceeds, nothing, we are to understand, being taken for granted in connection with it but what has been determined in this book. It is, I think, deeply to be regretted that any part of the work was published before the whole was finished. To set a few wise men and an innumerable multitude of foolish men, speculating and talking about the author's ultimate conclusions was in itself an evil, and, if certain highly commended opinions as to the value of silence are correct, no inconsiderable evil. The possibility that the observations made or conclusions arrived at in the subsequent examination might modify those of the first volume is obvious. No human intellect could be so sure of its operations as to deny this possibility, and to do so were arrogant. Inevitably, however, the fact of having given certain conclusions to the world would create reluctance in the author to revise them, and this reluctance must act as a motive to force the deductions of the second volume into harmony with those of the first. Most important probably, of all is the consideration that, having raised a hubbub of criticism round him, having made himself, figuratively speaking, the centre of fifty brass bands, each playing a different tune, and with solo performers on the drum, trumpet, bagpipe, or tinkling cymbal at all the interstices, he may have difficulty in regaining that composure and concentration of mind which was assuredly one of his characteristics when he wrote "Ecce Homo," and the slight but appreciable loss of which would not be compensated by all the criticism he can possibly do for him. A calm, sustained reflectiveness is a principal quality of his intellect. His ideas, though commonly of a refined and abstract nature, are apprehended with perfect precision and seen on their sides, and the reader, though he may think that some of those ideas are but cloud-films floating in the heaven of speculation, finds that they are arrested for him by the steady spell of the author's definite thinking and linguistic power, and made radiantly visible to the eye of his mind.

There is a coherence, a consistency, a harmony of part with part in this book which are not common in these days of hasty, sensational writing. Its style and diction correspond admirably with its qualities of thought and feeling. Power without show of power; quiet, simply-evolved, unrhctorical form of sentence and paragraph; the language in itself seldom impressing the reader, but its effect felt in the strength of the chain which gradually lays its coils upon his intellect, heart, and imagination. Occasionally there occur felicitous expressions; occasionally there is a glow of mild but genuine eloquence, rising like a billow, in long broad swell, with soft splendour of sunlight on alabaster side and polished summit; but there is no effort to attain these, they come naturally with the rise or fall of the subject; and the author, secure in the con-

**sciousness of power** to express his meaning and content with that, **never** hesitates to sacrifice rhetorical effect to the statement, in all **its** shades and with all reservations, of what he has to say.

It is an important question what are the author's qualifications in respect of scholarship for the task he has undertaken, but there is difficulty in returning it a definite and conclusive answer. He has been angrily told that, professing to be a free inquirer, he was bound to subject the Christian records to critical examination in the first place, and to take his reader along with him in this part of his subject as well as in that which follows. He was bound to be certain as to his historical basis; but I do not think he was obliged to lay before his readers the grounds of his confidence. He takes for granted nothing but what, at this time of day, he has a right to take for granted. He proceeds on the hypothesis that the Synoptic Gospels are historical. He presumes that, if he does not demand that the testimony of John shall be received, and if he excludes those parts of the Evangelical narratives in which the circumstances attendant upon the birth of Jesus are recorded, his right to treat the Synoptics as historical is indisputable. He regards it as a thing agreed upon at the present day that a reliable account of the character, actions, and discourses of Christ is to be found in Matthew, Mark, and Luke. His use of the term "biographies" in referring to these Gospels, seems to indicate that he deems the testimony of Justin conclusive as to their claims. So, in my opinion, it is; so he was justified in considering it to be. After a hundred years of criticism, the value of the historical records of the life of Christ has been ascertained, and the lowest point at which an intelligent and candid scholar, biassed by no theory, would put it, is that from which the author of "Ecce Homo" starts. He was no more required to enter upon a minute discussion of the historical character of the Synoptic Gospels, than an astronomical writer of the present day is required to preface his investigations by a statement and defence of the astronomical discoveries of Newton. I do not think it probable, however, that he is conversant with the criticism which has been applied to individual passages in the Gospels, otherwise he would hardly have laid so much stress upon one or two passages of doubtful authenticity. Learned or unlearned, he makes no parade of his learning, but I should be strangely mistaken if he has not experienced the influence of every leading mind of his time. He has felt the power both of Hegel and of Comte; he is a spiritualist, yet ardently scientific; an idealist, yet always planting his foot on reality and fact. Whatever influences he has imbibed are held in solution in his mind. None are proclaimed. He has made his possessions his own by thorough mental assimilation; he has reduced their complexity to oneness and to harmony; and he never bothers the reader with explanations as to whence they have come. All this agrees with the practicality of his

purpose,—he wants not to write either as a scholar or for scholars, but to do good to the world.

His method of dealing with the historical records on which he depends is unusual, and has been objected to. He regards them as wholes, and does not proceed by elaborate discussion and collation of texts, but by considering the broad aspects in which they present the Saviour and his teaching. This is the most philosophical method of all, though it requires a rare combination of judgment, memory, and imagination, to be successfully carried out. Individual texts may be made to prove almost anything; but if the leading events of a career are viewed in their bearing upon each other, and all are taken in connection with the general drift and current of opinion or exhortation known to have been uttered by the subject of the inquiry, it is difficult to see how the investigation, supposing it to be prosecuted with adequate earnestness and ability, can altogether fail. The danger, of course, is that the inquirer, essaying to form a conception of a career as a whole, may substitute a creation of his own fancy for the delineation which would be made out from patient and detailed consideration of the facts. I shall not say that this danger has been altogether escaped by the author of "Ecce Homo," but his method has conferred an astonishing breadth upon his portraiture, and the main features are, I think, correct.

Theological questions, it has been said, are not discussed in the book. It is of the human nature of Christ, and of that alone, that the author discourses. Strange that this circumstance should have been regarded by not a few religious persons with suspicion and disapprobation! Is it not the habitual method of the Gospels to speak of Christ as a man, and to represent him, in all his sayings and doings, as human, the assertion of his Deity being made on special occasions and under circumstances of special solemnity? And is not his humanity that which, for us, is most revealing, most encouraging, most inspiring, most instructing? Is not the soul and essence of the Christian religion even this, that the revelation of God, spread so gloriously yet so vaguely over the universe, in star and flower, in storm and calm, in noonday sun and slumbering ocean, in mountain snow and morning light, is concentrated, transfigured, interpreted for us in one *human* face? That Jesus Christ was a man is the consolation, the hope, the glory of mankind. As Jesus Christ was, a man may be. His was no visionary, overstrained, idealistic virtue, but practical, vigorous, manlike. That serenity of the perfect moral nature, every vile and animal propensity, every ambition known to vanity or to pride, lying dead beneath the feet, was exhibited by a man. That combination of purity with tenderness, of absolute superiority to every form of temptation, with inexpressible love for the erring and the fallen, was presented in the person of the Son of Man. This, we feel, is the moral force which will

**convert the world.** "If some human beings are abject and contemptible, if it be incredible to us that they can have any high dignity or destiny, do we regard them from so great a height as Christ? Are we likely to be more pained by their faults and deficiencies than he was? Is our standard higher than his? And yet he associated by preference with the meanest of the race; no contempt for them did he ever express, no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father, no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. There is nothing of which a man may be prouder than this; it is the most hopeful and redeeming fact in history; it is precisely what was wanting to raise the love of man as man to enthusiasm. An eternal glory has been shed upon the human race by the love Christ bore to it."

Of the infinite delicacy of Christ's human feeling, a delicacy brought by him into the bosom of the race, the author finds a pathetic illustration in the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, a narrative which there are good grounds for regarding as historical, but which is probably an interpolation in the New Testament. "He was standing"—thus have we the scene described in "Ecce Homo"—"it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected *in the very act*. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the persecutors, the legality that had no justice, and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow-creature—all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame; he could not meet the eye of the crowd, or of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment, least of all of the woman. Standing as he did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings, he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion, he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormentors continued their clamour, until he raised his head for a moment, and said, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her,' and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse, perhaps, of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct. The older men naturally felt it first, and slunk away; the younger followed their example. The crowd dissolved and left Christ alone with the woman. Not till then could he bear to stand upright; and when he had lifted himself up, consistently with his principle, he dismissed the woman, as having no commission to interfere with the civil judge."

It was in the combination of heavenly purity, with a burning

and inextinguishable passion of tenderness for stricken humanity that lay the secret of that transcendent influence exercised by Christ upon women. The lost one, despised of woman, abused and scorned of man, heart-wrung with the bitterness of self-contempt, surrounded with the winter of a universal frown, finds herself in the presence of Jesus Christ. By instinct, in the centre of her being, startling as a flash from God's own eye, she feels his perfect purity; and while the sense of his purity thrills through her, she is aware also of a Divine kindness, a Divine tenderness, a brotherly pity, and delicate regard. The charm is wonderful, overpowering, irresistible. The soul of pure girlhood rises from its grave in her bosom; all the woman beams in her face; and, in contrition, in rapture, in love, in worship, she sinks at the Saviour's feet.

This book might be defined, with reference to its general scheme and main idea, a consistent, philosophical evolution of Christianity as a system of Divine hero-worship. Christ is the God of mankind. "That ideal which Christ contemplated directly in God, his followers found in him." Supreme devotion to Jesus Christ, therefore, is, at the same time, the highest moral law for humanity. In him all virtues meet to realise the ideal of the race, and enthusiastic love for him is the motive power to all virtue. Sympathising in this enthusiasm of love for Christ, burning with ardent affection for men and women, every one of whom they behold the image of ideal humanity, the image of Christ, the members of the Christian society are conscious of a contagious, reverberating power of sympathy, striking from breast to breast until all are kindled into a rapture of faith, zeal, love, joy.

At the centre of this enthusiasm, the renovating, irradiating power in humanity, we have the character and teaching of Christ. By the spiritual might residing in his single person, he potentially elevated the race from Judaism on the one hand, and from Heathenism on the other, to the highest platform of moral elevation on which it is possible for man to stand. Better than had previously been done, the author of "Ecce Homo" exhibits the superiority of Christianity to Judaism and to Paganism. Perhaps he does not sufficiently discriminate between these two, or enough bring out the honour done to Judaism in that it was the stock on which the perfect religion of humanity was engrafted by Christ. So profound, in my opinion, is the difference between Judaism and Christianity, that I believe no mere human mind could have drawn from the former the inspiration of the latter. No being who was man, and man only, could have found in Judaism what was found in it by Jesus. Beyond all doubt, however, the genius of Judaism was more correctly as well as more profoundly estimated by Jesus Christ than it can be by any of us—more correctly and more profoundly than it was by the Jews of Christ's time, or is by the Jews of to-day. Putting aside the Christian

interpretation of Judaism which we have known from our infancy, we are almost startled to find how narrowly the inspiration, even of the later prophets, is bound within the limits of Jewish patriotism, how even an Isaiah, contemplating, in the ecstasy of prophetic vision, the reconciliation of Ephraim and Judah, the healing of the breach which occurred when Israel forsook the house of David, can see no sublimer result than that the re-united nation “shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines towards the west; they shall spoil them of the east together; they shall lay their hand upon Edom and Moab; and the children of Ammon shall obey them.” The Rod out of the stem of Jesse, the Branch that grew out of his roots, did not attack the Philistines or the children of Ammon; beneath the martial din of Jewish prophecy he discerned a deeper music, hinting in snatches of mysterious melody that there was to be a gentleness more mighty than the armies of David, a sorrow weighted with a diviner potency than the exultant shouts of the Hebrew people over their foes. Reverencing the oracles of God committed to his fathers according to the flesh, declaring that the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob was his God, he assumed nevertheless the right to modify or put aside what had been said by “them of old time,” and the modification was so deep, the rejection was so sweeping, that contemplating Judaism and Christianity, we are, as I said, struck with wonder that from such a bud broke such a flower, and can account for the fact only on the hypothesis that the finger of God touched it.

I think the author of “*Ecce Homo*” estimates too meanly the Jewish sense of immortality under the old dispensation, but it is beyond all question that the hopes and fears, the rewards and punishments of Judaism were connected mainly with this life. If the nation worshipped God and kept his commandments, the shadow was to be lifted from their earthly lot, and they were to have the two-fold felicity of peace and plenty for themselves and execution upon their enemies. But the shadow would not leave the face of the earth, and David seems to have discerned that it lay about as heavily upon the righteous as upon the wicked. Christ turned the eyes of the nation away from earth altogether, away through the shadow to the everlasting lights. He proclaimed immortality. Mighty was the change. “How strange a revolution of thought,” exclaims the author of “*Ecce Homo*,” “when the area of human hopes and fortunes suddenly extended itself without limit! Then first man must have felt himself great. Then first too human relations gained a solidity and permanence which they had never before seemed to have; then the great and wise of a remote past started into life again; then the remote future moved nearer and became vivid like the present.”

Jewish patriotism, in the next place, was broadened out by Christ into cosmopolitan regard for the whole human family. The essential

sin of the Jews,—that for which they were rejected of God from following Christ into the Christian commonwealth,—may have been the conversion of the theocratic nationality, the kingdom whose fundamental principle was submission to the will of God, into a gigantic national egotism, cramped and contracted by selfishness, deeply tainted with cruelty.

No part of this book is more valuable than that in which the change wrought by Christianity in the ideas of Pagan civilisation is delineated. The illustrations of Pagan morality are on the whole well chosen, but the *Odyssey* might, I think, have furnished a better than that isolated instance of lawlessness and cruelty, the laying waste of the town, and seizing the women and goods, of the unoffending Ciconians. This was a slight and episodical affair, but the climax and catastrophe of the poem cannot be separated from the general system of ancient ethics. The morality of the revenge of Ulysses was the morality of antiquity. Homer manifestly admires and sympathises with, stands by, his hero all through. Consider, then, the revenge of Ulysses for one moment, what was the crime of the suitors? They insisted upon paying their addresses to a lady who, we must gallantly suppose, would prefer to have been let alone. She was married, but her husband was lost at sea, and the suitors might as plausibly suppose him to be drowned as *Erasmus* was believed to be by Philip Ray. The worst of it was, however, that Penelope would not give the suitors a definite answer, yea or nay, but kept them dangling on, as if there were some unchangeable hand comfort in their attentions after all. The punishment of the suitors was that they were slaughtered to a man, Melanthius, who had offended in no wise but by showing a little extra courage, being taken to death with circumstances of revolting cruelty. The frightful scene closes with the massacre, in an ignominious manner, of the few servants who had shown to the suitors the civility which the maid-servants would have shown under circumstances so trying both for them and for the gentlemen. This horrible butchery being concluded, Ulysses and Penelope retire in the sweetest humour to the ivory bed, to enjoy, for the second time in their lives, "moon and honey for two." The reigning powers of the whole series of incidents are revenge and cruelty. The history of the genesis of the moral idea has yet to be written, and would be a curious and instructive history; but, for my part, I cannot see that, prior to the appearance of Christ, the conception that cruelty was a crime and kindness a duty had been apprehended either by Jews or by Pagans. And if we made the circuit of the virtues, we might be led to a nearly similar conclusion in relation to each of them. So might it have been the spiritual revolution effected among mankind by him of whom the author of "*Ecce Homo*" has spoken as the Son of Man, but of whom he has still to speak as the Son of God.

PETER BAYNE.

## A WEEK IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND** is out of the way of those who travel for pleasure, and is not much in the way of those who travel for business. Circumstances, however, in which business and pleasure were combined, led me thither towards the close of the autumn of 1865, and detained me for eight days at Ardgowan, the pleasant country house of Mr. Pope, the Provincial Secretary—about a mile and a half from Charlottetown, the capital of the island. I had intended to explore the country, to see whatever was to be seen, and to study as well as I could the working of representative institutions in the smallest of the British colonies of North America—a colony that, though it only contains a population about half as large as that of the parish of St. Pancras or of the Gorbals of Glasgow, possesses a kind of Viceroy in the person of a Governor appointed by the Queen, an Upper and a Lower House of Parliament, and a responsible Ministry. The season proved to be too far advanced to be favourable for excursions to the coast or the interior. The rain “it rained every day,” and the roads—mere tracks over the soft red soil—were ankle-deep in brick-coloured and very adhesive slush. It is a common saying in Prince Edward Island, that there is not stone enough in the country to throw at a dog. In fact, there is no stone whatever for the purposes of house-building or road-making, and the people have not yet begun to use the shells of the super-abundant oysters for which their coasts are famous, to form a kind of Macadamised roadway, as is done in Savannah and some other southern cities of the Atlantic seaboard, which suffer the same privation. The consequence is that the roads in summer are disagreeably dusty; in spring and autumn painfully miry; and only tolerable during the long winter, when the frost hardens the ground or a thick covering of snow invites the people to take the wheels off their vehicles, hang bells round the necks of their horses, and travel on sleighs—the most agreeable mode of locomotion which the New or the Old World affords. Under the circumstances, I was compelled to forego my intention of making a tour of the island, and to restrict my visits to Charlottetown and the immediate neighbourhood. I had no occasion to regret my enforced seclusion. The colony was in a state of perturbation on account of an ancient and, as it seemed, interminable feud between the tenantry and the landlords; and I was enabled, thanks to the courtesy and the aid of my host, to ransack the archives of the government and the legislature, to trace the origin and progress of the dispute from the earliest periods to the present time, and to draw together—out of many



hundreds of books and documents, public as well as private—the facts of a somewhat remarkable history, in which many persons in England are, unfortunately for themselves, very deeply interested but which have never yet been placed before the public in a concise and intelligible form. My rainy days were devoted to this labour, and my rainy nights to social intercourse with the notable of the island, including the excellent and urbane Chief Justice, who administered affairs in the absence of the Governor; the member of the Cabinet, of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Legislature the editors of the ministerial and the opposition newspapers; and the leading merchants and professional people.

As the island lies in an out-of-the-way corner of the globe, and is but little known in England, except to the luckless proprietors of the soil, who are mostly absentees, to the clerks in the Colonial Office, and to the noblemen and gentlemen who have at one time or other held the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies, it may be as well if I preface the story of its troubles by a short description of the country and the mode of getting to it.

Prince Edward Island is situated in the south-western corner of the Great Gulf of St. Lawrence, and separated from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the mainland of America by the Strait of Northumberland. Its length is about one hundred and twenty miles and its breadth varies between twenty and thirty. The soil is light and rich, and cultivable with but little labour. The winters are long, but, owing to the genial influence of the Gulf-stream and the sea-breezes, are not nearly so severe as those of Canada, New Brunswick, and the Western States. The climate is generally allowed to be highly favourable to health and longevity. The chief agricultural products are potatoes, turnips, oats, and rye, of which there is, or was prior to the spiteful abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty by the Federal Government, a large export to the United States. The breed of pigs, sheep, and poultry for the American market is considerable; and the coasts are so prolific in fish that, of mackerel alone, the fishermen of New England carried away in the year 1841 to the value of no less than four millions of dollars, all of which might have been secured by the Prince Edward Islanders, if they had any love for the sea, any enterprise for the fisheries, or had time to spare from the easy cultivation of their farms for the more arduous labours of the ocean. The chief town in the island is Charlottetown, formerly called La Joie, and which received its present name from the consort of King George III., in the early years of whose reign the island was first settled by the English. This little city contains about six thousand inhabitants. Here the Governor resides, and the Parliament assembles; and here is played, on a small scale, the game of party politics that is played in London, Paris, Washington

and elsewhere, though with an acerbity and bitterness among these insular performers which little places and little causes are much more apt to engender than large ones.

My immediate point of departure was Halifax in Nova Scotia, where I had been resident for a fortnight previously, the recipient of hospitalities such as no city in America bestows more lavishly on the passing stranger, if he happen to be from "the old country," or from "home," as the Nova Scotians delight to call England. Though the distance from Halifax to Charlottetown is not above 120 miles, the journey between the two points is neither speedy nor comfortable. The first half of the journey is by rail to Truro, about sixty miles, which is accomplished in five hours, at the primitive rate of twelve miles an hour, an amount of speed which the late Mr. Stephenson, about forty years ago, startled an incredulous Parliamentary Committee by asserting to be both possible and probable. Unless the traveller is disposed to hire a private vehicle to convey him either to Point Brulé, on the shore of the Strait of Northumberland, whence a steamer takes her departure twice a week to Charlottetown; or to Pictou, a flourishing town on the same strait, whence there is a better steamer, but a longer sea voyage, he must stay a night at Truro, and wait for the stage in the morning. I preferred to wait for the stage, and put up at the Prince of Wales Hotel—so called in honour of a visit from his Royal Highness in 1860, and where the landlord pridefully shows to his guests the room where the Prince dined and the glass out of which he drank. Had the heir of England slept in the place, there would, perhaps, have been an addition to these loyal relics for the gratification of the Jenkinsons of Truro, if any such high-flavoured products of extreme civilisation exist in so primitive a community. On inquiry in the morning I found that the outside places in the stage were all bespoke, and that five out of the six inside ones were engaged by a *camaraderie* of rowdies, who were unmistakably drunk immediately after breakfast, and disgustingly profane as well as quarrelsome. Under the circumstances I listened with favour to the proposition of a fellow-traveller, who suggested that we should hire a private vehicle. Taking the newly-constructed road to Point Brulé, a distance of forty miles from Truro, we reached at five o'clock the wharf of the Little mail steamer that plies between Point Brulé and Charlottetown. The road leads through one of the wildest and most picturesque districts of Nova Scotia. On either side stretches the aboriginal forest, the haunt of the moose and the caribou, and abounding with feathered game, especially the tree grouse and the partridge. The forest is too densely wooded to afford the requisite nourishment of air and moisture, and the dead trees, here called "rampoles," leafless, barkless, and grey, give to the landscape that melancholy appear-

ance so common in the backwoods of America, but which in the United States is more commonly due to the action of fire than to the progress of natural decay. The few sportsmen who venture in these regions are either officers of the British garrison at Halifax, the Micmac Indians. The farmers have small game enough for the purposes in the vicinity of their farms, and do not often betake themselves to the wilderness in search of such larger and less manageable prey as the gigantic moose, the killing of which is rather to be compared to the work of the butcher than to the amusement of the sportsman. Our driver during the last five miles was one of the notables of the district; the proprietor of the mail-coaches; and one who had refused to become a member of the Upper House of the Legislature; a very frank, independent, and courteous person. The host of the Halifax Hotel had put into my carriage at starting a bottle of dry Curaçoa, which he told me I should find pleasant on the road. I offered a glass of it to the driver as we drew near our journey's end. He drank it off, smacked his lips as if he greatly relished it, and graciously informed me that "it was the best *claret* he had ever tasted."

On arriving at Charlottetown late on Saturday night, I received palpable corroboration of the statement several times made to me on the journey, that there was not a comfortable hotel in the place. I went to the best, and found it small and poor indeed, but ample and possibly good enough for the few skippers and sailors, or peasant proprietors of the interior, who are almost the only people that require hotel accommodation on the island. My friend the Colonial Secretary had sent a telegram to Halifax, inviting me to make his house my home, but his message did not reach till after my departure. Learning in the morning that I had arrived by the steamer, he set to work to discover my whereabouts, a matter of no difficulty in so small a community, and carried me off to Ardgowan by a gentle compulsion, which I made no attempt to resist.

It took but few hours to ascertain that there were but two subjects—the weather excepted—on which conversation was possible just then with the Prince Edward Islanders. The first was the proposed Confederation of the British North American Colonies; the second the great Land and Rent question which has retarded the progress of the colony for half a century, and to this day keeps its inhabitants in a state of quasi civil war with one another, and of smouldering rebellion against their own and the British Government.

As regards the Confederation question, the hostility of all classes—with the exception of a few leading men, whose names could be counted on the fingers of one hand—was conspicuous. The people wanted to be left alone, to manage their own affairs, by universal, rather by manhood suffrage; to elect their own little legislature from

among the farmers and traders—some of whom are unable to spell, and some unable to write their names; and to revel in the idea that they were the sovereign people of an independent commonwealth, connected with Great Britain by a scarcely felt and almost insensible tie of shadowy allegiance. They shrank from the idea of union with any of the other colonies, lest union should entail taxation—an evil which not only the Prince Edward Islanders, but the British colonies generally throughout North America, seem to consider the greatest which can befall a community. The small freeholders, the tenantry, and the petty shop and store keepers, who form nine-tenths of the population, appeared to have conceived large, if not magnificent ideas of their relationship to the British Government and to the neighbouring colonies; ideas that were utterly out of proportion to the size and value of the island which they inhabit. They spoke with scorn of what they called the “insolence” of Canada and of the British Colonial Office, in expecting that Prince Edward Island would join the proposed Confederation at their dictation. When told by some of their leading statesmen, who were in favour of the scheme, that if the other provinces chose to confederate, Prince Edward Island would have no alternative but to come into the Union whether she liked it or not, popular opinion, as represented by public meetings and newspaper articles, indignantly asserted that Prince Edward Island was a free country, and would not be coerced, even to take a rightful course, if she were not in the humour. If furthermore informed that Great Britain could not suffer such a little corner of her dominion to thwart a great project of imperial policy; that the stroke of a pen, which had divided its government from that of Nova Scotia, could re-annex the island to that colony, and that Great Britain could as easily compel the islanders to conform to the imperial will as she could compel the Isle of Man or the Isle of Wight, the majority of the people considered itself outraged; and the rural politicians, with a “high falutin” that would have done honour to Yankee oratory, declared that Prince Edward Island was no degenerate child of the old British stock, and that her gallant sons would spend their last sixpence and shed the last drop of their blood in resistance to such tyranny.

This question, however, was not uppermost in the minds of the people. The Land and Rent question touched them more nearly. The tenants all over the island made up their minds half a century ago that the lands they occupied were their own; that their landlords had no title; and that consequently the exaction of rent was an act of oppression which they were bound to resist. As this opinion had brought many of them into collision with the sheriff and his courts of law, the island at the time of my visit to Charlottetown was in a state of commotion. The dispute had reached its crisis. The

farmers had formed themselves into a "Tenants' League," the object of which was to resist the payment of the rents they had bound themselves to pay by the terms of their leases, and virtually to confiscate property of the landowners. When the sheriff appeared in any district to serve his writs upon the defaulters a signal was blown upon long tin trumpet, with one of which every farmer on the island supplied, and at the well-known sound the people gathered from all around and near, as they did in olden times in England and Scotland on alarm of invasion, by the beacon-fire or the tocsin, and took effective means to prevent the service of the writs by the assault and baton or forcible detention of the officers. Six weeks before my arrival the state of affairs in the island was so threatening that the Administrator and his Prime Minister, the Colonial Secretary, unable to rely upon the special constabulary for any assistance in the preservation of peace, and in view of the fact that the Tenant Leaguers had several times appeared in armed gangs of 100 or 200 at a time, and that the lives of the sheriffs and their officers were endangered, deemed it their duty to send to Major-General Doyle at Halifax for military assistance. The request was complied with, and 200 men of the 16th Regiment were sent to the island with all possible speed. Their arrival changed the aspect of affairs. Whenever the sheriff has to serve a writ he was accompanied by twenty or thirty soldiers, and the Tenant Leaguers not being desperate enough to risk a battle with the military, "accepted the situation." Under this wholesome course of procedure many "Leaguers" who had obstinately resisted payment of rent for years—sometimes on the ground of poverty, sometimes on that of the want of title on the part of the proprietor—paid up their arrears; not a slight proportion of those who pleaded poverty astonishing the agents of the landlords by the largeness of the sums which they had deposited in the savings-bank accounts, in many instances, sufficient to purchase the freehold of the farms they occupied.

The leading journal of Charlottetown, the *Islander*—a staunch supporter of the Government on this question, and unsparing in denunciations of the lawless proceedings of the tenantry—publicly called my attention to this question, and to the evils which the resistance of the tenantry had brought upon the country. "During the past week," it said, "there has been in Charlottetown a well-known writer. As a matter of course he will report the state in which he found the island. From the columns of *Ross's Weekly* he has learned the character and object of the Tenant Association. He has, doubtless, learned also that the association is confined almost exclusively to the wealthiest and most populous county of the island, and that the resistance to the law, which the League has induced, has been the part of tenants in good circumstances, and that the organ

resistance of the tenantry, against the payment of rent, has been called forth, not by any harsh or oppressive conduct on the part of the landlords, but is the result of the teachings of men who have succeeded in deluding the tenantry by assuring them that if they combine, and refuse to pay rent, the landlords will be obliged to sell the fee simple of their farms at such price as the tenants may deem reasonable." The *Islander* furthermore expressed its hope "that the many well-disposed persons, who have been compelled by *terrorism* to connect themselves with the Tenant League in different parts of the island, will, with as little delay as possible, withdraw from the disgraceful association, and assist in putting it down. If they do not, they may depend upon it the Imperial Government will deal with the colony in a very summary manner."

It will doubtless be asked in England how it has happened that such a question as this should ever have attained such proportions, and how the tenants should ever have got it into their heads that the land was free, even although they had severally agreed, by their own voluntary act, to sign leases and pay rent? The story is a curious one, and may be briefly stated. The island, originally a part of the great French settlement of Acadia, and known as the "Isle St. Jean," was ceded to Great Britain in 1763. It continued to bear the name of St. John until 1801, when, in compliment to her Majesty's father, the late Duke of Kent, who had greatly endeared himself to the people of the North American colonies during his long residence among them as Commander-in-Chief, it was called "Prince Edward Island." It was once proposed to call it New Guernsey, and at another time New Ireland, which latter—considering the anti-landlordism of the people—would not have been inappropriate. In the year 1764 the British Government designed to bestow, for what reason does not appear, a large portion of the island upon the Earl of Egmont on a feudal tenure; but the law officers of the Crown having decided that feudalism was extinct in the British Empire, including the colonies, and could not be revived, the intention was abandoned. It was afterwards resolved, in satisfaction of the demands of several individuals who had rendered services to the Crown in the French war, or who had other claims upon the British Government, which persons numbered 103, to divide the island into sixty-five lots or townships, each containing 20,000 acres, and two other townships of 6,000 acres, to be reserved for Imperial and municipal purposes. The Earl of Egmont was to choose which of the sixty-five townships he liked best; but his lordship, who would either be a feudal chief in the Isle of St. John, or have nothing to do with it, declined the gift; and disappeared as a claimant for any favour from the Crown in that region, leaving, however, his name to a cape and bay in the south-western extremity of the island, which they still bear. Among the 103

claimants were several officers of the army and navy stationed at Halifax and Quebec, including Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, the Hon. Augustus Keppel, Viscount Townshend, Sir George Brydges Rodney, Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester); Mr. James Montgomery, his Majesty's Advocate for Scotland, afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; Richard Cumberland, the dramatist; John Pownall, Secretary to the Board of Trade; and half a dozen members of the British Parliament. To some of these persons were to be allotted whole townships; others with inferior claims or influences were united, to the number of three and four—and sometimes five or six—and divided a township between them. By this means the sixty-five lots were to be distributed among the 103 persons entitled to them. Being assembled personally, or by their legal representatives, in the office of the Board of Trade at Whitehall, on Friday the 17th of July, 1767, and in the presence of the President of the Board, the townships were distributed among them by lot; so that no favour might be shown to any of the parties in the choice of the most fertile lands or the most advantageous positions on the coast. The conditions attached to the grant were that the allottees should pay an annual quit-rent to the Crown of 6s. per 100 acres for the best lands, and 4s. and 2s. per 100 acres for lands of inferior quality. They bound themselves, moreover, to settle the lands thus acquired within ten years after the date of the grant, in the proportion of one person to every 200 acres, or 100 persons for every township, the settlers to be "*Protestants from such parts of Europe as were not within the dominions of his Majesty.*" This unfortunate stipulation was the fount and origin of all the evil that ensued, and of the anti-rent agitation which exists to this day. It was a condition palpably onerous if not impossible of fulfilment. It excluded English and Scotch Protestants, because they were subjects of his Majesty. It excluded Irish and Roman Catholics for the double reason of their religion and their allegiance. It also excluded the Hanoverian subjects of the king, and confined the allottees to German, Swiss, Scandinavian, and French Protestants, none of them in those days to be very easily reached by such emigrational agencies as then existed in the British Isles. Attempts were, however, made to comply with the condition—as appears by the following extract, under date of 1764, from the "*Memoirs of the Family of George III.,*" vol. i. p. 309 (London: Colburn, 1824):—

"Their Majesties," says the writer, "had an opportunity in the autumn of displaying their benevolence towards a number of unhappy Germans that were thrown upon the humanity of the British nation by a rascally adventurer, who, like many others at the present day, had speculated in American land, ignorantly and imprudently, and had involved numbers in the fatal consequences of his own ruin. These poor creatures, natives of the Palatinate of Bavaria and Wurzburg, to the

number of 600, had been induced to embark at one of the German ports for the purpose of being carried to the Island of St. John in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but the vessel, why or wherefore has never been understood, having been brought into the Thames, the whole of them were sent on shore penniless, with the exception of 200, whose passage money had not been previously paid, and even these were subjected to the greatest privations of hunger and thirst. Of those sent on shore, and who for some nights slept in the fields and outhouses, the sufferings were extreme; mothers bringing forth in all the inclemencies of the season, and expiring for want of common necessaries; and it was not until the case was made known by a German pastor, through the daily papers, that any relief was extended to them. No sooner did the fact reach his Majesty than he sent orders to the Tower for tents to be furnished, and paid the passage money of those detained on board, directing also that an immediate supply of provisions should be issued to them, until a subscription should be completed, which the Queen had begun among the nobility and gentry and the Court, and to which the King subscribed £300, a similar sum being also paid by her Majesty. As the unhappy people had no wish to return home, an asylum was offered them in North Carolina and Georgia, which they gladly accepted, and whither they were sent by the King's express directions, and not only supplied with necessary comforts during the passage, but also established on their arrival so as to be able to maintain themselves."

Why the King, who is reported to have taken much interest in the colonisation of the Island of St. John, should have sent the unfortunate emigrants to Georgia and North Carolina, instead of the place to which they had bound themselves to go, is not stated. In consequence probably of mishaps such as these—and certainly of the originally onerous nature of the conditions imposed upon the allottees—ten years passed over with but slight increase to the population of the island. In 1774 the lands were not settled, and the proprietors, in default of the necessary immigration to give their townships any value, fell into arrears with their quit-rents. As the British Government had placed them in this predicament, the proprietors naturally looked to the British Government to relieve them, and memorialised the Treasury, setting forth their grievances, and praying redress. The prayer was partially granted, the arrears of quit-rent were forgiven them, upon the understanding that in future their obligations should be punctually met; and that they would bestir themselves a little more actively in the settlement of the island. But the "Protestantism" of the immigration continued to be the same all but insurmountable difficulty as before, and in the year 1781—fourteen years after the allotment of the lands—so many of the proprietors were in arrear on both conditions of the grant, that it was resolved, by way of warning, to make an example of the smaller fry of defaulters, by the public sale of their lands, to satisfy the demands of the Crown. Seven townships and eight half townships were in May of that year sold by auction at Charlottetown, and produced £3,746 6s. or less than 5*l.* sterling per acre. The amount of quit-rent due on these properties was £2,712 0s. 9*d.*; leaving a balance of £1,035 3s. 3*d.* to be divided among the lawyers and the



defaulting proprietors. It does not appear that this example had much effect. Immigration to the island was not popular; even if it were possible under the conditions of the grant, at a time when the Governments of Europe, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, needed all their able-bodied men of the emigrant class for soldiers in the wars of the French Revolution.

In the year 1802, the proprietors of land in Prince Edward Island again appeared before the British Government in the character of suitors for indulgence in the matter of their quit-rents. From this date until 1814, the collection of quit-rents was not pressed, and the arrears, continually accumulating, amounted in the latter year to a sum considerably exceeding the market value of the lands. Ultimately the proprietors seem to have come to the conclusion that the Government had tacitly abandoned all claim to the quit-rents, and made no effort whatever to discharge their liabilities. By death, inheritance, bankruptcy, and lapse of time, a large proportion of the townships had come into the possession of new proprietors, who, no more than their predecessors, thought it incumbent upon them to scour Europe in search of Protestants to people the island, but trusted entirely to such voluntary immigration of British subjects, Protestant or Roman Catholic, as might in the course of time be attracted to so fertile a territory. The British Government in every instance treated the proprietors with the greatest forbearance and liberality; and in 1824, when Governor Charles Douglas Smith, brother of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, was busily engaged in enforcing the payment of the quit-rents in his little dominion, Earl Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, addressed a despatch to him, in which he wrote:—

“I am to desire that you will immediately direct the Attorney-General of Prince Edward Island to take the necessary measures for staying all existing proceedings against any of the inhabitants of that colony for the recovery of quit-rents due to his Majesty prior to the 1st of January, 1823; and that no new proceedings be adopted until you have received further instructions from me on the subject.”

It would be difficult, and might prove uninteresting, to detail all the measures successively taken, and all the correspondence between the governors of the island, the proprietors, and the Colonial Office on this question. It may suffice to state that with the lapse of time and the increase of population, the proprietors in some parts of the island became better able than formerly to pay their rents to the Crown, but that when unable, as before, the British Government that originally gave them the land remitted their arrears. Coming to the comparatively recent period of the year 1851, it is found that from 1802 to that time there had always been a party in the local legislature which persistently kept up an agitation against the proprietors on the question of their liability to forfeiture. The attempts made

For this party to establish a Court of Escheat were always frustrated by the action of the Colonial Office. Prior to 1851, when it was resolved to confer upon this little and troublesome colony the privilege of responsible government, the Legislative Council of the Land, appointed by the Queen, as well as the Executive, were always opposed to any investigation of the titles of the proprietors. Their opposition prevented the popular branch of the Legislature from passing any law adverse to the landlords, inasmuch as such law, if passed by the Lower, was invariably rejected by the Upper House. In 1851 the grant of responsible government gave the popular assembly a much larger share of control over the public affairs of the colony than it had hitherto enjoyed, and as the tenantry had for fifty years stood upwards been resisting as far as they could the payment of rents, on the ground that their landlords were not the legal owners, inasmuch as they had failed to comply with the original conditions of the allotment, Earl Grey, the then Colonial Secretary, apprehensive, apparently, that this view of the case would find favour with the Lower House, and be supported to the extent of despoiling the landlords of a property conferred upon them by the Crown, and which, if the Crown had pleased, it might have conferred without any condition at all, addressed a despatch to Sir Alexander Bannerman, the new governor, which is known in the traditions of the colony, and spoken of to this day by the tenants, as "*The Bloody Despatch.*" In this document his lordship took the ground that whatever default might have been made by the original proprietors and their successors, it had been condoned by the Crown, and that their title was not to be impugned. "Her Majesty's Government," he added—

"Felt themselves bound to adhere to the decisions so repeatedly given by his predecessors in this matter, and to state that both on the grounds of justice to the landed proprietors and the permanent interests of the community, they regarded such a measure (escheat) as impracticable. On the other hand, they could not consent to entertain any measure such as had been occasionally suggested for buying up and extinguishing the rights of the proprietors, or any portion of them, at an expense to the Imperial Treasury."

His lordship concluded by stating—

"That the subsisting rights of parties could not, therefore, be altered in any other manner than by that of equitable adjustment, and that while the law continues as at present it is your (Sir Alexander Bannerman's) duty to enforce obedience to it by the firm exercise of the authority intrusted to you, and by the employment, if necessary, of the military force at your command. Should any extreme case occur you may apply to Sir John Harvey (commander-in-chief at Halifax) for an additional force to put down any attempt at resistance to the law."

This despatch, and the presence of an adequate force to give effect to its threats, appear to have overawed the tenant-party, and they

took no overt part for several years to resist the payment of the liabilities. Nevertheless, the great majority of the tenants opposed tacit resistance, pleaded poverty, and evaded payment, trusting that the landlords, in the existing state of public opinion, would not dispossess them of their farms or otherwise resort to extremity. It happened, however, during the Crimean war, that the British troops were withdrawn from Prince Edward Island. The anti-rent party plucked up its fading courage under these circumstances, and resistance to the payment of rent on the old plea that the proprietors were not legally entitled to their lands became once more as systematic and as widely extended as before. Rents fell into arrears throughout the island, and could not be collected. The popular, or anti-rent party, which came into power in 1851, were defeated in 1859, and the Conservative, or landlord's party assumed the reins of government. Although the popular party during these eight years had abstained from introducing into the Legislature any measures having for their object the "escheat" of the lands, they passed a law to transfer the rent-rolls of the proprietors, and another to afford compensation for any improvements which they had made, to tenants who should be evicted for non-payment of rent. These laws were declared by Sir George Grey in 1855 to be Acts of "undisguised spoliation," and were vetoed accordingly by the British Crown. The passing of these Acts by the local Legislature appears to have brought the whole question of land tenure in the island under the special notice of E. L. Bulwer-Lytton, Colonial Secretary in 1858, who in a despatch to the Lieutenant-Governor, expressed his desire to receive suggestions for an amicable settlement of all points at issue. In many cases the tenants, though able to pay something, were unable to pay up arrears, and ceased to bestow upon the land that labour and skill which were necessary to its proper cultivation. Under the circumstances the local government, satisfied that any measures for the benefit of the tenantry must result from amicable arrangement with the proprietors, and that the agitation of hostile measures would not only end, as they had always done, in leading the tenants into costs and trouble, without in any way ameliorating their condition; and that it would also engender a feeling in the minds of the proprietors rendering them disinclined to listen to such proposals, which, if such agitation were at an end, they would be likely to entertain—proposed the appointment of a committee to inquire into the existing relations between landlord and tenant, and to negotiate with the proprietors for such abatement of present liabilities, and for such terms for enabling the tenants to convert their leaseholds into freeholds, as, without impinging on the rights of the landlords, might be fairly and reasonably asked for. It was proposed that the basis of such arrangement should be a large remission of arrears of rent then due, thus

giving every tenant holding under a long lease, an option of purchasing his land at a certain rate at any time he might find it convenient to do so. The Colonial Office and the leading proprietors in Great Britain and Ireland, including the late Sir Samuel and the present Sir Edward Cunard, acquiesced in the appointment of the commission. Three commissioners were appointed—one, Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, of New Brunswick, by the Queen; one, Mr. J. W. Richie, of Halifax, by the proprietors; and one by the Legislature on behalf of the tenantry, the Hon. Joseph Howe. The Commission sat at Charlottetown in September, 1860, heard evidence, and, to use the language of the Colonial Minister (the Duke of Newcastle), "exhausted the subject." They recommended the remission of all arrears of rent to May, 1858, the year previous to the appointment of the Commission, and the giving to the tenant the right to the freehold of his farm on payment to his landlord of fifteen years' purchase. In case that fifteen years' purchase should be deemed more than the value of the farm, the price was to be determined by reference. This award satisfied nobody. The tenantry denounced their representative, the Hon. Joseph Howe, for sacrificing their interests, and burnt him in effigy in Charlottetown. The proprietors, on their part, refused to confirm the award, on the ground that it would lead to endless litigation.

Thus the matter rested until the summer of 1865. The tenants refused to pay rent; the landlords forbore to press them until their own necessities compelled them to try the compulsory process of the law. The tenants combined in their resistance; and at last the state of feeling in the island became so dangerous to the public peace that the military had to be called in, as already stated. It should, however, be taken into account in England, that except in great cities, where rent is paid for houses, rent is all but unknown in America. Land is so cheap, that any hard-working thrifty man can speedily obtain as much of it as he can cultivate. To this must be added the feeling, widely spread in democratic America and the equally democratic British colonies—that rent is an aristocratic institution, unsuited to the New World, where every man ought to till his own ground, and sit "under the shadow of his own fig-tree." The three Commissioners appointed by the Queen to inquire into these differences dwelt strongly upon this point in their Report of the 18th of July, 1861.

"It is difficult," they say, "for an European to understand why almost every man in America considers it a personal degradation to pay rent. In the British Islands leasehold tenure is the general rule, and freehold the exception. A wealthy man pays rent with no more sense of inferiority than he feels when he pays his taxes. A poor man lives and dies without any hope of owning land, often without any desire to become a freeholder. On this side of the Atlantic a very different

sentiment grew out of the discovery and settlement of a boundless continent where the best land could be seized upon, or bought for a trifle, in the early stage of colonisation; and where even now, after two centuries of occupation, land is easily obtained, at prices so low, that almost every industrious man may own freehold; if he does not, in the agricultural districts, something discreditable to his character or his capacity is assumed; and even in the towns a man prefers to own the house he lives in, though the amount of interest he would pay upon a mortgage may be quite equal to his rent. So strong was this feeling all over the continent that even the French inhabitants of Lower Canada, to whom *lods et ventes* and seigniorial dues were no burdens, while old world impressions lasted, no sooner became surrounded by a British population, who were freeholders, than they could not endure what they felt to be a degradation, and the Legislature was compelled to step in and commute their tenures. The tenantry of Prince Edward Island share the common sentiment of the continent which surrounds them. The prejudice in favour of a freehold tenure, if it is one, is beyond the power of reason. The proprietors cannot change the sentiment, the local Government have no power to resist it; and the Imperial Government, having become weary of collecting rents and supporting evictions in Ireland, can hardly be expected to do for the landowners in Prince Edward Island what has ceased to be popular or practicable at home."

The Commissioners furthermore argued that agrarian questions occupied "the public mind incessantly in the colony, to the exclusion of all sound politics; stated that a public man was valued in proportion as he was subservient to the proprietors or friendly to the tenantry; not for the measures of internal improvement or intercolonial policy; but must propound; and that, in consequence, the intellectual and social life of this people was exhausted and frittered away by disputes and contentions detrimental to the interests of all parties."

Like most, if not all, other umpires who have attempted to settle a sorely contested point by yielding something to both disputants, the Commissioners, as we have seen, dissatisfied both sides by their equitable award, and it now appears as if nothing but military power would settle the question—if that can be called a settlement which offends the public sentiment of the majority. Were Prince Edward Island left to itself, and deprived of the protection of Great Britain, there can be no doubt that the Legislature, elected by its people, would make short work of the subject by the confiscation of the proprietary rights so incautiously conferred by the Crown in 1764. As long, however, as Great Britain maintains an adequate military force in the island, rents will probably be collected. When this force is withdrawn agitation will be renewed, rents will be withheld, and the public peace again endangered. Where is the remedy? The Confederation of the Provinces will perhaps provide one. Certain it is that the Imperial Government, as long as it resolves to retain the colony, can continue to do nothing but what it has hitherto done—maintain the rights of the proprietor and enforce the law. It has often been suggested in the interests of the proprietors, that the British Government, which originally gave them their estates, should repurchase their titles, and r

sell the lands at the merely nominal price of two or three years' rental to the present occupiers. To all such proposals the Colonial Office has hitherto turned a deaf ear, if it have not given a peremptory denial.

Taking into consideration the seriousness of the case, the Governor and authorities, not seeing any prospect of being able to preserve the peace of the island without the assistance of British bayonets, made arrangements for the permanent accommodation of 200 men. At first the men were encamped under canvas; but during my stay in Charlottetown a commodious barrack, built after the design of Mr. Pope, was completed at an expense of £4,000, inclusive of the land. Great dissatisfaction was expressed in consequence. The tenant leaguers were indignant, and threatened at the next election the expulsion from the Legislature of every member of the Administration; and if they are as numerous as they assert, or as thoroughly supported by the sympathy of the people as is believed in the island, it is highly probable they will carry their intention into effect. Were it worth the while of the British Government to consider the matter seriously, it might be a question whether, by its proved inability to keep the peace within its boundaries without the military aid of Great Britain, Prince Edward Island had not forfeited the privilege of self-government, and whether it would not be to the advantage of all parties that the colony should be re-incorporated with Nova Scotia, of which it was originally a portion. Perhaps, without going this length, the assessment of the cost of the maintenance of the troops upon a people who have shown that they have no respect for law might teach them how to arrange matters more amicably, and perhaps more cheaply. As the British Government will not purchase back the lands of the proprietors, might not the local government assess the whole population of the island for that purpose? Better to pay £4,000 a year in buying up the rights of the landlords, than half the sum in paying for the military and almost hostile occupation of the island. Nor would even this be necessary if the Prince Edward Islanders would bestir themselves. One year's supply of the mackerel and oyster fisheries of their coasts would be more than sufficient to purchase the fee simple of all the lands in dispute. If the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States should have the effect of turning the attention of the people to the treasures of the deep that are within their reach, they might speedily be enabled to pay with mackerel alone the fifteen years' purchase money, which would satisfy the proprietors, and end satisfactorily an agitation which is, and always has been, highly prejudicial to the best interests of the island.

CHARLES MACKAY.

## THE "STANDING ORDERS" OF PARLIAMENT, AND PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

ABOUT the months of January and February there is generally some little alarm occasioned in the public mind, and manifested by the public press, as to the number of Private Bills about to be brought before Parliament. The extent of the works proposed in them, the amount of capital they will require, and the destruction of private property which they threaten, are indeed well calculated to produce this feeling; while the time that must be taken up for their investigation by committees of the two Houses is still more a source of embarrassment to those upon whom so vast a labour is about to devolve. A month or two later, however, by the time the committees have fairly begun their work, the alarm begins to subside, from the fact that a large number of the Bills in question have disappeared. Certain measures are found to have *failed on Standing Orders*. As to what the particular failure consisted of, or how it was occasioned, these are questions not generally gone into except by the parties immediately interested; the general result, namely, the thinning of the list of Bills by the application of a preliminary test, being unquestionably a desirable result in itself, is accepted as satisfactory.

In order, however, that this apparently satisfactory result should be really so, two things are required: first, that the preliminary test should be applied equally to all; and second, that it should be of such a character as to weed out the bad measures and let the good ones go forward. A little consideration will show that the test, instead of being applied equally to all, comes in a very mild form to some, and in a very rigorous form to others, and that instead of the bad measures being weeded out, the effect is likely to be just the opposite, namely, that they should go unchallenged, while those that are most desirable have the greatest difficulties thrown in their way.

By the Standing Orders, as is pretty generally known, it is required that before a Private Bill can be brought before Parliament certain advertisements of its intended objects should be published, certain plans deposited for public inspection, and certain notices served upon all persons likely to be affected. The duty of seeing that those things have been done is entrusted, in the first instance, to the "Examiners of Private Bills," who hold courts for that purpose. The Examiner sees the newspapers in which the advertisements have appeared; he sees that certain plans are in the Private Bill Office and certain books of reference to them; the engineer declares before him that the plans are correct, and the solicitor declares that notices have been sent to the persons to whom they ought to have been sent.

**If** any error should exist in any of these documents, either those which he sees, or those which he does not see, it is the duty of the **Examiner** to declare the Standing Orders not complied with; but the **existence** of such errors he has no means whatever of ascertaining, **unless** some memorialist appears before him to allege them. Any **person** whatever has a right to present such a memorial; and if he **succeed** in proving one single error in any copy of the advertisements, plans, reference books, notices, &c., however unintentional or **unimportant** such error may be, the Examiner is bound to report the Standing Orders *not* complied with. The Bill is then lost, unless, on appeal to each House separately, it be decided that the Orders may be dispensed with in that particular case.

The real duty, therefore, of ascertaining the correctness of the deposited documents devolves practically, not upon the houses of Parliament or upon their Examiner, but upon any person who likes to undertake it. If nobody cares to do so, the worst plans, &c., will answer the purpose as well as the best; if, on the contrary, any one does thoroughly investigate them with hostile intentions, the utmost care in their preparation may very likely fail to ensure success. Let us see, therefore, in what cases the prosecutor appears, who he is, and from what motives he acts. In the first place, it is just possible he may be a person really aggrieved by the error of which he complains, but this is such an extremely rare case that it is hardly worth considering; and indeed the grievance, even then, cannot be a very great one. A landowner, for instance, whose land may be intended to be taken by a proposed work should receive a notice to that effect on or before the 15th of December, but the committee before which he would have to state his opposition to the undertaking would not meet much before the Easter following, whereas any technical objection as to the deficiency of the notice must be discovered and complained of by about the middle of January, or it is too late to complain of it at all. Therefore, although private persons may be greatly injured by default of notice, the only case where a remedy is afforded them is that in which the injury is confined to being kept in ignorance, for one month at most, of a hostile project to be brought forward two or three months later. Setting aside, however, the case of the private prosecutor, we come to that of the "public prosecutor," who has no grievance to complain of for himself, but comes forward theoretically for the purpose of seeing that justice has been done to others.

The most frequent case is, no doubt, that of persons or companies really interested in opposing the projected measure on its merits. Being so interested, they may appear in opposition before the committee to whom the Bill is referred; and should their case be a strong one, it will be thrown out in consequence. This is the legitimate and natural method of opposing a Bill, but it is not the only one, and per-



haps may not be the most effectual. There is always the previous chance of getting rid of it by technical objections; and should the case on the merits be a weak one—should the project, for instance which is being brought forward be one that is of great public advantage, and should one party alone be opposing from purely self-motives, while everybody else is petitioning in favour—then that pre-eminently a case when a Standing Orders opposition is likely to be tried. So, copies are made of the deposited documents, and a staff of engineers start off to the site of the intended works, and search for sheds and fences on the ground which may not exactly correspond with those shown on the plans, and if they can only find one left altogether, that will be safe to "send the Bill upstairs"—*i.e.* the Examiner will report the Standing Orders not complied with. Meanwhile the farmers and cottagers are interrogated as to whether they have had their notices, and if any of these latter are found to have gone astray, or if a field or a garden or a pond has been set down to the wrong owner or occupier in the Reference Book, the same purpose is answered, and a few more such instances will render probable the total rejection of the Bill.

Nor is it easy to avoid such things altogether, even when the greatest care has been taken. Take the case of a proposed railway fifty or sixty miles in length, and passing through one or two towns on its way. The number of enclosures on or adjoining the line will be perhaps forty or fifty per mile, and the number of houses, &c., in the towns twenty or thirty times as many, making in all seven or eight thousand properties, the outline, position, and levels of which have to be drawn, and the owners, lessees, and other parties interested in them ascertained and communicated with; it will be seen, therefore, that the work of no little difficulty. In addition to this, it often happens that the information has to be obtained from unwilling witnesses, or from whom there is no compulsory power; the surveys made in the face of similar obstacles; the levels, perhaps, taken in foggy weather, when the only recognisable objects are indistinctly seen; and the frequent processes of drawing, copying, and printing or lithographing, performed under the pressure of a limited time, frequently at night, with all the chances of misprints, &c., and trifling deviations in the tracing of lines, and contraction and expansion of paper, where a sixteenth of an inch may, and generally does, represent a serious error. When these things are considered, it will not be a matter of much wonder that there are very few Bills that may not be "sent upstairs," if the necessary means are taken for that object; in fact, it may be safely said that a public enemy might take those of the next session in hand and delay legislation, if not procure the rejection of nineteen out of twenty at least, at a cost averaging from £50 to £100 each. Of

the examination and comparison with each other of the documents is sufficient to reveal some little failing, otherwise a survey of the district is also necessary; but the thing is almost always to be done.

Of course the dispensing power of the Standing Orders Committees is exercised in a great number of cases where the errors are of a trivial and unimportant character; still the precise grounds of rejection of many Bills, even by the House of Commons Committee, would surprise most persons unfamiliar with parliamentary practice. And then there is that great source of expense and uncertainty in all the processes of private legislation, the double trial, the whole case having to be gone over before separate tribunals which in no way recognise each other. It might be thought that questions affecting public works need not be very differently viewed by the two branches of the Legislature; or at all events that the question whether the designers of such works have complied sufficiently nearly with certain technical conditions need hardly be made the subject of a separate investigation; or if it were so treated that the investigation would not be often followed by a different result. Still we believe we are right in saying that up to this time not much less than half of the Bills which have satisfied the Standing Orders Committee of the House of Commons have been rejected by that of the Lords. A practice, frequently adopted in past years by the most eminent engineers, of showing plans of intricate portions of towns, &c., to a larger scale than the rest of the plans, which practice had been unchallenged before, has this year proved fatal to four or five projects. The omission of one or two words from the heading or summary of an advertisement or notice, although the particulars were fully described in the body of the document, has been another cause of destruction. In the case of one projected work of great importance, and which had excited interest all over the country, the words "estimated statement" instead of "ascertained statement," appearing in a title, formed the ground of the total rejection of the project, although the facts contained in the statement had been correctly "ascertained." and their accuracy was undisputed.

With such decisions as these to look forward to, it is not to be wondered at that opposition on Standing Orders should be the trump card of many opponents, whether from good or bad motives, of intended works. The diligence with which infinitesimal objections are sometimes sought for, need no longer appear surprising. In some instances the inhabitants of a quiet country district have been not a little astonished at the movements of railway projectors, and then of their opponents. The engineers for a railway passing through a wooded district have been content perhaps to take the levels along a path in the wood as near as possible to their intended line; those of the opposing force, in the hope of proving an error in levels, have

cut the trees down from end to end, with or without the proprietor's leave, in order to get at the exact points. And not one, but half a dozen surveyors in succession have forced their way, or tried to force their way, through fields and gardens and private property of all kinds, in order by the multiplication of evidence before the Examiner to make the more sure of proving some trifling mistake of the plan which, whether it be a mistake or not, is a matter of perfect indifference to every living person. In some instances, land owners have been so annoyed at the proceedings of opponents (such proceedings being taken, theoretically, in the landowner's interest) that they have signed petitions that the Standing Orders may be dispensed with, and errors in the description of their property overlooked, although they have throughout consistently opposed the project itself.

We have as yet only referred to the case where the opposition has been raised by parties who have reasons for their opposition although the reasons are quite different from those which they allege. But the public prosecutor has not always even that motive for his proceedings. We will give one or two instances of how this may come about. Many of the large railway companies have Bills in Parliament nearly every session for a variety of different objects. To assume a case: the Great Western Company, we will say, want to make a tramway to a coal wharf on the Thames at Brentford; they also want a short junction railway at Exeter, a siding or two at Reading, and some additional land to improve their stations at Paddington, or Swindon, or Shrewsbury. Somebody has an object trying to stop the tramway at Brentford perhaps, and it may be an object that will not very well bear sifting before a Parliamentary Committee; so he goes to Brentford and tries to find a mistake in the plans, &c.; but the Brentford plans are unfortunately perfectly correct. However, he is not deterred by that; he goes next to Reading, and there a field is described as belonging to Mr. Jones which really belongs to Mr. Smith; and then at Exeter there is some other fault; and these discoveries at Reading and at Exeter will answer the purpose just as well as if they were at Brentford. So a memorial is lodged against the Bill, and the Great Western Company have to come to terms with the Brentford gentlemen, or their whole Bill may be endangered. It is true the Standing Orders Committees often allow these kind of Bills to be divided, and one part to proceed without the other. But it is not always so; one decision of the Lords' Committee this session, for instance, has stopped the improvement of a harbour on the eastern coast in consequence of one or two mistakes in the description of properties in the suburbs of London.

Again, Mr. A. is employed to oppose in Standing Orders a railway

somewhere in the North of England, to which Mr. B. is the engineer. Now Mr. B. does not feel very safe that his railway plans will appear perfectly free from blemish under the scrutiny to which Mr. A. will subject them, so he must have a defensive weapon; and he knows that Mr. A. is engineer to some docks in South Wales; so he goes there, and is rewarded by finding an error or two in the levels of the docks. A memorial therefore appears against them (to the amazement of the Dock Company, who thought they had not an enemy in the world), and when Mr. A.'s allegations of inaccuracy in the plans of the railway are also published, there is an offer to withdraw both; otherwise, it is said: "If you persist and throw out my railway, your docks shall go too."

Again, an engineer, or surveyor, or a parliamentary lawyer finds his time about the months of December and January not very fully occupied; it is a contingency that has been known to occur in all those professions. So he pays a visit in his spare time to the Private Bill Office, or the office of one of the clerks of the peace, and turns over the plans and books of reference which lie there for inspection, and compares the one with the other, keeping a sharp look-out for corners of fields without numbers referring to them in the book, or numbers on the plan which are not in the book as well. He also measures distances with the scale and pair of compasses, and sees, if they occur more than once, whether they exactly correspond. If the affair looks promising, he supplements his researches by a visit to the ground, in order to make further discoveries; and then he puts himself in communication with some company or person whose interests are likely to be adverse to the project, whatever it may be, and represents himself as the possessor of so many fatal errors in the deposits of the so-and-so scheme; which errors he is ready to dispose of for a consideration. This is a proceeding that does not often take place, but still it has been known to occur.

From these and similar causes, Standing Orders contests arise, and the tendency each year seems to be to add to their number, and also to add to the number which terminate fatally. Now the effects of the system are various. One is, that it tends, sometimes, to frustrate the very object which it is designed to secure, namely, the affording accurate and full information to the public. The facility of understanding plans, for instance, is greatly enhanced by well-known objects and places being marked and named thereon, even if not quite close to the intended work; but such things had better be left out, because they are an assistance to opponents; and information of any kind not absolutely required is best omitted, because anything additional increases the chances of some small technical error which may be fastened on hereafter. In the drawing of the plans, again, and more especially of the sections showing levels, a great deal depends upon the exact

measured distance between lines ; and if the lines are fine and distinct it is easy to take this measurement to a nicety, but if they are thin and jagged, or indistinct, no two people will measure them alike and it becomes difficult to prove an error unless it be a great one. Engineers now begin to say, therefore, that the worse drawn plans are the better, so long as nothing is actually left out. More important things than these are affected by the fear of Standing Orders objections. Some slight omission may have occurred in published notice, such as that of a name of a parish whereof a field only is to be touched ; and the plans are therefore altered to correspond, even if the consequence be an unnecessary sharp curve in a line of railway, the existence of which, if the line is constructed remains ever afterwards a puzzle to intelligent observers ; or perhaps the shareholders are put to the expense, and the Legislature to the trouble of considering a deviation Bill in a future session, in order to get out of the difficulty thus designedly made. If an error of any kind be seen by the promoters before the deposit of the printed Bill in December (a month later than that of the preliminary notices), it is usual to strike off the portion of the scheme to which the error applies, if it can anyhow be detached from the rest, but should it be afterwards pointed out by opponents, the Standing Orders Committee may in consequence decide against, not the portion of the Bill, but the whole. In this way many projects have come in an incomplete state before Parliament ; the fact being that trifling technical omission is more dangerous than the omission of anything far more important but not technical ; and when members like Mr. Scourfield in the present session, have complained of unnecessary legislation occasioned by Bills for amendments and deviations, or further powers with regard to projects already sanctioned, they are probably not aware how often their own Standing Orders and those of the other House, have contributed to produce this result.

The general effect of the Standing Orders system is, therefore, to introduce an element of uncertainty into all Private Bill legislation. Exact compliance is a question, first, of the employment of the best and most careful engineers, solicitors, and agents in every part of the process ; and then, as nobody is infallible, of chance, and the chance taken in investigation by opponents. This element of chance is the greatest in the case of the most desirable projects, because, being good on the merits, they are most likely to be opposed in this way. The passing of the best measures is thus endangered, and the prospect of bad ones are, on the contrary, sometimes improved. It happens in this way : there may be two or three projects, say three projects for lines of railway, in one district. Nos. 1 and 2 are well laid-out lines and many people would be benefited by them. No. 3, on the other

hand, seems an ill-considered scheme, got up by some speculator. Nos. 1 and 2 are therefore attacked on Standing Orders by their opponents, probably by each other; whilst No. 3 is overlooked, as it appears to have no chance of success in any case. But by-and-by Nos. 1 and 2 are thrown out on Standing Orders objections, and the case is altered. Some of the supporters of the other lines, having lost the chance of getting what they most wanted, come over to No. 3, as being better than nothing; and it is clear that something is wanted in the district, the fact of three lines having been projected being of itself some evidence of this. The Bill for No. 3 line, being the only one before the Committee, is therefore passed, although either of the others would have been preferable to it; and all the time the objections on Standing Orders were probably greatest of all in this case, only it was not thought worth anybody's while to search for them. Thus not only are good measures imperilled in their course, but there is an encouragement to the projection of indifferent ones, as the chances of war in the preliminary process may conduce to success, when it at first seems hardly likely.

The performance of the more important requirements of the Standing Orders is undoubtedly necessary in order to enable both Parliament and the public to judge of the measures respecting which they have to give their opinion. The public prosecutor system seems also unavoidable, for Parliament could not take that duty upon itself except at very great expense to the country; the permanent employment, for instance, of a large staff of engineer and other officers would, at all events, be requisite for the purpose. Nor would any system be desirable that would make necessary in all cases the signatures of landowners, or other persons interested or supposed to be interested in the particular objections, for that would merely create an additional traffic in such signatures; and, as it is, small fortunes have been made sometimes by landowners or occupiers by selling the use of their names to memorials, and afterwards to withdrawals of the memorials. But the immense importance that now and then attaches to purely technical points, can hardly fail to be considered an evil by every party concerned. The number of private Bills, and especially railway Bills, brought forward in the last few years has been undoubtedly too great; not that there is, except rarely, no good object to be answered by them, but that they are, for private purposes, pushed forward too soon. It is with a view to meet this that Parliament has been unusually strict in its decisions in the preliminary processes; but the effect has been to introduce so great an element of chance, as to tend to make a lottery of the whole proceeding, and to increase instead of decreasing the number of candidates. Just as, forty years ago, when capital punishment was in vogue for exceedingly small offences, and technical objections to indictments were constantly allowed, the

elements of chance, so introduced, greatly increased the amount of crime, which diminished again when the penalty was lessened, made to follow with greater certainty. A gambling mania encouraged whenever success is made a question of luck to extent, rather than merit. Lord Redesdale has recently proposed to introduce certain new Standing Orders in the House of Lords whereby a more strict investigation is to be made in future into the financial prospects of companies bringing forward new works, and this means it is hoped to prevent the introduction of Bills of a speculative kind. What the nature of such investigation may be, whether it will have the desired effect, we are unable to say at present; should it do so, however, and the list of projects be thinned in a satisfactory manner, we hope that in that case, at all events, the present system of judicial murders for microscopic offences, over which his lordship now presides, may be put a stop to.

THOMAS HENNEL

## THE OXFORD REFORMERS OF 1498.

### CHAPTER II.

#### 1. TABLE-TALK ON THE SACRIFICES OF CAIN AND ABEL (1498)

It chanced that, after the delivery of a Latin sermon, the preacher—an accomplished divine—was a guest at the long table in one of the Oxford halls. Colet presided. The divine took the seat of honor to the left of Colet; Charnock, the hospitable prior, sat opposite Erasmus next to the divine; and a lawyer opposite to him. Between them, on either side, a mixed and nameless group filled up the table. At first the tide of table-talk ebbed and flowed upon trivial subjects. The conversation turned at length upon the sacrifices of Cain and Abel,—why the one was accepted and the other not.

Colet—if we may judge from the earnest way in which, in his exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, he had urged the uselessness of outward sacrifices unless accompanied by that *living sacrifice* of heart and mind “which they were meant to typify”<sup>1</sup>—was not likely to advocate any view which should attribute the acceptance of the one offering and the rejection of the other merely to any difference in the offerings themselves. He would be sure to place the difference in the *character of the men*. Colet seems on this occasion to have done so, and to have fancied he saw in the different occupations chosen for

(1) Cambridge University MSS. G.G. 4, 26.

the two brothers evidence of the different spirit under which they acted. The exact course of the conversation we have no means of following. All we know is, that Colet took one side, and Erasmus and the divine the other, and that the chief bone of contention was the suggestion thrown out by Colet, that Cain had in the first instance offended the Almighty by his distrust in the Divine beneficence, and too great confidence in his own art and industry, and that this was proved by his having been the first to attempt to till the cursed ground; while Abel, with greater resignation, and resting content with what nature still spontaneously yielded, had chosen the gentle occupation of a shepherd.<sup>1</sup>

There may have been something fanciful in the view urged by Colet, but it is evident that it covered a truth which he could not give up, however hard and long his opponents might argue.

Erasmus was astonished at Colet's earnestness and power. He seemed to him "like one inspired. In his voice, his eye, his whole countenance and mien, he seemed raised as it were out of himself."

Erasmus and the divine both felt themselves beaten; but it is not always easy for the vanquished to yield gracefully, and the discussion growing warmer as it proceeded, might have risen even to intemperate heat, had not Erasmus dexterously wound it round to a happy conclusion by pretending to remember that he had once met with a curious story about Cain in an old worm-eaten manuscript whose title-page time had destroyed. The disputants were all attention, and Erasmus having thus tickled their curiosity, was induced to tell the story, after extracting a promise from the listeners that they would not treat it as a fable. He then drew upon his ready wit, and improvised a story, in which Cain was depicted as a man of art and industry, as well as greedy and covetous, brooding over what his parents had told him of the corn which in the garden of Eden used to grow as thick as elder-bushes, and chafing under the cruel curse which rewarded his anxious toil with spare and scanty crops. It told how he cunningly coaxed the angel who kept guard over the gates of Paradise furtively to give him just a few grains from the luxurious crops of Eden; how from these grains, by annual increase, crops were at length obtained which covered the whole country side; how, when these attracted the notice of Heaven, the decree went forth that this fellow, who so delighted in toil and sweat, should have it to his fill; how ants and locusts, and hailstones and hurricanes, were sent forth to blight and blast Cain's cornfields, and another angel sub-

(1) "Dicebat Coletus, Caym ea primum culpa Deum offendisse, quod tanquam conditoris benignitate diffusus, suaeque nimium confisus industriar, terram primus prosidorit, quum Abel sponte nascentibus contentus, oves paverit." (Eras. Epist. xlv., Op. p. 42, F. Compare MS., G.G. 4, 26, fols. 4—6 and 29, 30, and Erasmus's Paraphrases, *in loco*, Hebrews xi. 4.)



stituted for the traitor at the gate of Eden; how Cain in vain tried to appease the Almighty with offerings of fruits; and lastly, how, finding that the smoke of his offering would not ascend to heaven, he recognised that the anger of God was determined against him, and despaired. Thus, with this clever impromptu fable, did Erasmus gracefully contrive to throw the weight of his altered opinion into Colet's scale, and at the same time to restore the whole party to wonted good-humour. Meanwhile, what he had seen of Colet made a deep impression upon him. He himself declared that he never had enjoyed an after-dinner talk so much. It was, he said, wanting in nothing.<sup>1</sup>

This little glimpse, given by Erasmus himself of his first experience of Oxford life, is of value, not only as revealing his own early impressions of Colet and Oxford, but also as throwing some little light upon the position which Colet himself had taken in the University after a year's labour at his post. That he should be chosen to preside at the long table on this occasion was a mark at least of honour and respect, while the way in which *he* evidently gave the tone to the conversation, and became so thoroughly the central figure in the group, shows that this respect was true homage paid to character, and not to mere wealth and station. Then, again, the fact that Erasmus, a stranger without purse or name, should have had assigned to him the second seat of honour, second only to the special guest of the day, was in itself a proof of the same hearty appreciation by Charnock and Colet of character, without regard to rank or station. Would it have been so everywhere? Had Erasmus been so treated at Paris?

No wonder that the letters of Erasmus, written during these first months spent in England, should bear witness to the delight with which he found himself received, all stranger as he was, into the midst of a group of warm-hearted friends, with whom, for the first time in his life, he found what it was to be at *home*. "I cannot tell you," he wrote to his friend Lord Mountjoy, "how delighted I am with your England. With two such friends as Colet and Charnock I would not refuse to live even in Scythia!"<sup>2</sup>

Nor was it only the warm-heartedness of his English friends which filled him with delight. His purpose in coming to Oxford he found to be fully answered. He had come to England because he could not raise the means for a longer journey to Italy. To prosecute his studies in Italy had been for years an object of anxious yearning, but now, after a few months' experience of Oxford life, he wrote to a friend of his who was himself going to Italy, "that he had found in England so much polish and learning—not showy, shallow learning,

(1) Erasmus, *Sixtino*, Epist. xliv.

(2) Epist. xlii.

but profound and exact, both in Latin and Greek—that now he would hardly care much about going to Italy at all, except for the sake of having been there.” “When,” he added, “I listen to my friend Colet, it seems to me like listening to Plato himself. In Grocinc, who does not admire the wide range of his knowledge? What could be more searching and deep and refined than the judgment of Linacre?” And after this mention of Colet, Grocinc, and Linacre, he adds: “Whenever did nature mould a character more gentle, endearing, and happy than Thomas More’s?”<sup>1</sup>

So that while here, as elsewhere, Colet seems to take his place again as the chief of the little band of Oxford friends, we learn from this letter that the picture would not have been complete without the figure of the fascinating youth with whom Erasmus, like the rest of them, had fallen in love.

## 2. CONVERSATION BETWEEN COLET AND ERASMUS ON THE SCHOOLMEN (1498).

But although Erasmus had formed the closest friendship with Colet, and was learning more and more to understand and admire him, it was long before he was sufficiently one in heart and purpose to induce Colet to unburden to him his whole mind.

He did so only by degrees. When he thought his friend really in earnest in any passing argument, he would tell him fully what his own views were. But Colet hated the Schoolmen’s habit of arguing for argument’s sake, and felt that Erasmus was as yet not wholly weaned from it. It was a habit which had been fostered by the current practice of asserting wire-drawn distinctions and abstruse propositions for the mere display of logical skill; and Colet’s reverence for truth shrunk from this public vivisection of it merely to feed the pride of the dissector. It pained and disgusted him.

But Colet had not quarrelled only with the logical method of the Schoolmen; he owed the scholastic philosophy itself a still deeper grudge. The system of the Schoolmen professed to embrace the whole range of universal knowledge. It was not confined strictly to religion; it included, also, questions of philosophy and science. And these were settled by isolated texts from the Bible, or dicta of the earlier Schoolmen, and not by the investigation of facts. A theology so dogmatic and capricious could consistently admit of no progress. Every discovery of science or philosophy, contrary to the dicta of the Schoolmen, was a crime. When a Roger Bacon made premature discoveries in natural philosophy, he was consigned to monastic dungeons, in order to secure by a ten years’ imprisonment that his free spirit should die with him: as in like manner Galileos, in after

(1) Erasmus, Roberto Piscatori, Epist. xiv.

ages, were tortured by successors of the Schoolmen into the deni-  
inconvenient truths.

This might do all very well in stagnant times, but in an age  
the new art of printing was reviving ancient learning, and  
worlds were turning up in hitherto untracked seas, men who,  
Colet, entered into the spirit of the new era, soon found out that  
*summæ theologiæ* of the Schoolmen were no sum of theology at  
that their science and philosophy were grossly deficient; and that  
Christianity must in truth stand or fall with scholastic dogmas,  
the accession of new light would be likely to lead honest inquir-  
after truth to reject this pseudo-Christianity, and to accept in  
place the refined semi-pagan philosophy which had accompanied  
revival of learning in Italy.

Such are the alternatives which the champions of dogmatic Chris-  
in all ages try to force upon mankind. Their cry is ever "Chris-  
Christianity or none."

Colet had seen in Italy which of these two alternatives those  
came within the influence of the new learning were inclined to  
But he had seen or heard, too, in Italy, of a third alternative.  
had found a Christianity, not scholastic, not dogmatic, which did  
seem to him to have anything to fear from free inquiry, for it  
itself one of those facts which free inquiry had brought once  
to light: the reproduction of its ancient records in their origi-  
languages was itself one of the results of the new learning. He  
found in the New Testament a simple record of the facts of the life  
Christ, and a few apostolic letters to the Churches. It had brought  
him, not to an endless web of propositions to the acceptance of which  
he must school his mind, but to a *person* whom to love, upon whom  
to trust, and for whom to work. He would not rest even in the testi-  
ing of his beloved St. Paul. He had been taught by the Apostle  
look up from him to the "wonderful majesty of Christ;"<sup>1</sup> and loyalty  
to Christ had become the ruling passion of his life.<sup>2</sup>

Rejecting the "*summæ theologiæ*" of the Schoolmen, he  
learned to find in the simple facts of the Apostle's Creed the  
sum of Christian theology; and having entrenched his faith behind  
its simple bulwarks, he could look calmly out upon the world  
philosophy and nature, with a mind free to accept truth wherever  
might find it, without anxiety as to what the revival of ancient  
learning or the discoveries of new-born science might reveal, and  
chiefly to find out his own life's work and duty, and right heartily  
do it.

And having cast off the trammels of scholastic subtlety him

(1) Eras., Op. iii. pt. 1, 459, F.

(2) "Siquidem magnum erat, Coletum, in ea fortuna, constanter sequitem esse  
quo vocabat natura, sed quo Christus," &c. Id. p. 461.

he could urge others also to do the same. When, therefore, young theological students came to him in despair and sometimes on the point of throwing up theological study altogether, because of the vexed questions in which they found it involved, he was wont to tell them "to keep firmly to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest."<sup>1</sup>

But Erasmus as yet had far from attained the same stand-point. He was still too much enamoured of the logic of the Schoolmen, and too often was found to take the Schoolmen's side in his discussions with his friend.

Colet and Erasmus<sup>2</sup> had been conversing one day upon the character of the Schoolmen. Colet had expressed his sweeping disapprobation of the whole class. Erasmus, whose knowledge of their works was, he acknowledged afterwards, by no means deep, at length ventured, in renewing the conversation at another time, to except Thomas Aquinas from the common herd as worthy of praise, alleging in his favour that he seemed to have studied both the Scriptures and ancient literature. Colet made no reply. And when Erasmus pursued the subject still further, Colet again passed it off, feigning inattention. But when Erasmus, in the course of further conversation, again expressed the same opinion in favour of Aquinas, and spoke more strongly even than before, Colet turned his full eye upon him in order to learn whether he really was speaking in earnest, and concluding that it was so,—“What,” he said passionately, “do you extol to me such a man as Aquinas? If he had not been very arrogant indeed, he would not surely have so rashly and proudly have taken upon himself to define *all* things. And unless his spirit had been somewhat worldly, he would not surely have corrupted the whole teaching of Christ by mixing with it his profane philosophy.”<sup>3</sup>

Erasmus was taken aback, as he had been at the discussion at the public table. He had again been arguing without sufficient knowledge to justify his having any strong opinion at all. Which side he took on the question at issue was a matter almost of indifference to him. But he saw plainly that it was not so with Colet. His first allusion to Aquinas, Colet had resolutely shunned. When compelled to speak his opinion, his soul was moved to its depths, and had burst forth into this passionate reply. There must be something real and earnest at the bottom of Colet's dislike for Aquinas, else he could not speak thus.

(1) Eras. Op. i. p. 653.

(2) See for this anecdote Eras. Op. iii. pt. i. 458, E & F.

(3) “Tanquam afflatus spiritu quodam, quid tu, inquit, mihi prædicas istum, qui nisi habuisset multum arrogantis, non tanta temeritate tantoque supercilio definisset omnia: et nisi habuisset aliquid spiritus mundani, non ita totam Christi doctrinam sua profana philosophia contaminasset.” (Eras. Op. iii. pt. 1, 458, F.)

So Erasmus betakes himself to the more careful study of the great Schoolman's writings.

One may picture him taking down from the shelf the "Summa Theologica," and as the first step towards the exploration of its contents, turning to the prologue. He reads:—

"Seeing that the teacher of Catholic truth not only should instruct the advanced student, but also as a part of his duty should instruct *beginners* (according to the words of the Apostle to the Corinthians, 'even as unto babes in Christ I have fed you with milk and not with meat'), our object in this book is to treat of those things which belong to the Christian religion, in a manner adapted to the instruction of beginners. For we have considered that novices in this learning have been very much hindered in [the study of] works written by others; partly, indeed, account of the multiplication of useless questions, articles, and arguments, and partly [for want of order and arrangement in these books].

"In order, therefore, to spare students these difficulties, we shall endeavour with confidence in Divine assistance, so far as the subject will admit of it, to treat of those things which belong to sacred learning with *brevity* and *clearness*."

What could be better or truer than this? Erasmus might almost have fancied that Colet himself had written these words, so fully they seem to fall in with his views. But turning from the prologue nothing surely could open the eyes of Erasmus more thoroughly to the real nature of scholastic theology than a further glance at the body of the treatise. For what was he to think of a system of theology a "*brief*" compendium of which covered no fewer than 1,150 folio pages each containing 2,000 words! And what was he to think of the wisdom of that Christian doctor who prescribed this "Summa" as "*milk*" specially adapted for the sustenance of theological "*babes!*" To be told first to digest forty-three propositions concerning the nature of God, each of which embraced several distinct articles separately discussed and concluded in the eighty-three folios devoted to this branch of the subject; then fifteen similar propositions regarding the nature of *Angels*, embracing articles such as these—

Whether Angels can be in many places at the same time;

Whether many Angels can be in the same place at the same time;

Whether Angels can move from place to place;

Whether in doing so they pass through the intermediate space;<sup>1</sup>

—then ten propositions regarding *the Creation*, consisting of an elaborate attempt to bring into harmony the work of the six days recorded in Genesis with mediæval notions of astronomy; then forty-five propositions respecting the nature of *man* before and after the Fall, the physical condition of the human body in Paradise, the mode by which it was preserved immortal by eating of the tree of life, the place where man was created before he was placed in Paradise, &c. and then having mastered the above subtle propositions, stated "*briefly*

(1) Summa, i. quest. 52, 53.

and clearly" in 216 of the aforesaid folio pages, to be told for his consolation and encouragement that he had now mastered *not quite one-fifth part* of this "first book" for beginners in theological study, and that these propositions, and more than five times as many, were to be regarded by him as the settled doctrine of the Catholic Church! — what student could fail either to be crushed under the dead weight of such a creed, or to rise up like Samson, and bursting its green withes, discard and disown it altogether?

No marvel that Erasmus was obliged to confess that in the process of further study of the works of Aquinas, his former high opinion had vanished altogether.<sup>1</sup> He could understand now how it was that Colet could hardly control his indignation at the thought how the simple facts of Christianity had been corrupted by the admixture of the subtle philosophy of this "best of the Schoolmen."

And yet we may well be free to own that Colet's not unnatural hatred of the scholastic philosophy had blinded him in some degree to the personal merits of the early Schoolmen. Deeper knowledge of the history of their times, and study of the personal character at least of some of them, might have enabled him not only to temper his hatred, but even to recognise that they occupied in their day a standpoint not widely different altogether even from his own. But men's knowledge of the circumstances in which their forefathers lived is limited indeed, and they are too apt to forget that what may be lifeless and corrupting forms to-day, may have been the expressions of living realities when they first arose.

Still, there can be little doubt that Colet's hatred of what in his day was in truth a huge and bewildering mass of dreary and lifeless subtlety, was a just and righteous hatred. And though it took some time for Erasmus thoroughly to accept it, he could in after years, when Colet was no more, endorse, from the bottom of his heart, Colet's advice to young theological students: "*Keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed; and let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest!*"

### 3. THE PSEUDO-DIONYSIAN WRITINGS. (1498.)

Next to the New Testament itself, Colet naturally turned, in his revulsion, from the Schoolmen to the early fathers of the Christian Church. And it was natural also that among their works he should hold in the highest esteem those which appeared to be nearest in date to the Apostolic age. It happened that throughout the later middle ages the Pseudo-Dionysian writings were accepted by most as the genuine productions of Dionysius the Areopagite—*i. e.* of a disciple of St. Paul himself. It is conceivable, therefore, that Colet, falling into this current view, should regard the writings of the disciple with some

(1) "Omnino decessit aliquid meae de illo existimatione." (Eras. Op. iii. pt. 1, 458, F.)

degree of that interest and reverence with which he regarded those the master.

Accordingly Colet, when he came to lecture on the Epistle to the Corinthians, made use of these writings, and it is right that readers should know that he was led by his trust in them to mix up with his otherwise simple and earnest expositions, notions somewhat strange and mystic—drawn from the great work of Dionysius, “Concerning Angels and the Celestial Hierarchy”—respecting the nature and connection of things celestial and terrestrial—“thrones, dominions, virtues, powers,” and their differing “order of glory.”

Poor Colet, caught by the mystic warmth and earnestness of the spurious writings, when he had read them along with the genuine works of the early Church fathers during his continental tour,<sup>1</sup> seemed to have stumbled again upon the treatise, “De Angelis celestium Hierarchia,” at Oxford, and to have regarded the chance of acquiring it as one not lightly to be lost, for we find him devoting two or three days to the study of the work, and taking the pains to make a digest of its celestial arguments for the benefit of a friend.<sup>2</sup>

It appears to have come into the hands of Colet and his friend about the time that they were deep in astronomical research. Your More always retained the love of astronomy which he probably was imbibing now. Linacre, too, was devoting himself to the translation of the great work of Proclus, “De Sphæra;” and Grocine afterwards wrote a preface, in the form of a letter to Aldus, the great printer of Venice, by whom it was at length published, in 1499, at the end of an edition of the “Astronomi Veteres.”<sup>3</sup> The revolving crystalline spheres of mediæval science were classed by the Schoolmen among “things celestial;” and as Luther stood in awe at their magic motions as “no doubt done by some angel,”<sup>4</sup> so these Oxford students of reviving learning were led to draw strange fanciful analogies between their “differing order of glory” and that of the celestial hierarchy of Dionysius. Thus it came to pass that Colet’s notes of his exposition on the Epistle to the Corinthians became disfigured with diagrams to illustrate these fancied analogies, and in the manuscript at Cambridge are followed by the digest already alluded to of the spurious work itself.

Colet’s friend, Grocine, was so impressed with its genuineness and value that he consented to deliver a course of lectures upon it about this time, in St. Paul’s Cathedral. But having commenced his course by very strongly asserting its genuineness, and harshly condemnin

(1) Eras. Op. iii. 456, A.

(2) MS. G.G. 4, 26, F. 157, *et seq.*

(3) See Eras. Op. iii. p. 1263, and Id. p. 184, E.

(4) Luther’s Table Talk “Of Astronomy and Astrology.”

those who were inclined to doubt, it chanced that as he proceeded with his lectures he became himself convinced by strong internal evidence that the work was spurious, and being an honest man, seeking for truth, and not arguing for argument's sake, was obliged candidly to confess the unpleasant discovery to his audience.<sup>1</sup>

Whether Grocine was able to convince Colet of the truth of this, his maturer judgment, does not appear, or that any harm ever came to Colet from the mistake into which he had fallen.

#### 4. DISCUSSION BETWEEN ERASMUS AND COLET ON "THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN" AND ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES (1498).

On another occasion Colet and Erasmus were spending an afternoon together. Their conversation fell upon the agony of Christ in the garden. They soon, as usual, found that they did not agree. Erasmus, following the common explanation of the Schoolmen, saw only in the agony suffered by the Saviour that natural fear of a cruel death to which in his human nature he submitted as one of the incidents of humanity. It seemed to him that in His character as truly *man*, left for the moment unaided by his divinity, the prospect of the anguish in store for him might well wring from him that cry of fearful and trembling human nature, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" while the further words, "not my will but Thine be done," proved, he thought, that He had not only felt, but conquered, this human fear and weakness. Erasmus further supported this view by adding the commonly received scholastic distinction between what Christ felt as *man* and what he felt as *God*, alleging that it was only as *man* that he thus suffered.

Colet dissented altogether from his friend's opinion. It might be the commonly received interpretation of recent divines, but in spite of that he declared his own entire disapproval of it. Nothing could, he thought, be more inconsistent with the exceeding love of Christ than the supposition that, when it came to the point, he shrank in dread from that very death which he desired to die in his great love of men. It seemed utterly absurd, he said, to suppose that while so many martyrs have gone to torture and death patiently and even with joy—the sense of pain being lost in the abundance of their love—Christ, who was love itself, who came into the world for the very purpose of delivering guilty man by his own innocent death, should have shrunk either from the ignominy or from the bitterness of the cross. The sweat of great drops of blood, the exceeding sorrow even unto death, the touching entreaty to his Father that the cup might

(1) Eras. Op. vi. 503, F; Annotations *in loco*, Acts xviii. Also see "Declamatio adversus censuram Facultatis Theol. Parisien." Eras. Op. ix. 917.



pass from him—was all this to be attributed to the mere fear of death? Colet had rather set it down to anything but that. For lies in the essence of love, he said, that it should cast out fear, turn sorrow into joy, think nothing of itself, sacrifice everything for others. It could not be that he who loved the human race more than any one else should be inconstant and fearful of the prospect of death! In confirmation of his view, he quoted St. Jerome, who alone, of all the Church fathers, had, he thought, shown true insight into the real cause of Christ's agony in the garden. St. Jerome had attributed the Saviour's prayer that the cup might pass from him, not to the fear of death, but to the sense felt by him of the awful guilt of the Jews, who by thus bringing about that death which he desired to die for the salvation of *all mankind*, seemed to be bringing down destruction and ruin on themselves,—an anxiety and dread bit enough, in Colet's view, to wring from the Saviour the prayer that the cup might pass from him, and the drops of bloody sweat from the garden, seeing that it afterwards did wring from him, whilst perfecting his eternal sacrifice on the cross, that other prayer for the vile ministers of his torture, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Such was the view expressed by Colet in reply to Erasmus, and in opposition to the view which he was aware was generally received by scholastic divines.

Whilst they were in the heat of the discussion it happened that the Prior Charnock entered the room. Colet, with a delicacy of feeling which Erasmus afterwards appreciated, at once broke off the argument, simply remarking as he took leave that he did not doubt that were his friend, when alone, to reconsider the matter with care and accuracy, their difference of opinion would not last very long.

When Erasmus found himself quietly ensconced in his chamber he at once followed Colet's advice. He reconsidered Colet's argument and his own. He consulted his books. By far the most of the authorities, both fathers and Schoolmen, he found beyond dispute to be on his own side. And his reconsideration ended in his being thus more convinced that he had himself been right and Colet wrong. Naturally finding it hard to yield when there was no occasion, and feeling sure that this time he had the best of the argument, he eagerly seized his pen, and with some parade, both of candour and learning, stated at great length what he thought might be said on both sides. After having written what, in type, would fill about fifty of these pages, he confidently wound up his long letter by saying that, so far as he could see, he had demonstrated his own opinion to be consistent with that of the Schoolmen and most of the early fathers, and, whilst not contrary to nature, clearly consistent with

reason. But he knew, he said, to whom he was writing, and whether he had convinced Colet he could not tell.

The reply of Colet was short and very characteristic of the man. "Your letter, most learned Erasmus, as it is very long, so also is it most eloquent and happy. It is a proof of a tenacious memory, and gives a faithful review of our discussion. . . . But it contains nothing to alter or detract from the opinions which I imbibed from St. Jerome. . . . I am unwilling, just now, to grapple with your letter as a whole. For I have neither leisure nor strength to do so at once, and without preparation. But I will attack the first part of it—your first line of battle as it were. . . . In the mean time do you patiently hear me, and let us both, if, when striking our flints together, any spark should fly out, eagerly catch at it. For we seek, not for victory in argument, but for *truth*, which perchance may be elicited by the clash of argument with argument, as sparks are by the clashing of steel against steel!"

Erasmus, at the commencement of his long letter, feeling, perhaps, that after all there might be some truth in Colet's view not embraced in his own, had fallen back upon the strange theory, already alluded to as held by scholastic divines, that the words of the Scriptures, because of their magic sacredness and absolute inspiration, might properly be interpreted in several distinct senses. "Nothing (he had said) forbids our drawing various meanings out of the wonderful riches of the sacred text, so as to render the same passage in more than one way. I know that according to Job, 'the word of God is manifold.' I know that the manna did not taste alike to all. But if you so embrace *your* opinion that you condemn and reject the received opinion, then I freely dissent from you."

This was the first line of battle which Colet, in his letter, declared that he would at once attack. It was a notion of Scripture interpretation altogether foreign to his own. He yielded to none in his admiration of the wonderful fulness and richness of the Scriptures. He had made it the chief matter of his remark to the priest who had called on him during the winter vacation of 1496-7, and had written to the Abbot of Winchcombe an account of the priest's visit, in order to press the same point upon him. But from the method adopted in his exposition of St. Paul's Epistles it is clear that he did not hold the theory of uniform verbal inspiration which virtually ignored the human element in Scripture round which had grown like a fungus this still stranger theory of the manifold senses of Scripture, and upon which alone it could be at all logically held.

So now, brought face to face with this theory by Erasmus's mention of it, he boldly replied, that however generally it might be accepted, he could not assent to it. It was not that he was unwilling to grant

the fulness of the Scriptures—he, more than other men, admires their overflowing fulness—but in his view that fulness consists not in their bearing many senses, but in their bearing only one sense and that an entirely true one. What if from the simple, divine and truth-speaking words of the Scriptures of the Spirit of Truth whether heard or read, many and various persons draw many a varying sense? He set that down, he said, not to the richness of the Scriptures, but to the sterility of men's minds, and their incapacity of getting at the pure and simple truth. If they could but reach *that*, they would as completely agree as now they differ. He then remarked how mysterious the inspiration of the Scriptures was, how the Spirit seemed to him, by reason of its majesty, to have a peculiar method of its own, singularly absolute and free, blowing where it lists, making prophets of whom it will, yet so that the spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets. He repeated the conclusion that he admired the fulness of the Scriptures, not because each word may be construed in several senses—that would be waste of fulness—but because “*quot sententiæ totidem sint verba, et quæ verba, tot sententiæ.*” Having said this, he was ready to descend into the arena, and to join battle with Erasmus on the matter in dispute but he could not do so now; he was called away by other engagement and must end his letter for the present.<sup>1</sup>

The letters which followed, in which Colet further pursued the subject of the Agony in the Garden, have unfortunately been lost. But enough remains to give by a passing glimpse some idea of the pleasant colloquies and earnest converse, both by mouth and letter in which the happy months of 1498 glided swiftly by.

##### 5. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN COLET AND ERASMUS ON THE INTENTION OF ERASMUS TO LEAVE OXFORD (1498-9).

The winter vacation had once again dispersed for awhile the circle of Oxford students. Colet had probably gone up to London to spend Christmas at his paternal home. Erasmus having, it would seem, some friend at Court, had joined the royal party, probably spending Christmas at Woodstock or some other hunting station. He was first delighted with Court manners and field sports, and in a letter written about this time he jocosely told a Parisian friend that to Erasmus whom he once had known was now a hunter, and his manners polished up into those of an experienced courtier. He was greatly struck, he added, with the beauty and grace of the English ladies.

(1) For the whole matter of the foregoing section see “*Disputatio de Tædio Pavore Christi.*” Eras. Op. v. pp. 1266-1294.

(2) Eras. Op. iii. pt. 1, Epist. lxx. Erasmus Fausto Andrelino.

and urged him to let nothing less than the gout hinder his coming to England.

But while Court life might captivate at first, Erasmus had soon found out that its glitter was not gold. As the wolf in the fable lost his relish for the dainties and delicate fare of the house-dog when he saw the mark of the collar on his neck, so when Erasmus had seen how little of freedom and how much of bondage there was in the courtier's life, he had left it with disgust; choosing rather to return to Oxford to share the more congenial society of what students might be found there during these vacation weeks, than to remain longer with "fettered courtiers." He was waiting only for time and tide to return to Paris. At present the weather was too rough for so bad a sailor; and owing to the reported escape of Perkin Warbeck, it was difficult to obtain the needful permission to leave the realm.

The thought that Erasmus was so soon to leave Oxford was one which troubled Colet's vacation thoughts. To be left alone at Oxford again to fight his way single-handed (for More, too, was called home by his father to commence his studies at the inns of court), was to him a by no means cheering prospect. But his saddest feeling was one not merely of sorrow at parting with his two best friends—it was a feeling of disappointment. He had hoped for more than he had found in Erasmus. That he could have won over Erasmus all at once to his own views and plans he had never dreamed. The scholar had his own bent of mind, and of course his own plans. Such was his love of learning for its own sake, that he was bent on constant and persevering study; and his stay at Oxford he looked upon merely as one step of the ladder, valuable chiefly because it led to the next. But Colet longed for fellowship. In his friend he had sought, and in some measure found, fellow-feeling. But feeling and action to him were too closely linked to make that all he wanted. Fellow-feeling was to him but a half-hearted thing, unless it ripened into fellow-work; and he had hoped for this in Erasmus. He had purposely left Erasmus to find out his views and to discern his spirit by degrees. He had not tried to force him in anywise. He had shown his wisdom in this. But now that Erasmus talked of leaving Oxford, it was Colet's duty to speak out. He could not let him go without one last appeal. He therefore wrote to him, telling him plainly of his disappointment. He urged him to remain at Oxford. He urged him, once for all, to come out boldly, as he himself had done, and to do his part in the great work of restoring that old and true theology of Christ, so long obscured by the subtle webs of the Schoolmen, in its pristine brightness and dignity. What could he do more noble than this? There was plenty of room for both of them. He himself was doing his best to expound the New Testament. Why should not Erasmus take some book of the Old Testament, say Genesis or Isaiah,

and expound it, as he had done the Epistles of St. Paul? If could not make up his mind to do this at once, Colet urged that, a temporary alternative, he should lecture on some secular branch of study. Anything was better than that he should leave Oxford altogether.

Erasmus received this letter soon after his return from his short experience of Court life. The tone of disappointment and almost reproof pervading it Erasmus felt was undeserved on his part, it evidently made a deep impression upon him. Looking back upon his intercourse with Colet at Oxford, he must have seen how much it had done to change his views, and felt how powerfully Colet's influence had worked upon him. Yet he knew how far his views were from being matured like Colet's, and how foolish it would be to begin publicly to teach before his own mind was fully made up. He knew that Colet had brought him over very much to his way of thinking, and he was ready to confess himself a disciple of Colet, but he must digest what he had learned, and make it thoroughly his own, before he could publicly teach it. Perhaps he might one day be able to join Colet in his work at Oxford, but he thought, and probably wisely, that the time had not yet come. This at least may be gathered from his reply to Colet's letter. With some abridgements and omissions it may be translated thus:—

*Erasmus to Colet.*

. . . "In what you say as to your dislike to the modern race of divines who spend their lives in mere logical tricks and sophistical cavils, in very truth I entirely agree with you.

"Not that, valuing as I do all branches of study, I condemn the studies of these men, *as such*, but that when they alone are pursued, to the exclusion of the ancient and elegant literature, they seem to me to be calculated to make men frivolous and contentious; whether they can make men wise I leave to others. If they draw out the mental powers into a dry and biting subtlety, without infusing any vigour or spirit into the mind. And the greatest of all theology, the queen of all literature—so venerable, full, and richly eloquent—these men pollute with the babble and the filth of their obscenest language. What was so easy to the comprehension of the old divines, they clog with some subtlety or other, thus involving everything in obscurity while they try to explain it. It is thus that we see that Theology, which was once most venerable and full of majesty, now almost dumb, poor, and shrivelled.

"In the mean time we are allured by a never-satiated appetite for strife. One dispute gives rise to another, till with wonderful eagerness we fight about nothing. Then, lest we should seem to have added nothing to the discoveries of the old divines, we audaciously lay down certain positive rules according to which God might have performed his mysteries, when sometimes it might be better for us to believe that a thing *was* done, leaving the question of *how* it was done to the omnipotence of God. So, too, for the sake of showing our ingenuity, we sometimes discuss questions which pious ears can hardly bear to hear; as, for instan-

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(1) Eras. Op. v. 1263.

When it is asked whether the Almighty could have taken upon him the nature of the devil or of an ass.

Besides all this, in our times those in general apply themselves to the study of theology, the chief of all studies, who by reason of their obtuseness and lack of sense are hardly fit for any study at all. But I say this not of learned and upright professors of theology, whom I highly respect and venerate, but of that sordid and naughty pack of divines who count all learning as worthless except their own.

"Wherefore, my dear Colet, in having joined battle with this redoubtable race of men for the restoration, in its pristine brightness and dignity, of that old and true theology which they have obscured by their subtleties, you have in very truth engaged in a work in many ways of the highest honour—a work of devotion to the cause of Theology, and of the greatest advantage to all students, and especially the students of this flourishing University of Oxford. Still, to speak the truth, it is a work of great difficulty, and one sure to excite ill-will. Your learning and energy will, however, conquer every difficulty, and your magnanimity will easily overlook ill-will. There are not a few, even among divines themselves, both able and willing to aid your honest endeavours. There is no one, indeed, who would not give you a hand, since there is not even a doctor in this celebrated University who has not given attentive audience to your public readings on the Epistles of St. Paul, now of three years' standing. And which is the most praiseworthy in this, their modesty in not being ashamed to learn from a young man without doctor's degree, or your remarkable learning, eloquence, and integrity of life, which they have thought worthy of such honour?"

"I do not wonder that *you* should put your shoulder under so great a burden, for you are able to bear it, but I do wonder greatly that you should call *me*, who am nothing of a man, into the fellowship of so glorious a work. For you exhort—yes, you almost reproachfully urge me that by expounding either the ancient Moses or the eloquent Isaiah in the same way as you have expounded St. Paul. I should try, as you say, to kindle up the studies of this University, now chilled by these winter months. But I, who have learned to live in solitude, know well how imperfectly I am furnished for such a task, nor do I lay claim to sufficient learning to justify my undertaking it. Nor do I judge that I have strength of mind enough to enable me to sustain the ill-will of so many men stoutly maintaining their own ground. Matters of this kind require not a tyro, but a practised general. Nor can you rightly call me immodest in refusing to do what I should be far more immodest to attempt. You act, my dear Colet, in this matter as wisely as they who (as Plautus says) 'demand water from a rock.' With what face can I teach what I myself have not learned? Shall I kindle the chilled warmth of others while altogether trembling and shivering myself?"

"But you say you expected this of me, and now you complain that you were wrong. You should rather blame yourself than me for this. For I have not deceived you. I have neither promised nor held out any prospect of any such thing. But you have deceived yourself in not believing me when I told you truly what I meant to do.

"Nor indeed did I come here to teach poetry and rhetoric, for these ceased to be pleasant to me when they ceased to be necessary. I refuse this task because it does not come up to my purpose, the other because it is beyond my strength. You unjustly blame me in the one case, my dear Colet, because I never intended to follow the profession of what are called secular studies. As to the other, you exhort me in vain, as I know myself to be too unfit for it. But even though I were most fit, still it must not be. For soon I must return to Paris.

"In the mean time, whilst I am detained here, partly by the winter, and partly because departure from England is forbidden, owing to the flight of some general, I have betaken myself to this famous University that I might rather spend two or three months with men of your class than with those fettered courtiers.

"Be it, indeed, far from me to oppose your glorious and sacred labours. On the contrary, I will promise (since not fitted as yet to be a coadjutor) sedulously encourage and further them. For the rest, whenever I feel that I have the requisite firmness and strength I will join you, and by your side, and in theological teaching, I will zealously engage, if not in successful at least in earnest labours. In the mean time, nothing could be more delightful to me than that we should go on as we have begun, whether daily by word of mouth, or by letter, discussing the meaning of Holy Scripture.

"Vale mi Coleta.

"The most courteous prior, Richard Charnock, my host and our common friend wishes you good health. From Oxford, from the College of the Canons of the Order of St. Augustine, commonly called the College of St. Mary."<sup>1</sup>

#### 6. ERASMUS AND MORE BOTH LEAVE OXFORD (1499).

The intentions expressed by Erasmus in the letter just quoted were soon carried out. And when, before many weeks were passed, Colet returned to Oxford, at the close of the winter vacation 1498-9, to commence another series of his lectures, he found himself alone; the little group of friends scattered to the winds.

Young More does not seem to have returned to Oxford after the winter vacation. He had spent but two years at the University and was now only nineteen. Yet in the utilitarian view of his father he had spent time enough at College. The lawyer had watched his son with a jealous eye, and had kept a tight rein upon him through lest he should fall into loose habits, and yield to the temptations of youth. To such an extent had he carried his system of parental espionage that even when young More's boots wore out he was not allowed to buy new ones without first consulting his father. And as far as can be traced, this stern discipline did not fail of its end. If there was another snare from which parental anxiety was not able wholly to preserve him. The influence of Colet and Erasmus was not needed to draw such a mind as his out of conventional paths in the pursuit of that "new learning" for which Oxford was becoming famous. He accordingly had begun to show symptoms of fondness for the study of the Greek language and literature, and might have been guilty even of preferring the philosophy of the Greeks to that of the Schoolmen. This was treading on dangerous ground, and it seemed to the anxious parent high time that a stop should be put to the trifling and fascinating studies, the use of which to a lawyer he could not discern. So somewhat abruptly he took young More away from the University, and had him at once entered as a student at the Inns of Court.<sup>2</sup> Thus More and Erasmus both deserted Colet at the same time.

(1) Erasmus Johanni Coleta. Eras. Op. v. 1263.

(2) "Sic voluit pater qui eum ad Græcarum literarum et Philosophiæ studium subsidio destituit, ut ad istud (i.e. English Law) induceret." (Stapleton's "Tres Thous Colon. 1612 ed., p. 168, chap. ii.)

The next glimpse we obtain of them is their proceeding together to pay a visit to Lord Montjoy at his country seat at Greenwich, where, the Royal nursery being not far from the place, under More's auspices, Erasmus, preparatory to his leaving England, was duly introduced to all the junior branches of the Royal family, from Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., down to the baby Prince Edmund in arms.<sup>1</sup>

Here at Greenwich the two friends parted—More to bury himself in legal studies at the Inns of Court; Erasmus to embark at Dover for France with the ultimate intention of proceeding to Italy, for, thanks to the kind bounty of his English friends, he had now golden crowns enough in his purse to bring the fulfilment of this long cherished dream within the range of probability.

Thus, in the spring of 1449, the happy intercourse of the three friends at Oxford came to an end—one might be tempted almost to say to an *untimely* end. For had Erasmus stayed at Oxford but another year or two, Colet might, perhaps, have made him fully his own, and then what conquests might not Colet and he have achieved together! Young More, too, must in that case surely have thrown in his lot with theirs; the natural bent of his mind, strengthened by a few months' more of Colet's silent influence, must surely have overcome his father's strong utilitarian prejudices. He, too, might thus have become a fellow-worker with Colet and Erasmus at Oxford instead of a lawyer at Lincoln's Inn. But, however Colet may have longed that it might be so, it was not so to be.

The three friends had evidently each a separate path of his own. Their nature and natural gifts were, indeed, singularly different. They had been brought together only for one short year at Oxford, as it were by chance, and now again their spheres of life seemed likely to lay wide apart. How could it be otherwise? Was then the influence of Colet, exerted with so delicate and wise a tact during this year of college life, all thrown away?

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

(1) See the mention of this incident in Erasmus's letter to Botzem, printed as "Catalogus Omnium Erasmi Roterodami lucubrationum ipso autore," 1523. Basil, fol. A, B. reprinted by Jortin, app. 418, 419.



## VITTORIA.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### FIRST HOURS OF THE FLIGHT.

VITTORIA slept on like an outworn child, while Giacinta nodded on her, and started, and wondered what embowelled mountain fiend might be passing through, so cold was the air and thick the darkness and wondered more at the old face of dawn, which appeared to be nothing of her agitation. But morning was better than night; she ceased counting over her sins forwards and backwards; added comments on them, excusing some and admitting the turpitude of others, with "Oh! I was naughty, padre mio! I was naughty!" she huddled them all into one of memory's spare sacks, and tied the neck of it, that they should keep safe for her father-confessor. At such times, after a tumult of the blood, women have tender delusions in one another's beauty. Giacinta doated on the marble cheek upturned on her lap, with the black unbound locks slipping across the braid of the coronal of hair loosening; the chance fitting moment of the little pearly dimple that lay at the edge of the bow of the joined lips, like the cradling hollow of a dream. At times the eyelids would twitch; yet the dear eyelids continued sealed. Looking shut eyelids when you love the eyes beneath, is more or less a teasing mystery that draws down your mouth to kiss them. Their lips seem to answer you in some way with infantine provocation; the fine eyelashes upon a face bent sideways, suggest a kind of inter-smiling. Giacinta looked till she could bear it no longer; she kissed the cheek, and crooned over it, gladdened by a sense of jealous possession when she thought of the adored thing her mistress had been over-night. One of her hugs awoke Vittoria, who said, "Shut the window, mother," and slept again fast. Giacinta saw that they were nearer to the mountains. Mountain-shadows were thrown out, long lank shadows of cypresses that climbed up reddish-yellow undulations, told of the sun coming. The sun threw a blaze of light on the carriage. He shone like a good friend, and helped Giacinta to think, as she had already been disposed to imagine, that the machivelli by which they had been caught out of Milan was amicable enough after all, and not to be screamed at. The sound medicine of air and sunlight was restoring livelier colour to her mistress. Giacinta hushed her now, but Vittoria's eyes opened, and settled on her, in a state of repose.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Signorina, my own, I was thinking whether those people I see on the hill-sides are as fond of coffee as I am."

Vittoria sat up and tumbled questions out headlong, pressing

eyes and gathering her senses ; she shook with a few convulsions, but shed no tears. It was rather the discomfort of their position than any vestige of alarm which prompted Giacinta to project her head and interrogate the coachman and chasseur. She drew back, saying, "Holy Virgin ! they are Germans. We are to stop in half-an-hour." With that she put her hands to use in arranging and smoothing Vittoria's hair and dress—the dress of *Camilla*—of which triumphant heroine Vittoria felt herself an odd little ghost now. She changed her seat that she might look towards Milan. A letter was spied fastened with a pin to one of the cushions. She opened it, and read in pencil-writing :—

"Go quietly. You have done all that you could do for good or for ill. The carriage will take you to a safe place, where you will soon see your friends, and hear the news. Wait till you reach Meran. You will see a friend from England. Avoid the lion's jaw a second time. Here you compromise everybody. Submit, or your friends will take you for a mad girl. Be satisfied. *It is an Austrian who rescues you.* Think yourself no longer appointed to put match to powder. Drown yourself if a second frenzy comes. I feel I could still love your body if the obstinate soul were out of it. You know who it is that writes. I might sign 'Michiella' to this : I have a sympathy with her anger at the provoking *Camilla*. Addio ! From La Scala."

The lines read as if Laura were uttering them. Wrapping her cloak across the silken opera garb, Vittoria leaned back passively until the carriage stopped at a village inn, where Giacinta made speedy arrangements to satisfy as far as possible her mistress's queer predilection for bathing her whole person daily in cold water. The household service of the inn recovered from the effort to assist her sufficiently to produce hot coffee and sweet bread, and new green-streaked stracchino, the cheese of the district, which was the morning meal of the fugitives. Giacinta, who had never been so thirsty in her life, became intemperately refreshed, and was seized by the fatal desire to do something : to do what she could not tell ; but chancing to see that her mistress had silken slippers on her feet, she protested loudly that stouter foot-gear should be obtained for her, and ran out to circulate inquiries concerning a shoemaker who might have a pair of country overshoes for sale. She returned to say that the coachman and his comrade, the German chasseur, were drinking and watering their horses, and were not going to start until after a rest of two hours, and that she proposed to walk to a small Bergamasc town within a couple of miles of the village, where the shoes could be obtained, and perhaps a stuff to replace the silken dress. Receiving consent, Giacinta whispered, "A man outside wishes to speak to you, signorina. Don't be frightened. He pounced on me at the end of the village, and had as little breath to speak as a boy in love. He

was behind us all last night on the carriage. He mentioned you by name. He is quite commonly dressed, but he's a gallant gentleman and exactly like our signor Carlo. My dearest lady, he'll be company for you while I am absent. May I beckon him to come into the room?"

Vittoria supposed at once that this was a smoothing of the way for the entrance of her lover and her joy. She stood up, letting all her strength go that he might the more justly take her and cherish her. But it was not Carlo who entered. So dead fell her baffled hope that her face was repellent with the effort she made to support herself. He said, "I address the signorina Vittoria. I am a relative Countess Ammiani. My name is Angelo Guidascarpì. Last night I was evading the sbirri in this disguise by the private door of La Scala from which I expected Carlo to come forth. I saw him seized in mistake for me. I jumped up on the empty box seat behind your carriage. Before we entered the village I let myself down. If I am seen and recognised, I am lost, and great evil will befall Countess Ammiani and her son; but if they are unable to confront Carlo as I am, my escape ensures his safety."

"What can I do?" said Vittoria.

He replied, "Shall I answer you by telling you what I have done?"

"You need not, signore."

"Enough that I want to keep a sword fresh for my country. I am at your mercy, signorina; and I am without anxiety. I heard the chasseur saying at the door of La Scala that he had the night pass for the city gates and orders for the Tyrol. Once in the Tyrol I leapt into Switzerland. I should have remained in Milan, but nothing will be done there yet, and quiet cities are not homes for me."

Vittoria began to admit the existence of his likeness to her lover though it seemed to her a guilty weakness that she should see it.

"Will nothing be done in Milan?" was her first eager question.

"Nothing, signorina, or I should be there, and safe."

"What, signore, do you require me to help you in?"

"Say that I am your servant."

"And take you with me?"

"Such is my petition."

"Is the case very urgent?"

"Hardly more, as regards myself, than a sword lost to Italy if I am discovered. But, signorina, from what Countess Ammiani has told me, I believe that you will some day be my relative likewise. Therefore, I appeal not only to a charitable lady, but to one of my own family."

Vittoria reddened. "All that I can do I will do."

Angelo had to assure her that Carlo's release was certain to

moment his identity was established. She breathed gladly, saying "I wonder at it all very much. I do not know where they are carrying me, but I think I am in friendly hands. I owe you a duty. You will permit me to call you Beppo till our journey ends."

They were attracted to the windows by a noise of a horseman drawing rein under it, whose imperious shout for the innkeeper betrayed the soldier's habit of exacting prompt obedience from civilians, though there was no military character in his attire. The innkeeper and his wife came out to the summons, and then both made way for the chasseur in attendance on Vittoria. With this man the cavalier conversed.

"Have you had food?" said Vittoria. "I have some money that will serve for both of us three days. Go, and eat and drink. Pay for us both."

She gave him her purse. He received it with a grave servitorial bow, and retired.

Soon afterwards the chasseur brought up a message. Herr Johannes requested that he might have the honour of presenting his homage to her: it was imperative that he should see her. She nodded. Her first glance at Herr Johannes assured her of his being one of the officers whom she had seen on the stage last night, and she prepared to act her part. Herr Johannes desired her to recall to mind his introduction to her by the Signor Antonio-Pericles at the house of the maestro, Rocco Ricci. "It is true; pardon me," said Vittoria.

He informed her that she had surpassed herself at the opera; so much so that he and many other Germans had been completely conquered by her. Hearing, he said, that she was to be pursued, he took horse and galloped all night on the route towards Schloss Sonnenberg, whither, as it had been whispered to him, she was flying, in order to counsel her to lie *perdu* for a short space, and subsequently to conduct her to the schloss of the amiable duchess. Vittoria thanked him, but stated humbly that she preferred to travel alone. He declared that it was impossible; that she was precious to the world of art, and must on no account be allowed to run into peril. Vittoria tried to assert her will; she found it unstrung. She thought, besides, that this disguised officer, with the ill-looking eyes running into one, might easily, since he had heard her, be a devotee of her voice; and it flattered her yet more to imagine him as a capture from the enemy—a vanquished subservient Austrian. She had seen him come on horseback; he had evidently followed her; and he knew what she now understood must be her destination. Moreover, Laura had underlined "*it is an Austrian who rescues you.*" This man perchance was the Austrian. His precise manner of speech demanded an extreme repugnance, if it was to be resisted;

Vittoria's reliance upon her own natural fortitude was much too secure for her to encourage the physical revulsions which certain hard faces of men create in the hearts of young women.

"Was all quiet in Milan?" she asked.

"Quiet as a pillow," he said.

"And will continue to be?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Why is there not a doubt of it, signore?"

"You beat us Germans on one field. On the other you have no chance. But you must lose no time. The Croats are on your track. I have ordered out the carriage."

The mention of the Croats struck her fugitive senses with a panic.

"I must wait for my maid," she said, attempting to deliberate.

"Ha! you have a maid: of course you have! Where is your maid?"

"She ought to have returned by this time. If not, she is on the road."

"On the road? Good; we will pick up the maid on the road. We have not a minute to spare. Lady, I am your obsequious servant. Hasten out, I beg of you. I was taught at my school that minutes are not to be wasted. Those Croats have been drinking and what not on the way, or they would have been here before this. You can't rely on Italian innkeepers to conceal you."

"Signore, are you a man of honour?"

"Illustrious lady, I am."

She listened simply to the response without giving heed to the prodigality of gesture. The necessity for flight now that Milan was announced as lying quiet, had become her sole thought. Angelo was standing by the carriage.

"What man is this?" said Herr Johannes frowning.

"He is my servant," said Vittoria.

"My dear good lady, you told me your servant was a maid. This will never do. We can't have him."

"Excuse me, signore, I never travel without him."

"Travel! This is not a case of travelling, but running; and when you run, if you are in earnest about it, you must fling away your baggage and arms."

Herr Johannes tossed out his moustache to right and left, and stamped his foot. He insisted that the man should be left behind.

"Off, sir! back to Milan, or elsewhere," he cried.

"Beppo, mount on the box," said Vittoria.

Her command was instantly obeyed. Herr Johannes looked her in the face. "You are very decided, my dear lady." He seemed to have lost his own decision, but handing Vittoria in, he drew a long cigar from his breast-pocket, lit it, and mounted beside the coachman. The chasseur had disappeared.

Vittoria entreated that a general look-out should be kept for *Giacinta*. The road was straight up an ascent, and she had no fear that her maid would not be seen. Presently there was a view of the violet domes of a city. "Is it Bergamo?—is it Brescia?" she longed to ask, thinking of her Bergamasc and Brescian friends, and of those two places famous for the bravery of their sons: one being especially dear to her, as the birthplace of a genius of melody, whose blood was in her veins. "Did he look on these mulberry trees?—did he look on these green-grassed valleys?—did he hear these falling waters?" she asked herself, and clothed her spirit with reverential thoughts of him and with his music. She saw sadly that they were turning from the city. A little ball of paper was shot into her lap. She opened it and read: "An officer of the cavalry.—*BEPP0*." She put her hand out of the window to signify that she was awake to the situation. Her anxiety, however, began to fret. No sight of *Giacinta* was to be had in any direction. Her mistress commenced chiding the garrulous creature, and did so until she pitied her, when she accused herself of cowardice, for she was incapable of calling out to the coachman to stop. The rapid motion subdued such energy as remained to her, and she willingly allowed her hurried feelings to rest on the faces of rocks impending over long ravines, and of perched old castles and white villas and sub-Alpine herds. She burst from the fascination as from a dream, but only to fall into it again, reproaching her weakness, and saying, "What a thing am I!" When she did make her voice heard by Herr *Johannes* and the coachman, she was nervous and ashamed, and met the equivocating pacification of the reply with an assent half-way, though she was far from comprehending the consolation she supposed that it was meant to convey. She put out her hand to communicate with *Beppo*. Another ball of pencilled writing answered to it. She read: "Keep watch on this Austrian. Your maid is two hours in the rear. Refuse to be separated from me. My life is at your service.—*BEPP0*."

Vittoria made her final effort to get a resolve of some sort; ending it with a compassionate exclamation over poor *Giacinta*. The girl could soon find her way back to Milan. On the other hand, the farther from Milan, the less the danger to Carlo's relative, in whom she now perceived a stronger likeness to her lover. She sank back in the carriage and closed her eyes. Though she smiled at the vanity of forcing sleep in this way, sleep came. Her healthy frame seized its natural medicine to rebuild her after the fever of recent days.

She slept till the rocks were purple, and rose-purple mists were in the valleys. The stopping of the carriage aroused her. They were at the threshold of a large wayside hostelry, fronting a slope of forest and a plunging brook. Whitecoats in all attitudes leaned about the

door; she beheld the inner court full of them. Herr Johannes was ready to hand her to the ground. He said: "You have nothing to fear. These fellows are on the march to Cremona. Perhaps it will be better if you are served up in your chamber. You will be called early in the morning."

She thanked him, and felt grateful. "Beppo, look to yourself," she said, and ran to her retirement.

"I fancy that's about all that you are fit for," Herr Johannes remarked, with his eyes on the impersonator of Beppo, who bore the scrutiny carelessly, and after seeing that Vittoria had left nothing on the carriage-seats, directed his steps towards the kitchen as became his functions. Herr Johannes beckoned to a Tyrolese maid-servant, of whom Beppo had asked his way. She gave her name as Kätchen.

"Kätchen, Kätchen, my sweet chuck," said Herr Johannes, "here are ten florins for you, in silver, if you will get me the handkerchief of that man: you have just stretched your finger out for him."

According to the common Austrian reckoning of them, Herr Johannes had adopted the right method for ensuring the devotion of the maidens of Tyrol. She responded with an amazed gulp of her mouth and a grimace of acquiescence. Ten florins in silver shortened the migratory term of the mountain girl by full three months. Herr Johannes asked her the hour when the officers in command had supper, and deferred his own meal till that time. Kätchen set about earning her money. With any common Beppo it would have been easy enough—simple barter for a harmless kiss. But this Beppo appeared inaccessible; he was so courtly and so reserved; nor is a maiden of Tyrol a particularly skilled seductress. The supper of the officers was smoking on the table, when Herr Johannes presented himself among them, and very soon the inn was shaken with an uproar of greeting. Kätchen found Beppo listening at the door of the salle. She clapped her hands upon him to drag him away.

"What right have you to be leaning your head there?" she said, and threatened to make his proceedings known. Beppo had no jewel to give, little money to spare. He had just heard Herr Johannes welcomed among the officers by a name that half paralysed him. "You shall have anything you ask of me if you will find me out in a couple of hours," he said. Kätchen nodded truce for that period, and saw her home in the Oberinntal still nearer—twelve mountain goats and a cow her undisputed property. She found him out, though he had strayed through the court of the inn, and down a hanging garden to the borders of a torrent that drenched the air and sounded awfully in the dark ravine below. He embraced her very mildly. "One scream and you go," he said; she felt the saving hold of her feet plucked from her, with all the sinking horror, and

bit her under lip, as if keeping in the scream with bare stitches. When he released her she was perfectly mastered. "You do play tricks," she said, and quaked.

"I play no tricks. Tell me at what hour these soldiers march."

"At two in the morning."

"Don't be afraid, silly child: you're safe if you obey me. At what time has our carriage been ordered?"

"At four."

"Now, swear to do this:—rouse my mistress at a quarter past two: bring her down to me."

"Yes, yes," said Kätchen, eagerly: "give me your handkerchief, and she will follow me. I do swear; that I do; by big St. Christopher! who's painted on the walls of our house at home."

Beppo handed her sweet silver, which played a lively tune for her temporarily-vanished cow and goats. Peering at her features in the starlight, he let her take the handkerchief from his pocket.

"Oh! what have you got in there?" she said.

He laid his finger across her mouth, bidding her return to the house.

"Dear Heaven!" Kätchen went in murmuring; "would I have gone out to that soft-looking young man if I had known he was a devil."

Angelo Guidascarpì was aware that an officer without responsibility never sleeps faster than when his brothers-in-arms have to be obedient to the reveillé. At two in the morning the bugle rang out; many lighted cigars were flashing among the dark passages of the inn; the whitecoats were disposed in marching order; hot coffee was hastily swallowed; the last stragglers from the stables, the outhouses, the court, and the straw beds under roofs of rock, had gathered to the main body. The march set forward. A pair of officers sent a shout up to the drowsy windows, "Good luck to you, Weisspriess!" Angelo descended from the concealment of the opposite trees, where he had stationed himself to watch the departure. The inn was like a sleeper who has turned over. He made Kätchen bring him bread and slices of meat and a flask of wine, which things found a place in his pockets; and paying for his mistress and himself, he awaited Vittoria's foot on the stairs. When Vittoria came she asked no questions, but said to Kätchen, "You may kiss me;" and Kätchen began crying; she believed that they were lovers daring everything for love.

"You have a clear start of an hour and a half. Leave the high-road then, and turn left through the forest and ask for Bormio. If you reach Tyrol, and come to Silz, tell people that you know Kätchen Giesslinger, and they will be kind to you."

So saying, she let them out into the black-eyed starlight.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## ADVENTURES OF VITTORIA AND ANGELO.

Nothing was distinguishable for the flying couple save the high-road winding under rock and forest, and here and there a coursing water in the depths of the ravines that showed like a vein in black marble. They walked swiftly, keeping brisk ears for sound of hoof or foot behind them. Angelo promised her that she should rest after the morning light had come; but she assured him that she could bear fatigue, and her firm cheerfulness lent his heart vigour. At times they were hooded with the darkness, which came on them as if, as benighted children fancy, their faces were about to meet the shaggy breast of the forest. Rising up to lighter air, they had sight of distant twinklings: it might be city, or autumn weed, or fires of the woodmen, or beacon-fires: they glimmered like eyelets to the mystery of the vast unseen land. Innumerable brooks went talking to the night; torrents in seasons of rain; childish voices now, with endless involutions of a song of three notes and a sort of unnoted clanging chorus, as if a little one sang and would sing on through the thumping of a tambourine and bells. Vittoria had these fancies: Angelo had none. He walked like a hunted man whose life is at stake.

"If we reach a village soon we may get some conveyance," he said.

"I would rather walk than ride," said Vittoria; "it keeps me from thinking."

"There is the dawn, signorina."

Vittoria frightened him by taking a seat upon a bench of rock; while it was still dark about them, she drew off Camilla's silken shoes and stockings, and stood on bare feet.

"You fancied I was tired," she said. "No; I am thrifty; and I want to save as much of my finery as I can. I can go very well on naked feet. These shoes are no protection; they would be worn out in half a day, and spoilt for decent wearing in another hour."

The sight of fair feet upon hard earth troubled Angelo; he excused himself for calling her out to endure hardship; but she said, "I trust you entirely." She looked up at the first thin wave of colour while walking.

"You do not know me," said he.

"You are Countess Ammiani's nephew."

"I have, as I had the honour to tell you yesterday, the blood of your lover in my veins."

"Do not speak of him now, I pray," said Vittoria; "I want my strength."

"Signorina, the man we have left behind us is his enemy;—mine

I would rather see you dead than alive in his hands. Do you fear death?"

"Sometimes; when I am half awake," she confessed. "I dislike thinking of it."

He asked her curiously: "Have you never seen it?"

"Death?" said she, and changed a shudder to a smile; "I died last night."

Angelo smiled with her. "I saw you die."

"It seems a hundred years ago."

"Or half-a-dozen minutes. The heart counts everything."

"Was I very much liked by the people, signor Angelo?"

"They love you."

"I have done them no good."

"Every possible good. And now, mine is the duty to protect you."

"And yesterday we were strangers! Signor Angelo, you spoke of sbirri. There is no rising in Bologna. Why are they after you? You look too gentle to give them cause."

"Do I look gentle? But what I carry is no burden. Who that saw you last night would know you for Camilla? You will hear of my deeds, and judge. We shall soon have men upon the road; you must be hidden. See, there: there are our colours in the sky. Austria cannot wipe them out. Since I was a boy, I have always slept in a bed facing east, to keep that truth before my eyes. Black and yellow drop to the earth: green, white, and red, mount to heaven. If more of my countrymen saw these meanings!—but they are learning to. My tutor called them Germanisms. If so, I have stolen a jewel from my enemy."

Vittoria mentioned the chief.

"Yes," said Angelo; "he has taught us to read God's handwriting. I revere him. It's odd; I always fancy I hear his voice from a dungeon, and seeing him looking at one light. He has a fault: he does not comprehend the feelings of a nobleman. Do you think he has made a convert of our Carlo in that? Never! High blood is ineradicable."

"I am not of high blood," said Vittoria.

"Countess Ammiani overlooks it. And besides, low blood may be elevated without the intervention of a miracle. You have a noble heart, signorina. It may be the will of God that you should perpetuate our race. All of us, save Carlo Ammiani, seem to be falling."

Vittoria bent her head, distressed by a broad beam of sunlight. The country undulating to the plain lay under them, the great Alps above, and much covert on all sides. They entered a forest pathway, following chance for safety. The dark leafage and low green roofing

tasted sweeter to their senses than clear air and sky. Dark woods are homes to fugitives, and here there was soft footing, a surrounding gentleness,—grass, and moss with dead leaves peacefully flat on it. The birds were not timorous, and when a lizard or a snake slipped away from her feet, it was amusing to Vittoria, and did not hurt her tenderness to see that they were feared. Threading on beneath the trees, they wound by a valley's incline, where tumbled stones blocked the course of a green water, and filled the lonely place with one onward voice. When the sun stood over the valley they sat beneath a chestnut tree in a semicircle of orange rock to eat the food which Angelo had procured at the inn. He poured out wine for her in the hollow of a stone, deep as an egg-shell, whercat she sipped, smiling at simple contrivances; but no smile crossed the face of Angelo. He ate and drank to sustain his strength, as a weapon is sharpened; and having done, he gathered up what was left, and lay at her feet with his eyes fixed upon an old grey stone. She, too, sat brooding. The endless babble and noise of the water had hardened the sense of its being a life in that solitude. The floating of a hawk overhead scarce had the character of an animated thing. Angelo turned round to look at her, and looking upward as he lay, his sight was smitten by spots of blood upon one of her torn white feet, that was but half nestled in the folds of her dress. Bending his head down like a bird beaking at prey, he kissed the foot passionately. Vittoria's eyelids ran up: a chord seemed to snap within her ears: she stole the shamed foot into concealment, and throbbled, but not fearfully, for Angelo's forehead was on the earth. Clumps of grass, and sharp flint-dust stuck between his fists, which were thrust out stiff on either side of him. She heard him groan heavily. When he raised his face, it was white as madness. Her womanly nature did not shrink from caressing it with a touch of soothing hands.

She chanced to say: "I am your sister."

"No, by God! you are not my sister," cried the young man. "She died without a stain of blood; a lily from head to foot, and went into the vault so. Our mother will see that. She will kiss the girl in heaven and see that." He rose, crying louder: "Are there echoes here?" But his voice beat against the rocks undoubled.

She saw that a frenzy had seized him. He looked with eyes drained of human objects; standing square, with stiff half-dropped arms, and an intense melody of wretchedness in his voice.

"Rinaldo, Rinaldo!" he shouted: "Clelia!—no answer from man or ghost. She is dead. We two said to her—die! and she died. Therefore she is silent, for the dead have not a word. Oh! Milan, Milan! accursed betraying city! I should have found my work in you if you had kept faith. Now, here am I, talking to the

strangled throat of this place, and can get no answer. Where am I? The world is hollow:—the miserable shell! They lied. Battle and slaughter they promised me, and enemies like ripe maize for the reaping-hook. I would have had them in thick to my hands. I would have washed my hands at night, and ate and drunk and slept, and sung again to work in the morning. They promised me a sword and a sea to plunge it in, and our mother Italy to bless me. I would have toiled: I would have done good in my life. I would have bathed my soul in our colours. I would have had our flag about my body for a winding-sheet, and the fighting angels of God to unroll me. Now, here am I, and my own pale mother trying at every turn to get in front of me. Have her away! It's a ghost, I know. She will be touching the strength out of me. She is not the mother I love and I serve. Go; cherish your daughter, you dead woman!"

Angelo reeled. "A spot of blood has sent me mad," he said, and caught for a darkness to cross his sight, and fell and lay flat.

Vittoria looked around her; her courage was needed in that long silence.

She adopted his language: "Our mother Italy is waiting for us. We must travel on, and not be weary. Angelo, my friend, lend me your help over these stones."

He rose quietly. She laid her elbow on his hand; thus supported she left a place that seemed to shudder. All the heavy day they walked almost silently; she not daring to probe his anguish with a question; and he calm and vacant as the hour following thunder. But of her safety by his side she had no longer a doubt. She let him gather weeds and grasses, and bind them across her feet, and perform friendly services, sure that nothing earthly could cause such a mental tempest to recur. The considerate observation, which at all seasons belongs to true courage, told her that it was not madness afflicting Angelo.

Towards nightfall they came upon a forester's hut, where they were welcomed by an old man and a little girl, who gave them milk and black bread, and straw to rest on. Angelo slept in the outer air. When Vittoria awoke she had the fancy that she had taken one long dive downward in a well, and on touching the bottom found her head above the surface. While her surprise was wearing off, she beheld the woodman's little girl at her feet holding up one end of her cloak, and peeping underneath, overcome by amazement at the flashing richness of the dress of the heroine Camilla. Entering into the state of her mind spontaneously, Vittoria sought to induce the child to kiss her; but quite vainly. The child's reverence for the dress allowed her only to be within reach of the hem of it, so as to delight her curiosity. Vittoria smiled when, as she sat up, the child

fell back against the wall; and as she rose to her feet, the child scampered from the room. "My poor Camilla! you can charm somebody yet," she said, limping; her visage like a broken water with the pain of her feet. "If the bell rings for Camilla now what sort of an entry will she make?" Vittoria treated her physical weakness and ailments with this spirit of humour. "They may say that Michiella has bewitched you, my Camilla. I think your voice would sound as if it were dragging its feet after it—just as a stork flies. O my Camilla! don't I wish I could do the same, and be ungraceful and at ease! A moan is married to every note of your treble, my Camilla, like December and May. Keep me from shrieking!"

The pangs shooting from her feet were scarce bearable, but the repression of them helped her to meet Angelo with a freer mind than, after the interval of separation, she would have had. The old woodman was cooking a queer composition of flour and milk sprinkled with salt for them. Angelo cut a stout cloth to encase each of her feet, and bound them in it. He was more cheerful than she had ever seen him, and now first spoke of their destination. His design was to conduct her near to Bormio, there to engage a couple of men in her service who would accompany her to Meran, by the Val di Sole, while he crossed the Stelvio alone, and turning leftwards in the Tyrolese valley, tried the passage into Switzerland. Bormio, if, when they quitted the forest, a conveyance could be obtained, was no more than a short day's distance, according to the old woodman's directions. Vittoria induced the little girl to sit upon her knee, and sang to her, but greatly unspirited the charm of her dress. The sun was rising as they bade adieu to the hut.

About mid-day they quitted the shelter of forest trees and stood on broken ground, without a path to guide them. Vittoria did her best to laugh at her mishaps in walking, and compared herself to a Capuchin pilgrim; but she was unused to going bareheaded and shoeless, and though she held on bravely, the strong beams of the sun and the stony ways warped her strength. She had to check fancies drawn from Arabian tales, concerning the help sometimes given by genii of the air and enchanted birds, that were so incessant and vivid that she found herself sulking at the loneliness and helplessness of the visible sky, and feared that her brain was losing its hold of things. Angelo led her to a half-shaded hollow, where they finished the remainder of yesterday's meat and wine. She set her eyes upon a gold-green lizard by a stone and slept.

"The quantity of sleep I require is unmeasured," she said, a minute afterwards, according to her reckoning of time, and expected to see the lizard still by the stone. Angelo was near her; the sky was full of colours, and the earth of shadows.

“Another day gone!” she exclaimed in wonderment, thinking that the days of human creatures had grown to be as rapid and (save towards the one end) as meaningless as the gaspings of a fish on dry land. He told her that he had explored the country as far as he had dared to stray from her. He had seen no habitation along the heights. The vale was too distant for strangers to reach it before nightfall. “We can make a little way on,” said Vittoria, and the trouble of walking began again. He entreated her more than once to have no fear. “What can I fear?” she asked. His voice sank penitently: “You can rely on me fully when there is anything to do for you.”

“I am sure of that,” she replied, knowing his allusion to be to his frenzy of yesterday. In truth, no woman could have had a gentler companion.

On the topmost ridge of the heights, looking over an interminable gulf of darkness they saw the lights of the vale. “A bird might find his perch there, but I think there is no chance for us,” said Vittoria. “The moment we move forward to them the lights will fly back. It is their way of behaving.”

Angelo glanced round desperately. Farther on along the ridge his eye caught sight of a low smouldering fire. When he reached it he had a great disappointment. A fire in the darkness gives hopes that men will be at hand. Here there was not any human society. The fire crouched on its ashes. It was on a little circular eminence of mossed rock; black sticks, and brushwood, and dry fern, and split logs, pitchy to the touch, lay about; in the centre of them the fire coiled sullenly among its ashes, with a long eye like a serpent’s.

“Could you sleep here?” said Angelo.

“Anywhere!” Vittoria sighed with droll dolefulness.

“I can promise to keep you warm, signorina.”

“I will not ask for more till to-morrow, my friend.”

She laid herself down sideways, curling up her feet, with her cheek on the palm of her hand.

Angelo knelt and coaxed the fire, whose appetite, like that which is said to be ours, was fed by eating, for after the red jaws had taken half-a-dozen sticks, it sang out for more, and sent up flame leaping after flame and thick smoke. Vittoria watched the scene through a thin division of her eyelids; the fire, the black abyss of country, the stars, and the sentinel figure. She dozed on the edge of sleep, unable to yield herself to it wholly. She believed that she was dreaming when by-and-by many voices filled her ears. The fire was sounding like an angry sea, and the voices were like the shore, more intelligible but confused in shriller clamour. She was awakened by Angelo, who knelt on one knee and took her outlying hand; then she saw that men surrounded them, some of whom were hurling the lighted logs

about, some trampling down the outer rim of flames. They looked devilish to a first awakening glance. He told her that the men were friendly; they were good Italians. This had been the beacon arranged for the night of the Fifteenth, when no run of signals was seen from Milan; and yesterday afternoon it had been in mockery partially consumed. "We have aroused the country, signorina, and brought these poor fellows out of their beds. They supposed that Milan must be up and at work. I have explained everything to them."

Vittoria had rather to receive their excuses than to proffer her own. They were mostly youths dressed like the better class of peasantry. They laughed at the incident, stating how glad they would have been to behold the heights all across the lakes ablaze and promising action for the morrow. One square-shouldered fellow raised her lightly from the ground. She felt herself to be a creature for whom circumstance was busily plotting, so that it was useless to exert her mind in thought. The long procession sank down the darkness, leaving the low red fire to die out behind them.

Next morning she awoke in a warm bed, possessed by odd images of flames that stood up like crowing cocks, and covered like hens above the brood. She was in the house of one of their new friends, and she could hear Angelo talking in the adjoining room. A conveyance was ready to take her on to Bormio. A woman came to her to tell her this, appearing to have a dull desire to get her gone. She was a draggled woman, with a face of slothful anguish, like one of the inner spectres of a guilty man. She said that her husband was willing to drive the lady to Bormio for a sum that was to be paid at once into his wife's hand; and little enough it was which poor persons could ever look for from your patriots and disturbers, who seduced orderly men from their labour, and made widows and ruined households. This was a new Italian language to Vittoria, and when the woman went on giving instances of households ruined by a husband's vile infatuation about his country, she did not attempt to defend the reckless lord, but dressed quickly that she might leave the house as soon as she could. Her stock of money barely satisfied the woman's demand. The woman seized it, and secreted it in her girdle. When they had passed into the sitting-room, her husband, who was sitting conversing with Angelo, stretched out his hand and knocked the girdle.

"That's our trick," he said. "I guessed so. Fund up, our little Maria of the dirty fingers'-ends! We accept no money from true patriots. Grub in other ground, my dear!"

The woman stretched her throat awry, and set up a howl like a dog; but her claws came out when he seized her.

"Would you disgrace me, old fowl?"

“Lorenzo, may you rot like a pumpkin!”

The connubial reciprocities were sharp until the money lay on the table, when the woman began whining so miserably that Vittoria's sensitive nerves danced on her face, and at her authoritative interposition, Lorenzo very reluctantly permitted his wife to take what he chose to reckon a fair portion of the money, and also of his contempt. She seemed to be licking the money up, she bent over it so greedily.

“Poor wretch!” he observed; “she was born on a hired bed.”

Vittoria felt that the recollection of this woman would haunt her. It was inconceivable to her that a handsome young man like Lorenzo should ever have wedded the unsweet creature, who was like a crawling image of decay; but he, as if to account for his taste, said that they had been of a common age once, when he married her; now she had grown old. He repeated that she “was born on an hired bed.” They saw nothing further of her.

Vittoria's desire was to get to Meran speedily, that she might see her friends, and have tidings of her lover and the city. Those baffled beacon-flames on the heights had become an irritating indicative vision: she thirsted for the history. Lorenzo offered to conduct her over the Tonale Pass into the Val di Sole, or up the Val Furva, by the pass of the Corno dei Tre Signori, into the Val del Monte to Pejo, thence by Cles, or by Bolzano, to Meran. But she required shoeing and refitting; and for other reasons also, she determined to go on to Bormio. She supposed that Angelo had little money, and that in a place such as Bormio sounded to her ears she might possibly obtain the change for the great money-order which the triumph of her singing had won from Antonio-Pericles. In spite of Angelo's appeals to her to hurry on to the end of her journey without tempting chance by a single pause, she resolved to go to Bormio. Lorenzo privately assured her that there were bankers in Bormio. Many bankers, he said, came there from Milan, and that fact she thought sufficient for her purpose. The wanderers parted regretfully. A little chapel, on a hillock off the road, shaded by chestnuts, was pointed out to Lorenzo where to bring a letter for Angelo. Vittoria begged Angelo to wait till he heard from her; and then, with mutual wavings of hands, she was driven out of his sight.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



## A WORD FOR THE STUARTS.

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“The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.”

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THE Stuarts furnish a striking illustration of this ungrateful truth. Ship-money and the petition of rights are ground into the brain of every school-boy. The tyranny and bad faith of Charles I., and the personal vices of Charles II., are as familiar to people who read any kind of books as the ruff of Queen Elizabeth ; but who, except the eccentric student that strays off the high-road into the by-ways of history, is really aware of the obligations we owe to the Stuarts in some matters of national progress, with which the world is not as well informed as it ought to be ?

There is not much to be said for the Stuarts on any grounds, but what can be said ought to be said, not for their sakes, but for the sake of history. Selfishness, perfidy, superstition, and profligacy are the family characteristics of a race that was twice expelled from the throne by the public voice. Yet, for all that, the Stuarts rendered services to the country, which we are bound to acknowledge, because we are still reaping the benefit of them. They found our seaboard naked,—they left us a maritime power. They found the people without the means of intercommunication,—they created the Post Office. It will not be necessary to enter into much detail for the purpose of tracing these branches of our executive to their source.

The first steps towards the formation of a navy approximating to the wants of the country were taken in the sixteenth century. The earliest improvements, important in themselves, but inconsiderable in comparison with those of a later date, came from the Tudors. The first ship of war with portholes was built by Henry VIII. Cannon, mounted over the gunwales, had been introduced into English ships only a few years before. Every age, as Raleigh observes, has added something to ships. The more manageable build of vessels, the gradual increase of metal without diminution of the floating quality, the chain-pump, the jointed top-masts, and the elongation of cables, were among the novelties of Raleigh's time. At the accession of Elizabeth our coasts were literally defenceless. They were open to be ravaged at pleasure by French or Dutch adventurers. Merchant vessels lay at the mercy of pirates in the narrow seas. Elizabeth saw the necessity of increasing our naval strength, and applied herself to the undertaking with abundant energy ; but at the end of twenty years all she was able to accomplish was a fleet of twenty-four ships, the largest of which was 1,000 tons, and the smallest under 60, with a total burthen of little more than 10,000 tons. Drake's expedition,

which was to traverse unknown waters, to attempt a perilous feat of navigation, and to be exposed to the hostility of a formidable naval power, consisted of two vessels, one of 100 and the other of 80 tons, attended by a fly-boat, a bark, and a pinnace. From that point of daring the navy rapidly increased, and at the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, it amounted to forty-two ships, with a tonnage of nearly 17,000 tons.

Most monarchs have a hobby; they are in general more addicted to hobbies than other men, because they have unlimited means of indulging in them. Ship-building was the hobby of the Stuarts, and Phineas Pett was its minister. In fifteen years James I. added seventeen vessels to the navy of Elizabeth, amongst them a miracle of 1,400 tons, the largest vessel ever built in England up to that time. The commercial marine fluctuated from different causes, but finally reached a high point of prosperity. In 1615 there were but ten vessels above 200 tons burthen in the port of London; seven years later there were upwards of one hundred vessels rating above that tonnage in the small port of Newcastle. Charles I. called into active existence three complete fleets, fitted out for sea, in three successive years, and built a ship of gigantic dimensions, and of upwards of 1,600 tons burthen, which transcended all previous specimens of naval architecture. In spite of the unpropitious circumstances under which he gave constant occupation to the dockyards, and the wars in which he wasted so much of the results, Charles I. left the navy, not only numerically stronger than he found it, but highly improved in construction and general capabilities. Under the Commonwealth the naval interests of the country notoriously declined. Upwards of a thousand ships were taken and destroyed in the wars, and trade suffered proportionally. The commercial marine was nearly extinct. Scarcely a single new merchant vessel was built, and of the old ships which had grown up under James and Charles very few were left.<sup>1</sup>

The consequences of this state of things pressed heavily on the next government. At the time of the Restoration, the navy was loaded with a debt of nearly £374,000. A consultation was forthwith held at Whitehall to consider how money could be raised for the relief of the department. The Navy Office<sup>2</sup> was reduced so low that it could not get credit for anything it wanted except upon personal security. Its bills were at a discount of 20 per cent. on 'Change. In 1662, when there was some apprehension of a war with the Dutch, it was with difficulty five ships could be got ready for sea, there being neither money, credit, nor stores. Soon after the Restoration, the cost of the navy was reduced from about £375,000 to £200,000 a year, with a view to diminishing the debt.

(1) Sir Robert Slingsby. Charnock. Monson. "Nav. Hist. of England."

(2) At first held in Crutched Friars, and afterwards removed to Somerset House.

By the end of 1663, the debt was paid off, and credit on 'Change restored. In 1664, Parliament voted two millions and a half for the war with Holland. War was declared in January, and in the following April an English fleet sailed for the Dutch coast, consisting of one hundred and fourteen men-of-war and frigates, twenty-eight fire-ships and ketches, and about twenty-one thousand soldiers and seamen; while the Dutch, although the first to arm, were still engaged on their preparations. But this proud display of maritime superiority was not accomplished without a heavy outlay. The expenditure of 1665 rose to a million and a half. Fresh embarrassments followed. Money again became scarce; and the seamen, left unpaid, used to collect in crowds about the Admiralty, howling and smashing the windows, and dogging the steps of the officials with mingled prayers and curses. Before the close of the following year, the navy was in debt to the extent of £900,000. Yet in the third Dutch war, which took place in 1672, notwithstanding past ravages and difficulties, an English fleet was sent out, variously estimated at upwards of one hundred sail, including all classes of vessels.<sup>1</sup>

Throughout all vicissitudes of fortune, the Stuarts persevered in the one darling project of raising the navy to a height of incontestable ascendancy over other countries. This passion for ships was shown in the interest they took in the dockyards, which they maintained at enormous cost, not only in the seaboard places, such as Harwich and Portsmouth, and at Chatham, Deptford, and Woolwich, but dotting the banks of the Thames from Scotland Yard to Limehouse. The ship-yards were kept incessantly at work; the ship-carpenters' shops were never still; ships were always building or repairing; and even in seasons of profound peace, when the bulk of the navy was laid up in ordinary, and the current annual expense of the service was brought down to about £70,000 a-year, the charges for building, rigging, and repairing amounted to four or five hundred thousand pounds more.<sup>2</sup> To watch the progress of their great ships on the stocks was a kingly delight of which the Stuarts never seemed to grow tired; and to show their yachts on the Thames to lords and ladies who came in crowds to visit the new naval wonders, was one of the holiday pleasures of the King and the Duke of York.<sup>3</sup> The Duke, from the position he held in the fleet, was

(1) Lediard. Pepys. "Nav. Hist. of England." "Secret Hist. of the Reigns of Charles II. and James II."

(2) Chamberlayne's "Anglia Notitia," 1671. Ten years later, De Laune, in his "Present State of London," gives a lower estimate of the expenditure. But doubt is thrown upon the passage by an obvious misprint in the figures.

(3) The first yacht seen in England was built by Phineas Pett for Prince Henry. Charles II. and the Duke of York had yachts built at Deptford and Woolwich, by Peter and Christopher Pett, the sons of Phineas. The Petts retained the patronage of the

supposed to know something about nautical affairs ; but the King was born with a genius for them. His personal sphere of action, however, was circumscribed, and his desires not being satisfied by gala-days and sailing matches on the river, in which his Majesty frequently steered himself, he expended his enthusiasm on the public service.<sup>1</sup>

Unfortunately his genius for management was not equal to his genius for construction and expenditure. The naval department, as a whole, was the worst managed under the Crown. Its heads were involved in perpetual confusion, and never knew where to turn for supplies.<sup>2</sup> It was over and over again on the verge of bankruptcy, and was ultimately saved by that faith in the result which led Charles to persevere in the face of all difficulties. Out of this terrible struggle, crowned by triumph after triumph, came at last the greatest navy in Europe, the old "wooden walls" of England. The only prominent evil of the primitive service of the Tudors which the Stuarts retained and transmitted, was the practice of appointing men to high commands in the navy who knew nothing about ships. The calamities that ensued from placing authority at sea in the hands of ignorant fine gentlemen, and military officers, to the exclusion of experienced "tarpauling commanders," had some effect in diminishing the frequency of such appointments ; but the custom was not absolutely abolished till after the reign of Queen Anne.<sup>3</sup> The army and the navy are now no longer convertible services, and the hybrid horse-marine, who formerly held commands in both, is happily extinct.

The letter-post, before the time of the Stuarts, was in a still more chaotic condition than the navy. In fact, it had no defined existence. Some postal expedients are supposed to have existed so far back as Edward III. ; but if they took any practical shape, they must have been exceptional and temporary. Edward IV., when he was carrying on the war with Scotland, established a chain of posts at intervals of twenty miles, which enabled him to send and receive despatches by mounted couriers ; but the public derived no benefit from the arrangement. In the sixteenth century letters were carried by pilgrims, travellers, monks journeying from monastery to monastery, or by special messengers. The modes of transit were slow and uncertain. It took four days to convey a letter from London to Edinburgh, and its delivery at the end of that time depended on the state of the weather, and the roads, and the prompt supply of post-horses. A letter from Croydon to Croxton, passing through Waltham Cross and

Government through several generations, and are said to have preserved the secret and "mystery of shipwrights" in the family,—a monopoly, says Fuller, "which concealth that from the common enemies, the concealing whereof is for the common good." (Worthies of England.)

(1) Pepys. Evelyn. (2) Pepys. (3) "Nav. Hist. of England."

Ware, a distance of sixty-three miles, occupied in the transit forty hours, the bearer travelling day and night on the Queen's business.<sup>1</sup>

The progress of the letter-post may be traced in the progress of the people in numbers and education. Letter-writing in the early times was in a few hands, for only a few could write. Population was scattered and scanty, and inter-communication difficult. Down to the end of the sixteenth century, messengers charged with letters used to be stopped in the small towns and villages, and, like Eastern story-tellers, or the travelling tailor of Brittany, compelled to relate the news to a circle of eager listeners. The utmost curiosity, too, prevailed to ascertain what the letters contained; and sometimes they were opened and read, in spite of all precautions in the way of seals and ribbons. The beginning of the post was like the beginning of all public utilities that wait upon experience for development. It was crude and experimental. The people had to shift for themselves as well as they could, without the advantages of system or co-operation. The first post was, probably, the foot messenger; the next was the horseman; and when the population increased, and correspondence expanded, and the want of a wider machinery became urgent, the waggon or mail-cart, very rude at first, was brought into action. It may be easily conceived how rapidly the post was diffused over the country as soon as the means of extending it were discovered. Correspondence multiplies in proportion to the facilities of transmission. People don't write if they can't send their letters. They won't write often if transmission is costly or troublesome. They will write frequently if transmission is cheap, easy, and certain.

At the accession of James I., there was no post in England. People sent their letters how and when they could; and, except on affairs of business, or of great weight or moment, correspondence was a luxury beyond the reach of the community in general. Whatever means existed for the conveyance of letters was in the hands of Government, who maintained a close monopoly of the horse-posts, through whose agency alone letters could be transmitted to distant places. The cost of sending a letter included not only the payment of the messenger, but the expense of the journey and the horses. To lighten this outlay to individuals, several persons occasionally joined to defray the charges. Thus the letter-carrier, freighted, like Atlas, with a world of human anxieties on his back, slowly loomed into shape. But it was not until James I. brought the posts under systematic control that this functionary became a recognised public servant.

The bustle that took place on the great North road immediately after his Majesty's arrival in London, owing to the extraordinary number of expectant Scots who crowded into the new metropolis, drew the king's attention to the state of the posts. The demand for horses

(1) "Her Majesty's Mails." By William Lewins. 1864.

exceeded all experience. The highway was thronged by clamorous multitudes day and night. The postmasters were overwhelmed. Ordinary traffic was stopped. Even the king's couriers, charged with despatches, were detained whole days together waiting for relays. To meet the exigency, proclamations were issued, calling on the magistrates to see that the postmasters were provided with fresh horses, properly caparisoned, at the usual tariff of  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  a mile. These arrangements materially facilitated the transmission of letters.

Other improvements were loudly called for. His Majesty was apprised by the commercial community that trade laboured under serious obstructions for lack of a communication with foreign countries. The want of an inland post had not yet produced much complaint. So long as places could be reached by messengers, however dilatory or expensive the process, people were content to go on in the old way. But when letters had to be sent across the sea, it was another matter. The continental letter-posts communicating with England were comparatively prompt and certain. There was no letter-post in England communicating with the Continent; and letters were forwarded by such conveyances as happened to be available. The consequence was that while letters arrived in England with some degree of regularity, the despatch of letters to foreign countries could never be depended upon. The English merchant was thus placed at a grievous disadvantage; and the public interests, indissolubly bound up with the encouragement of commerce, suffered in proportion. The king saw the evil at once, and adopted the most efficient mode of remedying it, by establishing a foreign postal service, at the head of which he placed an officer with the title of Postmaster-General for Foreign Parts. The duty of this officer, unlike that of the Chief Postmaster,<sup>1</sup> which concerned only the horse-posts, was to provide for the due transmission of all packets and letters to foreign countries. This was the first post-office for letters, and the first postmaster for letters, established in England.

This new office threw additional work on the horse-posts, and fresh regulations were issued. The postmasters were ordered to keep two horses ready, not only for the special messengers who rode through with letters, but for what was called the post for the packet. They were also enjoined to keep always in readiness leather-bags properly lined for letters, and horns for the messengers to blow. The public derived little advantage from these regulations. They were shut out of the leather-bag, which, during the reign of James, was exclu-

<sup>1</sup> (1) An office at that time held by Lord Stanhope, who strenuously resisted the new arrangements as an interference with his privileges, and raised a question in the law courts which was not settled till the following reign. Some incidental details connected with the early history of the Post Office will be found scattered over several volumes of "Notes and Queries."

sively devoted to the service of the Government and foreign ambassadors. The only benefit accruing from the better regulation of the post-service was, that horses might be obtained with a little more expedition under the new arrangements. But even that was doubtful, as persons travelling on the business of the State, or furnished with warrants from the Council, had a prior claim over everybody else; besides which, the post-house was generally an inn also, and the interest of the proprietor was not likely to be overlooked in his zeal to hasten the departure of his guests.<sup>1</sup> The blowing of horns was intended to protect the public against loitering and delay. The horseman was required to blow his horn every time he met company, by way of giving notice of his approach, and four times in every mile. From this custom comes down the "twanging horn" of Cowper's post-boy—

"With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;"

which survived also in the mail-coaches, and is not yet quite relinquished by horse messengers in rural districts.

The conception of the true functions of a letter-post was still dim and vague. As yet, the revenue derived from the horse-post was the paramount consideration; and Charles L., in confirming the office of Foreign Postmaster, stringently prohibited the transmission of letters to the Continent through any other channel. The reason assigned was to prevent secrets affecting England from obtaining circulation abroad through promiscuous channels; the real reason was to swell the profits of the horse-post. Fortunately it did more. It disclosed the advantages of a concentrated authority in the conveyance of letters; and made plain the necessity of providing similar machinery for inland correspondence. The fact that an answer to a letter could be received sooner from Madrid than from Dublin or Edinburgh furnished an irresistible argument for adopting at home a plan which had been so successful abroad; and in 1635 the first skeleton outline of a letter-post for England was laid down. It began with a running-post, that ran day and night between Edinburgh and London, accomplishing the journey and the return in six days. The towns *en route* were included in the main line, and a few branch posts were opened with contiguous places. About the same time a running post was established between London, Exeter, and Plymouth.<sup>2</sup> A table of postal charges was introduced, embracing the two elements of weight and distance. A single sheet paid a postage of 2*d.* for any distance under 80 miles; 4*d.* for 140 miles; 6*d.* beyond; 8*d.* to Scotland. Two sheets paid double. In this project we have

(1) Pepys gives us a glimpse of one of these establishments at Dartford, i. 180. The union of the wayside inn and the post or posting-house has descended to our own time, but is rapidly disappearing before the railroads.

(2) Diary of Walter Yonge, 1604-28. *Intro.* xxi.

not only the first letter-post, but the first letter-postage established in England. The regulations accompanying it foreshadowed the doom of the private carriers. Letters were prohibited from being sent by any other conveyance to places reached by the Government post. Particular exceptions were made, but they only served to make the general prohibition more stringent.

From this point the system rapidly expanded. In 1640, a committee of the House of Commons sat upon the subject; and in 1644, Prideaux, afterwards Attorney-General to the Commonwealth, was appointed by Parliament Master of the Posts, Messengers, and Carriers. In 1649 Prideaux established weekly posts to all parts of the kingdom. Hitherto the post had been carried on at a considerable loss. Prideaux effected a saving of £7,000 a year,<sup>1</sup> and turned the loss into a profit. In 1650 the revenue was farmed out for £5,000 a year. In 1656, the whole of the arrangements, foreign and inland, were consolidated by Act of Parliament under one Postmaster-General. It now became more necessary than ever to abolish the transmission of letters by private hands. Letter-carrying had become not only a great public convenience, but a tempting source of revenue. The Government, however, discerned the advantages of a uniform system before it was seen by the public; and when private posts were finally prohibited throughout the kingdom, a violent opposition to the measure broke out in the principal towns. Pamphlets were published asserting the right of Englishmen to send letters through any channel they pleased, and denouncing the prohibition as a tyrannical proceeding in the interests, not of the public, but of the farmers of the revenue. The Common Council of London defended these illusory claims, and tried the question practically by setting up a line of posts of their own all the way to Scotland. But the contest was vain. The posts put up by the City were peremptorily put down by the Parliament, and the conveyance of letters to all parts became permanently centralised in the hands of Government.

The result was very much like the opening up of a gold mine. During the latter years of Cromwell's government the Post Office was farmed out for £10,000 a year. In the first year of the Restoration the contract rose to £21,500; a few years after it mounted to nearly £50,000; and before the close of the reign of Charles II. it reached £65,000 per annum. The increase of letters grew upon the increase of certainty and despatch in their transmission. It derived, also, an important impulse from the spread of the art of writing amongst the people,<sup>2</sup> to which the establishment of the Post Office had in itself, no doubt, materially contributed.

Under the Restoration the profits of the Post Office were settled by

(1) The fact is attested by Blackstone.

(2) De Laune says, in 1681, that "the meanest people have learned to write."



Act of Parliament on the Duke of York, the king reserving the right of appointing the Postmaster-General. The office was removed from Bishopsgate Street, where it had been previously held, to more commodious premises in Lombard Street. The machinery for the service of the whole kingdom, of which this office was the centre, may be described in half-a-dozen lines. The London establishment consisted of a deputy and seventy-seven clerks; England and Scotland were worked by one hundred and eighty-two deputy postmasters, beside sub-postmasters; and Ireland had a chief office, with eighteen clerks in Dublin, and forty-five deputies in the country; making altogether at a rough estimate, about three hundred and fifty hands for the whole of the United Kingdom. The service afloat comprised several packet-boats for the Continent, three for Ireland, and two at Deal for the Downs.<sup>1</sup> Communications were kept up with some parts of the Continent three times a week, with others twice; with all parts of England and Scotland three times; with Wales twice; with Ireland once; and with Kent and the Downs every day. All those parts of the service that included a sea-passage were uncertain as to time. The inland post went night and day at the rate of five miles an hour except in bad weather, when the tracks across the country, and no unfrequently the great high roads, became impassable.

Descending, say, two hundred years from that time, we find that in 1863, the total staff of the postal establishment amounted to upward of twenty-five thousand hands, of which about four thousand were employed in London; that the number of post-offices and road letter-boxes was fourteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, and the number of letters six hundred and forty-two millions; that the cost of the packet service (the number of the packets being legion) amounted to about one million sterling, and that of the railroad service to upward of half a million more; and that the gross revenue was £3,800,000 leaving a net revenue of £1,790,000.<sup>2</sup> The sea-service was performed at an average rate of ten miles an hour, and the inland railroad rate may be averaged at about, or upwards of, forty. To some of these items there are no means of supplying corresponding particulars in the former period, but a scale of proportion may be easily drawn throughout.

The advance made in these two hundred years is prodigious; but it shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the advance made in the sixty years following the accession of James I. Once the idea of a Post Office was developed and set in motion, its expansion was an inevitable corollary from the increase of population and the march of knowledge. The wonder would have been if the Post Office, the heart of our whole system of circulation, had not kept pace with

(1) Chamberlayne. De Laune. These items do not appear to have undergone any change between 1671 and 1681.

(2) "Her Majesty's Mails."

the progress of other things. But the advance from no postal institution of any description to the establishment of a regular system, by which communications were opened up, not only throughout all parts of the kingdom, even before the interior was intersected by roads, but with the whole continent of Europe, was an advance of an entirely different kind. It was not an improvement upon anything that had existed before, as the Post Office of Queen Victoria is an improvement upon the Post Office of Charles II., but the absolute creation of something that was never previously known in the country; and, in that sense, bears the same sort of relation to the vast establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand as a stroke of genius bears to a piece of consummate mechanism. The nature of the revolution wrought by the Stuarts may be made apparent by supposing that the late ingenious Mr. Winsor had lived in the seventeenth century, instead of living, unluckily for himself, in the nineteenth. Imagine the streets of London in the night time buried in profound darkness, rendered more palpable by dim paper lanterns suspended here and there in shop-doors and windows. In this state of things, Mr. Winsor, having made a grand discovery of a new mode of diffusing light, illuminates his house in Pall Mall with gas. This will serve to indicate the beginning of the Post Office enlightenment by the Stuarts. That the Post Office should expand in proportion to the increasing requirements of the people, is an inevitable incident of national progress, just as gas has spread from Mr. Winsor's house into every town and populous cranny in the kingdom.

Strange to say that while the Post Office was producing the most satisfactory results in facilitating communication between distant places, nobody thought of applying it to the internal traffic of large towns till 1680. The merit of this discovery, or, at all events, of carrying it into effect, belongs to Mr. Docwray, a citizen of London,<sup>1</sup> who, in April, 1680, set up the first Penny Post that was opened in the metropolis. Like all innovators, he was violently opposed. The porters protested that their trade would be ruined, although carrying letters formed no legitimate part of it; and an attempt was made to persuade the Duke of York that the new project interfered with the revenue. Poor Mr. Docwray had terrible difficulties to fight against; amongst the rest, actions at law. For upwards of a year he struggled alone, sinking his fortune on the issue. He then took partners, who enabled him to persevere. Still a considerable time elapsed before the income equalled the expenditure; for, to do Mr. Docwray justice, he commenced business with a much more complete working apparatus than his Royal Highness had in the grand office in Lombard Street.

(1) The name of Mr. Murray, an upholsterer, is also mentioned as having been concerned in this undertaking; but he does not appear at any time to have taken part in it, and Docwray was specially recognised as its founder!

The head office of the Penny Post was in Mr. Docwray's house in Lime Street. There were seven branch establishments, or sorting houses, situated at about equal distances, in seven districts into which the proprietor divided London, Westminster, and the suburbs. In addition to these, there were four or five hundred receiving houses to take in letters. Messengers, or postmen, called at these houses every hour for letters, and delivered them where they were directed. These houses served another purpose. They received foreign and provincial letters, which were taken up by the Penny Post messengers, and conveyed to Lombard Street, the General Post Office not having yet extended its utility to the establishment of branch offices about the town. Government was thus materially helped by its volunteer subordinate, for the arrangement contributed largely not only to the convenience of the public, but indirectly to the increase of the revenue. People who were obliged to go to Lombard Street to post their letters would be likely to economise their correspondence to the narrowest limits; but if they could drop their letters round the corner, they would not hesitate to write even on trivial occasions, as everybody does now.

To the functions of a letter-post was superadded the business of a Parcels' Delivery Company. Parcels were conveyed not exceeding one pound in weight, or £10 in value, up to which amount the proprietors held themselves responsible. Letters containing money were required to be endorsed with the true sum outside, and to be tied fast, and sealed up. These various departments gave employment to a large number of persons, who were controlled by strict regulations. The letter carriers were required to give security to the amount of £50.

The most trivial particulars connected with this first attempt to establish a Penny Post possess historical interest; and it is especially worthy of observation that the scheme laid down at the very outset was as comprehensive, as careful in its details, as systematic, and marked by as much judgment and forethought, as any plan which, with all the advantages of experience, has since been brought to bear upon the public service. Mr. Docwray's Penny Post had a considerable surface to deal with. Its circuit included London and Westminster, Southwark, Redriff, Wapping, Ratcliff, Limehouse, Stepney, Poplar, and Blackwall, and all other places within the bills of mortality, besides Hackney, Islington, South Newington Butts, and Lambeth, at that time independent towns. This was a large field of operations, and not easily worked, in consequence of its peculiar configuration, being three times as long as it was broad. But the Penny Post brought the ends of the metropolis together several times daily. Letters were collected every hour, and delivered at the extremities four or five times a day, at other places six or eight times, and at the Inns of Court, and the central places of business, particularly during term and the sitting of Parliament, ten or twelve times. In order that the public should be fully apprised of the arrangements thus

made for their convenience, placards were hung out at the doors and windows of the receiving houses, with the announcement "Penny Post letters taken in here;" advertisements were inserted in the *Public Intelligencers*; and printed tickets with the addresses of the receiving houses were distributed in the localities. Prepayment of postage was not insisted upon, but it was evidently encouraged. Prepaid letters were marked prepaid, and stamped with the hour at which they were despatched.<sup>1</sup>

Such were the far-off beginnings of that complicated machinery which even in our days of electricity and steam cannot be pronounced to have reached its final perfection. Of Docwray's share in laying the foundations something more remains to be said. The end of his adventure was this. Government, finding that the speculation had become prosperous, and actuated also, it is believed, by a suspicion that the Jesuits were behind Mr. Docwray's curtain, for it was in the heavy time of Dr. Oates, appealed to the King's Bench, and obtained a decision under which the Penny Post was appropriated to the public service, with the title of the London District Post. The inventor was not only stripped of his property and discarded, but cast in costs and damages. At the end of a year, however, the authorities, probably touched with compunction for having punished a man who ought to have been rewarded, appointed him Comptroller of the District Post; and some years afterwards, in the reign of William and Mary, a pension of £500 a year was settled upon him out of the revenues of the Post Office.

All would be well if the story closed here. But there is a sequel to it. Mr. Docwray was a benefactor to his country. At grave risk and cost to himself, he demonstrated the practicability, and illustrated the public convenience, of a cheap, uniform post, accessible at all hours, and circulating at all hours through the crowded metropolis and its suburbs. He prosecuted his design in the face of violent opposition; he expended his whole fortune upon it; and he succeeded at last in rendering it thoroughly workable and productive, a model for the study of all subsequent Post Office administrators. Statues have been raised to meaner men. But Docwray, unfortunately, was intent upon getting the value of his statue in advance. Conceiving, probably, that he had been ill-treated by the Government, he appears to have abused his trust in various ways, so as to reduce the revenue, in the hope of getting the farming of the post into his own hands. Several charges of that nature having been established against him by the clerks and messengers, he was summarily deprived of his pension, and dismissed from his office. Thus Docwray, instead of enjoying the honours and legitimate gains of his invention, made a miserable end of his great opportunity, and was thrust out a beggar into the streets from the doors of that public department which he had himself called into existence.

ROBERT BELL.

(1) De Laune. Stow.

## GLUCK'S "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS."

ONE of the great lyric dramas of Gluck—those "masterpieces" which for many years past have simply served to fill up a line in the prospectus of either or both of our Italian Opera Houses—has at last been produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, and with a success which must have disappointed—it is to be hoped agreeably—everybody concerned in its production. Certainly if there be a calling in which experience goes for nothing, it is that of a theatrical manager. A history of managerial blunders, could the material for it be recovered, would be a large book; and a catalogue of theatrical pieces, the success or failure of which has *not* justified the prescience of those whose business and whose interest it is to anticipate public verdicts, would be a long one. Two recent cases in point are notorious. Adaptations of Gounod's *Faust* were in the hands of the managers of both our Royal Operas, Italian and English, long before Mr. Mapleson risked its production; and a like service was rendered to the short-lived English Opera at Her Majesty's, in respect to the very work the somewhat tardy production of which has now to be chronicled.

*Iphigenia in Tauris*, though not quite the last work of Gluck, is the opera in which the *system* he is supposed to have invented is most perfectly developed; or, to adopt the language of his contemporaries, in which the results of the "*revolution* he effected in music" are most manifest. Time has shown that his system, in its integrity, is inapplicable to general use; and that his revolution, like many another, was to be followed by considerable reaction—legitimacy not having proved so effete as for the moment it might have seemed. A little more knowledge of musical history than was current among the French *litterati* of the second half of the last century would have shown that the system itself was as little original as it was perfect, and the revolution as incomplete as it has proved unenduring.

It is perhaps fortunate that Gluck has been, and still is, somewhat overrated by his admirers; or, if not overrated in respect to those qualities which he *had*, credited with others which he certainly had *not*. Every true amateur of the musical drama must desire that works like *Iphigenia in Tauris* should be kept before the world, no less on account of their positive than their relative merits, and the important place they occupy in musical history. Few truths make their way without exaggeration; and the appearances of Gluck's masterpieces might still have been limited to the prospectuses of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, had his worshippers hesitated to proclaim their conviction that the musical drama began, and might as well have ended, with the life and labours of their idol.

Gluck's place—the place of every man of genius—in the temple of Fame must depend not only on the positive, but on the relative quality and quantity of what he did ; in other words, our estimate of his work must necessarily be tested, and, if need be, qualified by comparison of dates. That which was all but impossible to the most inventive genius in the beginning of the eighteenth century, might have become easy to the most common-place practitioner at the end of it ; and though our pleasure in what is beautiful may not be seriously affected by learning that it is not original, our admiration of its author undoubtedly is and ought to be.

Christopher Gluck, a native of the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia, was born in or about the year 1712, and died at Vienna in 1787. In what we may call his natural life Gluck synchronises, among his countrymen, with C. P. Emmanuel Bach, Graun, and Hasse ; among his Italian contemporaries with Jomelli, Galuppi, and (Padre) Martini ; among the French with Mondeville and Berton, and among the English with Arne and Boyce. A life of seventy-five years' duration necessarily touches at its extremes the endings and the beginnings of many other lives. Thus at Gluck's birth Handel and J. Sebastian Bach (born in the same year) were each twenty-seven years of age ; Alessandro Scarlatti, Marcello, Rameau and Couperin, Croft and Green, were in the prime of life ; while in the year of his death, Haydn was fifty-five, Mozart thirty-one, and Beethoven seventeen. Paisiello, Boccherini, and Cimarosa—nay, even Clementi and Cherubini, Grétry and Méhul, Webbe and Stevens (whom men living have seen), were then in their several ways composers of more or less repute.

Had the artistic life of Gluck coincided exactly with, or borne any fair proportion to, his natural life, it would have been difficult to overrate either his originality or his influence. The man who could have held his own as the contemporary *both* of Handel and of Mozart would, it is hardly too much to say, have merited a place above that of either of those great masters. But the case was far otherwise. In the last years of Handel's life, Gluck had hardly yet emerged from the crowd of contemporary Italian opera writers ; and in 1780, the year of Mozart's real opus 1<sup>m</sup>, *Idomeneo*, Gluck had finished his course, and was resting on his well-earned reputation. The consideration, therefore, of the artistic life—with which we are most concerned—of Gluck must, from its exceedingly short duration, render our estimate of what he owed to those who came before, and of what he gave to those who came after, him, somewhat lower. It comprises nominally about forty, actually less than twenty, years. Undoubtedly he had obtained some reputation as an opera composer as early as 1745, when he was summoned to London, where he brought out three works, no one of which met with any success. And during long

years after this visit he led the common nomadic life of the dramatic musician of his age, making at each halting-place a fresh addition to the list of his productions, till his operas alone attained to the number of at least twenty. In common with all operas anterior to those he himself produced at a later epoch, no one of these earlier works has kept possession of the stage, or is in the least likely ever to be submitted to a new trial within the walls of any modern theatre. It is certain, however, that in the later ones, more especially in *Telemacco*, may be discerned evidences of those qualities which, afterwards more fully developed, fixed the attention of all musical Europe on their possessor, and the germs of those principles which, subsequently formed into a system, enabled Gluck to effect the musical revolution about which so much has been written, and the results of which have been so important to the art.

Had Gluck exercised his invention on French or even German opera at an earlier period of his career, he might possibly have anticipated the success which was reserved for his later years. Such a course, however, would have been altogether exceptional. Since the death of Bernhardt Keiser, in 1739, no German composer of note had devoted himself to German opera. Handel, Graun, Hasse, were, in their relations with the theatre, Italian masters, and Italian operas only were tolerated even in the courts and principal cities of Germany. Irrespective of the fact that the school of Naples had not merely supplied all Europe with *Maestri*, but given an impetus and a direction to the theory and practice of music the results of which are felt to this day, the last century was the age *par excellence* of Singers, and Italy the country in which alone, as it was believed, voices were to be found, and in which alone, as was assuredly the case, their cultivation was at all understood. From the end of the seventeenth century to the beginning of this, Italy has been indisputably and undisputedly the Land of Song. This pre-eminence, however, has not been without its drawbacks. Practical skill, whether in vocal or instrumental music, is of itself so much more easily appreciated than the idea expounded through its exercise, that the end is in continual danger of becoming subordinate to the means, and the creative faculty of changing places in public estimation with the executive. The very best singers and players have often shown—will perhaps always often show—a partiality for feeble and common-place music, which would be unaccountable did we not know that the feeblest and most common-place music may be becoming to the voice or instrument for which it is intended, and that quality of tone and method have charms of their own which make the severest of us forget that the message they are employed upon may be quite unworthy of its delivery. At the close of Gluck's first period, *i.e.* about the year 1760, Italian singing had

reached its apogee of excellence, and Italian opera its apogee of absurdity; and the relations of its poets, composers, and performers had become as unnatural and as unsatisfactory as the feebleness of the first, the complaisance of the second, and the selfishness of the last could make them. Verisimilitude, proportion—everything that goes to make a perfect work of art—was lost sight of, or disregarded, if, for an instant, or in the slightest degree, it prevented the omnipotent *Virtuoso* from exhibiting his powers or his person to the greatest advantage. Be the character or the emotion what it might, the individuality of the performer overruled it. The lover hastening to the rescue of a mistress in the greatest extremity of danger had always leisure for a *da capo*; and the dying hero could always muster strength enough for the delivery of a *cadenza* wherein all the resources of the vocal art might be called into exercise. Singers often transferred the solos which they had found effective in former operas to the new ones in which they were called upon to take part; and an air in which Julius Cæsar had yesterday poured forth his feelings on crossing the Rubicon, might to-morrow serve the turn of Acis, weeping for the absent Galatea, or Pythias expressing his confidence in the return of Damon,—provided always it lay well for the performer's voice, and showed to advantage his compass, sustaining power, or flexibility, as the case might be. In a word, to quote the Abbé Arnaud, the singers had transformed the opera into a concert, for which the drama no longer served for anything but a pretext.

In or about the year 1760, Gluck finally left Italy and took up his residence at Vienna. As has been said, his later Italian operas, though still in their general plan conformable to established rule, present too much of that discontent with the *status quo* which is often indicative of coming revolt against it. Fifteen years earlier, on his return from England into Italy, he had passed through Paris. Here it is certain he made acquaintance with the operas of Rameau, then at the height of his popularity, and of Lulli, whose long career of success though approaching its end, had not yet reached it.<sup>1</sup> These great works—for great works, whatever their faults or shortcomings, they assuredly were—must have impressed Gluck profoundly. Nothing in the least like them could ever have come under his notice before; for nothing in the least like them had ever been produced, or could at that time have been produced, elsewhere. The operas of Lulli embody the first attempt ever made to realise that ideal "work of art" still "of the future," the conditions of which Herr Wagner has found it easier to state than to conform to; a work to the perfec-

(1) Lulli's *Theseus* kept the stage for a hundred and three years. It was produced in 1665, and performed for the last time at the Académie Royale in 1768. Gluck's are the only operas which have shown the same vitality—as yet.



tion of which the poet, the composer, the scene-painter, the mechanist, the costumier, and the ballet-master must contribute in proportions nearly equal.

It does not appear that Gluck revisited Paris during the fifteen years which separated his first visit from his return to Vienna. That he never forgot this visit, or lost the impression he had received in the course of it, is certain. After long and profound meditation he determined to undertake no less a task than that of reconciling the apparently incongruous and antipathetic elements of Italian and French opera, in the production of a work, or, as it proved, a succession of works, which should combine the purely musical science and skill of the one with the well-planned construction and histrionic propriety of the other. In the year 1762, being then fifty years of age, he began an altogether new career by the production of *Alceste*, the published score of which he prefaced by a sort of profession of faith hardly less remarkable and interesting than the work which followed it. Nothing in musical literature has been so often quoted, and nothing has ever better merited quotation. One extract will serve as a key to the whole paper, for it is in fact the text of which the whole is but the development. "When I undertook," says he, "to set the opera of *Alceste*, I sought to bring back music to its original function, that of seconding poetry by strengthening the expression of feeling and increasing the interest of situation, without interrupting action by superfluous (musical) ornamentation." *Alceste* was followed by *Paride ed Elena*, which again was accompanied by another epistle dedicatory, wherein the theories he had put forth in the former one were re-stated and further developed. The chronological place of his third Viennese-Italian opera, *Orfeo*, is a little uncertain. From internal evidence it would seem to have preceded the other two in order of composition, for it is at once the most delightful of Gluck's works, regarded musically, and that in which his later theories are least strictly, not to say severely, carried into practice.

The production of these and some other works of a more ephemeral character occupied Gluck in Vienna till the year 1772. He had then attained the age of sixty. His career, however, was not ended, hardly indeed, as it proved, was it begun. His ambition was unsatisfied, for his highest conceptions were still unrealised; and fortunately his energy was in no degree lessened by the weight of increasing years. He was still looking abroad for a new subject and a new field for the exercise of his genius, when circumstances threw him into connection with the Bailli du Rollet, an *attaché* of the French embassy at Vienna, who not only suggested to him the *Iphigenia* of Racine as the basis of an opera-book, but took measures which were eventually successful for the introduction of the work,

when it was completed, to the Parisian stage. The letter he addressed to the *Administration de l'Opera* on Gluck's behalf was the first shot fired in the subsequent contest known as the war of the Gluckists and Piccinists,—a war of which it must suffice here to say, that both parties were sometimes in the right and most often in the wrong—alike ignorant of the subject in dispute, alike unable or unwilling to recognise or understand one another's rights, aims, or intentions.

The reader who has followed me thus far will not need to be told what the aims and intentions of Gluck were, nor what means he was likely to take to reach and give effect to them. Every one at all familiar with party strife of whatever kind will know how extravagant are the claims, how unhesitating the assertions, of those who engage in it. On the one hand, the partisans of Piccini—a man to whose genius, science, and personal character, justice to this day remains undone—maintained that, in the school of which they regarded him as the head, music had reached a degree of excellence altogether unprecedented, and which there was no possibility of ever surpassing; and that the result of Gluck's *system* would be to deprive opera of all musical charm, and indeed eventually to annihilate what in modern times is understood by music. On the other hand, the partisans of Gluck maintained that prior to his advent music had addressed itself to the intellect rather than to the affections; and claimed for him the discovery of powers and resources heretofore unrevealed and unesayed. It is as impossible to deny that the assertions of both parties rested on a basis of truth, as that they had both overladen it with a mass of exaggeration which concealed that truth from themselves and from one another. It was indisputable that music had attained a degree of excellence unprecedented, since the works of Handel and Bach, of Scarlatti, Leo, Pergolesi, and Marcello, were not merely existent, but comparatively new; it was false to assert that this excellence could never be surpassed, since the genius of Haydn was as yet undeveloped, while Mozart was but a youth, Beethoven an infant, and Mendelssohn yet unborn. That Gluck's system, carried out to its ultimately possible consequences, might have annihilated what we now call music, is not impossible; that the instincts of humanity would be too strong for any system, however logical, which threatened to check their gratification, has been proved by the event. Without question, prior to the advent of Gluck a prodigious quantity of very ingenious and very dull music had been called into existence, as, equally without question, a like quantity of such music has been written, and even performed, since Gluck's departure; but to speak of him, as has often been done, often is done, as the inventor of a new art, the father, as it were, of musical expression, was and is simply to ignore the existence of musicians innumerable who had finished their course and were resting from their labours before he had even entered

on his. That Gluck turned the powers of sound to account in the expression of human emotion, more freely, more variously, and more appropriately than any former *dramatic* musician—possibly than any former musician whatever—must be fully conceded to him; that he did this at a considerable sacrifice of purely musical art, is equally certain.

Gluck's aim was a noble one, and he chose it freely: his mode of reaching it he adopted on compulsion, not by choice. He made a virtue of necessity; and, after the example of the fox that had lost his tail, eloquently pleaded with his fellows the advantage of a condition which was independent of, and a system which could be worked without, those qualities in which he was deficient or those acquirements which he had never made. Of the training needed for a musician he had undergone next to none, at the only period when such training can be effectual—in youth. The principles of musical composition, to the adult a congeries of isolated facts hard to remember and harder to obey—a yoke all but insupportable—are to him with whose growth they have grown, and with whose strength they have strengthened, a code of rational, interdependent, and consistent laws; and the art of musical composition, to the former tentative, laborious, and painful, is to the latter certain, spontaneous, and pleasurable. An inspection of any one of Gluck's scores, even were all other evidence wanting, would show that their author belonged to the former of these two classes. Over and above the instances without number which they present of clumsy, never of careless, handling, they betray a deficiency in sustaining power—an inability to pursue a musical idea to its utmost consequences—which the exigencies of dramatic effect may occasionally excuse, but which no wealth of invention, no taste in detail, will ever conceal or make amends for.

But though Gluck be not all which his admirers would make him, he was enough, and *did* enough, to entitle him to a high place among those who have laboured to perfect that most recent and most astonishing of works of art, the modern musical drama. Nor should the freest statement of his deficiencies be regarded as in any way a would-be set-off against the large amount in which the musical art is his debtor. No works of the class for which he did so much, with perhaps the single exception of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, have ever been conceived—certainly none have been carried out—in so pure, so honest, so uncompromising a spirit. He strove to make, and succeeded in making, the persons of his drama express themselves in language which may or may not always be beautiful, but which is always forcible, clear, and appropriate; and he sacrificed without compunction the best and most profitable of his musical talents—his talent for melody—whenever its display seemed inconsistent with character or with situation.

I have little time or space left to speak of the particular work the name of which stands at the head of this paper, and as little to enter into detail in regard to its recent and still attractive performance. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was the last, as *Iphigenia in Aulis* was the first, of the three *grand operas* which Gluck wrote expressly for the French stage. As it is the last, so it is the most characteristic and individual of his works; not perhaps *musically* the most interesting and attractive; for the melomaniac—*pace* the great master, of whom it was said, “*il prefera les muses aux sirènes*”—is likely to succumb to the Blandishments of the corypheus of sirens, *Armide*; but the work in which the composer's ideal of an opera has been most perfectly realised. In reference to a work of this kind, so equal, so coherent, so homogeneous, it seems as little respectful to call attention to individual beauties as it would be to extract them. Not that these individual beauties are sparse, or hard to find, but that they grow into and out of one another in a way which makes analysis as difficult and unsatisfactory as quotation.

To the performance I look back not as to a mere pleasant recollection, but rather with a feeling of gratitude to all concerned in enabling me to make close acquaintance with a work of such interest and importance. Some even of the principal artists concerned may not realise *to the eye* one's ideal of Hellenic beauty; but they can afford to be told this, since they realise *to the ear* an ideal higher than was ever “dreamt of in” Hellenic “philosophy.” It might have been wished that the intonation of the (female) chorus had been more uniformly true, and, more than all, that the genius of some Gluck among stage managers could be brought to bear on the “business” of the scene, or that Noverre could be brought back from the Champs Elysées to show how vestal virgins were grouped, and how furies deported themselves at the French Académie Royale in the last century.

But these are defects and shortcomings which increased respect for, inevitably consequent on increased familiarity with, such a work, on the parts both of performers and public, will soon remedy and supply. Meanwhile, whether to the lover and student of music, anxious to enlarge his horizon and increase his experience,—to the indolent recipient of sweet sounds in search of a new sensation, to whom *La Traviata* and the like of her have lost not only their novelty but their charm,—even to the English “gentleman and scholar,” too prone, like Forsyth, to class music with perfumery—I would say, go and hear *Iphigenia in Tauris*, taking your places not on the judgment seat, but at the feet of its august and venerable composer.

JOHN HULLAH.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE TENURE OF LAND.

THE proposal of the Government to give the tenantry of Ireland some legal security for improvements has been encountered by an objection, claiming to possess the authority of an economic maxim, and seeking to stifle *in limine* all legislation in favour of tenants, on the ground that it is a settled principle of political economy that the management of private property should be left to private interest; and that the relation of landlord and tenant being one of contract, the sole duty of the State is to enforce the performance of contracts. At first sight, this might appear to derive strong confirmation from the general tendency of the jurisprudence of societies, as they advance in civilisation, to extend the sphere of free contract, and to curtail that of control on the part of the State. Mr. Maine, in his philosophical comparison of modern with ancient law, observes, "The society of our day is mainly distinguished from that of preceding generations by the largeness of the sphere which is occupied in it by contract. . . . The science of political economy would fail to correspond with the facts of life, if it were not true that imperative law had abandoned the largest part of the field which it once occupied. The bias, indeed, of most persons trained in political economy, is to consider the general truth as entitled to become universal; and when they apply this science as an art, their efforts are ordinarily directed to enlarging the province of contract, and to curtailing that of imperative law, except so far as law is necessary to enforce the performance of contracts."<sup>1</sup> But it is very remarkable that as regards the relation of landlord and tenant, the tendency, both of the jurisprudence of our Courts and of the direct legislation of Parliament, has been steadily in the opposite direction to that described by Mr. Maine; step after step has been taken to give tenants by law a security and encouragement for improvements which their own contracts fail to afford. The question arises whether these interpositions of the law are really violations of the policy of non-interference, except to secure the protection of property and the performance of contracts? I shall endeavour to show that such interferences not only are based upon the very principle of economical policy on account of which the State does interfere to protect property and enforce contracts, but fall far short of affording the degree of security which the position of tenants and the interests of the public, especially in Ireland, require.

It was not until the last century that the Courts, exercising, as they have often beneficially done, their power of indirect legislation in opposition to the old common law, decided that buildings and other

(1) Ancient Law, chap. ix.

fixtures for the purposes of trade or manufacture should, without any special agreement, become the property of the tenant, if erected by him. "The reason which induced the Courts to relax the strictness of the old rules of law, and to admit an innovation in this particular instance, was that the commercial interests of the country might be advanced by the encouragement given to tenants to employ their capital in making improvements for carrying on their trade, with the certainty of having the benefit of their expenditure secured to them at the end of their terms."<sup>1</sup> The principle of this change in the law was extended by subsequent decisions to fixtures connected with mining, and some other improvements. In the case of agricultural fixtures, the Legislature directly interfered to give tenants similar protection. In 1848 a Parliamentary Committee on Agricultural Customs recommended the application of the principle established by the Courts in the case of trade-fixtures, to fixtures for agricultural purposes; and in 1851 an Act was passed, making farm-buildings erected by tenants in England the property of the tenant. In 1860 this provision was extended to Ireland, with some amplification, by Mr. Cardwell's Act. Almost the only benefit of these enactments, however, lies in the principle they establish of the tenant's right to benefit by his own improvements; for they afford little substantial protection, and would afford little, even if they covered in terms, cases such as drainage and the reclamation of waste land, to which they do not apply. To permit the Irish tenant to take down the materials of his buildings and take up those of his drains, and remove them, it may be, to America, is to permit him to add to the loss he has already sustained by their construction. Yet to give him any other form of compensation is supposed by many landlords to be both revolutionary legislation and heretical political economy. I shall attempt to show that it is neither. The majority of landholders seem to misapprehend altogether both their legal and economical situation. They seem to imagine both that the law has conferred on them the same absolute dominion over the land in which they have estates, as traders have over their goods; and that the public can place the same reliance on the private interest of the landlord as on that of the trader, to insure good management and improvement. Those who entertain such opinions need to be reminded in the first place, that the law of the country has maintained from the Conquest that fundamental distinction between property in land, and all other kinds of property, for which Mr. Mill has contended on the ground of theoretical justice.

No Act of Parliament is required to establish the subordination of private property in land to the interests of the State; the land itself belongs by law to the State;<sup>2</sup> the highest interest in it which any

(1) Amos and Ferard on the Law of Fixtures.

(2) "The first thing the student has to do, is to get rid of the idea of absolute owner-

subject can possess is a tenure in fee under the Crown; nor can the Crown either create a higher estate or absolve the existing land-holders of the condition of tenure. The nature and obligations of this tenure deserve some slight notice. From the Conquest to the Restoration the greater part of the land of the realm in private hands was held under a military, and the remainder under a civil tenure. When military tenure was extinguished on the Restoration, the Legislature, instead of abolishing the condition of tenure altogether, converted it into the civil tenure of socage,—a name which has unfortunately become nearly obsolete, along with the class of socage tenants who once fulfilled its obligations. Anciently the king's socage tenants held, as Lord Bacon says, "by continual service of ploughing his land, repairing his houses, parks, pales, and the like." The ancient socage tenant was thus a very different character from the modern one. He was the farmer himself; and it was on account of the importance of security of tenure for the encouragement of farming, that he could not be ousted so long as he performed the services appertaining to his tenure, and that he was exempted from military duties. All the highest ancient legal authorities, including Bracton, Britton, Littleton, Coke, and Lord Bacon, derive the name of socage tenure from *soca*, a plough. Another derivation from *soc*, a privilege, seems to have been suggested by the privileges, especially that of security of tenure, which, for the encouragement of agriculture, the soc-man enjoyed. The value of this class of independent cultivators did not indeed consist solely in their services to the country as farmers. Mr. Hallam speaks of the original socmen as "the root of a noble plant, the free socage tenants, or English yeomanry, whose independence has stamped with peculiar features both our constitution and our national character." That noble plant has been almost extirpated from the soil; socage tenure, by becoming in most cases, in fact, naked proprietorship, has become so as a right in the estimation of the socage tenants themselves.

But although they can hardly be called upon now to fulfil in its integrity the literal condition of their tenure, it is at least the duty of the State to provide that they shall not refuse to the farmers, whom they put in their place, the essential conditions of good farming. They remain the socage tenants of the Crown; and this negative obligation is a very light one to fasten on their tenure, and a very lenient interpretation of the maxim, that landed property has its duties as well as its rights. To enforce such an obligation is the more properly the express duty of the State, since the existence of a non-cultivating class of proprietors, and the whole structure of landed property in this country, with its large estates and few owners, are

ship. Such an idea is quite unknown to the English law. No man is in law the absolute owner of lands. He can only hold an estate in them."—*Williams on the Law of Real Property*.

traceable, not to the natural course of commerce and succession, but to the interference of the law, which substituted primogeniture and entails for the ancient custom of equal partition. And while, through this interference of the law, the policy of which it is not my purpose to question, the number of the owners of land has steadily diminished in most parts of the country, and its monopoly become stricter, the demand for land for a variety of purposes is yearly increasing with the increase of wealth, trade, and population, and the portion applied to other purposes constantly diminishes the extent left to supply the first requisites of existence to the people. Parks, gardens, villas, factories, railways, and urban improvements are yearly encroaching upon the demesne both of national agriculture and national habitation. Mr. Mill finds a natural claim on the part of the State for the public to the absolute ownership of land, in the fact that man did not make it: "It is the original inheritance of the whole species." It must be confessed that the original common, or patrimony of the tribe, was, in these islands, and still more so in Holland and Belgium, a very poor property, and that to take land out of a state of nature has been the great problem of agriculture. That problem requires for its solution the permission of private possession; yet the State cannot abandon its paramount proprietorship, not only because land may be directed altogether to unproductive uses by private proprietors, but because it is the sphere, not of agriculture alone, but of every form of human industry, and even human existence,—a consideration of constantly growing importance, now that the difficulty of finding house accommodation for the people, and room to live and move and have their being, has already become urgently felt. No principle of political economy is better settled than that the maxim of *laissez-faire* is inapplicable to a monopoly of the necessaries of life, and the law of the country has not only created such a monopoly, but armed its possessors with powers of enforcing the terms it enables them to grant, such as it has not conferred upon the owners of any other commodity.

It has, however, been urged, even by economists of the eminence of Mr. Lowe, that the best security the public can obtain for the good management of land is the personal interest of its private holders. The desire of wealth, it is urged, must impel the possessors of land, like the owners of capital in trade, to make the best commercial and productive use they can of their possessions. Political economy, I must affirm, countenances no such assumption. The desire of wealth is far from being a productive impulse under all circumstances; it is, on the contrary, sometimes a predatory one. And the fundamental assumption of political economy with respect to it is, that men desire to get wealth with the least possible trouble, exertion, and sacrifice; that besides wealth they desire ease, pleasure, social position, and political power; and that they will combine all the gratifica-



tion they can of their other desires with the acquisition of wealth. The situation of the inheritor of a large landed estate is entirely different from that of the trader, of whom (trained to habits of business, exposed to competition, and influenced not only by the desire of gain, but by the fear of being driven from the market altogether by better producers) it is true that the best security the public can have for the good management of his capital is his own private interest. It is as contrary to political economy as to common sense to assume that a rich sinecure tends to make its possessor industrious and improving; and the landholders of this country are the holders, not only of rich sinecures, but of sinecures the value of which tends steadily, and often rapidly, to increase without any exertion on their part. Even "producers and dealers," Mr. Mill has observed, "when relieved from the immediate stimulus of competition, grow indifferent to the dictates of their ultimate pecuniary interest, preferring to the most hopeful prospects the present ease of adhering to routine. A person who is already thriving seldom puts himself out of the way to commence even a lucrative improvement, unless urged by the additional motive of fear lest some rival should supplant him." And, economically speaking, landlords are not producers but consumers—*fruges consumere nati*; nor is it in human nature that they should, as a class, devote themselves to production, like persons engaged in a competitive trade. It would, indeed, be their pecuniary interest to do so, but that is not their sole interest. "A man's interest," says Mr. Mill, "consists of whatever he takes interest in." And the interest of the proprietors of land is, according to the assumption their own conduct compels us to make, to get as much, not only of money, but of amusement, social consideration, and political influence as they can, making as little sacrifice as they can in return for any of those advantages, in the shape of leases to their tenants, the improvement of their estates, or even residence upon them when other places are more agreeable. That they are frequently guided solely by their interest in this sense is borne out by notorious facts: by absenteeism, by the frequent absence of all improvement on the part of the landlord and the refusal of any security to the tenant, by the mischievous extent of the preservation of game and the extension of deer forests over what once was cultivated land. The single circumstance that tenancy from year to year, a tenure incompatible with good agriculture, is the commonest tenure both in England and Ireland, affords positive proof that the interest of the landlord is no security to the public for the good management of the land in the absence of all interference of law.

Let us look next at the interest of the tenant. *His* interest it certainly is, upon economical principles, to cultivate and improve the land to the best of his power, provided he is secure of reaping the fruits of his labour and outlay. He is a farmer by profession, with

the habits of one, and exposed to much competition; he has his livelihood to make, and he would of course be glad to make his fortune, too, by his farming. The public can therefore count upon the tenant doing his best by the land, if he is sure of deriving the benefit. But if he has no prospect of doing so, it becomes, on the contrary, his interest to labour only for the present, and to employ his savings and leisure anywhere rather than upon the permanent improvement of his farm. And that he cannot obtain the requisite security from contract alone, is evident both from what has been said of the interest and conduct of landlords in the matter, and from the fact previously mentioned that the courts and the Legislature have found it necessary to interpose law after law to secure the property in their own improvements to the tenants. There is, indeed, only one kind of contract which would give adequate security for every kind of agricultural improvement, and it is one which landlords almost universally refuse—namely, a lease of sufficient length to compensate for all possible improvements. Even if landlords were willing, which they are not, to covenant beforehand in every short lease to compensate for all improvements there specified by the tenant, the contract would be inadequate, since the tenant cannot foresee what improvements he may be able to make. What capital he may save, succeed to, or borrow, he cannot foretell; and experience of his farm, the progress of science and art, and the course of commerce and prices, may alter his plans altogether. But since tenants cannot obtain under contract the security they require, the State, upon the narrowest view of its province and duties, should interfere to afford them such security. There is one thing which private enterprise cannot do for production, that is, obtain security; and to afford it is universally acknowledged to be the proper business of the State. When, therefore, contracts do not by themselves give such security, or exclude it, the State should interfere for the same reason that in ordinary cases it interferes to secure the performance of contracts. For why does the State interfere to enforce contracts, save to promote confidence, and to encourage industry, invention, thrift, and improvement? Its interference for the security of farmers is in perfect accordance with the true meaning of the maxim of *laissez faire*, which originated in the answer of a merchant to Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV. The Minister asked what the King could do for trade, and the merchant replied that his Majesty should *laissez faire et passer*; that is to say, that people engaged in production and trade should be enabled by the State to manage their business as they think best, and that a non-trading class should not control them, or deprive them of the liberty and security the business requires.

These considerations would justify the interference of the State to afford agricultural tenants in England greater security than they at present enjoy. But the claim of the tenant in Ireland on the

## POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE TENURE OF LAND.

protection of the State is infinitely stronger. The landholders of Ireland are not only, in the same sense as those of England, the creatures, the tenants of the State, but they are the creatures of a violent interference with pre-existing rights of property. Moreover, by further violent interference in the shape of penal laws, directed expressly against industry and accumulation on the part of the bulk of the people, and precluding the acquisition of property and capital and the rise of other industries, the State forced the great mass of the population to become competitors for the occupation of land as a means of subsistence. They were thus placed even more at the mercy of the landlord than the Egyptians were at the mercy of Pharaoh in the famine, for their lands as well as their cattle and money were gone, and nothing remained to exchange for bread but the bodies and their labour. Rent under these circumstances became, notwithstanding what political economists define it, the surplus above average wages and profit, but the surplus above minimum wages, without any profit at all. Instead of the conditions to which the maxim of non-interference applies, is a system of interference which has made the landlord independent of all exercise of frugality and improvement, and deprived the tenant of all security for it. And the natural consequence is that neither landlords nor tenants, as a rule, make any improvements, and there are parts of the island in which the soil has actually deteriorated.

As though every institution in Ireland had been devised for the prevention of improvement, even the tenant-right of Ulster tends to divert the farmer from good husbandry and the outlay of capital, and to incline him to depend upon the conduct of others, and the chances of the future, rather than upon doing his best for the land so long as he has it; for the Ulster tenant-right is a custom not of compensation for improvement, but of selling anything at the expiration of the tenure which adds to the value of the farm,—it may be the completion of a railway, or the character of the landlord. This is a very different tenant-right from that of which M. de Laveleye observes: "To the evil complained of in England, that the payment diminishes the capital of the incoming farmer, they oppose in Flanders the proverb—'Hoe hooger, hoe beter,' the higher the better. It is infinitely better in fact to pay for the improvements of well-cultivated land than to pay nothing for an exhausted farm which requires immense expense to put it into good condition."

The provisions of the Government Bill relating to tenants' improvements in Ireland have met with the obvious objection, that the valuation is proposed at the determination of the tenure, when it is just estimate may be possible of the increased value fairly attributable to the outlay and labour of the tenant. And it has been suggested that a valuation of the tenant's outlay at the time it is made would ensure just compensation. But even this would not suffice. A price

gressive fall in the value of money, from the increased production of the precious metals, would lead to the repayment of the tenant's expenditure in a depreciated currency, and would not even restore his pecuniary outlay by an equivalent sum. Again, there are many important improvements, such as the reclamation of waste land, which in Ireland are effected mainly by the labour of the tenant, spread over a number of years, and the value of which can only be judged by the result, and cannot be measured while being made by any official valuation. But, thirdly, the main object of legislation should be to induce, and if necessary to compel, landlords to grant sufficient leases to afford compensation by mere length of possession. Leases of sufficient length have the double advantage of disposing the tenant to improve his farm as a whole by all the means in his power (instead of confining his aim to the particular improvements it may be easiest to recover compensation for), and of recompensing him without the intervention of any external authority, or the risk of dispute with his landlord.

The merit of the Government Bill is that, but for one fatal and contradictory clause, its provisions would make it the interest of landlords to grant leases of considerable length, in order to avoid all claims for specific improvements at the end of the tenure. This merit is lost by a clause enabling the landlord to avoid all claims by a written prohibition of all improvements, as well as by a lease. It has, indeed, been urged as an objection to leases in Ireland, that the holdings are already too small, and that long leases have been found to lead to subdivision. The answer to this, in the first place, is, that without better security than is afforded at present, neither large nor small holdings can be even tolerably farmed, not to say highly; and the prevailing tenancy at will is the very worst system upon which land can be held, next to that of cultivation by slaves. There are laws of human nature as certain and as necessary to the economy of farming as any in chemistry and mechanics, and one of them is that without security and liberty the cultivator will not exert his powers, and the soil will not yield its fruits. Moreover the comparative productiveness of the two systems of husbandry has been by no means decisively settled against small farms. "The larger farms in Flanders," says M. de Laveleye, "tend constantly towards subdivision, for the very simple reason that when subdivided they yield a much larger rent. This subdivision, too, increases the gross, not less than the net, produce. It is an accredited opinion that large farming alone can give to the soil the proper crops, and devote to it the requisite capital to call all its productive forces into action. In Flanders it is the reverse which is true. In general, the smaller the farm the greater the produce of the soil. Cultivators and proprietors alike rejoice in the subdivision—the former because it places more land within their reach, the latter because it doubles

their rents. It is in Eastern Flanders, the country of small farms *par excellence*, that statistics most clearly attest the perfection of husbandry and the amount of production to which land so subdivided gives birth. There each cultivator, having for the exercise of his industry little more than a single hectare (about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres), feeds as many individuals as an English cultivator feeds with the produce of three hectares."<sup>1</sup>

It is true that the small farmers of Flanders derive but scanty incomes for their own support; but this is so partly from the high proportionate rents which they pay, partly through the intense competition for land which the excess of population and the love of agriculture create, and partly because the customary term of a Flemish lease (for nine years) is altogether too short, although coupled with a tenant-right in unexhausted improvements.

The objection that long leases were found formerly to lead to subdivision in Ireland, deserves little attention on several accounts. In many cases the subdivision was more nominal than real, the land comprised in the original demise having been chiefly waste land which was thus brought into cultivation; and although a division took place, there was no real subdivision of the amount of land in cultivation. Moreover, the subdivision, where it was real, was created partly by penal laws, which prevented parents from providing otherwise for their children: and partly by the expenses attending the sale of interests in land, which made it easier to sub-let than to sell, especially with the aid of the law of distress. An improved system of transfer of all interests in land is an essential part of legislation in favour of tenants and agriculture. Lastly, if it be true that the tendency of husbandry is necessarily towards large farms, it is clear that the small holders will be compelled to part with their farms, and subdivision will be impossible.

The chief practical objections to legislation on the subject are really, on the one hand, the objections of landholders to abandon any part of the absolute control over the soil which, as I have attempted to show, they have no claim to, either upon legal or economical grounds; and on the other hand, the objection of legislators to grapple with a difficult question. For the Legislature to leave Ireland as it is, would be, in Bacon's phrase, "to enact a law of neglect," not to act upon the economical maxim of *laissez faire*.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE

(1) "Essai sur l'Economie Rurale de la Belgique." Deuxième Edition. 1863. This admirable essay formed the subject of a special report to the Academy of France, by M. de Laverque. Its author is not only distinguished as an Economist, but intimately acquainted with practical agriculture in Belgium.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

**SELDOM** has there happened a fortnight so gloomy as that just past. To financial panic at home has been added a fearful anticipation of things to happen abroad. Commercial houses of great traditional fame have succumbed; finance companies founded to assist in laying out some of the surplus profits of the country in great public works at home and abroad, have found themselves paralysed, and one has even suspended payment. At one time every description of security was unsaleable, and consequently valueless. Confidence was withdrawn from all but a few old establishments. At the very time that, on the memorable 11th of May, black Friday, a crowd might be seen round the doors of certain banks in the City, an equal crowd might be seen besieging the house of a West-end joint-stock bank; but in the first case it was to draw their money out, and in the last case the object of the anxious visitors was to open new accounts, and find, however low the interest offered, a safe home for their investments.

In the hurry and confusion of that terrible day strange mistakes and accidents occurred. One unfortunate man, anxious to preserve the funds which were to provide him with comforts and perhaps necessities, mistaking the name of the bank on which there was a run, drew his money out of a solvent bank, and rushed with it to one which shortly after suspended payment; another drew out five hundred pounds, and had it cut out of his pocket a few moments afterwards. In former panics, the suspension of the Charter Act, or a sudden supply of notes, restored confidence almost immediately, and business quickly resumed its ordinary course. Such has not been the case now; our present monetary disease is of a lingering character—not acute, but chronic; proceeding not from a want of capital, but confidence; betokening, perhaps, some weak point in the organisation of our credit institutions. Then many causes of distrust all occurred together. We found we had mortgaged our future profits too deeply in works of fixed capital, and at the same moment occurred the fears of a European war, and consequent derangement of commercial affairs on the Continent. Added to this, perhaps partly caused by this, the price of cotton went down, and vast quantities which had been bought at eighteen pence a pound in India, on arrival in this country would be only worth a shilling a pound. In this way some calculate that a loss of twelve or fourteen millions of pounds sterling has been incurred; a loss which has to be divided between England and India. It is the combination of all these causes which prevents the revival of confidence; but, on the other hand, there are healthy signs and indications that the natural vigour of the country will quickly repair our wasted forces. Trade is in a healthy condition, large profits are being made notwithstanding monetary tightness, and the great undertakings whose premature execution has partly led to the present distress are most of them sound and beneficial; and though some may suffer a temporary suspension, will be proceeded with as soon as the surplus profits of the country shall require new investments, and thus give the means of continuing them.

The commercial panic and the state of the Continent have so diverted men's minds from all other topics, that till the last day or two little attention has been paid to the question of Reform, which would otherwise be all-absorbing. The

Government having agreed to the wish of the House to treat the subject as a whole, the only question that remains is, whether that whole is in a sufficiently perfect state to be passed this year; whether Parliament should assiduously devote its mind to the completion of this great work, during a time of so much anxiety at home and abroad, or whether the reintroduction of the measure in another session would not give us a more perfect scheme, and a settlement more likely to be lasting. Opinions on this point are greatly divided on both sides of the House, and it is desirable that some decision on the subject should be taken without its being made a party question. The Ministry have amply redeemed every pledge, and have freely risked their existence to carry a Reform Bill. Had it not been for a most unexampled state of affairs at home and abroad the Bill would have passed; and even if it be postponed, the country will have had its attention seriously directed to the gravity of the changes proposed, and to the claims of the unfranchised. In such a crisis as the present the country will be very averse to a change of Ministry, and they may honourably retain their place. Indeed, the public interests imperatively require them to remain, and the very men who would vote against reform in the House of Commons would willingly—nay, eagerly—carry for them a vote of confidence. In the present unsettled aspect of almost every European country, no men could speak with such authority in the name of England as Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Clarendon. They are representative men to whom the statesmen and crowned heads of Europe are accustomed, and they can speak equally in the name of the aristocracy and democracy of England. They have been carefully following up the endless negotiations and ever-varying phases of intricate questions in the European States, leading to knots which, without the most skilful management, will be cut by the sword. There is a hope that a peaceful solution may be found, and our Foreign Minister is just going to the Conference at Paris to use all his knowledge and his tact in endeavouring to compose personal irritation and abate unwarrantable pretensions, and avert a war which the Russian official organ just states would, for the objects which are avowed, be a disgrace to the Europe of the nineteenth century.

To change Lord Clarendon while engaged in the Paris Conference, and to substitute for him some inexperienced Minister, who has not followed up past negotiations, would be greatly to lessen the chances of preserving the peace of Europe, which the peoples, as opposed to the governments, are now looking forward to with such intense anxiety. We do not believe that the good sense of the English people will permit such a course, and we doubt that even the wiser Conservatives would wish to see Lord Clarendon at this moment changed for Lord Malmesbury or Mr. Disraeli, and to throw on their party the responsibility of the failure of negotiations which may be the prelude either of lasting peace in Europe, or of convulsions of which no man can see the end.

The most important event of the last fortnight in foreign affairs has been the negotiation which has taken place among the Great Powers of Europe for the purpose of assembling a Conference for the discussion of the questions at issue between Austria, Prussia, and Italy. In order to enable our readers thoroughly to appreciate the full bearing and significance of this negotiation, we will preface our remarks upon it by describing the state of feeling which now prevails both among the rulers and the people of those countries, and the difficulties which it will be the business of the Conference to overcome.

If it has always been necessary, in historical discussions on despotic or semi-despotic states, to avoid confusing the opinions and feelings of the Government with those of the people, this is eminently the case with Prussia at the present moment. Those who say "Prussia is disposed for war or peace," or, "Prussia wishes to annex the Duchies at any price," or, "Prussia is ready to give a piece of land to Napoleon if he will help her to humiliate Austria," use a mode of expression which is here entirely inapplicable. For, so far as wishes and disposition are concerned, Prussia is now divided into two distinctly marked parts,—the Government, which, led by Bismark, almost against the will of the King, has hitherto done its utmost to make war inevitable; and the people, which dreads war, and distrusts its instigators. On the one side is a self-willed reckless statesman, who seems to have secured the confidence of his royal master, whose weaknesses he knows how to humour, supported solely by a small clique, and depending on the army to carry out his ends; on the other are the millions in the country who beg from the bottom of their hearts, in newspapers and at meetings, for peace, and yet shoulder their muskets at the word of command to go into the field. The very man who has signed a peace petition to the King, who has described war at public meetings as a crime against the fatherland, who for weeks has been writing leaders and pamphlets against the fratricidal policy of Bismark, tears himself, bowed down with grief, from his wife, his child, and his home, to join the ranks. He sighs and swears, yet he puts on the uniform, which converts him from a free citizen into the helpless slave of military law. Hundreds of thousands have done this in the last few weeks without a word being said (a few scandals apart) of a general and decisive opposition. This is a remarkable phenomenon, which the history of the present day is not likely to present a second time.

Cabinet wars have been fought only too often,—nay, it may be said that most wars in all parts of the world have been cabinet wars, caused by the self-will, the ambition, the folly of rulers, the thoughtlessness and inanity of their counsellors, and often by the greed, vindictiveness, and baseness of people of both sexes in their *entourage*, who have obtained a noxious influence over the direction of the affairs of the State. In order, however, to enter upon such a war, it was necessary either that the monarch should have boundless power over the lives and properties of his subjects, as is the case in the states of the East; or that he should know how to carry the people with him by the greatness of his genius, like Frederick the Great and Napoleon; or, finally, that he should have a blindly obedient standing army at his disposal, like the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Not one of these conditions applies to the present King of Prussia. His people is one of the most highly educated, intelligent, and creative in the world; not the most humble of his courtiers would pretend that either he or his Prime Minister is a genius great enough to acquire boundless influence over the masses; and the Prussian army is perhaps the least adapted for being used in a Cabinet war.

This army, notwithstanding the many heavy sacrifices it has made for the country, has hitherto been chiefly valued by the Prussians because it could only be used in a war that was popular and necessary for the true interests of Prussia. The present situation proves that this theory, like many others which are not based on experience, is a false one. It would be perfectly true in a free country, whose citizens, born and brought up in the midst of freedom, would have courage



and conscientiousness enough to oppose with all their strength a Government which strove to drag them into a war against their will. The Prussian does not want courage or *élan*; he has given proofs of both qualities in the wars with Napoleon, and will do so again if it comes to a war; but, being brought up in the midst of a government of policemen and officials, who from his childhood upwards drill and superintend him, he wants the courage of the free man, and the consciousness of his power to oppose the system of stiff, unbending routine which rules in his country. These Prussians will resist the most fiery charges of the Hungarian hussars, will storm redans and stand firm under fire like any other good European army, but they have no courage in face of a decree of the Landrath, and will beat a retreat before their police. The most accomplished nation of the Continent is in this point as tame, submissive, and timid as the ignorant Russian peasant who falls on his knees before an ukase from his Czar. The Russian at least honours in his Czar the head of his church as well as his sovereign; but the submissiveness of the Prussian has neither bigotry nor simplicity to justify it.

The fruit of the Prussian system of government and education is strikingly shown in the present crisis. From all parts of the kingdom—even from England, France, and more distant countries—Prussians respond to the summons to join the ranks. The peasant leaves the plough, the man of business his desk, the student his university, the professor his chair, the artisan his factory; for those who fail to present themselves at the appointed time undergo the heaviest penalties. They obey like sheep to the word of command; among them are hundreds of thousands of strong, healthy men, husbands and fathers of families, though their business goes to ruin, their homes are full of grief and despair, and they themselves are fully convinced that this war is an unnecessary and unrighteous one, and that its results must be most injurious, perhaps even ruinous, to Germany. The old Prussian constitution, which provides for the defence of the country, has, it appears, omitted to take into consideration the contingency of a war being fought by the people against their own will. What are its other advantages we shall be able to judge when war is actually going on. Whether in reality the peasants, tradesmen, clerks, students, artisans, and schoolmasters will prove good soldiers because they have served for three years in their youth (the more wealthy among them, who pay their own expenses, one year only) is not yet evident. Experience has shown that a Prussian Landwehr man who comes fresh from the counter or the desk very soon sinks under the load of his knapsack and musket when he is on the march, while the regular and thoroughly drilled soldier marches on without difficulty. In our humble opinion a peasant of Hungary or Pomerania, who has never read Homer or eaten an *omelette aux fines herbes*, will make a much better common soldier than a schoolmaster who has Cæsar's Commentaries at his fingers' ends, or a young banker who, although he has long forgotten the "*de bello Gallico*" of his early youth, has since devoted himself to the profound study of the *cuisine gauloise*. In any case, it would require weeks and months to restore the necessary activity to the soldier who returns to the army from his civic duties,—time enough to lose two or three battles, and enable the Croats to steal all the gilt frames in the picture-gallery of Berlin, leaving the Raphaels, Titians, Rubenses, and Dürers to serve as fuel for their watch-fires.

These Croats, with the kindred races of Slavonians, Slovaks, or Slavs, who

make their living on the Waag, Drav, and Save by cultivating maize, are now giving the Prussians a great deal of alarm. Their newspapers are telling them what a frightful creature the Croat is; how in his moments of leisure he steals, murders, and robs, and especially how his arrival in Prussia will be the signal for the disappearance of the culture on which the Germans pride themselves so much, and which they have had so much trouble to acquire. This last point is difficult to understand, for if the Croats steal, they lay their hands on money and watches, not on books and libraries. It is evidently a great object with the Prussian newspapers at the present moment to represent these Croats as bug-bears;—the Government organs, in order to rouse the indignation of the Prussian people against Austria, and the Opposition papers in order to increase as much as possible the universal aversion to war. It is perhaps natural that both parties, in order to attain their object, should represent the Croat as far more terrible than he really is, but it is too ridiculous of some of these Prussian papers to make it a crime in the Emperor of Austria that he prepares to send his semi-barbarous races into their country. Now that the Bismark policy has provoked Austria to the utmost, the nation, which is not strong enough to overthrow that Minister and his system, should really not attempt to lash itself into indignation because Austria defends herself by all the means in her power. Is the Emperor Francis Joseph not to accept any recruit that does not know his Schiller and Goethe? Are his soldiers to pass a competitive examination in Hegel before they go to battle? Has the Prussian Government asked the Italian not to admit any one into Garibaldi's volunteers who has at some time of his life been a brigand? Did the Prussian soldiers of 1848 act with much more humanity in Dresden than Jellachich's Croats in Vienna? And were the Prussian military tribunals in Baden at all milder than the Austrian ones in Hungary, although to compare the opposition of the Badenens with that of the Magyars is like comparing the attack on Düppel with the storming of the Redan? If the Prussian people are really unwilling to make the acquaintance of the highly interesting, though unwashed, races of the Austrian Empire, there are only two means of avoiding it. Either they must utterly defeat Benedek before he comes out of the defiles of Bohemia and Saxony, or persuade their King that it is now time to substitute new counsellors for his present ones. The latter would certainly be the simplest, cheapest, and most convenient plan, if there were only men in Prussia who dared to carry it out.

Meanwhile the Chambers have been dissolved. Count Bismark hopes the danger of war will give him a more tractable Parliament, and his organs in the press preach on the text that none of the old deputies should be elected, which means that the Government adheres to the system it has pursued hitherto. None but new men are to be sent by the country to Berlin. The demand is as unreasonable as the hope is vain. Unless a new electoral law is *octroyé*, or in other words, the constitution is again violated, the King must make up his mind to seeing the majority of the new Parliament consist of the same men who gave him loyal cheers both at the beginning and the end of last session, but nevertheless did not yield an inch of their lawful demands. If it were not for the want of money, Count Bismark would certainly not be in such a hurry to call a Parliament. But the war requires money to an enormous amount, and it will not be possible to get any without the consent of Parliament. It is true

that the feudal papers repeatedly stated that many of the first German bankers had offered to procure money for the Government by means of loans, even if Parliament should not grant any supplies; but we are enabled positively to state that this statement is incorrect. On the contrary, we are informed that three of the first banking-houses in Berlin, of unimpeachably loyal sentiments, on being confidentially sounded on the subject, declared that they would not be able to get a large loan taken up unless it were approved by the Chambers. Now what Berlin financiers look upon as impracticable will certainly not be undertaken by any other German, French, or English house. Being thus without resources, the Government flies to the Parliament for aid. What will be the result? Judging from what we know of the men who will probably be elected, the Parliament will act in this matter as follows:—It will declare that it will not grant a thaler to the Government until the latter shall recognise the right of Parliament to vote the supplies and introduce a Bill establishing ministerial responsibility on a wide basis. It will declare (what every Parliament would do under present circumstances) that although it does not approve of the motives and principles which have brought on the war, it will not refuse to grant to the Government the means of successfully concluding it, but that it will never entrust those means and the future of the country to the present Ministry. Finally, it will declare that it is ready to make every sacrifice, but only on the condition that the King shall dismiss his present advisers, and surround himself by Liberal statesmen. The rest will depend on the result of the Paris Conference and the development of events. We must add that up to the present date there has been as yet no sign at Berlin of an intention to restore the constitutional régime. On the contrary, the Government has again grossly violated the constitution by decreeing an issue of paper money in so-called "mortgage bonds," to the amount of twenty-five millions of thalers, without even going through the usual constitutional forms.

In Austria the tree of the constitution is also not in a very flourishing state. There, too, paper money has been manufactured without the consent of the country, and the convocation of a Parliament is only occasionally talked of. But what would be easy in Prussia is hardly to be done in Austria. Even if the Imperial Government honestly wished it, it could not at this moment govern with a Parliament, for the convocation of a general parliament at Vienna would be protested against as warmly by the Hungarians, Czechs, Transylvanians, Croats, and Dalmatians now, as in the time of Schmerling, and it is impossible to govern in each of the Imperial territories with a separate Parliament, at least in a crisis where the very existence of the empire is at stake. The Austrian Government will, therefore, only consent under extreme pressure to the convocation of a Parliament or of the diets. Meanwhile it is still negotiating with Hungary, to whom it is ready to make very extensive concessions. Should war break out, the Emperor will, it is said, go with the Empress to Pesth. Then will the Hungarians obtain what they want, and the beautiful Empress will weep Magyar tears, and the Hungarians will give her 100,000 men, and the Emperor will again return to Vienna, to take back from the Hungarians, at the first opportunity, what he gave them when he wanted their aid.

In Austria, or at any rate in its capital, the feeling is that the Government ought to be allowed to do anything it likes, provided it gives the Prussians a good beating. Should it succeed in this, the Viennese will joyfully give it abso-

lution for all its past and many of its prospective sins. They would gladly give up Venetia if they could purchase with it the satisfaction of dictating a humiliating peace to the King at Potsdam. The feeling of anger towards Prussia is beyond description, and is as strong among the Germans in Austria as among the other nationalities of the empire, who have always looked upon Germanism as their natural enemy. They attribute every evil to Count Bismarck; and they have already, for some time, taken the precaution of addressing their letters to England "*via* France;" apparently believing that if they were sent through Prussia they would be opened by the Prussian police. The postal arrangements in Austria itself, however, have now grown very irregular, as all the railways are used for the conveyance of troops. To us, who are accustomed to see 40,000 men sent by railway from London to Brighton and back in one day, it may sound strange that the Austrian post-office cannot secure one mail a day between Vienna and Pesth—the two most important towns in the empire. Travellers are also compelled to wait several days before they can find a passenger train, and the conveyance of goods is entirely stopped. All this is in consequence of the marchings of troops. But however numerous and frequent these may be, one would think that there was always room, even in a train-full of soldiers, for a couple of letter-bags. The general confusion seems to be catching, and to have extended to the postal, as well as to the other authorities.

The interruption of communications, inconvenient as it is, is not however the worst consequence of the warlike preparations. All business is at a standstill, the factories are shut, the want of credit is unprecedented, and the destitution among the poorer classes, especially in the provinces, is indescribable. It is partly due to the misery to which the masses have been reduced that the army is daily increased by thousands of recruits. The Government, it is true, does all it can to blow the warlike feeling against Prussia into a flame, gives the press unbounded liberty to abuse Prussia, encourages the belief of the soldiers that they will be allowed to plunder as much as they like in the enemy's country, stirs up the fanaticism of the Roman Catholic Styrians and Tyrolese against the German Protestants in Prussia, and takes any one that will swell the ranks of its army; but none of these incentives are after all so strong as necessity and the want of work.

There is now in the north of Austria an army such as the empire has not had for a long time, led by a general in whom the troops have full confidence, and whose conduct in the Italian war has earned him an honoured name. Benedek is a Hungarian by birth, and not being of noble origin, owes his position entirely to himself, and estimates rank and title at their true value. There was a great deal of intriguing against his appointment as commander-in-chief, for it is an unprecedented thing in Austrian history that a man not of noble birth should be appointed to the chief command of the Austrian army over the heads of so many archdukes and generals with long pedigrees. The Emperor had, however, acquired the sad conviction in the Italian war that the Gyulais, the Gallas, and the Schwarzenbergs are worth but little in the field, and that the presence of the archdukes and even of himself at headquarters was rather prejudicial than of advantage for the direction of the war. What he then learnt at his cost he now, to his credit be it said, has used as a warning, and Benedek, notwithstanding all the intrigues against him, was the man he selected. The latter laid down three conditions on which alone he

would consent to accept the command : first, that he should be allowed to select his own staff ; secondly, that no member of the Imperial family should stay at his head-quarters ; and thirdly, that he should have at his disposal an army of at least 300,000 men, in whose rear an army of reserve of corresponding strength should be placed. His conditions were fulfilled. Not a single Archduke is now at Olmütz, where are his present head-quarters ; his *entourage* consists of men selected by himself ; and as regards the number of troops at his disposal, it is, if not larger, certainly not smaller than what he stipulated for. In Verona, on the other hand, where the Archduke Albrecht has established his head-quarters as commander-in-chief of the army of the South, there are archdukes and young nobles in plenty ; but as there will hardly be any complicated military operations in Venetia in the open field, and the war there is to be restricted to the defence of the Quadrilateral, these aristocratic gentlemen can hardly do much harm. The division of the aristocratic and civic elements will thus on both sides present a curious contrast. The Archduke Albrecht, with his *entourage* of nobles, will have to make the acquaintance of the plebeian red-shirts of Garibaldi ; while on the Prussian side the "man of the people," Benedek, will be opposed to Prince Frederick Charles, the Crown Prince, and other princely personages.

Since our last notice Italy has advanced so far on her warlike course that it now seems impossible for her to retreat. A fortnight ago she was, it is true, placing her army on a war footing, advancing her regiments towards the Venetian frontier, and threatening the Austrian ports in the Adriatic with her fleet, and, as we then remarked, the only alternatives of war seemed to be bankruptcy and anarchy ; but it was perhaps even then not too late, if the Emperor-Napoleon had decidedly set his face against the warlike attitude maintained by the Cabinet of Florence, to withdraw from a policy which it would in such a case have been utter madness to pursue. But things have now arrived at such a pitch that we doubt whether even the immense power wielded by the mysterious ruler who sits on the throne of France will be capable of restraining the warlike ardour which has filled all classes of Italians, from the King downwards, with an intoxication that blinds them to all considerations of reason and self-interest. The party of action, which it has been the most difficult task of the successive cabinets that have governed Italy since Aspromonte to restrain, has now been let loose ; the red-shirts are preparing to march against the Austrian, for the first time applauded by Government and people alike ; and Garibaldi, though still suspicious of the intentions of the Cabinet, which he fears wishes to use his name as a bugbear to terrify Austria into making a diplomatic compromise, has declared his readiness to take the command of the volunteers when the time for action arrives. The calling out of the volunteers and the summons to Garibaldi have, in fact, now transferred the direction of the foreign policy of Italy from the hands of the Government into those of the party of action. Arrangements have already been made for the formation of a new cabinet directly war breaks out, in which Crispi, the Radical leader, and perhaps Mordini, a prominent member of the same party, will hold important posts. That the present Government only exists on sufferance was strikingly shown in the debate on the bill for giving it dictatorial powers similar to those given by the Parliament of 1859 to Cavour. This bill was in the first place so greatly modified in committee, that when it came before the House it only contained articles

empowering the Ministry to forbid the publication of news or comments on military movements, and abolishing the privilege of *habeas corpus* until the end of July. Even in this shape the bill met with so strong an opposition in the Chamber, although both the leaders of the Radical party—Crispi and Mordini—spoke in its favour, that it was found necessary to restrict still further the powers that were to be given to the Government. In a subsequent debate on the question of imposing a tax of eight per cent. on Italian rente the Ministry sustained another severe check, that most impolitic and unjust tax, which must severely shake the already tottering fabric of Italian credit, having been passed by a small majority, in spite of the strong and reiterated protests of Signor Scialoja, the Minister of Finance, and all the other distinguished financiers in the House. This suicidal decision, which assuredly no representative assembly in its sober senses would have arrived at, can only be accounted for by the mania which has seized the Italians for rushing into war, and the consequent desire to accumulate resources by any means at their disposal, however unjustifiable. Another significant incident has been the re-election of Mazzini for Messina, notwithstanding the vote of the Chamber declaring him to be unqualified. The feeling in the whole of Sicily, indeed, is described as being so passionately warlike, that it has become dangerous for foreigners to walk in the streets of any of the towns. Perhaps the most important sign, however, of the preponderance of the Radical party is to be found in the plan of the proposed campaign, of which the principal feature is, as we anticipated in our last number, an attack on the Austrian territories bordering on the Adriatic. This operation, in which the Garibaldians are to take the principal part, will involve both a democratic propaganda against Austria and a violation of the territory of the Germanic Confederation. In 1848 the Sardinian Government carefully avoided any revolutionary agency, and dreaded the possibility of a collision with the Bund; but Italy has now no such scruples, and the plan of attacking Trieste and entering the adjoining districts is not only openly talked of, but Italian agents have already been sent to Dalmatia and the Tyrol with the view of stirring up a revolution against Austria among the inhabitants of those districts. The war is therefore to be strictly a revolutionary one on the part of Italy. So notorious, indeed, are these projects, that even the little republic of Switzerland has thought it necessary to take measures for the preservation of its neutrality against a possible incursion of Garibaldians by sending troops to occupy the passes in the canton of Graubinden, between Italy and the Tyrol. It is true that Italy had not, in 1848, the Prussian alliance to rely upon; but, although it is certain that a convention has really been signed, binding each of the two Powers to assist the other when war breaks out, this alliance is no longer looked upon with so much confidence in Italy as it was a fortnight ago. The natural unwillingness of the Italians to connect themselves with a Bismark policy was at first overcome by the evident wish of Bismark himself to get the Prussian Liberals on his side by holding up before their eyes the bait of a united Germany, with a Parliament elected by universal suffrage, and in which Prussia should have a preponderating influence; and the singular popularity which Bismark for a short time enjoyed in Italy was entirely due to the belief that this manœuvre would be successful. Unfortunately the Italians, like too many other people, judged their neighbours by their own standard, thinking that German unity was as much a passion with the Germans as Italian unity is with

them. The veil has now fallen from their eyes, and they see with surprise and disappointment that they have allied themselves with a statesman who is as much detested by the Liberals of Germany as he is by those of France and England, and have thereby made their cause, which has hitherto had the sympathies of the party of progress throughout the world, that of despotism and reaction.

The singular escapade of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern has again turned public attention from the momentous events which are passing in Germany and Italy to the petty intrigues of which the rich and fertile, but miserably ill-governed provinces on the Danube have been the theatre. Our readers are already aware of the true significance of the election of this young Prussian lieutenant of dragoons, who was apparently put forward by the Government as a candidate for the sovereignty merely because their political existence was staked on their getting a foreign sovereign, and he happened to be the only prince without a crown they could think of at the moment. The Roumans knew nothing of Prince Charles, and he was only elected (not, however, without considerable opposition), because many thought that any sovereign, whoever he might be, would be better than none at all. At the same time they decreed, with characteristic ingenuity, that Prince Charles's father was to be considered as a naturalised Rouman, thus hoping to get over the objection that they are bound by treaty to elect a native sovereign. This, however, did not satisfy the Conference at Paris, which has declared against the election. Important events are, therefore, now preparing in Roumania, and it is not impossible that the first shot of the coming war will be fired on the Danube.

The report that the country has been occupied by the Turkish and Russian troops has not been confirmed, but nothing is more likely than that such an occupation will sooner or later take place, in virtue of the strange alliance which has recently been contracted between the Porte and the Government of St. Petersburg (and to which we alluded in our last number) for the purpose of preventing Roumania from being given to Austria in exchange for Venetia. It is of course impossible that such an alliance, which is only to be explained by the desperate straits to which Turkey has been reduced in consequence of the disorder in her finances, and the symptoms of approaching insurrection in her western provinces, can last for any length of time,—and we need hardly point out that Russia would not send her troops into Moldavia in order to keep that province for Turkey. But in the election of a foreign prince to the throne of the Principalities, no less than in the cession of them to Austria, the interests of Russia and Turkey meet: for in either case Russia must lose her influence in Roumania and her chance of eventually obtaining possession of that long-coveted object of the ambition of the Czars; while Turkey will have to give up her suzerain rights, and thereby create a dangerous precedent for the other important territories which she holds by a similar tenure. It is true that Prince Charles has declared that he will preserve the suzerain rights of the Porte untouched, but it is evident that this is a mere manoeuvre to secure him against a Turkish occupation until he is firmly settled on his throne, for both the wishes of his people and the inclinations of his powerful relatives in Europe will urge him to throw off at the first opportunity a subjection which he cannot but feel to be humiliating. Although the King of Prussia persuaded him at first to reject

the crown of the Principalities, his Majesty will doubtless be the first, when the Prince becomes their Sovereign, to insist on his being absolutely independent of the Sultan; and even the acceptance of the crown by the Prince is not, if we are rightly informed, so disagreeable in high circles at Berlin as the conduct of the King in the matter might lead us to believe. It was of course necessary for Count Bismark, in presence of the very decided declaration of the Paris Conference on the subject, officially to set his face against the Prince's election. His protestations, indeed, of the innocence of Prussia in the whole affair were carried to a somewhat suspicious length, and when he forbade the Prince to receive the deputation at Berlin, at the same time giving him leave of absence from his regiment so as to enable him to receive it at Dusseldorf, it was perhaps only natural to believe that this excessive anxiety to abide by the decisions of the Conference was not quite sincere. Be this as it may, it is certainly somewhat singular that Prince Charles should have accepted the Crown after he had by the advice of his relative, the King of Prussia, decisively refused it. He has, however, another and far more powerful relative, whose leanings towards Bismark are now no secret, who has always displayed a peculiar interest in Roumanian affairs, and who is suspected of being as desirous as Russia and Turkey to make it impossible for Austria to get the Principalities in exchange for Venetia, so as to again try his hand at remodelling the map of Europe. If it should turn out that the young Prussian dragoon is but the blind instrument of Napoleon—and indications are not wanting to give this supposition a strong appearance of truth—Roumania may after all present the most difficult of the questions which are now agitating Europe.

Let us now cast a rapid glance at the complications with which the whole face of the Continent is at this moment convulsed, and see what are the chances of a pacific remedy being found for this virulent and deep-seated European disorder. Liberal Italy allied with feudal and reactionary Prussia in a war the avowed object of which is the annexation of the oppressed nationality of Schleswig-Holstein and the extinction of those small German States which have hitherto formed an asylum for German Liberals; reactionary and despotic Austria representing the rights of those States, and taking up arms in favour of the oppressed nationality of Schleswig-Holstein; England sympathising with a revolutionary policy in Italy, and against the projects of the Italian revolutionists in Turkey; the Sultan appealing to the Czar for assistance against the schemes of a lieutenant in the Prussian army; Garibaldi forming a Polish legion, which will find itself charging another Polish legion raised on the patriotic principle in Galicia,—such are a few of the anomalies which testify to the present unhealthy and abnormal state of the Continent. It is for this state of things that it will be the task of the Conference which is to meet in a few days to discover a remedy. We confess that the prospect of averting war by such means does not, under present circumstances, seem to us encouraging. It is only too evident that of all the Powers which have, with more or less eagerness, accepted the invitation to the Conference, England is the only one which sincerely desires peace. Russia was, no doubt, one of the first to propose that the great Powers should intervene in the Austro-Prussian quarrel for the purpose of endeavouring to bring about a pacific solution of the questions which produced it, and she has ever since urgently pressed the Powers to accede



to her proposal; but it is notorious that she is not at present prepared for war and the increased activity she has lately shown in the east of Europe unfortunately gives only too much colour to the suspicion that she only wants a Conference in order to gain time for increasing her armaments, so as when war breaks out to be enabled to take a prominent part in it. As for France, we already pointed out in our last number how suspicious is her neutrality. The Emperor Napoleon was at first averse to the meeting of Congress, and he only consented to it in consequence of the repeated representations of Russia and England, being desirous of proving both to Europe and to his own people that he wishes for peace, and that if war should come he would be dragged into it. That Austria wishes for peace is probable, but it is said she has again declared she will not give up Venetia without a territorial compensation; and the difficult, many well-informed persons think impossible problem is, to procure this for her without a war. On the other hand, we have shown that nothing but the cession of Venetia can prevent Italy from fighting, as she has now gone too far to retreat. The Venetian question, therefore, which is really the only one which presents the danger of imminent war to Europe, is just the one whose only practical solution it appears difficult for the Conference, by the terms of its summons, to discuss.

Even supposing, however, that the disinclination of Austria to discuss a cession of Venetia is only attributable to a desire to save her dignity, it is hard to see how a conference in which the decisions of the majority are not to be enforced on the minority can have any practical result. The demands of each of the parties in the dispute are known to all the world, and every argument has already been exhausted save that of the sword to induce them to abate their pretensions. We may be sure that neither the polished sarcasm of Prince Gortchakoff, nor the diplomatic ambiguities of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, nor the honest frankness of Lord Clarendon, will show more clearly to the Cabinets of Austria and Prussia the folly of the course on which they have entered than has already been done. Is it likely that Count Bismark will give up to the persuasive powers of three foreign statesmen what he has obstinately refused to the reiterated clamours of millions of his fellow-countrymen? or that Count Mensdorff will be converted in behalf of his imperial master to the view that the retention of Venetia, which Francis Joseph has hitherto regarded as a point of honour, is neither expedient nor just? A discontented people, an empty exchequer, and a powerful enemy are far stronger inducements to peace than the arguments, however distinterested, of foreign diplomatists, and if the former fail we cannot put much faith in the efficacy of the latter. The way of making the Conference a real instrument for restoring the peace of Europe is for two at least of the great neutral Powers to enter into an armed alliance for the purpose of enforcing its decisions if necessary, on any Power that should refuse to abide by them. Although there are serious objections, on principle, to such a course, the mere fact of such an alliance having been made would, we are persuaded, render war impossible. There seems, however, to be no prospect of such an event, and we can therefore only fear, unless the strong popular feeling in favour of peace has more weight than we venture to anticipate, that this Conference, like most of those that have preceded it, will be very useful for preparing the war, but will do nothing to avoid it.

*May 29th.*

## CAUSERIES.

M. RENAN's book on the Apostles is not likely to make the same stir as his "Vie de Jésus," partly on account of the lesser importance of the subject, although the subject is one of great interest, and partly because a second book has always to contend against a public ill-disposed. Whenever an author has powerfully agitated us, he becomes a formidable rival to himself. One class of admirers will be disappointed if the new book does not repeat the ideas and types which interested them in the old book—though they would be the first to exclaim against him as "used up" if he *did* repeat the ideas and types, and all they really demand, is the repetition of the amazement and delight created by a new form and a new mind. Another class of admirers will have grown somewhat ashamed of their admiration, now they have heard so many contemptuous and disenchanting criticisms passed on the author. The polemical tactics of discrediting with a shrug or a sneer the learning and the logic of an opponent tell upon the public. Our favourite has been so often pronounced "shallow," and his ideas declared to be "ideas perfectly familiar to all inquirers," that we begin to cultivate a private scorn for our idol. People who are contented to be crassly ignorant themselves, begin to be querulous with their teacher on account of his superficiality. Superficiality is a terrible bugbear to the superficial. The *amour propre* of readers is alarmed lest they should be admiring in the wrong place, and subjecting themselves to the suspicion of being imperfectly informed in the eyes of critics who never supposed them to be informed on the subject at all.

M. Renan has these obstacles to combat; and he has another which is even more fatal to success—the distrust of the free-thinking, *plus* the disgust of the orthodox. On the intrinsic value of his new contribution to the history of Christianity I am not competent to form an opinion—it is a subject upon which I am comprehensively ignorant; but the readers of the REVIEW will soon have the verdict of an authoritative writer on the orthodox side. What I wish to speak of is the incongruous style of treatment M. Renan has adopted in the endeavour to give expression to what I believe to be genuine convictions. Those who reproach him with seeming to court the applause of free-thinkers, and at the same time to deprecate the censure of the orthodox, by his incongruous mixture of criticism with sentiment, who think that he is a nineteenth-century Gibbon, placing sentiment where Gibbon would place a sneer, should remember that if critical inquiry has conducted him to conclusions altogether at variance with the dogmas of Christianity, and has made the historian simply an historical critic, this has been a late development, and was preceded by long years of orthodox adhesion, during which his affections had time to grow round all the leading ideas of Christianity. He was a seminarist before he became a critic. He cannot forget his early years, he cannot shake off old associations. This is the key to that passage in his preface in which he explains his attitude, and which many have read as an apology. I accept his explanation as made in good faith. But at the same time I must point to the incongruity. A man may either believe in miracles or disbelieve in them; he may take the scientific or the theologic point of view; he cannot take both; and the attempt to

reconcile the two leads to unpleasant equivocalness. M. Renan explains the hallucinations of the early Christians (in which Christ was seen after his resurrection, and in which the gift of tongues descended with the Holy Ghost upon the disciples) just as any scientific inquirer explains the somewhat similar hallucinations of Quakers, Irvingites, Mormons, and spirit-rappers; yet, after shocking the orthodox reader by this explanation and this parallel, he attempts to soothe the troubled mind by an assurance that we must make an immense difference between "aberrations without significance and without a future" and those illusions which have accompanied the establishment of a new religious code; after irritating the Christian by asserting that even Mormonism, not to mention more august religions, displays its martyrs and its miracles, he vainly attempts to reassure the angry reader by insisting that in the case of Mormons, Babists, and Boudhists the credulity was *platitude d'esprit*, whereas in Christian credulity there was an unspecified superiority. It looks like irony to invoke science, and then pretend that sentiment can smooth down all the sharp angles. Less vacillating minds will choose one of the alternatives, they will declare the miracles to be hallucinations, or will accept them as historical facts.

What M. Renan, and with him many earnest minds of our day, most desires is that the integrity of philosophy should be preserved, and the moral culture of Christianity raised into undisputed pre-eminence over dogmatic belief. Science and dogma he feels to be incompatible; and he cannot discard science. But science and Christianity he feels are perfectly compatible, and he would have them work harmoniously together. I suppose there are few people at the present day who do not regard the moral aspect of Religion as their chief solicitude; men dread the disturbance of dogmas, less because they have a living belief in the dogmas than because they suppose the dogmas to be necessary pillars to morality. It is, therefore, deeply significant that a journal should have been established in France, and is now some six months old, *La Morale Indépendante*, the object of which is to preach the absolute independence of morality. The writers believe that in the happy days to come Morality will be as independent of Theology as are Astronomy, Physics, and Chemistry, which once were enslaved. During the Middle Ages all truth was supposed to have its root either in the Scriptures or in tradition. Science had to accommodate its results with the dogmas of the Church as best it could, and when it could not, had to abjure or equivocate. The stake was a formidable logician; and only a few insurgent minds were bold enough to argue with it. But from time to time the few were ready; and at last, after some thousand years of servitude, the enfranchisement began. Physics became independent. Medicine ceased to be practised by the clergy; and diseases came to be treated by more effectual methods than exorcism. Confidence in drugs grew greater than in amulets and relics. The Church never welcomed these innovations. Indeed, the Sorbonne condemned quinine, opposed inoculation, and declared the circulation of the blood to be an impious heresy. But the movement had begun; and the discoveries of Columbus and Copernicus came to give a terrible shock to the believers in the encyclopædic character of the Scriptures. Giordano Bruno was burned, and Galileo only escaped by abjuration; but the tide rolled on; Astronomy became independent; Bacon and Descartes came, and separated Philosophy from Theology. Then Geology, Ethnology, and

Chronology arrived at results which no ingenuity could reconcile with the Scriptures; and Criticism began to make havoc with the very text of Scripture itself. How long will it be before Morality is rendered independent of Theology, studied by itself for itself, bearing in itself its own criterion and its own methods?

*En attendant*, suppose we become a little more scrupulous in our morals, and suppose in our reforms we include the morals of Literature? No one acquainted with the world of letters will regard it as altogether satisfactory from the moral aspect; nor can it be otherwise so long as men draw the absurd distinction between a written and a spoken lie, which is at present implied in the conduct of many authors and the current ideas held on the subject of Literature. Thus the man who is eloquently indignant about the tricks of trade and commercial immorality, will in the next breath propose to you some dishonesty in Literature without a blush, without even a suspicion that he proposes anything to which an upright man could object. The man who would cut you for a wilful deception out of Literature, will cut you for your unfriendliness in not assisting him or his friend by some wilful deception in Literature.

The little war of advertisements which has been going on between Mr. Murray and Mr. Macmillan *à propos* of the *Quarterly Review* on *Ecce Homo* will I fear only help to increase the sale of the much-talked-of book; but it might become a precedent which would help to check one of the literary tricks of trade. In this particular case I hold Mr. Macmillan perfectly blameless; for undoubtedly the effect of his first advertisement upon my mind was that he intended a sarcasm against the *Quarterly*, by showing how strikingly that journal was at variance with other journals whose orthodoxy was beyond suspicion, and with Church dignitaries whose names were authoritative. But Mr. Murray, reading the advertisement otherwise, was in the right to protest against what he evidently considered to be an unfair use of the *Quarterly*. Will Mr. Murray undertake to be equally alert in future, and whenever a publisher or author is dishonest enough (such things have been known) to pick out some favourable sentence from an unfavourable critique, or twist a sentence in such a way that blame shall carry the air of praise,—will he expose that trick? And will editors of influential journals also be alert? It is saddening enough to see the fulsome praise which can be quoted as puffs of miserable books without the accompanying suspicion that many of these “opinions of the press” are really not at all the opinions expressed in the critiques. Altogether, it would be desirable that writers should have more dignity than to allow their books to be puffed in the style of “summer trouserings.” But when Shadrach affirms that England is enthusiastic about his “trouserings,” we need not believe that eloquent Hebrew unless we like to accept his authority; but if he were to quote the written approbation of Lord B—— and Sir Something S—— (never having measured those aristocratic legs), we should protest against the attempt at imposition.

No one cries stinking fish; no one, therefore, cites unfavourable “opinions of the press” except by way of sarcasm. “Opinions” therefore must always wear the aspect of puffs. Hence their ineffectiveness. The public is not quite so gullible as is supposed; and seeing, as it sees, the most despicable trash praised for its originality, invention, profundity, pathos, humour, learning, and “devotion to Biblical truth,” begins to suspect that, after all, “opinions of the

press" are very sorry guides. Still there must be a per-centage of gulls. It is not, however, to protect these that a razzia should be made on all misquoters, it is to clear Literature of an unworthy practice.

All London is now seeing pictures and talking of Art, so that if there is any widespread sentiment of an ennobling kind it ought to be visible and audible just at present. Sterile abundance! There is immense cleverness, and little serious effort. A day in either of the picture galleries is a day of weariness, of irritation, of painful regret. Few painters seem to aim at anything higher than the vulgarest tastes and the least cultivated sensibilities. The walls are covered with "pictures for the million;" and although one may rejoice to think of the million having pictures, one is grieved to think that painters should condescend to lower the Art instead of elevating the taste of the million. Nor is there the slightest necessity of disregarding simple tastes and homely subjects in the endeavour to give Art a lofty character. In Art treatment is everything. Look at the two pictures in the French Gallery, which most challenge attention—the "Phryne" of M. Gerôme, and the "Nun" of Madame Henriette Browne: the famous Frenchman has chosen a great subject, and instead of high art has, by his treatment, made it low art. The picture has doubtless some eminent academic merits, since painters and connoisseurs are often found admiring it; but the ordinary spectator, insensible to these technical merits, will, I think, affirm it to be conventional and vulgar in conception. The figure of Phryne may be a good "academy"—to me it is nothing more; and the judges can only be compared to a group of chorus singers on the stage trying to represent the emotion of a situation: ignoble heads, conventional expressions. How different, and in every poetic sense how superior, is the "Nun!" That is a picture which stirs the tender fibres, and which haunts the mind with poetical suggestions. The ineffable sweetness of healthy youth mingles with the serenity of spontaneous piety in that gentle beaming face, and tells a simple and inexhaustible history. The artist has relied on truth, and has realised the effect of highest art. Instead of making her youthful Nun, the straight-nosed, delicate-featured, "keepsake" type, so popular and so insipid, she has given the simple beauty of youth, health, and a sweet nature. That fat little nose, and those full cheeks, in harmony with the large lymphatic hands, will probably distress spectators craving the inanity they mistake for the ideal; and yet even they will find that face revisiting memory in the silent hours when the "ideal" faces have long since vanished. A picture should be a poem, otherwise it is a mere exercise. The "Nun" is a poem, and may almost be called a prayer.

Any one wearied with the unsatisfactory efforts of modern painters may refresh his spirit by turning into the gallery in New Burlington Street, where Mr. Hadwiger's Wheelwright exhibits a collection of admirable water-colour copies of works by the early painters in the Vatican, the Uffizi and Petti, the Louvre, and some of the Italian churches. To those who have been in Italy, and loved the originals, these copies will be peculiarly interesting, the more so as the originals are sometimes almost removed from sight by their position, or by the ravages of time. There are sixty specimens, exhibiting the progress of the art from the earliest Christian period (beginning with the fresco in the Vatican, the Nozze Aldobrandini), through Cimabue (whose famous Madonna is reproduced with singular fidelity), Giotto, Memmi, Orcagna, Massaccio, Masolino, Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Fra

Angelico (not well represented), Botticelli, Perugino, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. The copies are of various sizes, and all executed with a religious fidelity rare in copies. It is a collection which would find a fitting place at South Kensington.

The complaint just uttered against the low tone in Art is equally true of Literature; yet, as in Art there are a few who, like the family of the Eumolpidae, keep alive the sacred flame on the altar, so, also, in Literature there are a few who care for serious work. The publishers' lists are uninviting, one must confess. But it is significant that just now there should be a sort of reaction set in against the sensational and trivial, in favour of solid Literature. Among the indications note the increase of philosophical works. Philosophy is a noble inutility. That is its great value just at present. We may be condemned to remain for ever without a solution of its chief problems. Be it so; a solution would be useful, and as such rob Philosophy of its elevating disinterestedness. I have protested against the pretensions of Metaphysics in terms too explicit to be misunderstood, when I now express satisfaction at the re-awakening of an interest in Philosophy, even if it help in some measure to bring back the interest in Metaphysics, which, naturally enough, some identify with Philosophy. The stir created by Mr. Mill's work on *Hamilton*, the appearance of Professor Bain's works, the *Plato* of Mr. Grote, the *Exploratio Philosophica* of his brother, the work on *Hegel* by Mr. Stirling, and now the work on *Kant* which Mr. J. P. Mahaffy has translated from Kuno Fisher's "History of Modern Philosophy," and to which he has added an introduction and notes (Longman & Co.)—a work, let me add, which will serve as a good introduction to the study of Kant's *Prolegomena* and *Kritik*, though not by any means an easy introduction for the English reader unacquainted with the language and the tendencies of German philosophy—these books show that an interest is reviving in such studies, and, as I said before, the certainty that such studies bring neither pence nor loud applause is in itself a claim on our respect. Money is not everything; at least not to every man; otherwise Philosophy would never hold up her head again, for Philosophy will bring none. The man who has an urgent impulse to instruct his fellows on the great problems must not expect to be paid for doing so; he must pay for the privilege—and after paying for it, he may find the privilege waste paper. This leads me to announce a fact which will have much interest for many of our readers, though unhappily it in no wise reverses what has just been said, the fact that Mr. Herbert Spencer will *not* be forced to discontinue the publication of his series of works. America generously threatened to prevent such an interruption should England permit it. Englishmen would not have permitted it; but even their aid will be dispensed with. An accession of income has enabled Mr. Spencer to bear the loss himself, and he will continue to bear it; though it may be reasonably hoped that sufficient attention may have been called to his publication to render that loss in future but a slight one. The time will come when all men who pretend to any serious culture will be ashamed not to have Mr. Spencer's books upon their shelves—as to reading them, well, one does not always study the wise books on one's shelves!

It must be confessed that the French have a singular felicity in writing articles at once agreeable and solid, penetrating and piquant. M. Taine is

*facile princeps* in this art, and the new volume of essays he has just republished, *Nouveaux Essais de Critique et l'Histoire*, contain some very good specimens of his talent. We should look in vain through English and German literature for critical essays on Shakspeare and Scott, Goethe and Kotzebue, comparable to his essays on Racine and Balzac, so clear-sighted in distinguishing the characteristic qualities, so easy and conversational in the manner of setting them forth. Or, to take another example, notice the ease of mastery exhibited in his review of M. Jean Reynand's attempt to conciliate Religion and Philosophy, which, as he justly says, are the products of two faculties which reciprocally exclude each other and of two methods which reciprocally declare each other incompetent. (And with this essay the reader may profitably compare that by Professor Henry Rogers, *Reason and Faith*, the ninth edition of which, with other essays, has just been issued by Messrs. Longman & Co.) It is an admirable criticism, and contains some very felicitous writing, especially in ridicule of that popular style of argument, by some one gravely called the "Metaphysics of the Heart" which answers a syllogism by a declamation. M. Taine alludes to the immense effect of Chateaubriand's method of proving Christianity "par des élans de sensibilité et des peintures poétiques"—a method still pursued by M. Renan when he ceases to be critical. It was a method within the competence of mediocrity. Every one could manage this metaphysics of the heart; and, as M. Taine well says, every doctrine pretended that it came to save society. "Elle se défendit avec des arguments de commissaire de police et d'affiche, en proclamant qu'elle était conforme à l'ordre et à la morale publique et que le besoin de sa venue se faisait partout sentir. On imposa à la vérité l'obligation d'être poétique et non d'être vraie. On répondit aux faits évidents la main sur son cœur, en disant, 'Mon cœur m'empêche de vous croire.' On considéra la science comme un habit qu'on essaye et qu'on renvoie s'il ne convient pas."

In directing attention to Mr. Hullah's *Song Book* (Macmillan & Co.) as a delightful companion, truly a pocket companion from its size, and as a valuable addition to the library, I would specially notice the elegance of the typography. Words and music, though the page is so small, are both as legible as could be wished. The collection has been made with great care (assisted by Mr. Chappell, to whom we owe so great a debt for his zeal in the cause of English music), and comprises the majority of the best songs by deceased poets and musicians of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It shows, as Mr. Hullah says, that the English have a body of *national melodies*, no less than the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh.

EDITOR.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE, ILLUSTRATED WITH ESSAYS AND NOTES. By SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart., M.A., LL.D. Second Edition. In Two Vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1866.

THE second and revised edition of Sir Alexander Grant's important treatise on the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle may be considered as a compendious history of the main currents of ethical thought, from the time of the Seven Sages to Marcus Aurelius. In Aristotle all the rays of previous speculation converge; and from Aristotle diverge, by a connection and descent more or less immediate, the subsequent philosophies of Greece, of Rome, of the mediæval and of the modern world. Therefore an author thoroughly acquainted with his subject in all its bearings, like Sir Alexander Grant, is able to show us how much the Ethics owed to Plato's teaching, how Socrates cannot be explained without his antagonists the Sophists; while the downward transmission of Aristotelian doctrines will bring us to touch on every name of note in the philosophical succession of humanity. It is impossible in the space of a mere review to do justice to a work of this scope. We shall merely attempt a bare abstract and outline of its plan, accompanied by a few illustrative extracts.

In his opening essay Sir Alexander Grant discusses with masterly critical skill the relative genuineness of the three ethical treatises which have been accredited to Aristotle. He ultimately agrees with Sprengel in concluding—

“That in the *Nicomachean Ethics* we have on the whole the work of Aristotle himself; in the *Eudemians*, a work by Eudemus of Rhodes, based on the former; in the *Magna Moralia*, a *résumé* of both these preceding works, compiled by some later Peripatetic.”

Having thus given a front rank to the *Nicomachean Ethics*, our author shows that even in these, Books V., VI. and VII., were probably an exposition by Eudemus of Aristotle's theories, modified by the views of the disciple. Eudemus may have inserted them as the best way of supplying a gap left in these Ethics at his master's death. Sir Alexander then instances the numerous patchings, fallacious references, and abrupt transitions abounding throughout the whole treatise. Here are his views on the state of Aristotle's writings at his death; the extract carries conviction with it by its very vividness of presentment:—

“Aristotle was designing to complete the whole sphere of knowledge. . . . His Philosophy, which was to cover the world, was springing and growing up all at once, and nothing perfect. Let us now picture to ourselves a set of philosophical treatises—all elaborately conceived, but all more or less incomplete, to have been subsequently to the death of their author, we cannot tell how soon or how simultaneously—brought forth, perhaps out of disjointed and separately existing memoranda, and put together for publication, and we have perhaps the most adequate notion that can be formed of the genuine parts of the so-called works of Aristotle.”

Proceeding from text criticism, we get an excellent essay on morality in Greece before Aristotle. Sir Alexander suggests the division of this subject

(1) Tradition has agreed to couple these Ethics with this *son* of Aristotle. He was probably their editor in some sense: it is unlikely they were addressed or *dedicated* to him.



into three eras. 1. The era of popular or unconscious morals. 2. The transitional, sceptical, or sophistic era. 3. The philosophic or conscious era. He contrasts modern morality in a later part of this work with the third era, as not merely conscious, but *self-conscious*. Sir Alexander then illustrates these periods by showing that in præ-Socratic Greece ethical ideas had no distinctness, but were confused with physical or even mathematical notions, as Pythagoras "made virtue a number, and justice a cube." In fact, that Hegel's assertion that the Greeks at this period "had no morality, only propriety of conduct," may with certain restrictions be accepted as giving roughly the true state of the case. Allowing that the broad distinctions of virtue and vice are coeval with all society, the first rude generalisations of expediency will be found to have been condensed in a proverbial or poetic form. Homer's morality is intensely concrete. "It expresses the conception of a heroic life, rather than a philosophical theory." At this period the poets were the only moralists, and popular maxims the only recorded thought. Socrates asks for the definition of a moral term, and is answered by a quotation from Simonides or Hesiod. To instance one of the many noble and almost Christian utterances of the last, we get—

"The road to vice may easily be travelled by crowds, for it is smooth, and she dwells close at hand. But the path of virtue is steep and difficult, and the gods have ordained that only by toil can she be reached."

We then pass to the "Seven Wise Men," and their *gnomes*, or, we might say, moral epigrams. Sir Alexander quotes a passage of M. Renouvier, embodying, in a highly concentrated form, nearly all that is to be said on the subject of the teaching of these worthies:—

"The uncertainty of human things, the brevity of life, the unhappiness of the poor, the blessing of friendship, the sanctity of an oath, the force of necessity, the power of time, such are the most ordinary subjects of their gnomes, when they do not reduce themselves to the simple rules of prudence."

Graphic sketches of two poets, Theognis and Simonides, complete the history of moral thought up to the sixth century B.C. These our author touches in life as the Byron and Goethe of præ-Socratic Greece.

The history of the second era is, of course, to a great extent, the history of the Sophists. Never, we venture to say, has a more impartial or able account been given of these much misunderstood teachers. They first began systematic education in Greece. They founded the science of rhetoric, seem to have sketched some outlines of grammar, etymology, and literary criticism, and were, in a word, the direct precursors of Socrates. Their influence on ethical thought was naturally very great. We could not explain the career of Socrates without them: his whole life was a protest against these men. But the very effort of demolishing their errors enabled him to construct his own system from the *débris*. Or, to adopt another metaphor, he was able to crystallise positive moral science from the troubled solution of doubt and difficulty which such men as Protagoras and Gorgias had stirred up. With regard to the harmful side of their influence, the Sophists seem "rather to have tampered and trifled with the moral convictions than directly to have attacked them." The personal sketch of Socrates is as vivid as the exposition

his method is acute. Some account of the Cynics and Cyrenaics, the two leading divergencies of Socraticism (the school of Megara having been almost purely metaphysical), conclude the essay. It is noteworthy that these philosophers seem to have taught rather *modes* of life than any abstract theory or system.

The third essay treats of the relation of the ethics to Plato and the Platonists. Aristotle's criticism of and dissent from the doctrine of the *ἰδέα* is the most important split between the master and pupil. The other differences are more evolutions from, and improvements on, Plato, than actual disagreements with his tenets. The debts of Aristotle to Plato for doctrines, theories, and even metaphors, are carefully enumerated. Moreover we have here set forth the admirable adroitness with which the genius of the pupil seizes in some instances upon a mere hint or glimpse of truth in the master's works, to found thereon some noble superstructure of mental science. Sir Alexander's explanation of the *ἰδέα* (p. 151) is excellent, but too long for quotation. A shorter but very fine passage will give us a more exoteric contrast of the two great master-minds of antiquity:—

“Aristotle is less delicate and reverent than Plato in his mode of speaking of human happiness, especially as attained by the philosopher. In Plato there seems often, if not always present, a sense of the weakness of the individual as contrasted with the eternal and the divine. If Plato requires philosophy to make morality, he also always infuses morality into philosophy; the philosopher in his picture does not triumph over the world, but rather is glad to seize on ‘some tradition like a stray plank,’ to prevent his being lost; he feels that his philosophy on earth is but ‘knowing in part.’ Aristotle, on the contrary, rather represents the strength than the weakness of human nature. And in his picture of the happiness of philosophy we cannot but feel that there is over much elation, and something that requires toning down. In the manner of the writing it is obvious that we miss the art, the grace, the rich and delicate imagination of Plato. Above all, we miss the subtle humour which plays round all the moral phenomena. Aristotle does not show any trace of archness. There are sayings in the Ethics which might cause a smile, but they are apparently given unconsciously, in illustration of the point in question.”

Essay IV., on the formal element of Aristotle's philosophy, is to the special student of the Ethics the most important in the volume. Though to the general reader it will not be very inviting, nowhere does our author's thorough and exhaustive knowledge of his subject more unmistakably appear. Any one who has faced the formal difficulties of the Ethics without Sir Alexander's assistance, and who afterwards perused, say, his exposition of the doctrine of the *ἐνέργεια*, will be able to bear us out in this assertion. The points specially dwelt on besides the foregoing are, the doctrine of the end-in-itself, of the mean, and the practical syllogism. Returning to the *ἐνέργεια*, our word “actuality” is suggested as the compromise which most nearly meets all its varied uses; but our author confesses that no conception “equally plastic” exists in modern thought; insomuch, that it is only by quoting *in extenso* the more remarkable passages where the word occurs, and freely paraphrasing them, that Sir Alexander attempts to give us anything like an exact meaning in each particular case. Here are a few lines perhaps more to the point than any extract of equal length, and we give them sooner than none; but we cannot do justice to our author by any mere extract, either in this or previous cases; for all Sir Alexander's treatises are so admirably reasoned and knit together,

that we merely pull one brick out, and give our readers but a poor idea of the whole building:—

“Aristotle's theory rather comes to this, that the chief good for man is to be found in life itself. Life, according to his philosophy, is by no means ulterior; in the words of Goethe, ‘Life itself is the end of life.’ The very use of the term *ἐνέργεια*, as part of the definition of happiness, shows, as Aristotle tells us, that he regards the chief good as nothing external to man, but as existing in man and for man,—existing in the evocation, the vividness, and the fruition of man's own powers. Let that be called out into ‘actuality’ which is potential or latent in man, and happiness is the result.”

Let us give on this subject one more most characteristic passage which has caught the genuine Aristotelian ring:—

“But to mortal creatures it is impossible to long maintain an *ἐνέργεια*,—that vividness of faculties on which joy and pleasure depend. Happiness, then, as a permanent condition is something ideal; Aristotle figures it as *the whole of life summed up into a vivid moment of consciousness; or, again, as the aggregate of such moments with the intervals omitted.*”

Every reader of Aristotle will appreciate the masterly excellence and thoroughly Aristotelian colouring of the underlined portion of this extract. A very vital doctrine of the master's is rendered in some two English lines, with the subtle aroma of Greek thought still fresh upon them. Our author's exposition of the *μεσότης* deserves careful perusal, but want of space forbids our dwelling upon it here.

We can but briefly advert to Essay V., on the physical and theological ideas in the Ethics. Aristotle's physical philosophy seems to resolve itself into a kind of “natural optimism.” All things, he says, are constituted in the best possible way. He can recognise, like Paley, marks of design in nature; but he would not infer a watchmaker, to adopt the modern illustration, but would liken products of nature to a watch that makes itself. If asked how, he would probably have said, “All things strive after the Good.” The question of the relation of the Deity to the universe he states, but abandons unsolved. Is the Deity, he says, to the world, like a general governing an army, or like the discipline inherent in that army? (immanent or transcendent?) Indeed, on a vital question like the present, as on the immortality of the soul, Aristotle is curiously shy about dogmatising; though he concedes, rather inconsistently, to public prejudice that the dead may be affected in some shadowy way by the fate of their descendants. He evidently thought such matters beyond our possible knowledge, and considered them to have small practical bearing on our happiness. He does not doubt, however, curiously enough, that the sun, moon, and stars are “conscious, reasonable, and blessed existences,” more divine than man in the scheme of nature. *ψυχή* as viewed by Aristotle is difficult to translate, as implying both more and less than our word soul. We have only space for Aristotle's definition, which will astonish the unclassical modern psychologist. It is “the simplest actuality of a physical body, which potentially possesses life; that is, of an organic body.” Aristotle abandons as soon as stated his interesting metaphor of the *ψυχή* being related to the body “as a sailor to his boat.” So that we are left in doubt as to his ultimate meaning.

The Stoics are the subject of the next Essay. Sir Alexander regards these men as the link between classical and modern thought. They seem to have produced no really great men from Zeno to M. Aurelius. There is an excellent

analysis of the gradual growth of such modern ideas as duty, moral responsibility, conscience, which were unknown to Aristotle, and became gradually adumbrated as we creep down the stream of Stoicism towards Rome. We are warned against the natural and almost instinctive tendency of a modern to read such terms into our paraphrases of Aristotle. That most noble fragment of early Stoicism, the hymn of Cleanthes, should be perused, in which the unity of God and "the worth of the individual" are strongly asserted. The life-like sketches of Epictetus, M. Aurelius, and Seneca, render this essay a very charming one. The vanity, gentleness, and pedantry of Seneca are admirably rendered. He is the poor butterfly who tries to charioteer a dragon, as the Pompeii frescoes allegorise his relation to his pupil Nero. "The vein of French wit," which our author notices in Seneca's epistles, conveys a happy parallel, and puts forcibly a very subtle characteristic of the later Stoic. This is given more fully at the conclusion of the essay:—

"Stoicism, while deficient in that sensuous impressiveness which is necessary for poetry, is, on the other hand, extremely suitable for rhetoric, for splendid didactic preachings, for patriotic invocations, for historical *tableaux*. To this cause we may attribute the partiality manifested by the French, that nation with such perfect rhetoric and so little poetry, for the ancient Stoics and all belonging to them. In fact the works of Seneca read like a fine French sermon, and Cato and Thrasea were a model to the Girondists."

We have already transgressed our space so much that we can merely hint at the concluding essay, in which the relation of the Ethics to modern moral systems is discussed. Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man" is selected not as being particularly deep, but as a clear, able, and good typical specimen of modern ethical science. The systems of Butler and Kant are also contrasted and criticised. The text of the Nicomachean Ethics is subjoined, with ample notes, and it is impossible to speak too highly of their clearness, scholarship, and philosophical accuracy. We cannot better conclude this very meagre review of a really great work than by the following extract:—

"The spirit of the world seems deeper and sadder, and the good and the joy of life are no longer its predominant conceptions. Individual will, and therefore individual responsibility, are now the first thoughts of ethics. It is no more a question of happiness, or, as with Aristotle, what is the chief good? but, rather, what constitutes duty? why is anything right, and why are we obliged to do the right?"

JOHN L. WARREN.

**THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.** An Address at the last meeting of the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society. By GOLDWIN SMITH. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

IN our last number we noticed Sir Morton Peto's book upon the resources and prospects of the United States as they are, and we have now before us Mr. Goldwin Smith's address to the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society on the Civil War, which is also a book on America as it is. Sir Morton Peto was full of facts and figures,—bristled with figures, as he said of himself,—as it became Sir Morton Peto to do. Mr. Goldwin Smith's pamphlet, as might also have been expected, is filled with opinions rather than with facts. Sir Morton inquired closely, and remembered and noted the results of his inquiry. Mr. Goldwin Smith inquired, probably not less closely, and then thought, and made

deductions. I will not say which has done the more valuable work of the two, but each in his way has done his work well.

That the words now under our notice were prepared to be heard and not to be read is very evident throughout. The language is more rhetorical and the reasoning less close than would probably have been the case in any book written by Mr. Goldwin Smith with the ordinary purpose of books. The reader cannot but observe that the author states his views with eloquence, but rarely attempts to prove their truth either by argument or by the narration of facts. But this cannot be alleged against him as a fault. It was necessary that a spoken address should be worded in such a spirit; this address,—or lecture, as it may be better called in accordance with the phraseology of the day,—is certainly worthy of publication.

What Mr. Smith has done in this address on the Civil War in America is to state, firstly, the cause of the war, then the position of men and condition of civilisation in the States when the war was commenced,—and a half of his work is devoted to that object,—and after that to show that the war was taken up on just and patriotic grounds, and carried to its conclusion not only with success, but with as quick a success as circumstances admitted. In all his major statements,—if I may use such a phrase as to those statements which are essential to his views,—he is borne out by the facts as they occurred. He expresses some opinions,—as minor, or sideway opinions,—in which I, individually, cannot concur; as when he tells us that the debt of the United States is a “grave danger,”—meaning, of course, thereby to indicate not simply that the debt by its magnitude is a very serious affair, which no man will doubt, but that in it may be foreseen a probable cause of shipwreck to the Government of the States. And again, when he speaks of the probable future fusion of the white men and black men of the South into one homogeneous whole, I cannot believe that he foresees with truly prophetic eyes. But putting aside a few issues which are not relevant to the great matter of his address, they who have sympathised with the North in their great struggle will all agree with him, and they who have sympathised with the South will find it very hard to answer him.

He begins by telling us that “on the Southern side most were fighting for slavery, but some for State Right. On the Northern side some were fighting against slavery, but many were fighting for the Union.” This was literally the case. But not the less literally did it all mean slavery and anti-slavery for the South, and anti-slavery—not abolition at the first starting—for the North. State Right with the Southerners was simply the right to maintain the institution on which and by which they lived, and, as a means of maintaining it in Alabama and Mississippi, the power of extending it to new States, such as Texas would form when divided into four, such as Kansas would have been if Kansas could have been carried by the Democratic party, and such would have been carved out of the Southern territories, if such carving could have been arranged with a Southern President and a Democratic majority in the Senate. That was the State Right for which the Southerners fought. On the North men fought for the Union, because the Union was attacked. But as the Union was attacked by the South, because the South failed in their views as to new Slave States,—so was the fight for the Union on the part of the North a direct fight against slavery. Let every one remember that the Senate is

predominant power in the United States; that each State, whatever its population, returns two senators; and that therefore it was essential to the South to have at least a new slave State for every new free soil State that was brought into the Union from the north-west. Secession was planned and initiated because the South failed in doing this. Therefore, the fight was, in fact, a fight for and against slavery from beginning to end.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is very severe on the general sympathy which was felt by the wealthier classes in this country for the South, and very stern in pointing out how completely the predictions of these Southern sympathisers have been falsified, and how erroneous were their views. It may be a question whether in this respect we should not let bygones be bygones. While war rages, and success is only anticipated, triumph is excusable, and warmth of argument is praiseworthy. When during the war we were told by certain of the newspapers that the armies of the North were recruited only by poor Irish, and that there was nothing of real patriotism among the people, all they who believed in the North were bound to thrust such statements back upon those who made them, and to shout aloud the figures and the facts which proved them to be untrue. But now there is hardly need for doing that. A triumph, which is manifestly a triumph to all eyes, needs no blowing of trumpets. When a man has held strong views, and has argued or fought for them with all his strength, and they have at last prevailed, he may then be silent, confident that the world will recognise his success.

Mr. Goldwin Smith states the position of the constitutional question as to the beginning of the war very clearly, and it is essential that they who desire to know how and why, and with what legality or illegality, the war was commenced, should understand something of the question. Whether Secession could, or could not, under certain circumstances, be justified by the written Constitution, is to many men a matter of doubt. That to Mr. Smith and to me and others it may seem that it could not be so justified may not be material. But even though Secession might be unjustifiable according to the written Constitution, rebellion has its rights. "That there is,"—and I now quote Mr. Smith's words,—“a right of rebellion against hopeless tyranny for the purpose of recovering freedom, I admit. I do not admit that there was a right of rebellion against a free government, under which no grievance was hopeless, for the purpose of making a great mass of its people slaves for ever.” Rebellion may be, and in our own days has been, the highest duty of man. But rebellion must justify itself by its facts and its results, and this rebellion has signally failed in achieving any such justification.

When, towards the end of his address, Mr. Goldwin Smith speaks of the Americans at the close of the war, of their conduct in their hour of triumph, he rises to high eloquence in his just admiration. He declares that, tried by the standard of history, the Federals will be found to “have shown, both in the war and after it, a humanity which may almost be said to form an epoch in the moral story of our race.” And for this statement he does adduce facts as a proof. No blood has been shed by the Northerners otherwise than in direct battle. There has been no revenge, and but little of the insolence of triumph,—nothing of it on the part of the people or of the Government; and now their prevailing wish is that the old wounds shall be healed, and that the conquered South shall be revived again, with its full share of material comfort, into the bosom of the

Union. That in doing this there should be obstacles very difficult to remove, almost insuperable,—that now seem to be insuperable, is from the nature of the circumstances quite a matter of course. But, after all that they have done, the United States have a right to a faith on the part of all neighbours and observers that they will still be equal to their work.

Slavery, at any rate, is dead, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the last words of his address; and for such a result, what past cost or future difficulties will be thought to have been too great?

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

GREATHEART. By WALTER THORNBURY. 3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

THE scenes of this novel are laid in Cornwall; and in the delineation of Cornish manners and in the description of the scenery of the county Mr. Thornbury is often exceedingly effective. Some of the subordinate characters are life-like and true to provincial colouring, and this verisimilitude evidently arises from an actual acquaintance with miners and others, whose features are here transferred to the artist's canvas. What Mr. Thornbury has himself heard and seen he represents accurately and freshly. His subject is dear to him, and his affection for it, combined with a large amount of local knowledge, gives a vivacity and warmth of colouring to the narrative. The plot of the tale is slight and unskillfully managed, and the improbability of many of the details is glaringly apparent; but in spite of some careless workmanship, "Greatheart" may be pronounced a successful novel, that is to say, a novel for which there should be a demand at "Mudie's." This is not high praise, but it is all that can with justice be given to the story, and it must be owned that there are few novels published now-a-days which deserve much more.

The *dramatis personæ* are numerous. Some of them, if not very original, are felicitously drawn. The character, for instance, of Lieutenant Tolpedden, the brave, simple-hearted sailor who, with his silly pretty wife and a heap of children, has settled near his brother in Cornwall, and contrives to live on the interest of £1,500, is well conceived, and portrayed with force and appreciation. Tregellas too, the Rector of St. Petrock's, a High Churchman of the old school, occupies a prominent position among the subordinate characters, not only as the father of Lucy Tregellas, the heroine, but from his own eccentricities and virtues. It was his daily custom, we are told, "when the days were long enough, to walk to his little retired church about an hour before sunset, and read aloud the prayers and lessons of the day. It was a venial eccentricity, solemnly performed, and not without its calming and salutary effect on the mind. Shadowy congregations seemed to surround him there as he prayed, and saintly faces to gaze from above with a mournful pleasure."

There are two surgeons, partners, in the little town, whose names are Mordred and Bradbrain, artful villains, each of whom knows secrets which he could tell to the discomfiture of the other. Mordred is a consummate knave, but he is also a hypocrite, and quotes Scripture with a readiness and frequency which is extremely repulsive. Bradbrain is a knave without being a hypocrite, and nearly succeeds in seducing the lieutenant's wife, and also in murdering Arthur Tolpedden, the "Greatheart" of the story. The partners endeavour

last, to poison each other; Mordred falls a victim, and Bradbrain, to be shortly afterwards destroyed in a conflagration at sea. That two retches should follow an honourable and gentlemanly profession in a country town, where the character of a man can rarely be hidden from his ours' scrutiny, and should, in following it, be esteemed and unsuspected patients, is barely possible, and may be granted to the exigencies of a novel writer. The acts of the men may be allowed, but their conversation like the reader as grotesquely absurd. A clever bad man like Bradbrain, at the same time a man of position and education, is not likely to talk in vulgar strain in which he is always made to talk in the novel. Indeed a defect of the story, and it is a defect which is visible throughout, from a want of moderation. The novelist's colours are too brilliant, and are laid on too thickly. His characters indulge in "big language," and their actions, as well as their words, bear the mark of exaggeration. They never run even; they stride, and dash, and leap, and slash along, and make a noisy uproar. There are people in real life who seem to imagine that they can only speak or act with vigour when they are noisy and demonstrative, and the composition of "Greatheart" Mr. Thornbury appears sometimes to be indulged in the same delusion.

JOHN DENNIS.

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DE LA VIE CLÉRICALE: JULIEN SAVIGNAC. Par FERDINAND FABRE.  
Hachette.

HE is certainly not one of those prophets who lack honour in their own country. At the end of the volume before us, he, or his publisher for him, has a number of notices from men like De Mouy of the *Presse*, and Pichot of the *Revue Britannique*, highly favourable to his former novel, "Les Courtisanes." They almost all endorse a remark which the *Pall Mall Gazette* made in its notice of his former book last autumn, that M. Fabre has broken new ground; and that a good priest—not an angelic impossibility like Bishop Bienvenu Myriel, a real man—is worthy to take rank even with the most life-like of Balzac's characters. To this author several of M. Fabre's friendly critics compare him; never will not suffer even M. Sainte-Beuve to call him *un fort élève de Balzac*. He says he owes his title to George Eliot, his subjects to his boyish impressions of life in the Cevennes; and hints that his likeness to Balzac is greater than that of Monmouth to Macedon. There is a priest in both their characters: *voilà tout*. Nor is he a bit like Mr. Trollope, to whom some French critics, fresh from Barchester Towers, compares him. He has shown his taste and his knowledge of English literature by naming the author he most resembles in his intense truthfulness, his perfect mastery of colouring, his skill in bringing before us not lay figures, but actual life, and in letting them work out their own story untroubled by any artificial "reflections." It is certain that M. Fabre entirely wants George Eliot's keen sense of humour; and, conscious of his want, he makes no attempt to give us a French Mrs. Poyser: but, for all that, his peasants are actual life, not "supernumeraries in appropriate costume;" and he photographs the manifold details of that strange French village life which seems in



some points so un-European, and which, if it secures a fair amount of comfort to the greatest number, certainly does not, with its dead level, its absence of high aims, its miserable pettiness, seem fitted to confer the greatest happiness upon any. The country of which our author writes is, says one of his critics, a region of which the Parisian knows less than he does about China. The people are a strange set, in whom strong wild impulses are constantly at war with the meanness which (if we are to believe his town-bred painter) enters always more or less into every peasant's soul. Of course the English reader must take most of M. Fabre's men and women for granted—judging them merely by general rules; but the scenery some of us have seen, and the perfect way in which its features are rendered makes us more disposed to believe in what he says of those who people it. Those gravelly hills, with basalt cropping out every now and then, and here and there a pool, basalt lined, round which there are a few trees and perhaps a farmhouse, a very oasis amid the waste of dwarf broom, and juniper, and lavender, and "immortelles," and desolation,—those hills have often, we should think, been wandered over by M. Fabre in the days when he played truant. His description of the Mare aux Chardonnerets, where all the birds came to drink, and where the boys set traps for them, is almost equal to any of the wonderful local pictures in "Adam Bede," or the "Mill on the Floss."

The story before us is very unlike our author's former novel, "Les Courbezons." To begin with, it is made less vivid by being thrown into the form of an autobiography told by one young man about Paris to another, during one of those *épanchements de cœur* which do happen to male beings of other European families, however absurd and impossible they seem to us Englishmen. Then again we miss the endless variety of character with which M. Fabre so lavishly "stocked" his former tale, and which made every chapter just like a piece cut out of actual village life. But, on the other hand, this story is more compact, and the interest more concentrated; the characters, too, while scrupulously local, perhaps appeal to wider sympathies; for love, entirely wanting in "Les Courbezons," appears in Julien Savignac, and with love comes that "human interest" which, for most readers, is so much stronger than any artistic delight in well-managed details.

H. S. FAGAN.

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GROUPING OF BOROUGHES.<sup>1</sup>

the position in which Parliamentary Reform stands at this moment strikes distinctly to my mind the wisdom of the Ministry in their original plan,—that, namely, of bringing in a Franchise Bill and a Redistribution Bill as distinct measures. Undoubtedly no course could be more readily made ground of objection by any who chose to object; and no doubt real objections to such a course might easily be found. But, on the whole, the arguments for that course greatly outweighed those on the other side. To a thorough-going Reformer it seems in that a reduction of the franchise is a good thing, that a judicious distribution of seats is a good thing, that the two together would be better of all, but that either by itself would be a great improvement. If there are good parliamentary reasons for discussing and passing the one measure in one session, and the other in another, there is no sort of objection in principle to so doing. Nor does the order in which the two measures are introduced greatly matter. The only real objection which I have heard is, that if a bill was passed for the reduction of the franchise, and then, before the passing of the Redistribution Bill, there came an election for any place likely to be affected by the redistribution, a voting power might be granted to certain new electors, which, immediately after their first exercise of it, they would be deprived. This was certainly an objection as far as it went; that is, it is better that it should not be so if it can be helped. But surely this was not an objection strong enough to outweigh a great deal that might be said on the other side. And to the scheme of redistribution originally proposed it does not apply at all. As no constituency is to be wholly disfranchised, any such newly enfranchised electors would not lose their votes, and, if the influence of their votes should be

<sup>1</sup> This article, as the date will show, was written before the late debates in the House of Commons. I have thought it better not to alter the text, but to add a few words on points suggested by those debates.

presently lessened, by grouping of their boroughs or otherwise, the newly enfranchised electors will only suffer in common with the old ones.

The truth is, that the reduction of the franchise is a much simpler question than the redistribution of seats, and it is much more purely a political question. There may be any number of opinions as to the limit to be fixed; there is, as the event has shown, material for a long debate on the matter. Still the question is really a simple one. A certain standard is proposed; those who dislike it have nothing to do but to move an amendment for a higher or a lower standard, and to take a vote between the two proposals. The mere question of reduction may be settled by a single vote. Of course, where, as in the present bill, there are other enfranchising and disfranchising clauses, the matter becomes more complicated. Still it remains simple compared with the question of redistribution. Redistribution involves the consideration of so many points, it involves so many local questions, it needs so much local knowledge, that it cannot be dealt with in the same simple way. A franchise bill invites the attack of political enemies, and it must resist them how it can. But a redistribution bill invites the criticism of political friends. A debate may be fairly raised over every borough, without the least wish to jeopard the measure as a whole. In short, a redistribution bill needs far more time to draw up, far more time to discuss, than a franchise bill. It is the last of all measures to be dealt with in a hurry. It would be a great gain, before discussing it, to have the question of the franchise settled. We should then know the definition of a county elector and of a borough elector. That is the purely political question. Then comes the geographical question. We have to go through the whole country, to study the circumstances of each place, to see which places have too many members and which have too few, to see where parts of a county may desirably be added to a borough, where a borough, or part of a borough may well be merged in a county. All these inquiries will be carried out much more easily if the purely political question is got rid of first. No doubt redistribution is a political question too; but it is not purely political. It is far more a question of local fairness. A man votes for a higher or a lower franchise from his political conviction, and he acts honestly in so doing. But a man who votes to sacrifice one borough and to spare another, because of the probable politics of their several representatives, is simply acting dishonestly. The general principles of redistribution, Shall we disfranchise? shall we group? and so forth, are political questions, and men of different politics will rightly vote different ways upon them. But when these general principles are settled, there remains a vast number of questions which are simply questions of local fairness and local expediency, and which ought to be discussed—so far as huma-

nature will allow of anything being discussed—without reference to party interests. All this must take a long time. It needs a session to itself, not the fag end of a session. The Ministry, I hold, were perfectly wise in wishing to get their Franchise Bill passed first, to state what their general views of redistribution were, but to keep their discussion for another time. There would then have been ample time for members of Parliament, and for the country at large, to study the question of redistribution in all its bearings and to make up their minds on every detail. The question could then be thoroughly discussed next year, with far more perfect knowledge of the matter in hand than most people have now. As it is, the Ministry have been bullied into departing from their original plan; they have been driven to bring forward a bill in a hurry, which can only be discussed in a hurry; a bill which no doubt will make an improvement on the present state of things, but which will put off any more thorough and equitable redistribution for many years. As an old Reformer, as one who has specially studied the question of redistribution for many years, I earnestly hope that the Franchise Bill may be carried this session, and that the Redistribution Bill may not.

I have now, for some fifteen or sixteen years, tried in various places to argue this question of grouping of boroughs. I remember the time when people could not understand what was meant by it. The system of Contributory Boroughs actually existed in two parts of the kingdom—in Wales<sup>1</sup> and in Scotland,—but in England the words seemed to convey no idea. I remember very well the first time I mentioned it in public. People stared, and one wiseacre cried out, “He’s talking about electoral districts.” But now the general principle seems to be very largely admitted. People are beginning to see the main principle on which the proposal for grouping boroughs rests. It is simply this. The inhabitants of the smaller towns form a class in the country, distinct both from the inhabitants of the great towns and from the inhabitants of the rural districts. They have feelings, habits, interests which are not the same as those of either of the other classes. They ought therefore to return some members to Parliament, while each of the other classes returns some others. Each class should return members in proportion, not simply to its number, but to its number modified by certain other circumstances. At present the small towns return far more members than their fair share, and it is desirable to transfer some members from them to the large towns and some to the counties. Again, the small towns not only have an undue share of representation as compared with the large towns and with the counties, but the members that they have

(1) “The case of Wales,” says Mr. Mitford, in the debate of June 4th, “was no precedent at all, because there the grouping was not a grouping of boroughs, but of towns—a very different thing.” What this may mean I have not the faintest notion.

are most unfairly distributed among the small towns themselves. These considerations, by a very simple process of thought, lead to the system of Contributory Boroughs as the proper solution of the difficulty.

In no other way does it seem possible to give the small towns their fair share, and no more than their fair share, of the representation of the country, and at the same time fairly to distribute that share of the representation among the small towns themselves. If each existing borough kept even one member to itself, the wants of the large towns and the counties could be supplied only by a large increase in the numbers of the House, which I believe nobody wishes to see. If then, according to the principle which I have laid down, the small towns are entitled to a distinct share in the representation, they can have it only by grouping several towns together, according to the Welsh and Scotch fashion, to return a member. And this becomes more obvious still, if we take into consideration the great number of unrepresented small towns, many of which have quite as good a claim to be represented as those that now send members. Here, as it seems to me, is the great fault of the present bill. It makes no provision for the representation of those small towns which are still unrepresented.<sup>1</sup> At present, though the small towns have a most unreasonable share of members, there is no class of place in the kingdom many of which have more reason to complain of being unrepresented than the small towns. That is to say, the members for the small towns are distributed utterly at haphazard among the small towns. One town has its two members, like Manchester or Birmingham; a neighbouring town, as big or bigger, has no member at all. Here is a twofold injustice, alike to the large town which has not its fair share of representation and to the unrepresented small town which has no share at all. Borough A sends two members to Parliament; every £10 householder has a share in

(1) The Ministerial bill contains no provision for grouping any places which do not already return members. I do not know whether Mr. Gladstone, in his speech of June 4th, meant to express the "strongest objection" on the part of the Government to every proposal for grouping any of the existing boroughs with any of the non-represented towns, or only to that form of the proposal which uses the idea of grouping merely to prop up existing constituencies. I object as strongly as Mr. Gladstone can do to the notion of keeping each existing constituency as a separate constituency, only enlarging the smaller ones by adding some neighbouring unrepresented town or district. This would be, as he says, to "withhold parliamentary representation from great and rising towns." But my scheme proposes nothing of the kind. I wish to transfer many members from small towns to great towns; but those members which the small towns are to retain, I wish to distribute fairly among the whole class of small towns, whether they are represented or not at the present moment. For instance, to take my own neighbourhood, who have lately had so much celebrity thrust upon them: I do not wish merely to add Shepton Mallet, or any other place, to Wells, in order to make Wells a constituency of decent size, and so to preserve its separate existence. I wish to group all the small towns, represented or unrepresented, and to give them such a number of members as they are fairly entitled to, and no more.

their election. Borough B, a town of the same class, has no distinct representation at all; such of its inhabitants as rent to the amount of £50 have votes for the county. Why should £10 give a vote in A, while it needs £50 to give a vote in B, and when the voter in all is not for a real representative of B? Lower the franchise to £7 and £14, and the anomaly will be lessened, but it will not be removed. No good reason can be given why a burgess of A should cast his vote on terms twice as easy as a burgess of B. No good reason can be given why the burgess of B, who is essentially a burgess, and not a county man, should have the alternative of no vote at all, or a county vote. Mr. Locke King's motion was a makeshift. If you equalise the borough and county franchises, you give the burgess of B a vote on the same terms as the burgess of A, but you give him a wrong vote—a county vote and not a borough vote. If you equalise the county and borough franchises, and you must do one of two things. Either A as well as B must be merged in the county, or B as well as A must have a borough representation distinct from the county. To flood the counties with borough voters I look on as a great evil; I hold that counties and boroughs should each have members for themselves. I therefore hold that both A and B should have a borough representation distinct from the county. But the only way by which you can give both A and B such a distinct borough representation is by joining A and B, and most likely C, D, and E also, to return a member among them.

The Government bill then, as it seems to me, should have gone a great deal further. Why draw the line at 8,000? Of course, draw the line where you will, you get some anomalies; but surely 8,000 is a great deal too low.<sup>1</sup> A town of 8,000 people is put on a level with a town of 50,000 or 100,000. It has surely far more in common with a town of 5,000 or 6,000. The knife should have been applied more freely. Many more boroughs should have been cut down from two members to one. Many more should have been cut down from two or one to a share in one. Many more boroughs should have received a third member. Speaking quite roughly, I should be inclined to group all towns under 10,000; to give those from 10,000 to 20,000 one member; those above 20,000 two members; those above 100,000 three. I purposely eschew exact numerical proportions; but those figures seem roughly to mark out different classes of towns.

But, leaving the impersonal A and B, I think I can make my

(1) This strikes me as the weakest point in the bill, and that on which it has been hit hardest by speakers on both sides of the House. It does seem unreasonable to leave Stamford and Tavistock untouched, while places so very little inferior to them—places distinctly belonging to the same class of towns—are grouped. Mr. Osborne made out a strong case when he enlarged on the unfairness of preserving Tavistock with its two members, and grouping Liskeard, which, though it has fewer inhabitants than Tavistock, has more electors.

meaning clearer by showing how the different proposals that have been made would affect some of those counties with which I am most familiar. Other people in other parts of the kingdom can apply the same rules to the counties and boroughs which they know best. I will take the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Monmouth, and Glamorgan. In the last two the Contributory system already exists. In the former two it does not.

Somersetshire, then, has at present five parliamentary boroughs Bath, Wells, Taunton, and Bridgewater, each returning two members, and Frome returning one. Gloucestershire has also five boroughs Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Cirencester, and Stroud each returning two members, and Cheltenham returning one. Between the two counties physically in both, politically in neither, is Bristol, a sort of free imperial city, with its two members also. The populations in 1861 stood thus: Wells, 4,648; Tewkesbury, 5,876; Cirencester, 6,336; Frome, 9,522; Bridgewater, 11,320; Taunton, 14,667; Gloucester, 16,512; Stroud, 35,517; Cheltenham, 39,693; Bath, 52,520; Bristol, 154,093. That Wells and Bristol should be on a level is surely as strong a case of disproportion as can well be found, except that Totnes should have twice as many members as Dundee. Of these places the bill proposes to touch only the first three. Wells is to be grouped with Westbury in Wiltshire, and the two small Gloucestershire towns with Evesham in Worcestershire. But the bill still leaves Bridgewater with as many members as Bristol, with twice as many as Cheltenham. And it still leaves the other small towns quite unrepresented. Now both these counties, Somersetshire especially, contain many market towns, some of which are quite on a level with the smallest represented boroughs. Shepton Mallet and Yeovil have both a larger population than Wells, and Yeovil has a trade of its own. Pass the two bills, and the £7 householder in Wells will still have his borough vote, while the £13 householder at Shepton or Yeovil will have no vote at all, and the £14 householder will get, not the borough-vote which he ought to have, but a county vote. Again, along the Somersetshire coast watering-places are springing up, which are fast growing into large towns. Weston-super-Mare is, I believe, larger than any town in the county after Bath. But none of these places are thought of; Wells lives on, and is to be unequally yoked with Westbury, a place in another county, with which it has no sort of connection. If I could dictate, I should form two groups of boroughs in Somersetshire, two—or perhaps one would be enough—in Gloucestershire, dock a member from Bridgewater, Taunton, and Gloucester, add a second member to Cheltenham, a third member to Bristol. Four members would thus stand over for counties or for great towns elsewhere. If it be objected that Cheltenham is being always petitioned against, I cannot deny it. I am speaking of population and importance, not of moral purity. Perhaps when we have settled our statistics on

the one principle, it may be necessary to go through the land again and to hold a second examination on the other principle.

In the two Welsh counties, as in other Welsh counties, the system of grouping already exists. Mr. Gladstone—I cannot conceive why—determines not to examine into the Welsh boroughs. In truth, there is no part of the kingdom where redistribution is more wanted. The most growing towns in the country have almost invisible villages tacked on to them, while in other counties groups of boroughs consist wholly of such invisible villages. What is good in the Welsh system is merely the general principle of grouping of boroughs, not the particular way in which the boroughs are grouped. This last is, in the counties of which I speak, about as bad as it can be. It seems to be laid down as an eternal rule that no Welsh borough or boroughs, however large, should have more than one member. Cardiff, Swansea, Merthyr, are put on a level with Old and New Radnor. The Radnorshire boroughs, among them, muster 7,106 inhabitants. The Swansea boroughs muster 57,488, and Merthyr has 83,875. But Merthyr, being a Welsh borough, cannot be allowed two members any more than Radnor. Cardiff, the most rapidly growing place in the kingdom, has the little town of Cowbridge, and the mere village of Llantrissant, yoked to it. The Monmouth boroughs consist of Newport, Monmouth, and Usk; Monmouth and Usk having nothing in common with Newport, and Abergavenny and Chepstow being left out. Nowhere is redistribution more needed than to separate the great towns of South Wales from their several appendages, to give them their fair share of members, and to group apart such of the small towns as deserve representation at all.

The bill of 1852 made a real, though very imperfect, attempt at doing some of these things. Grouping was to be introduced, though to far too small an extent, seemingly only with the view of propping up existing constituencies. Thus the town of Bruton was to be joined with Frome, and the towns of Glastonbury and Shepton Mallet with Wells. Yeovil was forgotten altogether. This was a small instalment, though only a small instalment, of the right thing. But the bill of 1854 could think of nothing but disfranchising Wells altogether, and those of 1859 and 1860 could think only of taking away a member without further change.

Again, in the Government scheme it strikes me as a mistake to unite in any case so few as two boroughs together. Unite two boroughs, Wells and Westbury, and besides the political parties which everywhere must exist, one might say ought to exist, you run a fair chance of introducing purely local parties. There will be a Wells interest and a Westbury interest in distinct rivalry to each other. If you group a larger number of towns this danger is greatly diminished. Group four or five, and no places will be thus directly pitted against one another. There need be no more rivalry among them than



among the different districts of a county. The corrupt ingenuity of man, especially when man takes the form of an election agent, is so very subtle that there is probably no way of altogether baffling it. Corruption and influence must be expected, in a greater or less degree, under any system. But surely considerable difficulties are thrown in their way where four or five towns are grouped together, near enough to have something like a common interest, but too distant to be under the thumb of any one man. Mr. Gladstone appeals to the purity of the Scotch and Welsh boroughs as shown by the extreme rarity of petitions from either. If this be so, the system is worth trying in a more complete form. Simply to unite one existing borough with another existing borough is merely trifling with the subject.

I must perhaps stop a moment to distinguish Contributory Boroughs from another class which I have sometimes known people confound with them. I mean cases where the borough franchise is extended over a large district, as at Stroud, Cricklade, Shoreham, Aylesbury, and East Retford. These boroughs look very imposing in a table of population, but the truth is that they are not boroughs, but privileged counties. Stroud, indeed, is an exceptional case. The borough of Stroud is the clothing district of Gloucestershire, which has a character and an interest of its own, and rightly forms a distinct constituency. Houses are certainly not quite continuous over the whole borough, still the whole may be looked on as one large straggling town. But the borough of New Shoreham is simply the rape of Bramber, to which the Shoreham franchise was extended on the proved corruption of the borough long before the Reform Bill. So with Cricklade; so, I believe, with Aylesbury. Now no good reason can be given why the inhabitant of a rural parish in the rape of Bramber should get a vote, and that a borough vote, on a £10 (or £7) holding, while the inhabitant of a rural parish in any other part of Sussex does not get his vote unless he holds to the amount of £50 (or £14). Cricklade, by good luck, takes in the town of Swindon, and, better still, that of New Swindon; but this is only by good luck, and it takes in the intervening rural parishes as well. This is what Lord Macaulay called "Bassetlaw Reform," the borough of East Retford having been spread over the whole hundred of Bassetlaw. Lord Macaulay hoped there would be no more Bassetlaw Reform. But I saw the other day a correspondent of the Times asking for more Bassetlaw Reform now, and seemingly looking on Cricklade and Shoreham as the models of what a borough should be.

This last subject leads me at once to the subject of boundaries. There cannot be a really fair redistribution unless the boundaries are thoroughly gone into. The returns of population are often deceptive. Cardiff, for instance, seems much smaller than it is, because what is practically the town of Cardiff has far outstripped the parliament

borough, and has spread itself over all the adjoining parishes. Wallingford, on the other hand, though it does not look very large, looks larger than it is, because the borough here takes in several adjoining parishes. Wells, almost the smallest *constituency* returning two members, is by no means the smallest *town* that does so, because the franchise is confined to the city in the strictest sense, and—a directly opposite case to Wallingford—does not even take in the whole parish of Wells. Undoubtedly Mr. Gladstone offers means by which the boundaries of a borough in the position of Cardiff may be enlarged; but that is not enough. The question of boundaries ought to be taken into consideration along with the question of redistribution, or the redistribution will not be fair. Cardiff may at some future time be enlarged by the process pointed out in the bill; but such an enlargement would only strengthen its claim to a second member when that claim was too late. What is wanted is to show now, while redistribution is pending, how great the practical town of Cardiff is, and how strong is its claim to a second member.

Lastly, whether in grouping, or in anything else connected with the distribution of seats, I would guard against all idea of following any exact numerical proportion. If the population of A is ten times the population of B, A ought to have more members than B, but it ought not to have ten times as many members. The larger and more conspicuous a constituency is, the fewer members it can afford to have in proportion to its size. A large constituency has all kinds of ways of making its wants known, of influencing Parliament and the public, besides through the direct voice of its members. A small constituency has hardly any. The large constituency is before everybody's eyes; people hear about it, know about it, understand about it; perhaps they really care for it, perhaps they are in some sort afraid of it; it influences them in a thousand ways in which a small constituency never can. Manchester has about a hundred times the population of Honiton. It is ridiculous to give Manchester and Honiton the same number of members; but it would not do, if Honiton has one member, to give Manchester a hundred members. The interests of Manchester will be sure to get attended to somehow. The member for Honiton may be personally of more account in the House than the member for Manchester, but the member for Manchester, speaking in the name of Manchester, will always carry a weight which can never attach to the member for Honiton, speaking in the name of Honiton. This tendency reaches its full height in the case of London. Every member is a member for London. He knows all about London; he lives there half the year; London ideas, feelings, habits, beset him at every step; he will be ready to spend national money for local London purposes in a way which would at once shock him if he were asked to spend national money on the local purposes of any other place. London, therefore, may be satisfied with a

number of members far inferior to any other place in proportion to its population. On a mere numerical reckoning, London, in the wide sense, would count for as much as Scotland. But there is no fear of undue attention to Scotch interests; there is great fear of undue attention to London interests. The Scotch members ought to be largely increased on every ground.<sup>1</sup> The Scotch constituencies are among the most uncorrupt in the kingdom; yet while, according to my doctrine, a Scotch constituency should have rather more members than an English constituency of the same size, in point of fact it has fewer. It is monstrous that the city of Aberdeen should have only a single member, and that Lanarkshire should, even as proposed by the bill, have only two. In Ireland, on the other hand, some of the paltry little boroughs might surely be grouped, though in Ireland again, as in Scotland, I should willingly allow members at an easier rate than in England. But at present Dundee and Portarlington are on a level, and Aberdeen and Portarlington are to remain so. On the other hand, Dublin and Cork might well have a third member each.

No doubt it is much easier to draw up a scheme in one's library than to get it carried through Parliament. Those who are obliged to look on without taking part should always remember this when they attempt to criticise the proposals of practical men. My scheme, if I may call a few rough hints a scheme, is very likely too large to be carried. But I cannot but think that something more in the same direction might be done than the Ministerial bill proposes. If time is allowed to have the matter fully and fairly discussed, men's minds may easily get reconciled to much that startles at first. The redistribution Bill strikes me as hurried, and it is certain that, if discussed and passed now, it must be discussed and passed without any searching examination into the whole matter. I trust that the Franchise Bill may pass, and that the Redistribution Bill may wait till another session.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

*May 22nd, 1866.*

(1) Few things in the debate have been more amazing than the horror professed by some members at the bare notion of transferring any members from English constituencies to Scotch ones. Lord John Manners scouts the proposal, because not only the population of Scotland does not increase at the same rate as that of England, but the rate of increase actually diminishes. This one can well believe of the kingdom of Scotland as a whole, and, if we were asked to transfer members for Manchester to Highland county, Lord John Manners' answer would be perfectly to the purpose. How does it apply as a defence of the crying injustice of giving Honiton greater political weight than Aberdeen?

## THE OXFORD REFORMERS OF 1498.

### CHAPTER III.

#### I. COLET MADE DOCTOR AND DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S. (1499-1506.)

COLET, left alone to pursue the even tenour of his way at Oxford, worked steadily at his post. It mattered little to him that for eight or ten years he toiled on without any official recognition on the part of the University authorities of the value of his work. What if a Doctor's degree had never during these years been conferred upon him? the want of it had never stopped his teaching. Its possession would have been to him no triumph.

That young theological students were beginning more and more to study the Scriptures instead of the Schoolmen—for this he cared far more. For this he was casting his bread upon the waters, in full faith that, whether he might live to see it or not, it would return after many days. And in truth—known or unknown to Colet—**young Tyndale, and such as he, yet in their teens, were already poring over the Scriptures at Oxford. The leaven, silently but surely, was leavening the surrounding mass. But Colet probably did not see much of the secret results of his work. That it was his duty to do it was reason enough for his doing it—that it bore at least some visible fruit, was sufficient encouragement to work on with good heart.**

So the years went by; and as often as each term came round, **Colet was ready with his course of lectures on an Epistle or Gospel, as the case might be.**

Then suddenly, in the year 1505, Robert Sherbon, Dean of St. Paul's, was made Bishop of St. David's, and in the month of May<sup>1</sup> **Colet was called from his Oxford labours to fill the vacant deanery, by the appointment, it was reported, of King Henry VII. The title of Doctor was at length conferred upon him preparatory to his acceptance of this preferment.<sup>2</sup>**

It was, writes Erasmus, to the work, and not to the dignity of the deanery, that Colet was called. To restore the relaxed discipline of the college—to preach sermons from Scripture in St. Paul's Cathedral as he had done at Oxford—to secure permanently that such sermons should be regularly preached—this was his first work.

By his remove from Oxford to St. Paul's the field of his influence was changed, and in some respects greatly widened. His influence now told directly upon the people at large. The chief citizens of London, and even stray courtiers, now and then, heard the plain facts of Christian truth instead of the subtleties of the Schoolmen earnestly

(1) *Fasti Ecclesie Anglicanæ*, p. 184.

(2) *Erasmus*, op. iii. pt. 1, 456, C.

preached from the pulpit of St. Paul's by the son of an ex-Lord Mayor of London. The citizens found too, in the new Dean, a man whose manner of life bore out the lessons of his pulpit. When they dined at his table they soon found, as his Oxford friends had found at *their* public dinners, that he had the gift of turning the table-talk into some earnest topic, and giving the discussion which often followed a high and earnest tone. Without being tedious or overbearing, it was remarked that somehow or other he so contrived to exert his influence as to send his guests away better than they came.<sup>1</sup>

Colet soon gathered also around him here in London, as he had done at Oxford, an inner circle of personal friends, and these were wont often to meet at his table and to talk on late into the night, conversing sometimes upon literary topics, and sometimes speaking together of that invisible Prince whom Colet was as loyally serving now in the midst of honour and preferment as he had done in an humbler sphere.<sup>2</sup> Colet's loyalty to *Him* seemed indeed to have been deepened rather than diminished by contact with the outer world. The place which St. Paul's character and writings had once occupied in his thoughts and teaching was now filled by the character and words of St. Paul's Master and his.<sup>3</sup> He never travelled, says Erasmus, without taking with him some book relating to Christ.<sup>4</sup> He had arranged the sayings of Christ in groups, to assist the memory and with the intention of writing a book on them.<sup>5</sup> His sermons, too, in St. Paul's Cathedral bore witness to the engrossing object of his thoughts. It was now no longer St. Paul's Epistles, but the "Gospel History," the "Apostles' Creed," the "Lord's Prayer,"<sup>6</sup> which the Dean was expounding to the people. And highly as he had held, and still held, in honour the apostolic writings, yet, as already mentioned, they seemed to him to shrink, as it were, into nothing, compared with the wonderful majesty of Christ himself.

The same method of teaching which he had applied at Oxford to the writings of St. Paul he now applied in his cathedral sermons in treating of these still higher subjects. For he did not, we are told, take an isolated text and preach a detached discourse upon it, but went continuously through whatever he was expounding from beginning to end in a course of sermons.<sup>7</sup> Thus these cathedral discourses of Colet's were continuous expositions of the facts of the Saviour's life and teaching, as recorded by the Evangelists, or embodied in that

(1) Eras., op. iii. pt. 1, 456, F.

(2) "Impense delectabatur amicorum colloquiis quæ sæpe differebat in multam noctem. Sed omnis illius sermo, aut de literis erat, aut de Christo." (Eras., op. iii. 457, A.)

(3) Eras., op. iii. 459, F.

(4) Id., 457, A.

(5) Id. 459, F.

(6) Id. 456, E.

(7) "Porro in suo templo non sumebat sibi carptim argumentum ex Evangelio aut ex epistolis Apostolicis sed unum aliquod argumentum proponebat, quod diversis concionibus ad finem usque prosequeretur: puta Evangelium Matthæi, Symbolum fidei, Precationem Dominicam." (Eras., op. iii. pt. 1, 456, D.);

simple creed which in Colet's view contained the Sum of Christian theology. And thus was he practically illustrating by his own public example in these sermons his advice to theological students, to "keep' to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, letting divines, if they like, dispute about the rest."

## 2. HOW IT HAD FARED WITH ERASMUS. HIS SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND. (1499—1509.)

Of Erasmus Colet had almost lost sight during these years, and no other kindred soul had as yet risen up to take just that place in fellow-work beside him, which at one time he had hoped the great scholar might have filled. But Colet little knew by what slow and painful steps Erasmus had been preparing to redeem the promise he had made on leaving Oxford.

We left him making the best of his way to Dover, with his purse full of golden crowns, kindly bestowed by his English friends in order that he might now carry out his long-cherished intention of going to Italy. But the Fates had decreed against him. King Henry VII. had already reached the avaricious period of his life and reign. Under cover of an old obsolete statute, he had given orders to the Custom House officers to stop the exportation of all precious metals, and the Custom House officers in their turn construing their instructions strictly to the letter, had seized upon Erasmus's purse-full of golden crowns, and relieved him of the burden for the benefit of the king's exchequer. The poor scholar proceeded without them to cross to Boulogne. He was a bad sailor, and the hardships of travel soon told upon his health. He was heart-sick also; as well he might be, for this unlucky loss of his purse had utterly disconcerted once more his long-cherished plans. He was taken ill on his arrival at Paris, and recovered only to bear his bitter disappointment as best he could. What was he to do?

It was clear that he did not know what to do. He wrote to a friend, that "he sometimes thought of returning to England to spend a month or two more with Colet, in order to confer further with him on some theological questions. He knew well," he said, "how much good he should gain from doing so, but he could not get over the unlucky experience of his last voyage. As to his journey to Italy, that, too, was knocked on the head. He told his friend that he as ardently longed to visit Italy as ever, but it was out of the question; for, according to the adage of Plautus, 'Sine pennis volare, haud facile est.'"<sup>1</sup>

And what was worse still, the unfortunate loss of the price of many months' leisure obliged him not only to postpone *sine die* his project of visiting Italy, but also to send, ever and anon, something saleable

(1) Eras., op. iii. pt. 1, 52, E. Epist. lix.

to the publisher to pay his way.<sup>1</sup> For the wolf must in some way or other be kept from the door; and Erasmus was *poor*!

These necessities not a little interrupted, as was likely, those studies to which Colet's example and precept had urged him. They lengthened out the preliminary labours which Erasmus had made up his mind must precede his active participation in Colet's work. But they did not damp his energy, or induce him to look back after putting his hand to the plough. All this and more lies touchingly hinted in a letter written by Erasmus to Colet on receipt of the news of the elevation of his friend to the dignity of Doctor and Dean. It is dated from Paris, and, roughly translated into English, reads thus:—

*Erasmus to Colet.*<sup>2</sup>

"If our friendship, most learned Colet, had been of a common-place kind, or your habits those of the common run of men, I should indeed have been somewhat fearful lest our long and wide separation might have extinguished it, or at least cooled it down. . . . But I prefer to believe that the cause of my having received no letter from you now for *several years*, lies rather in your press of business, or ignorance of my whereabouts, or even in myself, than in your forgetfulness of an old friend. . . . .

"I am much surprised that you have not yet given to the world any of your commentaries on St. Paul and the Gospels. I know your modesty, but surely you ought to conquer that, and print them for the *public good*.

"As to the title of Doctor and Dean, I do not so much congratulate you about these—for I know well they will bring you nothing but labour—as those for whose good you are to bear them.

"I cannot tell you, dearest Colet, how, by hook and by crook, I struggle to devote myself to the study of sacred literature—how I regret everything which either deters me from it or delays me in it. But constant ill fortune has prevented me from extricating myself from these hindrances. When in France, I determined that if I could not conquer these difficulties I would cast them aside and that once freed from them, with my whole mind I would set to work at these sacred studies, and devote the rest of my life to them. Although three years before I had attempted something on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and had completed four volumes at one pull, I was nevertheless prevented from going on with it, owing chiefly to the want of a better knowledge of Greek. Consequently for nearly these three years past, I have buried myself in Greek literature; not do I think the labour has been thrown away. I began also to dip into Hebrew, but, deterred by the strangeness of the words, I desisted; knowing that one man's life and genius are not enough for too many things at a time. I have read through a good part of the works of Origen, under whose guidance I seemed really to get on, for he opened to me, as it were, the springs and the method of the theological sciences.

"I send you [herewith], as a little literary present, some lucubrations of mine. Among them is our discussion, when in England, on the Agony of Christ, but so altered that you will hardly know it again. Moreover, your reply and my rejoinder to it do not seem to be forthcoming. The *Enchiridion* I wrote to display neither genius nor eloquence, but simply for this—to counteract the vulgar error of those who think that religion consists in ceremonies, and in more than *Jewish* observances, while they neglect what really pertains to piety. I have tried to teach, as it were, the *art of piety* in the same way as others have laid down the rules of [military] discipline. . . . The rest were written against the grain—

(1) "Intra paucissimos dies '*Proverbium*' opus edidi." (Epist. clxxxiii.)

(2) Eras., op. iii. p. 94. Epist. cii.

especially the *Peen* and *Obsecrationum*, which I wrote to please Battus and Anna, the Princess of Vere. As to the *Panegyric*<sup>1</sup> it was so contrary to my taste, that I do not remember ever having done anything more reluctantly; for I saw that such a thing could not be done without adulation. . . .

“I wrote, if you recollect, sometime ago about the 100 copies of the ‘Adagies’ which I sent at my own expense into England, now three years ago! Grocine wrote me word that he would arrange with the greatest fidelity and diligence that they should be sold according to my wish, and I do not doubt but that he has performed his promise, for he is the best and most honourable man that ever lived in England. Will you be so good as to aid me in this matter, so far as to advise and spur on those by whom you think the business ought to be settled. For one cannot doubt but that in so long a time, the books must be sold; and the money must of necessity have come to somebody’s hand: nor may it be of the same use to me in the future as it will be now. For, by some means or other, I must contrive to have a few months entirely to myself, that I may extricate myself for once from my labours in secular literature. This I trusted I could have done this winter, had not so many hopes proved illusive. Nor indeed, ‘with a great sum can I obtain this freedom,’ even for a few months. I entreat you, therefore, to do what you can to aid me, panting as I do eagerly after sacred studies, in disengaging myself from those [secular] studies which have now ceased to be pleasant to me. It would not do for me to beg of my friend, Lord Mountjoy, although neither in reality nor in appearance would it have been unreasonable if, of his own good will, he had chosen to aid me both on the ground of his habitual patronage of my studies, and also because the ‘Adagies’ were undertaken at his suggestion, and inscribed with his name. I am ashamed of the first edition [of the ‘Adagies’] both on account of the blundering mistakes of the printers, which seem made almost on purpose, and because, urged on by others, I hurried over the work, which had now begun to seem to me dry and poor after my study of the Greek authors. Consequently, another edition is resolved upon, in which the errors of both author and printer may be corrected, and the matter made as useful as possible to students.

“Although, however, I may for a while be engaged upon an humble task, yet whilst thus working in the Garden of the Greeks, I am gathering much fruit by the way for the time to come, which may hereafter be of use to me in sacred studies. For I have learned this by experience, that without Greek one can do nothing in any branch of study; for it is one thing to conjecture, and quite another thing to judge—one thing to see with other people’s eyes, and quite another thing to believe what you see with your own.

“But to what a length this letter has grown! Love, however, will excuse loquacity. Farewell, most learned and good Colet. Pray let me know what has happened to our friend Sixtinus; also what your friend the Prior Richard Charnock is doing.

“In order that whatever you may write or send to me may duly come to hand, so good as to have them addressed to Christopher Fisher (a most loving friend and patron of all learned men, and you amongst the rest), in whose family I am now a guest.” (Paris, 1504.)

Thus had the poor scholar worked on, for the most part in silence, during these years, struggling alone, yet manfully, in the midst of the manifold hindrances cast in his way by ill-health and straightened means, neither free-born (as his friend Colet was), and thus able to tread unincumbered the path of duty, nor finding himself able even “with a great sum to obtain freedom” for a while. Yet through all had Erasmus kept courageously to the collar, steadily toiling on through five years of preliminary labours, with earnest

(1) The Panegyric upon Philip King of Spain on his return to the Netherlands.



purpose to redeem his promise to Colet—first fully to equip himself with all proper tools, and then, but not till then, to join him in fellow-work.

Colet surely had forgotten this promise of Erasmus on leaving Oxford, or perchance the hope it held out was too slender for him to rest on, else he would hardly have left him during these years without letters of brotherly encouragement.

It is true that Erasmus still confessed himself to be occupied in merely preliminary labours. His great work, no less than it had been five years before, was still in the future. Yet the fire caught from his contact with Colet at Oxford was at least flickering on the hearth, and with fresh stirring and fuel might perhaps after all be kindled into active flame.

Colet's reply to this letter has not come down to us, but from the result we may be sure that it contained a pressing invitation to revisit England, and the promise of a warm reception.

In the mean time closer inspection of the literary present sent by Erasmus must have proved to Colet to how large an extent the long process of study and digestion had really resulted in the adoption of his own views.

The "Enchiridion" was in truth a re-echo of the very key-note of Colet's faith. It openly taught, as Colet now for so many years had been teaching from his pulpit, that the true Christian's religion, instead of consisting in submission to the Church, her priesthood and scholastic dogmas, in the invocation of Virgin and saints, or the performance of any outward rites of any kind, really consists in true, self-sacrificing loyalty to Christ, his ever-living Prince;—that life is a warfare, and that the Christian must sacrifice his evil lusts and passions, and spend his strength, not in the pursuit of his own pleasure, but in active service of his Prince;—such was the drift and spirit of this "Manual of the Christian Soldier."

Again, the publication by Erasmus of his letter to Colet respecting their conversation at Oxford on the "Agony of Christ in the Garden," showed at least that he had by no means forgotten what had passed between them on that occasion; although as Colet's reply does not seem to have been appended to this first edition, it did not necessarily follow that Erasmus had adopted Colet's view of the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Very clearly, however, did the letter which accompanied the "literary present" show that Erasmus had already resolved to dedicate his life to the great work of bringing out the Scriptures into their proper prominence, and thereby throwing into the background all that mass of scholastic subtlety which had for so long formed the food of theologians. If now for years he had been wading through Greek literature, it was not merely for its own sake, but with this great object in view. If, on account of his learning and

eloquence, his friends at the court of the Netherlands had pressed him into their service, and induced him to compose a flattering oration on the occasion of the return of Philip from Spain, he had counted the labour as lost, except so far as it probably helped to keep the wolf from the door for a week or two. Even the two editions of the "Adagies" were evidently regarded only as stepping-stones to that knowledge without which he felt that it would be useless for him to attempt to master the Greek New Testament. Of this he gave further practical proof before his arrival again in England. For whilst still under the hospitable roof of his friend Fisher, the Papal protonotary at Paris, he brought out his edition of "Laurentius Valla's Annotations upon the New Testament;" a copy of which he had chanced to light upon in an old library during the previous summer. And to this edition was prefixed a prefatory letter to his kind host, remarkable for the boldness of its tone and the freedom of its thought.

He knew well, he wrote, that some readers would cry out, "Oh, Heavens!" before they had got to the end of the title-page; but such as these he reminded of the advice of Aristophanes: "First listen, my friends, and then you may shriek and bluster!" He knew, he went on to say, that theologians, who ought to get more good out of the book than any one else, would raise the greatest tumult against it; that they would resent, as a sacrilegious infringement of their own sacred province, any interference of Valla, the grammarian, with the sacred text of the Scriptures. But he boldly vindicated the right and the necessity of a fair criticism, as in many passages the Vulgate was manifestly at fault, was a bad rendering of the original Greek, or had itself been corrupted. If any one should reply that the theologian is above the laws of grammar, and that the work of interpretation depends solely upon inspiration, this were, he said, indeed to claim a new dignity for divines. Were they alone to be allowed to indulge in bad grammar? He quoted from Jerome to show that he claimed no inspiration for the translator; and asked what would have been the use of Jerome's giving directions for the translation of Holy Scripture if the power of translating depended upon inspiration. Again, how was it that Paul was evidently so much more at home in Hebrew than in Greek? Finally he urged, if there be errors in the Vulgate, is it not lawful to correct them? Many indeed he knew would object to change any word in the Bible because they fancy that in every letter is hid some mystic meaning. Suppose that it were so, would it not be all the more needful that the exact original text should be restored?<sup>1</sup>

This was indeed a bold public beginning of that work of biblical criticism to which Colet's example so powerfully urged Erasmus.

(1) This letter was republished in the edition of some letters of Erasmus printed at Basel, 1521, p. 221, 4.

The edition of Valla's "Annotations," with this letter prefixed to it, was published at Paris in 1505, while he was busily engaged in bringing out the second edition of the "Adagies." And it would seem that he only waited for the completion of these works before again crossing the Straits to pay another visit to his English friends.

### 3. MORE CALLED TO THE BAR IN PARLIAMENT.—OFFENDS HENRY VII.—THE CONSEQUENCES. (1499-1506.)

But how had it fared with More during these years? Years of stern experience and discipline had they been to him. He had left Oxford in the full flow of youthful spirits, when not yet nineteen. Then had followed four or five years of steady and, for the most part, exclusive devotion to legal studies.

Closely watched by his father, and purposely kept with a stinted allowance, as at Oxford, so that "his whole mind might be set on his book," the law student had found little time or opportunity for other studies. But at twenty-one, being duly called to the bar, and thus freed from the restraints of student life, his mind had naturally reverted to old channels of thought. Grocine and Linacre in the mean time had left Oxford, and become near neighbours of his in London. Thus the old Oxford circle had been partially formed again, and with the renewal of old intimacies had returned, if ever lost, the love of old studies. For no sooner had More been called to the bar than he commenced his maiden lectures in the Church of St. Lawrence, in the Old Jewry, and chose for a subject the great work of St. Augustine, "De Civitate Dei."

His object, we are told, in these lectures was not to expound the theological creed of the Bishop of Hippo, but the philosophical and historical<sup>1</sup> arguments contained in those first few books in which Augustine had so forcibly traced the connection between the history of Rome and the character and religion of the Romans, attributing the former glory of the great Roman Commonwealth to the valour and virtue of the old Romans; tracing the recent ruin of the Empire ending in the sack of Rome by Alaric, to the effeminacy and profligacy of the modern Romans; defending Christianity from the charge of having undermined the Empire, and pointing out that if it had been universally adopted by rulers and people, and carried out in practice in their lives, the old pagan empire might have become truly Christian empire and been saved,—those books which, starting from the facts of the recent sack of Rome, landed the reader at last into a discussion of the philosophy of free-will and fate.

Roper tells us that the young lawyer's readings were well received being attended not only by Grocine, his old Greek master, but also by "all the chief learned of the city of London."<sup>2</sup>

More was evidently rising rapidly in public notice and confidence. He was appointed a reader at Furnivals Inn about this time, and

(1) Stapleton, p. 160.

(2) Roper. Singer's Ed. 1822, p. 5.

when a Parliament was called in the spring of 1503-4, though only twenty-two, he was elected a member of it.

Sent up thus to enter public life in a Parliament of which the notorious Dudley was the Speaker,<sup>1</sup> the last and probably the most subservient Parliament of a king who now in his latter days was becoming more and more avaricious,<sup>2</sup> the mettle of the young M.P. was soon put to the test, and bore it bravely. At the last Parliament of 1496-7 the King, in prospect of a war with Scotland, had extracted from the Commons a subsidy of two-fifteenths, and, finding they had swallowed this so easily, had, even before the close of the session, pressed for and obtained the omission of the customary clauses in the bill, releasing about £12,000 of the gross amount in relief of decayed towns and cities.<sup>3</sup> Now all was peace. The war with Scotland had ended in the marriage of the Princess Margaret to the King of Scots. But by feudal right the King, with consent of Parliament,<sup>4</sup> could claim a "reasonable aid" in respect of this marriage of the Princess Royal, in addition to another for the knighting of Prince Arthur, who, however, in the mean time had died. This Parliament of 1503-4 was doubtless called chiefly to obtain these "reasonable aids." But with Dudley as Speaker the King meant to get more than his strict feudal rights. Instead of the two "aids," he put in a claim (so Roper was informed<sup>5</sup>) for three-fifteenths! *i.e.* for half as much again as he had asked for to defray the cost of the Scottish war. And Dudley's flock of sheep were going to pass this bill in silence. Already it had passed two readings, when "at the last debating thereof" More, probably the youngest member of the House, rose from his seat "and made such arguments and reasons there-against" that the King's demands (says Roper) "were thereby clean overthrown. So that" (he continues) "one of the King's Privy Chamber, named Maister Tyler,<sup>6</sup> being present thereat, brought word to the King out of the Parliament House, that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose."

Instead of three-fifteenths, which would have realised £113,000<sup>7</sup> or more, the Parliament Rolls bear witness that the King, with royal clemency and grace, had to accept a paltry £30,000, being less than a fourth of what he asked for!<sup>8</sup>

(1) Ro. Parl., vi. 521, B.

(2) 12 Henry VII. c. 12, also Ro. Parl. vi. p. 514.

(3) 12 Henry VII. c. 13.

(4) See 3 Edward I. c. 36. 5 Edward III. s. 5, c. 11.

(5) Roper, p. 7.

(6) Possibly, "*our trusty and right well-beloved knight and counsellor.*" *Sir William Tyler*, who had so often partaken of the royal bounty, being made "Controller of Works," "Messenger of Exchequer," "Receiver of certain Lordships," &c., &c. (see Ro. Parl. vi. 241, 379 b, 404 b, 497 b), and who was remembered for good in chap. 35 of this very Parliament.

(7) A tenth and fifteenth was estimated to produce £37,930. (See *Italian Relation of England*, Camden Soc. p. 52.)

(8) 19 Henry VII. c. 32, 25 Jan., 1503, Ro. Parl. vi. 532-542. In lieu of two reasonable aids, one for making a knight of Prince Arthur, deceased, and the other of marriage of Princess Margaret to the King of Scots, and also great expenses in wars, the Com-

No wonder that soon after the King devised a quarrel with More's father (who, by the way, was one of the commissioners for the collection of the subsidy),<sup>1</sup> threw him into the Tower, and kept him there till he had paid a fine of £100. No wonder that young More himself was compelled at once to retire from public life and hide himself from royal displeasure in obscurity.

When Erasmus returned to England in 1506 he found his young friend in chambers near the Carthusian monastery of the Charterhouse, hesitating whether to enter its seclusion or leave the realm.

Since he had last seen him the youth had matured into the man. There was little of classic elegance either in his figure or his features. His chestnut hair fell loosely over his forehead. His gait and dress had each an awkward air of carelessness about them, and either one shoulder was carried higher than the other, or his gown was worn awry. But his grey eye sparkled still with native wit. And although he had taken to wearing an inner sharp shirt of hair, and to sleeping on the bare boards of his chamber, with a log under his head for a pillow, and was otherwise schooling, by his powerful will, his quick and buoyant nature into accordance with the strict rules of the Carthusian brotherhood, still but a hasty glance round his chamber was needed to tell his old friend that his tastes were what they used to be, that in heart and mind, in spite of all that had befallen him, he was the same high-toned and happy-hearted soul he always was. What would have happened to him had he been left alone with misadvising friends to give hasty vent to the disappointment which thus had crushed his hopes at the very outset of his life's-battle—whether the cloister would have received him as it did a friend of his, to be another "wretch of Sion," none can tell. But with his old friends, Grocyn and Linacre, about him, and a new acquaintance, Lilly, just returned from Eastern travel, with him constantly, even though Colet had not just then come up to London to commence his new duties at St. Paul's, there would still surely have been influence enough at work to save him from any sudden rush into ascetic life. As it was, Erasmus found him with his Greek and Latin books, one or two French ones, and his favourite lyre, about him in his solitude. He found him writing Latin epigrams and verses, not in praise of monks and convents, but sharp biting satire on their evil side, and some of them by no means showing abject faith in monkhood.

Nor was he courting back again the favour of offended royalty by mons grant £40,000, less £10,000 remitted, "of his more ample grace and pity, for the the poraill of his comens should not in any wise be contributory or chargeable to any part of the said sum of £40,000." The £30,000 to be paid by the shires in the sums stated, and to the payment every person having lands, &c., to the yearly value of 20s. of free charters lands, or of 26s. 8d. of lands held at will, or any person having goods or cattalls to the value of x marks or above, not accounting their cattle for their plough nor stuff or implement of household.

(1) John More was one of the Commissioners for Herts.

melodious and repentant whinings. Rather his pen gave vent to the chafed and untamed spirit of the man who knew he had done his duty and was unjustly suffering for it. His unrelenting hatred of the king's avarice and tyranny may be read in the very headings of his epigrams.<sup>1</sup>

When Erasmus once again joined More in his studies he found him translating into Latin some of Lucian's Dialogues and his "*Declamatio pro Tyrannicida*." At More's suggestion they both wrote a full answer to Lucian's arguments in favour of tyrannicide, imitating Lucian's style as nearly as possible; and Erasmus, in sending a copy of these essays to a friend, spoke of More in terms which show how fully he had again yielded to the fascination and endearing charms of his character. As he had once spoken of the youth, so now he spoke of the man. Never, he thought, had nature united so fully in one mind so many of the qualities of genius,—the keenest insight, the readiest wit, the most convincing eloquence, the most engaging manners—he possessed, he said, every quality required to make a perfect advocate.

Why should More throw away all these brilliant talents? Surely such a man was not destined to the cloister. Erasmus, we may be sure, threw the weight of his influence against so desperate a course. He urged him doubtless to bide his time, and wait for the day when he could pursue his proper calling at the bar without risk of incurring royal displeasure.

#### 4. ERASMUS AGAIN LEAVES ENGLAND FOR ITALY. (1506.)

Erasmus seems to have spent some months during the spring of 1506 with his English friends, busying himself, as already mentioned, in translating in More's company portions of Lucian's works, and so far as his letters show at first sight, not very eagerly pursuing those sacred studies at which he had told Colet that he longed to labour.

Nor was there really anything inconsistent in this. The truth was that in order to complete his knowledge of Greek, without which he had declared he could do nothing thoroughly, he had yet to undertake that journey to Italy which had been the dream of his early manhood, and the realisation of which seven years ago had only been prevented by his unlucky accident at Dover. This journey to Italy lay between him and the great work of his life, and still the adage of Plautus remained inexorable, "*Sine pennis volare haud facile est*."

- (1) T. Mori. in Avarum.  
 Dives Avarus Pauper est.  
 Sola Mors Tyrannicida est.  
 Quid inter Tyrannum et Principem.  
 Sollicitam esse Tyranni Vitam.  
 Bonum Principem esse Patrem non Dominum.  
 De bono Rege et Populo.  
 De principi Bono et Malo.  
 Regem non satellitum sed virtus reddit tutum.  
 Populus consentiens regnum dat et aufert.  
 Quis optimus reipub. Status.



## ROMANISM, ANGLICANISM, AND EVANGELICALISM LOGICALLY IDENTICAL.

Few modern religious "movements" are more bewildering to a thoughtful observer than the manifestly earnest desire and effort to bring about a union between the Roman, Greek, and Anglican "Churches." This endeavour has met with so overwhelming a ridicule, on the one hand, and with so complete a demonstration of its hopelessness, on the other hand, that we have almost lost sight of a further consideration, more important, perhaps, and scarcely less obvious, than any other—the fact that all this effort of speech and act is wholly superfluous. There is really nothing to unite, because there is no real and substantial difference. Each of these Churches is built upon the very same foundation, sets out from the very same hypotheses, and can never destroy either of the others without, in the very same act, committing suicide. Each of them is a bulwark to the rest; and the destruction of any one of the three could scarcely fail to be accompanied, or speedily followed, by the ruin of the other two. And the same is true of the system which calls itself "Evangelical;" even though it seems now to exist almost for the sake of protesting against Romanism and Anglicanism. Perhaps the four great parties may not unaptly be compared to the Paul, the Apollos, the Cephas, and the Christ parties in the early Corinthian Church; and, like those early schisms, they all grow from the same root and tend to the same results. This is, then, the proposition which it is the object of this paper to prove; omitting only the detailed and separate consideration of the Greek Church, as being in this country too little known to be cared for, and moreover sufficiently included in whatever may be proved of the Church of Rome.

This identity of principle and foundation, in spite of the highly coloured superficial differences of the three great rivals who claim the faith and obedience of English Christians, is not obscurely indicated by the relation which they all alike sustain to the spirit of free inquiry; that spirit which at the present moment is actually working out a Reformation far deeper, and likely to spread far wider, and last far longer, than that which was accomplished in England under the Tudors. For the Reformation of the nineteenth century is real and not merely formal, in principles not merely in details, in the very root and foundation of religious doctrine and ecclesiastical polity. It is a protest, not against any particular sentence, but against the jurisdiction of the court; not against some special law, but against the legislature itself; not against individual dogmas, but against the principle of any external authority by which dogma may be defined



and enforced. It has done, or is doing, that for the intellect which Luther did for the conscience and the affections. The one vindicated for all men the right to approach the All-righteous, even without the priest; and left for the minister of Christ no higher office than "to declare and pronounce to God's people the absolution and remission of their sins." The other is vindicating for all men the right to come face to face with truth without the creeds; and leaves for the creeds no greater worth than to be the records of earnest inquiry and strong conviction, the landmarks of old beliefs. Thus the earlier Reformation is absorbed by the later. For the right of free search for truth, and of open discussion, must include the right to examine and test the value, not only of creeds, but *à fortiori* of priesthoods and rituals. And each of the three great English religious parties is keenly sensitive to the fact that the new Reformation is fatal alike to Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicalism. Therefore do Herod and Pontius Pilate, for the occasion, become friends, in order that they may defend their common fundamental principles. For in sight of the spirit of free inquiry and bold unfettered utterance, all the superficial differences which separate Dr. McNeile from Dr. Pusey, and both from Dr. Manning, are, notwithstanding their gay and flaunting colours, mere geometrical surfaces, having length and breadth, but no thickness.

The superficial differences which distinguish Evangelicalism from Romanism, are of course far more obtrusive than those by which Romanism is distinguished from Anglicanism. Indeed, it has been the constant cry of the Evangelicals, both within and without the Establishment, that there does really exist between Anglicanism and Romanism that very identity which it is the object of this paper to prove. This assertion, though in itself perfectly true, has often been made in a form, which was not only insufferably impertinent and scandalously uncharitable, but demonstrably false. For the Evangelicals have been long in the habit of affirming, not only that Anglicanism and Romanism are in principle identical, but that all Papists and Anglicans know and realise the identity. Hence, they have had no hesitation in charging the distinguished leaders of what is called the High Church party in the Establishment, with some of the very meanest vices with which human nature can be debased; with the most contemptible moral cowardice, with the shabbiest trickery, with habitual perjury, and with such a use of the temporalities of the Established Church, as can scarcely be distinguished even in law, and cannot at all be distinguished *in foro conscientie*, from positive robbery. And on the other hand they have not hesitated to charge the most influential of English Catholics, among whom are to be found some who have given this proof of their perfect integrity—namely, that they have willingly abandoned their Anglican

dignities and emoluments for the sake of what they believe to be true—with conniving at, and even actively encouraging, that very baseness with which the High Church party in the Establishment is charged. Now these grave accusations are not only impudently false, but they are obviously and transparently false; the crimes of which these good men are accused, are crimes by which nothing whatever could be gained, and which, moreover, have been distinctly repudiated and disproved over and over again. The High Church party in the Established Church has probably lost even in money, by its High Churchism, very much more than it can possibly have gained; and, moreover, it has had to sacrifice what, to a man of high principle and brotherly love, is far more important than money, the good-will of friends, and the reputation of an unsullied honour. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic clergy either *deny* the identity between Romanism and Anglicanism, affirming that the two are totally distinct, that no union can possibly take place between them; or they affirm the identity in principle, and therefore regard the heresy and schism, the imperfect hierarchy, and dwarfed ceremonial of the English Church, as a preposterous absurdity.

Even that which to a superficial observer seems most closely to identify the Roman and the Anglican Churches, and which is in fact a sort of instinctive endeavour to arrive at an identity, not only in premises, but in conclusions, is understood at once by any intelligent Catholic to be a silly and even a mischievous delusion. Anglican ritualists vainly dream that they are permitted to wear their gay clothes, and to decorate and incense their altars, and to depart by all manner of ceremonial extravagances from the simple rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, because the English people are beginning more completely to understand and more thoroughly to approve the things signified, of which all these elaborate ceremonies are the signs. This delusion, moreover, seems to be fostered by the undeniable fact that even among the strictest Puritan sects there is an increasing willingness to abandon the old baldness of their religious services, and the dreary ugliness of their old meeting-houses. But any Dissenter and any Catholic could tell a High Churchman in a single sentence how all this has come to pass: it has come to pass, not because Englishmen care more than they used to do about ritualism, but because they have ceased to care about it at all. They regard all these ceremonial extravagances as a mere amusement, probably silly, frequently mischievous, but never of sufficient importance to require more than a laugh or a sneer. If Dissenters imagined—as they most certainly do not, and have no need to imagine—that building their chapels in the form of a cross placing their communion-tables altar-wise in a chancel at the east end meant anything; if, for instance, they imagined that a cruciform

church implied that there was any mystic virtue in the form of a cross, or that a communion-table set up against the east wall indicated that a literal sacrifice was offered to God in the Holy Communion, every Gothic Dissenting chapel would be torn down before a single month had passed away.

Nor are Catholic divines in even the slightest uncertainty about this same fact.

"I am perfectly aware," says the Very Rev. Frederick Oakley, "that there has been a great development of Ritual in the Anglican Communion, and, what is far better, of self-denying charity in forms and ways peculiarly Catholic. The latter is a circumstance full of hope and promise; of the former I will speak hereafter. I know also, especially from Dr. Pusey's work, as far as the shortness of the period during which it has been in circulation can enable us to judge on the point, that there is a marvellous advance in the liberty of utterance on doctrinal subjects, and in the public toleration of what are called extreme opinions. But I cannot consent to regard this fact as creditable to the Anglican Church, merely because it happens in this instance to tell on our side. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the Bishops allow Dr. Pusey and his friends to run out in one line because they wish to secure an indemnity for Rationalists, Liberals, and Evangelicals in another. . . . The standard which has been made during the last few years in the direction of ceremonial religion, apart from any corresponding advances in sensitiveness to the necessity of an ordained provision for dogmatic teaching, appears to me to be not only not a gain, but a distinct and conspicuous evil. It can have no other effect than to amuse with mere baubles a number of good men, who mistake the form for the substance. The rites and ceremonies of religion are not only most beautiful in themselves, but react powerfully upon its truths, when they are the natural expressions of those truths, and are so understood by those who witness them; but they can no more teach religion of themselves, or be a substitute for it, than the emblazoned pall which covers the corpse of a monarch can sustain the idea of a living royalty. I do not, indeed, deny that these mimicries of Catholic ceremonials may do us a service in familiarising the minds of Englishmen with a type of worship which had been totally obliterated; but this is a very different thing from saying that they represent a reality where they are, or can be otherwise than most injurious to those who delight in them, by leading them to confound the outward show with the true spirit of Catholicity. But even this is scarcely their worst result. They cannot be practised without entailing a system of equivocation and compromise highly prejudicial to the moral sense. The only legitimate interpreter of doubtful Rubrics is the Ordinary; and it certainly cannot be said either that the Rubrics on which these practices are founded are clearly in their favour, or that an explanation of their ambiguities is usually sought from the living authority. Hence a considerable body of the clergy are constantly seeking to hoodwink their bishops, who are themselves not very impatient of the process, and thus the Catholic principles of authority and obedience find their counterpart in a mutual relation of connivance and evasion."<sup>1</sup>

The recent alliance between the Evangelical party and the High Church party is the more significant, because the Evangelicals apparently believe that the High Church party in the Establishment are no better in creed, and are much worse in honesty than the Papists themselves. On the other hand the High Church

(1) Leading topics of Dr. Pusey's recent work reviewed, pp. 7, 10, 11.

They appear often to regard the Evangelicals, apart from the mystic t of sacraments and orders, with the same sort of aversion which seem to feel for Anabaptists and Unitarians. And yet in spite of the obtrusive superficial differences, and strong antipathies, even Pusey and the Evangelicals have found it necessary to combine—by any means against the devil and all his works, and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, but against the Bishop of Natal and the authors of “Essays and Reviews.” In other words they united against free inquiry, against the spirit of the age, against the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely.” They combined, not mere instinct of self-preservation, against what each and all of them knew to be a common foe: an enemy, not simply to ritual extravagance or pious fanaticism, or dogmatic absurdity, but to the pride and power of any individual, or any church, or any book, to undermine for all time what shall be the course of human duty and bounds of human belief. To employ that mystic and inflated language which is so often used in a subject of this kind, it may be said that Evangelicalism, utterly panic-stricken by the increasing force of modern Rationalism, has fled for refuge even into the forsaken Babylon itself, and become drunk with the cup of the Galyptic harlot. It is this danger of liberty, this sense of being homeless that comes over the spirit of a certain sort of men when they find themselves beyond the shelter of authority, which drew Dr. Newman himself and many others with him into the Roman communion. It is this very same danger which compelled Pusey to unite with the Evangelicals in defence of their common cause; while all along he protests most earnestly that he has not shifted ground, and that his likings and dislikings, his approvals and disapprovals in respect to Evangelicalism, are exactly what they were before.

“What I ventured on one occasion to remark to Archdeacon Manning,” he says, “was not that he used to *join with those* with whom I could not, but that he *joined them in a way* at which I was surprised. In plain words he remained a member of, I think, two religious societies, some of whose principles I thought were both held to be faulty. I have united with the Evangelicals now, as I have before, whenever they would join with me in defence of our common faith; but I have not united with them in any of those things which were not in accordance with my own principles. It was not anything new, then, when in high school the fundamental truths had been denied, I sought to unite with those, some of whom had often spoken against me, but against whom I had never spoken. It was the pent-up longing of years. I had long felt that common zeal for the truth could alone bring together those who were opposed; I hoped that through common zeal and love, inveterate prejudices, which hindered the reception of the truth, would be dispelled. This, however, was a bright vista which lay before me. The immediate object was to resist unitedly an inroad upon our common faith. This I had done before upon occasions less urgent.”<sup>1</sup>

(1) “Eirenicon,” pp. 5, 6.

These words help to prove, what it is quite plain that Dr. Pusey admits, the fundamental identity of Anglicanism and Evangelicalism. The Evangelicals do not believe quite so much as the Tractarians think they ought to believe; they do not believe, for instance, in baptismal regeneration, or in the Real Presence; they do not believe that the priest has any mystic and supernatural power to absolve from sin—and the Bishop of Natal is so far in the same predicament. What then, is the difference between Dr. Colenso and Dr. McNeile? The difference is not in detail, but in principle. Dr. McNeile believes those fundamental doctrines from which the whole Catholic system legitimately follows; Dr. Colenso most unquestionably does not believe them: therefore the very unbelief of the one is more Anglican and more Roman than the very faith of the other. Indeed, Dr. McNeile might say, in the words of Dr. Pusey—words which, if they were not sublime for their piety, would be pitiable for their imbecility—"I believe *explicitly* all which I know God to have revealed to His Church; and *implicitly* (implicitè) any thing, if He has revealed it, which I know not. In simple words, I believe all which the Church believes."<sup>1</sup>

This is the negative, defective side of Catholic orthodoxy, which Dr. Pusey is nevertheless bound to recognise, and whose alliance on occasions of great danger he may feel himself justified in seeking. There is also a positive, excessive side, which in the same manner and for the same reasons he is also bound to acknowledge. In fact, admitting the logical identity of the three systems, admitting in other words that they all rest upon the same foundation, it may be said that Romanism is inconsistent, and Anglicanism more inconsistent, and Evangelicalism most inconsistent. Or to express their relations by a kind of logical formula, the formula for Romanism might be this:—Every  $x$  is  $y$ , every  $y$  is  $z$ , therefore every  $x$  together with some  $a$ 's and  $b$ 's is  $z$ ; and the formula for Anglicanism might be—Every  $x$  is  $y$ , every  $y$  is  $z$ , therefore some  $x$ 's are  $z$ ; and the formula for Evangelicalism might be—Every  $x$  is  $y$ , every  $y$  is  $z$ , but some  $x$ 's are not  $z$ . It may indeed be doubted whether after all the inconsistency of the Roman logic is not in defect rather than in excess.

At any rate there can be no doubt about the manner in which Dr. Pusey, and those who think with him, must regard the extravagances of Roman doctrine and ritual; they must necessarily regard them as mere matters of detail, not at all of principle. Indeed, the only difficulty for any impartial observer of this great movement in favour of union, can merely be to discover how the Church of Rome, admitting the fundamental principles of Anglicanism and Evangelicalism,

(1) "Eirenicon," p. 7.

elicalism to be true,—can by any possibility have erred either by excess or by defect.

For many a long year to come the “Eirenicon” of Dr. Pusey will be one of the best furnished armouries for those who wish and endeavour to bring about the destruction of the Church of Rome. It is scarcely too much to say that no book written within the present century has so completely demonstrated the hideous, not to say blasphemous extravagance, of popular Romanism, and therefore, by implication, the rottenness of the foundation upon which it rests. That part of the Roman system which is at the present time undergoing the most rapid development, is the cultus of the Virgin Mary; but even this is regarded by Dr. Pusey only as a danger, a possible evil, which a good Catholic might tolerate in another, so long as he was not himself required to submit to it. And yet it is not too much to say that the popular cultus of the Virgin Mary—which may or may not be authorised—is to the last degree blasphemous. The newly defined dogma of the Immaculate Conception is in itself not half so absurd as the ordinary doctrine of original sin; but that dogma, or any other physical or metaphysical subtlety, can have a very slight effect upon practical piety. They may well admit the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, who believe that no human spirit is born in sin; that sin in fact is personal and untransferable. But, surely, no Protestant need hesitate to denounce with the utmost severity such extravagances of Mariolatry as are quoted in Dr. Pusey’s “Eirenicon,” when even Dr. Newman himself can only speak of them in such terms as these.

“After such explanations,” he says, “and with such authorities to clear my path, I put away from me, as you would wish, without any hesitation, as matters in which my heart and reason have no part (when taken in their literal and absolute sense, as any Protestant would naturally take them, and as the writers doubtless did not use them), such sentences and phrases as these:—that the mercy of Mary is infinite; that God has resigned into her hands His omnipotence; that (unconditionally) it is safer to seek Her than her Son; that the Blessed Virgin is superior to God; that He is (simply) subject to Her command; that our Lord is now of the same disposition as His Father towards sinners, viz., a disposition to reject them, while Mary takes His place as an Advocate with Father and Son; that the saints are more ready to intercede with Jesus than with the Father; that Mary is the only refuge of those with whom God is angry; that Mary alone can obtain a Protestant’s conversion; that it would have sufficed for the salvation of men if our Lord had died, not to obey his Father, but to defer to the decree of His Mother; that she rivals our Lord in being God’s daughter, not by adoption, but by a kind of nature; that Christ fulfilled the office of Saviour by imitating her virtues; that as the Incarnate God bore the image of His Father, so He bore the image of His mother; that redemption derived from Christ included its sufficiency, but from Mary its beauty and loveliness; that as we are clothed with the merits of Christ, so we are clothed with the merits of Mary; that as He is Priest, in like manner is she Priestess; that His body and blood in the Eucharist are truly hers, and appertain to her; that as He is present and received therein, so is she present and received therein; that priests are ministers

as of Christ so of Mary; that elect souls are born of God and Mary: that the Holy Ghost brings into fruitfulness His action by her, producing in her and by her Jesus Christ in His members; that the kingdom of God in our souls, as our Lord speaks, is really the kingdom of Mary in the soul—and she and the Holy Ghost produce in the soul extraordinary things—and when the Holy Ghost finds Mary in a soul He flies there.

“Sentiments such as these I never knew of till I read your book; nor, as I think, do the vast majority of English Catholics know them. They seem to me like a bad dream. I could not have conceived them to be said. I know not to what authority to go for them, to Scripture, or to the Fathers, or to the decrees of Councils, or to the consent of schools, or to the tradition of the faithful, or to the Holy See, or to reason. They defy all the *loci theologici*. There is nothing of them in the Missal, in the Roman Catechism, in the Roman *Raccolta*, in the Imitation of Christ, in Gother, Challoner, Milner, or Wiseman, as far as I am aware. They do but scare and confuse me. I should not be holier, more spiritual, more sure of perseverance, if I twisted my moral being into the reception of them; I should be guilty of fulsome frigid flattery towards the most upright and noble of God’s creatures, if I professed them,—and of stupid flattery too; for it would be like the compliment of painting up a young and beautiful princess with the brow of a Plato and the muscle of an Achilles. And I should expect her to tell one of her people in waiting to turn me off her service without warning. Whether thus to feel be the *scandalum parvulorum* in my case, or the *scandalum Pharisæorum*, I leave others to decide; but I will say plainly, that I would rather believe (which is impossible) that there is no God at all, than that Mary is greater than God. I will have nothing to do with statements which can only be explained by being explained away. I do not, however, speak of these statements as they are found in their authors, for I know nothing of the originals and cannot believe that they have meant what you say; but I take them as they lie in your pages. Were any of them the sayings of saints in ecstasy, I should know they had a good meaning; still I should not repeat them myself; but I am looking at them, not as spoken by the tongues of angels, but according to that literal sense which they bear in the mouths of English men and English women. And, as spoken by man to man, in England in the nineteenth century, I consider them calculated to prejudice inquirers, to frighten the unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and to work the loss of souls.”<sup>1</sup>

And yet the same Dr. Newman can write:—

“Now, as you know, it has been held from the first, and defined from an early age, that Mary is the Mother of God. She is not merely the mother of our Lord’s manhood, or of our Lord’s body, but she is to be considered the Mother of the Word himself, the Word incarnate; God, in the Person of the Word, the second Person of the All-glorious Trinity, humbled himself to become her son. ‘Thou didst not shrink from the Virgin’s womb,’ as the Church sings. He took the substance of his human flesh from her, and clothed in it He lay within her, and He bore it about with Him as a sort of badge and witness that He, though God, was hers. As time went on, he ministered to her, and obeyed her. He lived with her for thirty years in one house, with an uninterrupted intercourse, and with only the saintly Joseph to share it with her; She was the witness of His growth, of His joys, of His sorrows, of His prayers; she was blessed with His smile, with the touch of His hands, with the witness of His affection, with the expression of His thoughts and His feelings for a length of time. Now, my brethren, what *ought* she to be, what is it become that she should be, who was so favoured? Such a question was once asked by a heathen king when he would place one of his subjects in a dignity become the relation in which he stood towards him. That subject had saved the king.

(1) A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, 'D.D.,' &c., by John Henry Newman, pp. 118-121.

to, and what was to be done to him in return? The king asked 'What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour?' And he received the following answer, 'The man whom the king wisheth to honour ought to be adorned in the king's apparel, and to be mounted on the king's saddle, and to receive the royal diadem on his head; and let the first among the king's princes and presidents hold his horse, and let him walk through the streets of the city,' and say, "Thus shall be honoured whom the king had a mind to honour." So stands the case with Mary; she gave birth to the Creator, and what recompense shall be made her? What shall be done to her who had this relationship to the most High? What shall be the fit accompaniment of one whom the Almighty is deigned to make not His servant, not His friend, not His intimate, but His superior; the source of His sacred being, the nurse of His helpless infancy, the teacher of His opening years? I answer as the king was answered, nothing too high for her to whom God owes His life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory but is becoming, but is to be expected there, where God has revealed Himself, whence God has issued. Let her 'be clad in the king's apparel,' that is, let the fulness of the Godhead so flow into her that she may be a figure of the incommunicable sanctity, and beauty, and glory of God himself; that she may be the mirror of justice, the mystical rose, the tower of ivory, the mine of gold, the morning star; let her 'receive the king's diadem upon her head as the queen of heaven, the mother of all living, the health of the weak, the refuge of sinners, the comforter of the afflicted; and 'let the first among the king's princes walk before her;' let angels, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and all saints kiss the hem of her garment, and rejoice under the shadow of her throne. Thus it is that King Solomon has risen to meet his other, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for the king's other, and she sits on His right hand."<sup>1</sup>

It is surely not too much to say that when these sentences are set blankly and incurably absurd, or redeemed by a pious intention, they are unconsciously more blasphemous than all the blasphemies of infidels" put together. And yet this is nearer to Anglicanism, and nearer to Evangelicalism, than Colenso's "Introduction to the Pentateuch." And, moreover, though the Evangelical leaders have the utmost suspicion of Dr. Pusey, though they have been protesting against him for years, and are protesting against him still, though they think him spiritually at one with the Roman Church in those very particulars which constitute her the Apocalyptic Babylon,—yet their instincts of self-preservation compelled them to avail themselves of his ready and powerful help in their hopeless conflict with the secular element in the Establishment. What are even his Romeward tendencies and Romish doctrines, the fact that he has given his name to that very movement in the Church which the Evangelicals bitterly resent, compared with the enormous danger of that open criticism, that exhaustive inquiry, that free utterance which is destroying the very foundations of dogmatic orthodoxy?

That one foundation which Evangelicals, Anglicans, and Romanists like require is *infallible dogma*, and some available guardian or depository of infallible dogma. This is admitted by Dr. Pusey, in his scornful

(1) Discourses to Mixed Congregations, quoted in Canon Oakeley's pamphlet, pp. —45. ;



caricature of free thinkers, in the Preface to his "Prophet Daniel." He derides their diversities and uncertainties, just as Bossuet derides the variations of Protestantism. He insists that there shall be one meaning of the word "eternal," authorised and unalterable; one authorised and infallible doctrine of atonement; one unchangeable dogma of inspiration; one authoritative definition of the nature and value of the Bible. Without this dogmatic certainty, he asks, how can there be any union? It was this "fascinating language," as Dr. McNeile assures us, which charmed the Evangelicals. "Such 'exclusive adherence to definite truth,' came like trumpet sound from the Professor's chair, stirring the hearts of the truly Evangelical members of the Church of England. They unfeignedly rejoiced, willing and more than willing to forgive the past, and forget all complicity with Tract XC.; all the ambiguity, not to say heterodoxy, which caused the University to silence for a time her own distinguished son, and to hail the Professor as a champion, not only furnished with weapons beyond any of his contemporaries, but now determined to wield them in defence of 'definite truth,' 'the sole meaning' of plain and popular language."<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Pusey sneers at the differing Free-thinkers, and Dr. Manning sneers at the differing Anglicans. Where is the infallible dogma of the English Church? And without infallible dogma what possible assurance have we that we are not believing and propagating lies and fraternising with those whom God hath cursed? This then is the great foundation—dogmatic orthodoxy; which party really has it? The answer to this question will indicate what we mean by the logical identity of Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicism—and their comparative inconsistencies. It will also indicate the immeasurable importance of that great Reformation which, at this very hour is turning the whole world of English religion upside down.

If there be any such thing as infallible doctrine at all, its origin must surely be sought for in those promises which Christ gave to his disciples, and which are believed by all the three great parties have been partly or completely fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost. When the Apostles were in the "upper room," "continuing with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren," then we are told that the Holy Ghost, according to the promise of the Saviour, revealed to them explicitly what was needed for the present time, and implicitly "the whole truth." Moreover, that first revelation was but an earnest of good things to come. To unroll that truth which is enfolded in a few facts, and implied in a few leading dogmas is almost as difficult, if not even more difficult, than to discover truth itself. How to secure a complete development without cor-

(1) "Fidelity and Unity, A Letter," &c. By Rev. H. McNeile, D.D.

; how to apply the truth that is in Jesus to all the varying circumstances and necessities of the Jewish and heathen world, and of that world of which Christ's advent was the beginning—this was a problem more difficult of solution than almost any other. The difficulty of its solution has, in fact, been demonstrated by the fact that it has never yet been solved; what a Romanist considers a legitimate and even necessary development of the original truth, the Anglican considers an extravagance, and the Evangelical a corruption. And they all alike believe both in the original promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and in the power of prayer. Indeed, it may truly be affirmed that the extremest Evangelicals, even in the narrowest of dissenting sects, hold this belief as firmly as the Romanists themselves. Nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the extravagances and sectarianism can enable any one to understand in what unexpected ways religious extremes meet. Dirty little pieces of paper, the announcements of which the following is a fair sample, may often be met with among what perhaps might be called Evangelical remnants.

Yes, our King still Reigns. Please pay him a Visit

NEXT TUESDAY, AT 7 O'CLOCK, OCTOBER 10TH, 1865,

AT HIS HOUSE

THE WELCH CHAPEL,

ELDON STREET, FINSBURY.

He will be at home and His Servants with Him; Mr. J. W. RICHARDSON and CHADWICK, Calvinistic Ministers; and Mr. G. SHAW, ALLBERRY, TAYLOR, LOADER, Revivalists, and others, who will kneel at his feet, and sing Praises, and Pray, and pay homage to Him, and thank Him for giving them liberty.

Mr. R. will preach the words he shall say unto them on behalf of his fund and cause. Long Reign Our King, whose name is Jesus! Come then and see Him. You are Welcome.

Rymer, Printer, New Road, E.

When vulgar fanaticism, or that blind credulity which is supposed to become a virtue when it receives the name of *faith*, takes such a form as this, it is simply laughed at by all educated people; and yet it differs in no essential particular from the pompous pretensions of the Roman hierarchy, or the equally pompous pretensions of the anile and powerless assembly, the Convocation of Anglican Bishops. They all alike, with more or less of inward belief, rely upon the efficacy of prayer, the promise of the Holy Ghost, and the infallible truth of whatever the Holy Ghost may teach. "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," is an ecclesiastical formula that is found even in the New Testament itself; and if that formula means anything, it is scarcely too much to say that it means everything. The Holy Ghost can be summoned on every fresh occasion by

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earnest prayer, there is no reason why the teaching of Messrs. Richardson and Chadwick, Calvinistic ministers, and Messrs. Shaw, Allberry, Taylor, Loader, Revivalists, should not be as true and valuable as the teaching of the Pope himself.

The Romanists unquestionably believe, and have for centuries acted upon the belief, that the promise of Christ was true, that it was fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost, and that it has been refilled again and again as often as occasion has arisen. They believe, for instance, that it was fulfilled at the Council of Nice; that it was fulfilled again at the Council of Ephesus; that it was fulfilled again at the Council of Trent; that it was fulfilled again in the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and that it is fulfilled passively, as it were, and negatively, throughout the Roman obedience. This is, of course, perfectly consistent; and it seems altogether impossible to fix upon any one occasion when this faith, supposing it to have been reasonable in the beginning, became unreasonable and fruitless. The Church met, for instance, to determine the conditions upon which the Gentiles should be received into the fellowship of Christ's religion. It cannot be doubted that, according to their custom, they had prayed; there was also, as we learn from the narrative itself, considerable discussion. But the Apostles and Elders unquestionably believed that the promise of Christ would be again fulfilled, and that in this, their first great difficulty, they would not only be preserved from error, but led into truth. It was, indeed, a matter of the gravest importance, amounting to almost a determination of what was the essence of the Christian religion, and the true foundation of the Christian Church. The great Gentile world was really *the* world; if that had been excluded from the Church, the exclusion would have been equivalent to a denial of "the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ." The decision at which the Apostles and Elders arrived not only constitutes a crisis in Church history, but would have been absurd, at least in their own judgment, if it had not been founded upon some divine authority. Therefore, they wrote after this manner: "The Apostles, and elders, and brethren send greeting unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia: Forasmuch as we have heard that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised and keep the law: to whom we gave no such commandment; it seemeth good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent, therefore, Judas and Silas, who shall also tell you the same things by mouth. For it seemeth good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; that ye abstain from

as offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, from fornication : from which if ye keep yourselves ye shall do Fare-ye-well."

his decree, if such it must be called, was at once decisive and provisional. It decided what was of primary importance, that the rings of God, and, above all, repentance and faith, and those gifts which were supposed to be the special tokens of the favour of the Holy Spirit, were by no means confined to the Jewish people. On the other hand it was provisional, inasmuch as it was on the face of it a concession to the weaknesses, not to say the prejudices, of converts to Judaism ; and has, in fact, long since become obsolete. Whether a Christian shall eat blood, depends now not upon his conscience, but upon his stomach and palate ; while it seems impossible to pretend that even the observance of the first day of the week has any apostolical authority approaching in distinctness or solemnity his decree, which determined the conditions of communion for all true believers.

Again, there arose controversies about the person of Christ ; in these controversies, also, the very essence of Christianity was called in question. And if the promise of the Holy Ghost to the Church is worth anything at all, the settlement of all doubts as to the relation of Christ to the Eternal God, and to the human race, was unquestionably a fitting occasion for its fulfilment. Therefore the Church, duly represented by those who were its appointed spiritual leaders and instructors, did meet together, invoking the presence and aid of the Holy Ghost. The result of this assembly, this solemn prayer and invocation of the Divine Teacher of all truth, may be found, partly at least, in the Nicene Creed. But this of course is not the declaration of the truth was in almost every case accompanied by an anathema upon error. The anathema was as truly the work of the Holy Ghost as the definition of the orthodox doctrine itself. And it only amounts to saying not only that everything the Roman Church believes is infallibly true, but also that everything the Roman Church denies is infallibly false. The Holy Ghost not only guided the Apostles and their successors into the whole truth, but also determined of whom the Church should consist ; so that it is absolutely true to urge that there has always been a protest against those doctrines which are offensive even to Anglicans, and far more offensive still to Evangelicals.

The so-called Council of Ephesus, in which it was determined that the Virgin Mary should be called the "Mother of God," and not simply Mother of Christ, may be regarded as a kind of crucial instance of the truth or falseness of the fundamental principle upon which Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicalism are alike founded. To a devout Catholic that assembly may no doubt appear a gathering

of saints; to the ordinary lay student of history it can seem nothing better than a disorderly rabble of unprincipled fanatics. The proceedings of the council were in direct opposition to the command of the emperor. Cyril and his party, with indecent haste, anticipated the arrival of those ecclesiastics who were supposed to be favourable to Nestorius; though they were known to be on their way to the council, and to be the representatives of a certain school of theology, in the absence of whom no fair and honest decision could possibly be arrived at. But still this rabble of fanatics, called the Council of Ephesus, assembled in the name of the Holy Ghost, invoked his presence, and in prayer besought his assistance;—and what shall Dr. McNeile say? If the prayer were not efficacious, why pray at all? Many of our prayers are random and unwise, but a prayer that the whole Church of Christ may be protected from fatal error is a prayer about the wisdom of which it is impossible to have a doubt. If such a prayer were not in the name of Christ, and according to the will of God, it is impossible to imagine in what circumstances a fitting prayer can be offered. Moreover, according to the hypothesis, the Holy Ghost had long ago determined, in a succession of councils and synods, who were the fitting persons to constitute a council, to be the true representatives of the true Church. But, on the other hand, if the prayer for the presence and help of the Holy Ghost were effectual, we have the clearest Divine sanction of that very foundation upon which the whole cultus of the Virgin Mary rests. If she be indeed the Mother of God, it is quite impossible to call her by any name which shall be more significant of everything by which the conscience of a Protestant is shocked. Indeed, to any one who can perceive that this name is not utterly and immeasurably absurd, no extravagances of superstition can be even so much as difficult.

The Evangelicals, indeed, imagine that they have a kind of protection in the canonical writings of the New Testament; indeed, one might almost fancy from the letter which Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon" has brought forth from the pen of Dr. McNeile, that the Evangelicals imagine that the first work of the Holy Spirit was not to found a Church, but to dictate a Bible. No fancy, of course, can be more completely absurd; for not only the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, but the institution of the Sacraments, the appointment of bishops and presbyters and deacons, the decision about the admission of the Gentiles to the Christian communion, and even the rise of some of the earliest heresies, had all taken place before a line of the New Testament was written. Not that this fact is of any grave significance, for that same Holy Ghost who appointed the writers and afterwards insured the canonical authority of the Testament Books, had by no means exhausted his resources even in so great an effort. He could still, according to the promise of Christ,

set the living Church on every fresh occasion of danger or need—y, rather, he would abide with the Church for ever—unfolding ore and more the truth that was enfolded in the earliest facts and ctrines of Christianity, providing for its due expression in the ceremonial of the Church, and securing for it a hearty response in the ectionate devotions of the faithful. In a word, where are we to p? The Holy Ghost determined what was true, and excluded at was false, at every step of the progress, from the day of Pentest to the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Moreover he assed those who were orthodox, and he excommunicated those who re heretical, through the whole of that long period. Not only, erefore, did he excommunicate Arians and Nestorians and Pclans, but he excommunicated the Greeks at the time of the great hism, and the Anglicans in the reign of the Tudors. And he— e Holy Ghost—having never departed from that Church for whose uidance he was promised by Jesus Christ, does at this moment elare that Dr. Pusey and Dr. McNeile, and all their following, are mortal sin, and in the deepest danger of damnation. Will, then, ese divines inform us at what precise period in the history of the hurch, the prayer of the faithful, or the promise of the Redeemer, r the power of the Paraclete, became useless and vain?

There is only one point at which it could be plausibly contended at the presence of the living Spirit was withdrawn, or that the ject and effect of his presence were wholly changed, and that int is the completion of the New Testament canon. But not to ention the intrinsic absurdity of such a theory, not one of the ree great religious parties so much as pretends to maintain it. The ew Testament is not the work exclusively of apostles; nor would e knowledge of Divine truth forsake the inspired when they had mitted it to writing, or become incapable of different though quivalent modes of expression. There would therefore be a large dy of oral teaching handed down by tradition, parallel to the New stament, of quite equal or rather of the very same authority, and proding an "analogy of faith," according to which the New Testament ould be certainly interpreted. Indeed, the Epistles directly refer such oral explanation, and affirm their own imperfection without

"The rest will I set in order *when I come*." "All my state all Tychicus declare unto you." The sternness of the First Epistle

the Corinthians is somewhat softened in the Second; and the not natural mistake about the coming of the Lord which the First pistle to the Thessalonians seems to have produced, the Second was ritten (partly at least) to remove. Indeed it would have been early ridiculous for an apostle to pretend to inspiration and infalliity in a letter, while he was not sufficiently inspired to correct, or odify, or improve, or enlarge what he himself had written. In other

words, the promised Paraclete was present with the Church, so far as he was present at all, before the composition of the New Testament books, and during the period of their composition, and afterwards. He led the Church into the truth as to the Canon itself, and over and over again as to the true interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures. The Bible, and the Bible alone, neither is, nor ever has been, the religion even of Protestants. The Bible itself is constructed by the Church, and interpreted according to the Creeds.

Moreover, the Evangelicals themselves profess to believe even still the efficacy of prayer, and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost; *profess* to believe it, for the belief is not *realised*. The sure proof that it is unrealised is this, that it is never with any approach to a genuine consistency acted upon. The Romanist *does really* believe in the perpetual fulfilment of Christ's promise of the Spirit, "to lead into the whole truth;" and, therefore, without a shadow of hesitation, he affirms the Divine infallibility of even the newest and last of the decisions of the Church. But when an Evangelical clergyman prays for the Spirit, *nothing whatever comes of it—except, indeed, that strange mixture of arrogance and uncertainty which has long been the laughing-stock alike of Papist and Freethinker. He cannot even pretend himself to show what effect his prayer has actually produced; and that "something" which cannot be ascertained or defined or exhibited is surely little better than nothing.* In recent controversies, for instance, there has been no end of unctuous praying. Bishop Colenso, for instance, has been prayed for, prayed at, prayed against, lubricated and bespattered by prayer, without a vestige of result, beyond an increase of hypocrisy and petty spite. He has not retracted one of his "errors;" and what is much more to the point, his Anglican and Evangelical opponents are not in a position to meet his false teaching, and refute it by the only satisfactory refutation—the truth which it contradicts. They meet together in synods and convocations and Church congresses; they pray and discuss; the Holy Ghost is with them; they pass resolutions, pronounce anathemas, devise new formularies which are sent over all England for due signature; and yet they dare not affirm that the whole or any part of these proceedings is the direct and indubitable result of the presence and teaching of the promised Paraclete. He is there with them, but nobody is perfectly sure of it; he speaks, but nobody hears distinctly what he says: and whether Anglicanism or Evangelicalism has arrived at a certain conclusion it dare not affirm that of that specific conclusion the Holy Ghost is the author. And yet this is the very thing that both parties desire to admit to be necessary—an external authority which shall answer every doubt and solve every difficulty. Why not enter at once th

only Church which now as ever, in Trent or Rome as in Jerusalem, in the nineteenth century as in the first, will still say, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us"—and *mean* it?

The identity of Romanism and even Evangelicalism is curiously enough indicated even in separate doctrines—they are at one in what is fundamental, they differ only superficially and in the consistency of their conclusions. The doctrine of original sin, as held alike by Evangelicals and Romanists, is so intimately connected with the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, that it is hard, if not impossible, to separate them. At any rate, the Romanist, when he differs from the Evangelical, has immeasurably the best, not only of the argument, but of the (hypothetical) resulting position. An imaginary curse may well be removed by an imaginary absolution or purification; but it is obviously better to get it removed. Moreover, the doctrine of original sin seems to require some such correction as the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; which in return gives a new and greater value to the Victim who was to be offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice to the righteousness of God. In fact, Romanism clearly knows what it is about, sets out from a certain point, and moves on to a clearly perceived end. Evangelicalism is forgetful, doubtful, half-believing, denying in its conclusion what it has already affirmed in its premisses, or denying in its doctrinal articles what it is continually affirming in its ritual. It has a practice of prayer, and a theory of its efficacy; but it is never able to be *sure* that in a given instance prayer *has really been efficacious*. It "believes in the Holy Ghost," but can never utter so much as a single sentence which it dare attribute to His dictation. It recognises a "holy Catholic Church," but it cannot say where it is, nor how it may be recognised. *Therefore* Evangelicalism is utterly powerless in the presence of scepticism; when even Rome is constantly receiving weary hearts to her motherly breast, and rocking them to a quiet sleep. Piety, devout feeling, the simple worship of God are, to a large extent, and at a certain stage of mental development, independent of earnest inquiry or formal dogmatic statement, and therefore may they often be found in rich and fragrant beauty among the Evangelical party. But for all strong thinkers, who have been compelled to come face to face with the profound religious problems of our own day, Evangelicalism is for ever impossible. For such there can be only one alternative—a complete and exhaustive external authority or perfect freedom, Romanism or Rationalism.

And it is the special work of the reformation of the nineteenth century to bring us to this issue. The battles of the sects are a painful and yet a ludicrous waste of intellectual and spiritual force. The fighters strike hard, but it is a matter of complete uncertainty and comparative indifference upon what head the blows will fall.



Whether a doctrine be orthodox, and even whether it be useful, is an inquiry full of interest for certain minds; but all such inquiries are as nothing in the face of the far deeper inquiry, "Is it true?" The question for our own age is not "What is 'orthodox'?" but "What *ought to be* 'orthodox'?" And in an attempt to solve this problem, it is impossible not to ask whether the very notion of "orthodoxy" is not an obsolete impertinence.

It is by no means necessary to deny, much less is it the object of this paper to deny, the promise of Christ upon which the Church is supposed to rest, or the fulfilment of that promise. Surely it is not unreasonable to affirm that in Christendom religious doctrine is far purer and far steadier than anywhere else; and this may not unfairly, to say the least, be accounted for by the Advent of Christ, and the wonderful spiritual impulse that accompanied and followed his Advent. But most certainly the extravagances of Romanism can be met only by a denial that the presence of God in the world implies necessarily the infallibility of any man or of any set of men in any age. It did not imply the infallibility of the apostles, who moreover can be shown to have been fallible. It did not preserve from all possibility of error even the little company in the upper room—the disciples who had witnessed the Ascension, "with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brethren." It did not invert the laws of nature or the course of human development. As the perfect man, so the perfect Church, is in the future, not in the past; and the Acts of the Apostles, like the first chapter of Genesis, sets before us not the first, but the ideal. But this is where we must "draw the line;"—if the Apostles as Apostles were incapable of error, and if the promise of the Comforter guaranteed an external authority and an infallible dogma for any age, then we can have no reason to deny the "Immaculate Conception," or to refuse to take our part in the cultus of the Virgin Mary.

Nor need this absence of external authority and infallible dogma in the least degree surprise us; it is precisely the customary method of His government, who has ordered that in every kind and region of life, material and spiritual, the hand of the diligent only shall make rich. God, we may be sure, has been never for a moment absent from his own creatures; and the whole universe is as a book of revelation, written within and without. But there is no infallible guidance to the laws of Nature; though not comfort only, but more and religion, so much depend upon the knowledge of them. It is within the Bible itself and the history it records, again and again

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Even in Judaism itself the Prophets were continually breaking

pieces the externals both of doctrine and ritual, when they were so hardening around human spirits as to shut out from them the fresh air of heaven, and to rob them of the freedom in which alone there is life; and so far as the New Reformation is negative, it denies only that the living Spirit will imprison himself in a single set of dogmas or society of men, or that "the whole truth" can be exhausted in a single age.

It has been of the greatest service to this modern movement of free thought that some of its most distinguished and influential leaders are to be found among the ordained clergy of the Established Church. This fact has obtained at least a hearing, and often a favourable hearing, for what otherwise would have been passed by with contemptuous neglect. Moreover, it has strengthened the public confidence that the great religious movement of the present century is a reformation, and not a revolution. Yet even this good is by no means unmixed with evil; and, above all, it has brought an ill-deserved suspicion of insincerity both upon the movement itself and upon those illustrious Churchmen who are assuredly among its best helpers. They have given abundant proof of their integrity to satisfy every mind not incapable of candour; and yet it cannot be denied that their outward connection with the Anglican Church has been to many minds wholly inexplicable. The dogmas of the Establishment—the Thirty-nine Articles, the Homilies, the Athanasian Creed, and the like—can scarcely be defended on the ground that they are the truth and nothing but the truth; much less on the ground that they are the whole truth. Nor can the leaders of the Broad Church accept them purely and simply on authority; inasmuch as the Reformation, in which they have so conspicuous a share, involves the repudiation of a merely external authority. Hence it has come to pass that some of the noblest and most transparently honest clergymen of this or any age have been exposed, with just the faintest and most deceptive shadow of justice, to the charge of trickery and mercenariness. Nevertheless, it is as dishonest to go on faster than our convictions as it is to loiter behind them; and there can be no doubt that free inquiry is the cure not only of ignorance and error, but of transitory inconsistencies. But it is more and more becoming plain that Romanism is the only perfectly consistent and trustworthy form of religion by authority; and that the only other religion possible for a careful reasoner is the religion of conscience and reason and spirit.

WILLIAM KIRKUS.

## DESCRIPTIVE POETRY IN ENGLAND FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA.

IN one of those beautiful essays by Shelley which have that quality of refinement and distinction which is so rare in modern English prose, he speaks of the "great poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." This phrase, although it appears fanciful at first sight, suggests, however, the most fertile mode in which criticism can deal with poetry. There are two principal ways of studying it. We may take each poet by himself, looking at him as alone among his creations, tracing the progress of his genius in his verse, and drawing from him whatever pleasure and stimulus he can give us in proportion to our own sensibility. We may compare him with his contemporaries, or, perhaps, with those who have touched on the same theme; but the man himself, as a cause or creator of some beauty which did not exist before, will be always the centre of our criticism. Or we may add to this another range of inquiry, and ask not only what he is, but how he came to be so; what external circumstances moulded his life, and how far he was a bringer of new things, how far a bearer of the torch which had been handed down to him from some remote forerunner. In more strict phrase the poet may be regarded, then, as cause and effect at once; as free—for in what region does genius move with more freedom?—yet as bound also; for who more frankly than the great poets have confessed the force and universality of that law which expresses itself in nature, and is binding on none more than Man, her highest manifestation?

This larger study is enforced by powerful reasons. It frees us from fancies and favouritism, and from an over-estimate of the writer or the school to which we may be personally partial. It adds largely to that pleasure which is the end of poetry, by showing where our favourite has advanced beyond his brothers, and where their thoughts have been taken up in his. We hence gain also the pleasure of contrast. We learn to look forward with hope, seeing not only how much has been done, but how much remains unsung of; that every age requires its own language, and incessantly makes old things new, by repeating them in the tones with which it sympathises. Lastly, we follow that orderly development of nature which is not less really, though less overtly, marked upon the world of man, than upon the world of the lower animals. At least, this appears to be the lesson to which modern thought directs us, although the time may still be distant before we can trace out even the first laws in the science of man. Yet, perhaps, it is not premature to say that we could we lay bare the history of men's minds—of all histories

it important—we should trace in it the same gradual, the same most inevitable progress which physical science traces in the Flora and Fauna. In every department many divergences, many sudden changes, would be seen; many strange fallings-off, and losses more lamentable than those of flood or pestilence. Yet it seems likely that great unity, from Homer to Goethe, would be the main impression given by the true history of poetry. This long development would also be found to run parallel with the general current of human thought and feeling. The annals of poetry are part of the annals of the nation. For poetry, under her own peculiar laws, is the directest reflection of the spirit of each age as it passes. The mirror she holds up is not so much to Nature at large as to human nature. The poet is indeed the child of his century, even when, in the fine figure of Schiller, he returns from his education under a Grecian sky to purify it. His work not only gives “form and pressure” to the body of the time, but is itself the impersonation of its most advanced thought, the efflorescence of its finest spirit. But no Darwin has yet risen to trace the development of verse. Little, indeed, has been hitherto done in order to systematise the materials for the history of English poetry. The writer hence asks for the reader’s lenient judgment on the following attempt to sketch one of the many interesting chapters in English literature which deserve a fuller treatment.

## I.

The Restoration of 1660 marks, with more sharpness than is common in human history, the beginning of a new era in English life. Perhaps one might call it the conscious close of the mediæval period; at least, after 1660, the country takes a new or modern aspect in regard to politics, religion, speculative or scientific thought, and social existence. The leading principles of feudal law, if the phrase be allowable, are broken down; the Church has henceforth to abandon its theoretical claim to be coterminous with the State; the Baconian philosophy obtains recognition; the first metaphysicians of the new school appear. The middle classes begin to assert that predominance which has finally made them the avowed, as they have long been the actual “governing class.” The change thus roughly sketched in its leading features is of course reflected in literature, always more or less consciously the mirror of the national mind. The main or vital current of this literature may be described by the epithet employed by Mr. Buckle, as the assertion of the “critical spirit.” The old landmarks were disappearing, but the new were often as yet unfixed; men were inquiring in a bold spirit, and with the vigour of new-found freedom, where to place them. There is indeed a reactionary school which endeavours to persuade the world that its ancient self has been restored with the monarchy. There is also the school which

reproduced the manners of the Court. To this school, illustrated as it was by men of conspicuous talent, modern criticism has been, perhaps, too much devoted; for, like the reactionary school, it set itself definitely against what I have noticed as the main current of English thought, and has hence exercised only a secondary influence on later times. Waller and Wycherley, even Congreve, Dryden, or Prior, hardly speak to us. But, except where the critical spirit expressed itself in these men, as in the philosophy of Prior's "Alma," or, as noticed by Mr. Hallam, in Dryden, even when defending his second theological system with all the zeal and more than the power of most converts, the polished elegance of the Restoration school did not grapple with the greater problems of their age. Dryden's most original efforts are in the direction of literary criticism; Pope's in the analysis of society. The writers felt their position. This was the age when it was common to speak of poetry as a trifle—a mannerism, of which one traces the last echo in Scott. Yet the poets of that time, from another point of view, represent their age. Man, and his interests in regard to civilised life, were the general subjects of each. Dryden, Pope, Swift, with the minor glories of Waller, Addison, Prior, and others, are names which suggest to us, and suggest truly, poetry which took little pains, and met with little success, in the delineation of nature. Meantime the language and the metre—those material elements of poetry, as we might call them—had been modernised and simplified. But a great change marks our poetry soon after the accession of George I. What I have called the critical spirit had done its work in remodelling the style and forming the mind of our writers; and in obedience to the temper of that eager and courageous age, now often unjustly or ignorantly depreciated, poetry tried an immense variety of new paths. Besides the politics which appear in Swift, and the moral speculations of Pope and Parnell, we find the commercial advance of the country under Sir R. Walpole represented in the didactic verse of men like Dyer, Somerville, and Thomson; the spirit of religious "revival" in Watts and Cowper; of foreign travelling in Goldsmith; whilst the pictures of life which, under Dryden and Pope, were taken mainly from the higher or richer classes, are now devoted to the "annals of the poor" by Crabbe in the "Tales" and Goldsmith in the "Deserted Village." From that and several other currents of verse two principal streams escape: the poetry of human incident and romance, and the poetry of nature. These, it has turned out, were to be the leading impulses in the poetry of the nineteenth century: they are prominent in Burns, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge, blended in differing proportions;—no one, perhaps, more evenly united than in Wordsworth. It is impossible to analyze the poetry of Nature quite apart from that of human life. Let me, then, trace them a little more in detail.

very curious that the poetry of human incident and romance hardly occur in our earlier literature. Such a poem as "Royal George," or Wolfe's "Death of Sir John Moore," poems such as "Marmion," "Lara," or "Ruth," can scarcely in all the English verse between Henry VIII. and George III. being indeed of the kind appears in the great Chaucer; but close of the Middle Ages these subjects, with their natural element, the description of Nature, were almost confined to ballads, in which, if I may use the phrase, they ran underground, hardly admitted to reckon in the literature of the country. In the ballad also that they emerge.

Natural impulse of the "critical" spirit was towards the past. It was taken up and rewritten, or rather, written for the first time in England. At first the tendency of men's minds was to a somewhat fair view of the mediæval times; but the study of our older ballads once set on foot, men of taste soon perceived the beauty of the affected ballad-literature. Hence the collection by Bishop Percy, which has exercised so great and curious an influence over our literature, hence also the numerous imitations of the antique, either in the direct way of reproduction (as the Ossian, and the "Rowley" of Chatterton), or as modern songs in the old style. We find a large number of these, varying in their degree of imitation, from "Simple Susan," Carey's "Sally in our Alley," and Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina," to the more complete balladism, such as the use of the word, of Lady A. Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray," and Burns's "There is nae Luck about the House." And it was in the hands of men of the old school, like Dr. Johnson, contended against the new impulse.

While the poetry of nature made a parallel advance. The name of Thomson, which we here think of would be that of Thomson, the name of the poet no doubt, yet one whose style is so mannered and stilted and monotonous that he has not been able to retain his fame or even his reputation in the presence of the more powerful writers of this century. A specimen from the "Seasons":—

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crowned  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
 Returning suns and double seasons pass:  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills. . .  
 Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green,  
 Their lighter glories blend.

How conventional and cold does this southern landscape show by those of our own age! how little penetrated with music or with the spirit of the South! Compare it with Tennyson's in "Locksley Hall;" or, better still, in "Enoch Arden." Yet Thomson's once famous poem fairly earned its reputation; the pages are filled, in his own graceful words, "with many a proof of recollected love;" we find nature there, though in an artificial dress; and whilst we can hardly rank it as a treasure for all time, see easily how great and useful its effect must have been in its own.<sup>1</sup> His celebrity proves the importance and the novelty of his attempt. Conventional as his landscape, with its pastoral personages, Musidora, Lavinia, and the like, now seems to us, it startled his contemporaries like a heresy. As Johnson set his face against Percy, so Pope tried to laugh down Thomson; but in each case the opponents, able as they were, fought to no purpose against the spirit of the age. Thomson found a supporter in Dyer, whose "Grongar Hill" (1727) yet retains a not undeserved place in our collections. This poem, descriptive of an English landscape, is obviously modelled (at a respectful distance, as becomes men who walk in the steps of the gods) on Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso;" and it is remarkable how little essential change it exhibits in style of description. The characteristic of the Elizabethan school of poets, culminating in Milton, is the reference of everything to human passion. So all the natural features of "Grongar Hill," like those of the "Allegro" are viewed in relation to the spectator; seen, as it were, through the glass of his moralising temper. Dyer, like Thomson, cannot trust himself frankly to describe nature for her own sake, as Wordsworth or Shelley do; he is like Claude, among the painters, in comparison with Turner. This fashion of poetry lasted long; it produced the so-called "pastoral" poetry of Hammond and Shenstone, and may be distinctly traced in Burns, whose fervent originality conceals in some degree how much he was influenced by his English predecessors.

Continuing the attempt to trace the natural development of descriptive poetry, another external cause here presents itself, which influenced what I may call the second stage of the progress. It is a far more profound and accurate study of the Greek language and literature which the great scholar Bentley had begun at the commencement of the eighteenth century, now induced poets to turn from the less perfect models presented by the Roman writers to the Greek. The effect thus produced, though not large in its numerical extension, was immense in its intensity, as will be recognised by the names of the two principal poets who were thus influenced—Goldsmith and Collins. Nor, when we consider the perfection in form and

(1) A few phrases have been here taken from an article by the writer on "English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper," which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1841.

beauty of the Greek language and literature, is the result surprising. What are the first or salient qualities of the Greek, and, above all, of the Athenian poetry? Simplicity and exquisiteness in the use of words, variety and beauty in metre, clearness of style, conciseness in phrase, moderation in colour, avoidance of commonplace, close and vital interpenetration of the scene described or the illustrations employed with the sentiment of the poet—in one word, poetical unity. More or less, these qualities appear in that small but precious volume which contains the verse of Collins and of Gray. Except in Milton, who stands in many ways alone, I think we should search our earlier poets in vain for descriptive pieces of such refinement and concentration as those writers have given. The description of nature in them is, however, yet intimately connected with human feeling; if we compare the older landscape to the background for the figures, here it might be said to form their atmosphere. Gray's "Elegy" and the "Ode to Eton" are well-known examples. Cowper's landscape in "The Task" is of the same kind: he holds a place intermediate between Thomson and Wordsworth; whilst in his beautiful verses,

The poplars are felled—farewell to the shade,  
And the whispering sound of the long colonnade,

as in Goldsmith's two famous poems, we find the painting of the scene for its own sake—the peculiarity of the modern manner—more advanced; the poems impress us rather as *pictures* than as moralisations.

Even, however, in these works we are still very far from the "modern manner" itself. Gray and Collins, Goldsmith and Cowper, form four great steps or stages towards it; yet they all decidedly belong to a past style; they are like the fourteenth-century painters of Italy compared with Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Another element was wanting, which the narrow limits of an essay only allow me to indicate. What we now call the "romantic," or "Teutonic" element is not prominent in the writers hitherto noticed. There is comparatively little in them of the spirit of musing and reflection upon personal feeling,—of that which, to use an unpleasantly technical but inevitable word, has been often spoken of as the "subjective" character—that character which, to make the meaning clearer by an illustration, is so marked upon Burns, Byron, and Shelley. Gray and Thomson do not draw out the moral of the landscape; they rather find in it an illustration of the ordinary life of man; they are more impressed by the adaptation of nature to be the theatre for human life, or to reflect human sentiments, than by her own force, majesty, and glory. This "romantic" spirit—not to go back to the time before the language was formed—had been conspicuous in the Elizabethan age; we find it distinct



in Shakspeare, Spenser, and many lesser poets of that period, though under curious limitations, into which I cannot now enter, as well as in the old ballads of the North of England and Scotland. I have already alluded to the remarkable revival of interest in these poems which played so large a part in forming the modern "romantic" school of incident and passion. That revival was in fact only a portion of the general study of the mediæval and Elizabethan literature, which is one of the chief intellectual features in the eighteenth century. The "critical" school of Dryden, Pope, Swift, and the rest had done its work; by 1750 or 1760 men already felt that the style was practically exhausted, and by a natural reaction they turned to the older and, indeed, the richer and more essentially poetical age—the "spacious times of great Elizabeth."

Hence arose another form of descriptive poetry, which partly imitated the older style, in part assumed that peculiar *meditative* character which I have just noticed. As in Pope's time country life was synonymous with eternal *ennui*, barbarism, and yawning, so now the fashion took an opposite turn. A love of the wild and the romantic, a deference to fancy, an enthusiasm for solitude and country scenes, distinguish the school which succeeded Pope. With him we are in the London of Bolingbroke and Harley, or before "great Anna" at her solemn *Thé* in the halls of Hampton; or, if away from the palace and the park, the nearest approach we make to the country is Stowe or Blenheim. It is always sunlight or waxlight, nor are we ever quite unconscious of ruffles, hoops, and powder. With the new school the scene shifts: the pure agricultural country itself, farms and shepherds, are not sufficiently rustic:—"Hide me from day's garish eye," is the poet's exclamation; we find ourselves with Wharton in the abysses of Whichwood, or with Logan by a monumental urn set in dim shades at twilight; or Beattie carries us to the remote cottages of the Scottish valleys:—

Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow;  
The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie;  
Sleep in the murmur of the woods below,  
Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.

LANGHORNE, *Visions of Fancy*, 1762.

Logan has a fine ode on an autumnal scene, which, with Beattie's poems, presents this aspect of Nature in its fulness. Like the painter's landscape of the time, the tone of these works is subdued and somewhat without a certain sentimentalism.

One of the earliest writers in this style is Dr. Warton, the father of two men, both conspicuous for the part they took in reviving Elizabethan literature. I cannot give the exact date, but the most delicately-touched lines must have been written before 1745:—

On beds of daisies idly laid,  
 The willow waving o'er my head,  
 Now morning on the bending stem  
 Hangs the round and glittering gem.  
 Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,  
 Of Nature's various charms I sing :  
 Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu ;  
 For what has Joy to do with you ?  
 Joy, rose-lipp'd Dryad, loves to dwell  
 In sunny field or mossy cell ;  
 Delights on echoing hills to hear  
 The reaper's song, or lowing steer ;  
 Or view with tenfold plenty spread  
 The crowded corn-field's blooming mead ;  
 While beauty, health, and innocence  
 Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

as Warton, the son, follows the same manner, but is more  
 y modelled on the early writers. Chatterton's imitations of  
 English lays, and the singular Ossianic poems published by  
 rson, I have already noticed ; in both the love, not of nature  
 it wild nature, the passion for imaginative solitude, are con-  
 t. In the "Ossian" these sentiments are expressed with  
 wer ; we may at least say that Macpherson either caught or  
 a tone of landscape in singular accordance with the real  
 'the Scotch Highlands.

s is the highest expression of that poetry which founded  
 the ballads, but added to it an intensity of personal passion,  
 ice, and occasionally even a sentimentalism, unknown to  
 ier minstrels. His landscape is given as a contrast or foil  
 an feeling ; it is shown in touches only, and covers but a  
 field of nature ; but within that its force, simplicity, and  
 ess have made it immortal. Leaving Burns, however, to the  
 memory, and retracing our steps a little, I quote one very  
 se from Beattie :—

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !  
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;  
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of even ;  
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields ;  
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;  
 —Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

are this with Pope's famous and exquisitely-finished letter of  
 ice to a young lady in the country, where her only pleasure  
 sed to be that of fancying herself back in London and seeing  
 s and coronations,—or with his "Eloisa," where the same

aspects of nature which to Beattie's minstrel appear almost like a part of religion, appear only as elements of horror,—and we may measure the vast change in English sentiment which had occurred during the half century that ended in 1771.

We have now reached the time when a part of that great movement in the European world, which found its most conspicuous and memorable expression in the French Revolution of 1792, began to make itself felt in England. The full meaning of that momentous change he would be a bold historian who could hope to express; arousing, as it does, in addition to its own vast series of obscure and widely-reaching problems, personal predilections and passions so many and so deeply felt. That eruption is not yet ready for the investigations of science; the lava is still hot. Happily the Revolution and that working of the human mind which preceded it belong to my subject only so far as they affect poetry. For poetry could not have been true to herself had she not been affected by these changes. The mirror she holds up, as I have said, is rather to human nature than to nature; and many and vivid were the reflections now cast upon it. It is difficult to separate that portion of the new impulse which moulded our modern descriptive poetry from those which moulded our modern poetry in general. The landscape portion of the picture, as usual, was harmonised to suit the more distinctively human portion. But I must try and note a few of the new colours which dye with so singular and so vivid a tone the great writers of the first half of this century—Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth.

## II.

The change in English poetry indicated by the bare enumeration of these names, from which I have omitted as many which are less typical, is immense. There was a merit to which we do not always do justice in the writings of the eighteenth century, as I have tried to show, and some fine qualities belong to the literature of that age which have not been transmitted to ours; yet on the whole the difference is hardly greater than the gain. From Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, and Cowper, to Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth is like passing from the trim garden to the profusion of nature herself; and though, when we examine it closely, it will be found that this transit implies certain distinct losses, which a future race of poets may succeed in making good, yet there is undoubtedly a vast extension of the field of poetry, and of the pleasure which has been gathered in it for our benefit. So great a change implies a corresponding variety and intensity in its causes. Some of these I have already noted. Those which sprang from the political disturbances of the time are curiously various and disparate. I roughly

string them together without attempt at detailed analysis. One general effect of the French Revolution and the wars which followed it was the awakening of a more varied energy, a keener sense of life amongst us; an activity in which those shared equally who, like Fox, admired the new ideas of the time, or those who, like Burke, opposed them. Wordsworth in his youth, and Scott, are parallel examples in poetry. Another general effect also was, that the events which, materially speaking, closed the Continent to us, reopened it intellectually. Nothing is more singular than the insularity of our forefathers during the portion of the eighteenth century hitherto noticed. It is just covered by the life of Dr. Johnson, a man whose prejudices appear to have left him entirely free on one side only—his noble appreciation of learning. But throughout his biography, where the conversation of so many intellectual and so many travelled men is recorded, contemporary European literature is hardly touched on. This, however, was the age in Italy of Vico and Beccaria; in France, of Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Alembert, Laplace, Rousseau, and Voltaire; in Germany, of Lessing, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe. These are, in truth, but a scanty excerpt from a crowd of distinguished writers; yet how few, even of the few which occur in Boswell's delightful narration, occur, except to encounter some totally inadequate criticism. Not one of the four great Germans, if I may trust my memory after recently reading through the "Life," is even noticed. And yet these German writers, with numerous contemporaries of ability, might have been of conspicuous service to us. This singular ignorance or insularity ended with the eighteenth century. Thenceforward German influences, so closely allied with the modern or "romantic" spirit, materially affect our poets. Scott, Coleridge, and Shelley are examples.

As a political fact, the revolution and its consequences influenced the poets directly in two immediate ways. Those who, like Scott, preferred the old order of ideas were thrown by a reaction into the past, and sought there for subjects. Those who shared in the new enthusiasm sought subjects from nature and the life of the poor, and placed themselves in conscious opposition to writers like Pope. The rise of Political Economy between 1770 and 1800 gave a more systematic form to this impulse; for so representative is poetry, that a science apparently so remote can be distinctly traced in Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Some of the poets, it is well known, did not remain faithful to their first affections. Yet in all of them there was more of the new impulse than they perhaps knew of. That mood of the mind which appears earliest in the poetical portions of the Old Testament, afterwards in the mystical writers of the middle ages, and the "Minnesingers" of Germany, but which found its first modern expression most forcibly in

Rousseau, underlies the greater part of the English poetry of this century. It is a mood which looks to nature as something greater than man: to man as great rather by virtue of his primary gifts than of his later cultivation; to the wild landscape as the most genuine or unalloyed exhibition of the spirit of nature. It allies itself with the feeling that everything of spontaneous impulse or vital power is in some way a manifestation of the Deity. It is apt to contrast the pettiness of the present with the imagined greatness of the past; to seek in nature for contrasts or lessons or consolations in regard to what is unsatisfying in human life; it is meditative and retrospective; it takes pleasure in sadness, while it turns sadness into pleasure. I do not give these phrases as more than indications of the modern spirit as distinguished from the older; nor must it be forgotten that this spirit is only the predominance of feelings and thoughts which have always existed, not something in itself absolutely new.

One great point of difference between the review of descriptive poetry in the last and in the present century is, that, in the case of the eighteenth, we are able to trace a continuous progression upwards; in the nineteenth, we have rather a series of splendid developments from one centre of thought. This may be partly due to our inability to perceive the latent progress; we are, perhaps, too near these stars to calculate their order and their distance. It may also partly arise from the fact which we see exemplified in the history of mediæval art; where, after many efforts in different directions, at length a brilliant period occurs, and then—the decline sets in at once. A fanciful parallel might be drawn thus between the great masters from Raphael and Leonardo to Tintoret and Paul Veronese, and our recent poets. Let us hope, however, for better things; although such a decline would be in strict accordance with historical precedent. But be the cause what it may, it is difficult to trace a development or systematic advance; and it would be rash to do more than to try to indicate the respective aims and powers of Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth. I think, however, that the order in which I shall now briefly review them will be found consistent, not with the rank of their individual genius, at least with the natural sequence of that art or inspiration which was successively impersonated in them.

Scott, the poet of the series who was earliest formed, if not the earliest in publication, is also the one who has left comparatively much the least of natural description. His landscape appears mainly that of the old ballads, on which, and on the modern German effort in the same vein, he founded his style; as one may say of his poems in their general character, that they are ballads enlarged and glorified whilst the novels, again, are an expansion of the poems. It is

ore, at first sight, a landscape, rather touched-in by way  
 port to his figures than painted for its own sake. Every  
 ill remember such examples as the Melrose of the "Lay,"  
 Loch Katrine in the "Lady;" each not more beautiful in  
 than imaginatively appropriate to its place. So vivid, in fact,  
 ese descriptions, that to most readers, I apprehend, they will  
 the memory *before* the incidents of the story; they appear  
 real than the characters. It is here that we feel how Scott's  
 ape essentially differs from the ballad landscape; how much  
 is in it of the modern spirit.

The sun upon the lake is low,  
 The wild birds hush their song,  
 The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
 Yet Leonard tarries long.  
 Now all whom varied toil and care  
 From home and love divide,  
 In the calm sunset may repair  
 Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,  
 Who waits her gallant knight,  
 Looks to the western beam to spy  
 The flash of armour bright.  
 The village maid, with hand on brow,  
 The level ray to shade,  
 Upon the footpath watches now  
 For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row;  
 By day they swam apart;  
 And to the thicket wanders slow  
 The hind beside the hart.  
 The woodlark at his partner's side,  
 Twitters his closing song;—  
 All meet whom day and care divide, . . .  
 But Leonard tarries long!

re, as the ballad form is followed, we have the intention to make  
 man interest highest; and it is also a poem written in Scott's  
 ; yet in what old song is there anything like the same care  
 ively detail in the description? Let us pass on to his maturer  
 ; he is describing the voyage of Bruce from Skye to Carrick,  
 hen the view of Carrick itself, where Bruce had spent his  
 ood:—

Now launch'd once more, the inland sea  
 They furrow with fair augury,  
 Now steer for Arran's isle.  
 The sun, ere yet he sunk behind  
 Ben-Ghoil, the *Mountain of the Wind*,  
 Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,  
 And bade Loch Ranza smile.

Thither their destined course they drew ;  
 It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,  
 So brilliant was the landward view,  
     The ocean so serene.  
 Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd  
 O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold  
     With azure strove, and green.  
 The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,  
 Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour ;  
 The beach was silver sheen :  
 The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,  
 And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,  
     With breathless pause between. . . .  
 —Oh who, with speech of war and woes,  
 Would wish to break the soft repose  
     Of such enchanting scene ?

They gain'd the Chase,—a wide domain  
 Left for the Castle's sylvan reign  
 (Seek not the scene ; the axe, the plough,  
 The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it now) ;  
 But then, soft swept in velvet green  
 The plain, with many a glade between,  
 Whose tangled alleys far invade  
 The depth of the brown forest shade.  
 There the tall fern obscured the lawn,  
 Fair shelter for the sportive fawn ;  
 There, tufted close with copsewood green,  
 Was many a swelling hillock seen ;  
 And all around was verdure meet  
 For pressure of the fairies' feet.  
 The glossy holly loved the park,  
 The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,  
 And many an old oak, worn and bare,  
 With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.  
 Lovely between, the moonbeams fell  
 On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.  
 The gallant monarch sigh'd to see  
 These glades, so loved in childhood free,  
 Bethinking that, as outlaw now,  
 He ranged beneath the forest bough.

Note how the poet here seems to throw himself gladly from the ~~scenery~~ <sup>scenery</sup> into the landscape : not indeed losing sight of the necessary link ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> feeling between the two, yet pleased rather to paint the natural scene ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> which, no doubt, had painted themselves thus vividly upon his ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> actual eyes. Observe also the great simplicity of the treatment. There ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> no attempt on Scott's part to draw out the finer or intenser meanings ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the landscape ; it is not even consciously contrasted with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> human passions and incidents to which it is the background ; ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> also very slightly sketched,—“careless glance and reckless rhyme,” ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> Mr. Ruskin's phrase ; the colour being always rather dwelt ~~upon~~ <sup>upon</sup>

in the form of the scene. Why, it may be asked, should this be ranked with more powerful and more finished writings? Scott's landscape seems to me to deserve this place because of its entire straightforwardness and freedom from affectation. If it wants the deeper tones of our later verse, it is almost single in the exquisite simplicity with which it handles nature, taking her and her beauty as they are; setting them, as it were, in contrast, but a contrast of juxtaposition, not of expressed moral, to life and human thought. The hills and the sea looked five hundred years since, when Bruce was led by: so they look now: Scott leaves it to us to draw the lesson, and here and there throwing in a slight sad undertone of reflection. Scott is the most unselfconscious of our great modern poets. And yet, whilst believing himself the poet of the middle ages, and more than any of his contemporaries careless of older civilisations, he is, in his sense, the most Greek of them all: the most Homeric.

In all these respects, Scott is the direct antithesis to the man who was the most influenced by him. Byron is commonly regarded as the most egotistic of our recent poets. Everything in him, as Coleridge said, is the repetition of his own personal feelings: his character appears in each character that he successively draws: in all his landscapes, "the foreground is filled by one dark and unwholesome figure." The Greece of the "Giaour," the island of Juan, the Waterloo, Switzerland, and Italy of the "Pilgrim,"—and the Lake of Geneva in the "Prisoner of Chillon,"—all are so many scenes in Europe, selected with admirable skill, painted with vigour, rough indeed, but of a vigour which is alone in our literature during the last two centuries, and rendered more effective through Byron's singular mastery over historical associations,—but all viewed exclusively through the colours of the poet's mind.

It is easy for criticism, as indeed latterly has been her main task with this great genius, to touch the faults in his writing:—it is always careless, always self-conscious; it is often wanting in taste, and it passes into absolute false notes, both of song and of sentiment. One might add further defects. Yet, with all this, and after all this, even in his early lines it is impossible not to recognise the hand of a mighty master. Europe has changed greatly during the twenty years since "Childe Harold" was written; and we in England have been since fortunate in sweeter, purer, and (on the whole) deeper tones of poetry than Byron's; yet his work has lost little of its freshness and stimulating force. Maimed, morbid, spasmodic, and careless, it is still, since Milton, the most powerful production in our poetic literature.

The reason of this seems to be, that Byron's natural gifts qualified him to be the most representative man of his time in poetry. And, such as these gifts were wasted, much as they were even misused,



enough, I think, remains to entitle him to that distinction. Let us give one glance at those ruins of a mighty mind,—ruins more melancholy and more impressive than any which he has painted for us: half a century's interval should enable us at least to try to judge him impartially. Reverting to what has been said of the modern spirit, Byron exhibits each of its phases: he has a wide and keen interest in past ages as the subject for poetry; yet he is deeply moved by the events of his own day, and the spirit of change which they called forth; he sympathises with the great men of his time, and even gives his life as a sacrifice in the struggle for national freedom: yet, more than any one, he feels the littleness and hypocrisy of modern life, and the contrast between it and the sublime forces of nature. He is alive at once to the refinement and brilliancy of civilisation, and to the ruggedness and desolation of the Alps. England is always in his thoughts; yet he knows that England is but one province of Europe; he is by natural impulse the most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan of our poets. But the misfortunes of his own career darken his view; he sins and suffers and struggles with the evil without and within him; he despairs and repents—love and hatred contend for the mastery: everything that he sees, to that sensitive nature, appears like a stage, darkened or lightened to adapt itself to the strange drama, half tragical and half comic, which is called the Life of Man. Let such a mind, if I have drawn it truly, survey modern Europe, and we shall have "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."<sup>1</sup>

As Scott led us, by personal links, to Byron, so Byron leads us to Shelley. And again we are rather struck by the contrast, than by the similarity of genius. The life of Scott might be called a dream of the middle ages. Byron's mind was centered on itself. Shelley lived like some impersonal spirit within a visionary world of beauty. The words which appear exaggerated when applied to most other poets are almost literally true when applied to him. Ecstasy, rapture, communion with the soul of nature, even inspiration and prophecy, are the natural phrases in which to describe (if they could be described) the gifts of this singular genius. So powerful was his imagination, that what in other men's views are metaphors, as Macaulay observed, in Shelley are living impersonations. An allegory in his hands has the vividness of a narration of facts in others. Add to this that, dissatisfied with the belief and practice of the world about him, he embraced with absolute conviction that old

<sup>1</sup> (1) It is curious that, as "Childe Harold" was the most popular poem of its day in England, so the most popular novel abroad was "Corinne;" a story almost equally intense in its delineation of the impassioned landscape. I wish that space allowed to justify the very high place which this comparison assigns to Mme. de Staël's neglected romance.

philosophy which regards the material universe as the veil or manifestation of the Supreme Mind, and it will naturally follow that Shelley's descriptive poetry is something alone, or almost alone, in our literature. Its originality is so vivid that I know of none, in any literature, more remarkable for its powers of repulsion or of attractiveness. It might be used, as some one said of "Lycidas," as a test whether the reader is "known of poetry," or not. The words and the metrical forms in which it is expressed, even the fall of the accent and turn of the rhyme, have an exquisiteness, and at the same time a peculiarity about them, such that if one heard a line of his repeated in Central Africa (to take a phrase of Coleridge's), one would cry out "Shelley!" Shelley also, like Byron and Wordsworth, has described a wanderer with whose thoughts he is identified: he is himself his own "Alastor," moving in vision over the deserts of Asia:—

With rapid steps he went

Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now  
The forest's solemn canopies were changed  
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.  
Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemm'd  
The struggling brook: tall spires of windlestræ  
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,  
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines,  
Branchless and blasted, clench'd with grasping roots  
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,  
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,  
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin  
And white; and where irradiate dewy eyes  
Had shone, gleam stony orbs:—so from his steps  
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade  
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds  
And musical motions. . . . .  
. . . . . Lo! where the pass expands  
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
To overhang the world: for wide expand,  
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon,  
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,  
Dim tracks and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
Of leaden-colour'd even, and fiery hills  
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
Of the remote horizon.

But I might fill pages with passages of similar strangeness and splendour: the vision of the world beneath the sea, and of the first race of men, from "Prometheus;" the Ode to Mont Blanc; the ravine in the "Cenci;" the Venice and Lombardy of the "Euganean Hills;" or I might quote picture after picture, and phrase on phrase, of subtle beauty and refined observation. Read this on the Clouds:—

Methought among the lawns toget

We wander'd, underneath the young grey dawn :  
 And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds  
 Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountain,  
 Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

Or flowers seen in a dream :—

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
 Green cowbind, and the moonlight-colour'd May,  
 And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day ;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,  
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

“And wild roses, and ivy serpentine”—what an exquisite cadence is gained here (as was, I think, first noticed by Mr. Alli in his “Nightingale Valley”), by the most perfect simplicity of argument in the words! Any one else would have written “And wild :” but who does not feel how the little change would robbed the line of its magical beauty,—of what one might call its actual perfume? But Shelley’s poems are like an enclosed garden filled with those mysterious flowers; they seem to all the senses at once, and intoxicate the soul with beauty. In record of pure absolute observed fact, Shelley’s language exceeds any except the landscape of Keats and Wordsworth. It seems to want is the close grasp with which they describe. The poet is almost too much identified with his object to express himself. It is rather like the *Anima Mundi* revealing itself in solitude. To be a man like one of us, singing of Nature with a human soul. It is difficult to write at once shortly and soberly about Shelley enough if I can lead any one to turn for the first time, or for the second time, to sources of such high and enduring pleasure :—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit : quique amavit, cras amet.

Highly, however, as we must esteem Shelley, a sane judgment yet perceive that his height has its own limitations,—indeed he dwells in these over-earthly regions too often and too much for our usual frame of mind and human faculties. What he brings are hints from some world beyond the world: not that “the nature’s daily food” which is equally, perhaps more than ever, the gift of the best poetry. Nor are frequent proofs wanting, this perilous predominance of imagination in Shelley’s poetry. It brings him sometimes into the mystical and unintelligible, sometimes into extravagance. Greek as he is, he wants the special “note” of the Greeks—sobriety in the centre of passion. Perhaps a man who has made himself master of his own gifts, when they are such as Shelley’s, who is swallowed up at thirty by that sea which he so fondly and sung of so magnificently. The poetry of a young

friend, with many of the highest qualities which we find in his, supplies also some of these deficiencies. And, again, as Scott led us to Byron, as Byron to Shelley, so Shelley is linked with Keats. In regard to his general power, I may quote the opinion of an excellent judge, that, so far as what Keats did between the ages of eighteen and three or four and twenty enables one to form an estimate, he was the most gifted poet who had appeared in England since Milton. This judgment, of course, measures his unfulfilled performance by his promise. What was that promise? Keats shares with Shelley an intense appreciation of the landscape in its finer details; he has a richer faculty of words, and a more solemn, though perhaps not so spiritual, a music in his verse. He also, unlike Scott or Byron, sympathises with the ancient Greek world rather than the mediæval, although towards that he has an impulse from his admiration of Spenser and the Elizabethan poets. Yet there is an essential difference between Keats and Shelley or Byron. He neither views the landscape through the medium of personal feeling, nor does he think of nature as herself full of spiritual life. Hence the delineations of Keats are more powerfully true to actual fact than those of either predecessor: he grasps his object more vividly, and colours it more richly. Few descriptions of nature appear more painted from the love of the scene than those of Keats: his imagination brings it before him with a wonderful wealth of detail, which, however, does not interfere with an impressive unity of representation. I speak here of course of the few poems that so early a death allowed him to bring near perfection. There is a purple profusion about his work: an affluence which may give us some faint idea what we might have received from him had his life been spared;—he seems to justify the impassioned lines in which Shelley, himself to be cut off so soon, lamented the young Adonais. What a wonderful career is this, told as it is in Lord Houghton's beautiful biography!—the stable-keeper's son—the surgeon's apprentice—the boy who, as Shelley said, knew the Greeks so well “because he was a Greek,”—then the rapid outburst of power in poetry—the passionate love returned at the moment when it was to be withered by disease—the death at Rome amidst all that would have naturally so interested him,—and at just four-and-twenty! There is little in the great chapter of human losses which goes beyond it in pathos. Read the “Nightingale,” the “Autumn,” the “Hyperion,” the “St. Agnes' Eve,” the “Lamia,” and it will be felt what new colours, what landscapes of undescribed and irrecoverable beauty, what pleasure of the rarest kind, were extinguished on that one death-bed.

We have now reached the illustrious poet whose name is the first we think of when English descriptive poetry is mentioned. The preceding analysis will have partly fulfilled its object if it has

served in some degree to explain why—confining ourselves, as we have done throughout, to writers no longer living—Wordsworth may be placed at the head of our modern descriptive poets,—as the consummation of the school. I have not attempted to weigh the genius of these writers against each other, or to pronounce which is absolutely the best or greatest—an invidious attempt, even if it were practicable one. But it may be possible to sum up the different points in which each of the great poets who has passed successively before us has an individual mode of superiority. These stars, if I may again borrow a figure from astronomy, shine each with a colour and a light of their own. The landscape of Scott forms the background to the human interest of his tales, and is drawn with singularly bold, unaffected, and unselfconscious touch. That of Byron is everywhere coloured by the tints of his own mind and character. Shelley's is penetrated with a strange sense of the life of nature: it is not so much the world we see, as the world created again in the light of his aerial imagination. Keats describes nature more frankly and more richly than the rest—nature alone and as she is: he “loves earth only for her earthly sake.” Each of these poets also stands in close relation to the thoughts and passions of the age to which they all belong, and represents the different aspects of modern England or Europe at the beginning of this century. Once more, looking at the degree in which the poets severally fulfilled their mission, we might say that Scott's place was to initiate the modern school—he is the leader or pioneer; that Byron's was the greatest or the most vivid natural force; that Shelley has the most intense originality; that Keats was the most promising, if not the widest and richest, in regard to gifts in poetry pure. What then is the place of William Wordsworth?

My whole criticism rests on the conviction that a poet's verse is simply the result or realisation of the influences of his age as they affect his own natural heart and soul; that poetry, in a word, is the reflection of the poet. The most complete proof of this would therefore be given by going through the circumstances of Wordsworth's life. This, however, cannot be done here.<sup>1</sup> The points shall now allude to are, briefly, that he was born and bred as a boy in one of the wildest and most beautiful regions of England; that he was educated at Cambridge; that he lived much in France between 1790 and 1792, and shared in the powerful impulses of that time towards the improvement of the social and moral condition of man; that the storms in which the French Revolution closed and the long career of warfare which it originated, gave his

(1) Readers who may agree with the general theory above expressed, or may think it worth attention, will find a biographical sketch of Wordsworth prefixed to Messrs Moxon's Selections from his Poems, in which the writer has tried to view Wordsworth's life in strict relation to his writings.

mind a more English, a more moderate or conservative tendency; that he then fixed himself in England; became the friend of the most cultivated and original men of the time; took the warmest interest in the welfare of his country, and especially of the poorer classes; devoted himself to expressing his thoughts in poetry as the one object of his life; and, long surviving his great contemporaries, carried out his purpose, till death—coming otherwise than he came to Byron, Keats, and Shelley, or even to Scott—calmly removed him in his eighty-first year (1850). It is obvious that this length of days in itself gave Wordsworth a vast advantage over the poets just named. He shared in all the impulses which formed them; he saw the revolutions which they hardly survived, and saw them over. Their own lives were more or less distracted; his was a quiet unresting completion. Others had at least equal promise, but he fulfilled his career as a poet. Lord Houghton has applied a beautiful phrase to Keats: that “the gods favoured him with great genius and early death.” But they favoured Wordsworth, I think, more highly; giving him, with the “sane mind in the sane body,” ample space and verge to accomplish all his purposes.

Hence in Wordsworth more of the modern elements and tendencies appear to be united than in his contemporaries; and united also with greater balance and moderation than in any one of them. Less so in appearance, he is thus more essentially Greek than they. Certain high qualities indeed he wants, especially rapidity in movement; his narrative rarely has vividness and fire; in his love of expressing subtle and original thoughts, he sometimes moralises too long; he does not always remember that the first end of poetry is pleasure. Yet, on the whole, I think the voices of the best judges would reckon Wordsworth as the most representative man among his contemporary poets—as the man who had done fullest justice to his powers, and had left us the most valuable and the most delightful legacy in song which has fallen to England during the last two centuries. That which is here given to Wordsworth, if he deserves it, is the best praise, as it is the rarest:—To have the highest powers, and to bring them all into harmony; to combine them in just unity. It was natural, however, that such a judgment should not be formed at once; indeed, that, however firmly based on fact, it should not be popular, or easily accepted. To overweight a scale is much easier than to balance it. It is so with the operations of the mind. A poet who has some one great faculty in a predominant degree is necessarily the most striking at the first, and to the many. The romantic fire of Scott, the personal passion of Byron, the imaginative ecstasy of Shelley are examples. Something in their splendid excesses fits in with the reader's mind. But the poet who gives each element its place and no more, will never strike so much as the

unbalanced genius, never perhaps be so popular. He will, however, exercise the deepest influence over the leading minds of his own time, and that influence is the one which finally passes into the sentiment of people in general—it is the influence that lasts. All through the lifetime of Wordsworth runs an undercurrent of belief in his superiority amongst his great brethren in verse; Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, even Byron, they all seem to recognise him as the eldest brother; they know that is the head of the family. These are the votes which have real value; they are the determining or *prerogative* suffrages.

But I must now turn to Wordsworth as a descriptive poet. Ever from my little sketch of his life it might be inferred that his first and greatest interest would be man; not nature, in the limited sense of the word. The slightest inspection of his poems amply confirms this inference. No modern poet equals Wordsworth in the number of the questions of the day which he handles. No modern writer has put nearly so many of the aspects of English history into his verse. None has come near him in the expression which he has given to our common thoughts and common feelings. But, under the general law or impulse of the modern mind, external nature inevitably formed a great part of the subject-matter of poetry to him. We have seen how this was dealt with by his contemporaries. What, lastly, is Wordsworth's precise attitude in regard to nature?

Here again we find the answer in what he has written of his own early life. With an intensity of imaginative sympathy, which we can perhaps but dimly comprehend, Wordsworth as a boy, he tells us, felt the reality of the soul so strongly, and realised it so personally, that external existence appeared a kind of dream to him. As intense and delicate, if less remote and mysterious than Shelley's perception of the soul of nature, Wordsworth's idea was also held in subordination to reason. When this visionary gleam passed from his eyes, the same faculty, transforming itself, presented the world to him as interfused with living power.

He felt the sentiment of Being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still:  
The Presences of Nature in the sky  
And on the earth; the Visions of the hills,  
And Souls of lonely places.

Or, again, in "Hartleap Well:"—

The Being that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

As his mind matured, this sense of a true life in nature influenced Wordsworth in two main directions. On the one hand, it led him to go, as it were, out of himself and the range of immediate human

interests, and to view the landscape as something which, as itself informed everywhere with soul, by itself alone deserved the most faithful and loving painting. In this sense he perhaps stands alone as a describer of nature for her own sake. On the other, the same sense urged him to identify nature with the human heart; to study man—man especially leading a simple and unsophisticated life—as the highest effort, work, or manifestation of nature. In this province of his art Wordsworth perhaps confined himself too much; and the circumstances of his life tended to confirm him in his limitation. He became at times too didactic when he expressed the profound lessons which he read in the world about him; he lived too much out of the main currents of thought. Compared with Byron, Wordsworth appears insular in his range. Returning to him as the poet of nature for her own sake; as the “Ode on Intimations of Immortality” renders the feelings of childhood, so the “Lines written above Tintern” mark another stage in his poetical development. He here describes the landscape as it appeared when he revisited it after the interval which separated youth from manhood. It is to this central period of Wordsworth’s life that those poems belong which, to those who think gently but seriously of life, have rendered him one of England’s greatest benefactors. There is hardly any poet who gives a pleasure not only so high in its intensity, but so uniformly innocent and wholesome in its tone. Recall for an instant the long landscape gallery which has now passed for a moment before us even in this imperfect sketch—the trim parterres of Thomson; the elegant and finished cultivation of Gray; the wild picturesqueness of Scott; the purple thunder-clouds of Byron; the gorgeous profusion of Keats; the enchanted Midsummer night’s paradise of Shelley,—yet, after all these, what Wordsworth offers more than any other, might be rightly called the Garden of the Soul. We visit others; but we dwell with him: he has so much of sweet sobriety, united with so much imaginative freshness. So far as I know, no one man has left any series which could take the place of the pictures that he—like his contemporary poet in painting, the great Turner—has bequeathed to us; none so refined in penetration, so gracious in their sentiment, so deep, yet so simple, in their moral; none more felicitous in phrase, or more caressing in remembrance. I quote two contrasted sonnets.

## TO A TRAVELLER IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!  
 The lovely cottage in the gardian nook  
 Hath stirr’d thee deeply; with its own clear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, *almost its own sky!*  
 But covet not the abode—Oh, do not sigh  
 As many do, repining while they look;  
 Intruders, who would tear from Nature’s book  
 This precious leaf with harsh impiety:



Think what the home would be, if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, do  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine:  
 Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touch'd, would melt away.

What refinement, yet what simplicity, in the words of Wordsworth, like Shelley, has often subtly identified him with some work of nature, as in the well-known *Daffodils*. Wordsworth exhibits the same imaginative transformation in regard to a landscape, as it were, between nature and man—treating the landscape as if an essential or vital portion of the landscape, yet infusing it a trace of human soul, which it shares with its inhabitants. Every other specimen is throughout conceived in a similar strain of subtlety and simplicity. Wordsworth has gained much, as we have seen, from the observation of nature, and has made it the frequent subject of his poetry: now he pleases himself with the counter-effect. It is rather the mind which makes the beauty of the landscape, than the landscape which teaches us beauty.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
 While a fair region round the traveller lies,  
 Which he forbears again to look upon:

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
 The work of fancy, or some happy tone  
*(Of meditation, slipping in between  
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.*

If thought and love desert us, from that day  
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse;  
 With Thought and Love companions of our way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse—  
 The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

What is the value or the use of descriptive poetry? If at all done my task rightly, I hope that many readers will be inclined to ask that question. It brings home to us, in the midst of the din of common life, the freshness and beauty of the natural world. It repairs the prosaic ravages of man; it carries the landscape into our doors. But it does more than this. There are few men who see nature with such vivid accuracy as the poet, who sees it as it is. There are few who can colour it with such human interest as the poet colours it for us; there is a subtle charm and beauty in the landscape, when thus described, which even the actual landscape cannot be found to want.

F. T. PAI

## VITTORIA.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

AFTER parting from Vittoria, Angelo made his way to an inn, where he ate and drank like a man of the fields, and slept with the power of one from noon till after morning. The innkeeper came up to his room, and, finding him awake, asked him if he was disposed to take a second holiday in bed. Angelo jumped up; as he did so, his stiletto slipped from under his pillow and flashed.

"That's a pretty bit of steel," said the innkeeper, but could not get a word out of him. It was plain to Angelo that this fellow had suspicions. Angelo had been careful to tie up his clothes in a bundle; there was nothing for the innkeeper to see, save a young man in bed, who had a terrible weapon near his hand, and a look in his eyes of wary indolence that counselled prudent dealings. He went out, and returned a second and a third time, talking more and more confusedly and fretfully; but as he was again going to leave, "No, no," said Angelo, determined to give him a lesson, "I have taken a liking to your company. Here, come here; I will show you a trick. I learnt it from the Servians when I was three feet high. Look; I lie quite still, you observe. Try to get on the other side of that door and the point of this blade shall scratch you through it." Angelo laid the blue stilet up his wrist and slightly curled his arm. "Try," he repeated, but the innkeeper had stopped short in his movement towards the door. "Well, then, stay where you are," said Angelo, "and look; I'll be as good as my word. There's the point I shall strike." With that he gave the peculiar Servian jerk of the muscles, from the wrist up the arm, and the blade quivered on the mark. The innkeeper fell back in admiring horror. "Now fetch it to me," said Angelo, putting both arms carelessly under his head. The innkeeper tugged at the blade. "Illustrious signore, I am afraid of breaking it," he almost whimpered; "it seems alive, does it not?" "Like a hawk on a small bird," said Angelo; "that's the beauty of those blades. They kill, and put you to as little pain as a shot; and it's better than a shot in your breast—there's something to show for it. Send up your wife or your daughter to take orders about my breakfast. It's the breakfast of five mountaineers; and don't 'Illustrious signore' me, sir, either in hearing or out of it. Leave the knife sticking."

The innkeeper sidled out with a dumb salute. "I can count on

his discretion for a couple of hours," Angelo said to himself. He knew the effect of an exhibition of physical dexterity and strength upon a coward. The landlord's daughter came and received his orders for breakfast. Angelo inquired whether they had been visited by Germans of late. The girl told him that a German chasseur with a couple of soldiers had called them up last night. "Wouldn't it have been a pity if they had dragged me out and shot me?" said Angelo.

"But they were after a lady," she explained; "they have gone on to Bormio, and expect to catch her there or in the mountains."

"Better there than in the mountains, my dear; don't you think so?"

The girl said that she would not like to meet those fellows among the mountains.

"Suppose you were among the mountains, and those fellows came up with you; wouldn't you clap your hands to see me jumping down right in front of you all?" said Angelo.

"Yes, I should," she admitted. "What is one man, though?"

"Something, if he feeds like five. Quick! I must eat. Have you a lover?"

"Yes."

"Fancy you are waiting on him."

"He's only a middling lover, signore. He lives at Cles, over Val Pejo, in Val di Non, a long way, and courts me twice a year, when he comes over to do carpentering. He cuts very pretty Madonnas. He is a German."

"Ha! you kneel to the Madonna, and give your lips to a German? Go."

"But I don't like him much, signore; it's my father who wishes me to have him; he can make money."

Angelo motioned to her to be gone, saying to himself, "That father of hers would betray the saints for a handful of florins."

He dressed, and wrenched his knife from the door. Hearing the clatter of a horse at the porch, he stopped as he was descending the stairs. A German voice said, Sure enough, my jolly landlord, she's there, in Worms—your Bormio. Found her at the big hotel: spoke not a syllable; stole away; stole away. One chopin of wine. I'm off on four legs to the captain. Those lads who are after her, Roveredo and Trent have bad noses. 'Poor nose—empty belly. Says the captain, 'I stick at the point of the cross-roads.' Says 'Herr Captain, I'm back to you first of the lot.' My business is to find the runaway lady—pretty Fräulein! pretty Fräulein! *lai-ti* There's money on her servant, too; he's a disguised Excellency—handsome boy; but he has cut himself loose, and he goes hang. Two birds for the pride of the thing; one for satisfaction—I'm satisfied I've killed chamois in my time. Jacob, I am; Baumwalder, I am

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

**F**eckelwitz likewise; and the very devil for following a tra  
**A**ch! the wine is good. You know the song?—

‘He who drinks wine, he may cry with a will,  
Fortune is mine, may she stick to me still.’

**I** give it you in German—the language of song! my own, my native  
*lai-ai—lai-ai—la-la-lai-ai-i-ie!*

‘While stars still sit  
On mountain tops,  
I take my gun,  
Kiss little one  
On mother’s breast.  
*Ai-iu-ē!*

My pipe is lit,  
I climb the slopes,  
I meet the dawn—  
A little one  
On mother’s breast.  
*Ai-aiē: ta-ta-tai: iu-iu-iu-ē!*

**A**nother chopin, my jolly landlord. What’s that you’re mumbling?  
**A**bout the servant of my runaway young lady? He go hang!  
**W**hat?—”

Angelo struck his foot heavily on the stairs; the innkeeper  
coughed and ran back, bowing to his guest. The chasseur cried,  
“I’ll drink farther on—wine between gaps!” A coin chinked on  
the steps in accompaniment to the chasseur’s departing gallop.  
“Beast of a Tedescho,” the landlord exclaimed as he picked up  
the money; “they do the reckoning—not we. If I had served him  
with the worth of this, I should have had the bottle at my head.  
What a country ours is! We’re ridden over, ridden over!” Angelo  
compelled the landlord to sit with him while he ate like five moun-  
tainers. He left mere bones on the table. “It’s wonderful,” said  
the innkeeper; “you can’t know what fear is.” “I think I don’t,”  
Angelo replied; “you do; cowards have to serve every party in  
the world. Up, and follow at my heels till I dismiss you. You know the  
pass into the Val Pejo and the Val di Sole.” The innkeeper stood  
strenched behind a sturdy negative. Angelo eased him to submis-  
sion by telling him that he only wanted the way to be pointed out.  
“Bring tobacco; you’re going to have an idle day,” said Angelo; “I  
will see you when we separate.” He was deaf to entreaties and refusals,  
and began to look mad about the eyes; his poor coward plied him  
with expostulations, offered his wife, his daughter, half the village,  
and the service: he had to follow, but would take no cigars. Angelo  
made his daughter fetch bread and cigars, and put a handful in his  
pocket; upon which, after two hours of inactivity at the foot of the  
chapel, where Angelo waited for the coming of Vittoria’s mes-  
senger, the innkeeper was glad to close his fist. About noon Lorenzo  
came, and at once acted a play of eyes for Angelo to perceive his

distrust of the man and a multitude of bad things about him: he was reluctant, notwithstanding Angelo's ready nod, to bring out a letter and frowned again, for emphasis to the expressive comedy. The letter said:—

“ I have fallen upon English friends. They lend me money. Fl to Lugano by the help of these notes: I inclose them, and will not ask pardon for it. The Valtellina is dangerous; the Stelvio we know to be watched. Retrace your way, and then try the Engadine. I should stop on a breaking bridge if I thought my companion, not Carlo's cousin, was near capture. I am well taken care of: one of my dearest friends, a captain in the English army, bears me company across. I have a maid from one of the villages, a willing girl. We ride up to the mountains; to-morrow we cross the pass; there is a glacier. Val di Non sounds Italian, but I am going into the enemy's land. You see, I am well guarded. My immediate anxiety concerns you; for what will our Carlo ask of me? Lose not one moment. Away, and do not detain Lorenzo. He has orders to meet us up here in the mountain this evening. He is the best of servants; but he always meets the best everywhere—that is, in Italy. Leaving it to you to grieve. No news from Milan, except of great confusion there. Judge by the quiet of my sleep that we have come to no harm there—

“ Your faithfullest

“ VITTORIA.”

Lorenzo and the innkeeper had arrived at an altercation before Angelo finished reading. Angelo checked it, and told Lorenzo to make speed: he sent no message.

“ My humanity,” Angelo then addressed his craven associate, “ counsels me that it's better to drag you some distance on than to kill you. You're a man of intelligence, and you know why I hesitate to consider the matter. I give you a guide's pay up to the glacier, not ten florins *buon'mano*. Would you rather earn it with the blood of a countryman? I can't let that tongue of yours be on the high road of running *Tedeschi*: you know it.”

“ Illustrious signore, obedience oils necessity,” quoth the innkeeper, “ If we had but a few more of my cigars!”

“ Step on,” said Angelo, sternly.

They walked till dark and they were in keen air. A hut full of recent grass-cuttings, on the border of a sloping wood, sheltered them. The innkeeper moaned for food at night and in the morning Angelo tossed him pieces of bread. Beyond the wood they came upon bare crag and commenced a sterner ascent, reached the height and roused an eagle. The great bird went up with a sharp yell hanging over them with knotted claws. Its shadow stretched across sweeps of fresh snow. The innkeeper sent a mocking yelp after the eagle.

“Up here, one forgets one is a father—what’s more, a husband,” he said, striking a finger on the side of his nose.

“And a cur, a traitor, carrion,” said Angelo.

“Ah, signore, one might know you were a noble. You can’t understand our troubles, who carry a house on our heads and have to fill mouths agape.”

“Speak when you have better to say,” Angelo replied.

“Padrone, one would really like to have your good opinion; and I’m lean as a wolf for a morsel of flesh. I could part with my buon’mano for a sight of red meat—oh! red meat dripping.”

“If,” cried Angelo, bringing his eyebrows down black on the man, —“if I knew that you had ever in your life betrayed one of us—look below; there you should lie to be pecked and gnawed at.”

“Ah, Jacopo Cruchi, what an end for you when you are full of good meanings!” the innkeeper moaned. “I see your ribs, my poor soul!”

Angelo quitted his side. The tremendous excitement of the Alpine solitudes was like a stringent wine to his surcharged spirit. He was one to whom life and death had become as the yes and no of ordinary men: not more than a turning to the right or to the left. It surprised him that this fellow, knowing his own cowardice and his conscience, should consent to live, and care to eat to live. He had an impulse to terrorise the creature till he confessed his sins, but he was too contemptible. Tossing him the last bit of bread, he walked to a point above the glacier, and stood with cramped muscles and hot nerves. Extinction lay there like a cradle, sweet and calm. No thought was in his brain. His torments hung at the blind sources of sensation, dragged him to them, and chained him by them.

When he returned to his companion, he found the fellow drinking from the flask of an Austrian soldier. Another whitecoat was lying near. They pressed Angelo to drink, and began to play lubberly pranks. One clapped hands, while the other rammed the flask at the reluctant mouth, till Angelo tripped him and made him a subject for derision; whereupon they were all good friends. Musket on shoulder, the soldiers descended, blowing at their finger-nails and puffing at their tobacco—*lauter kaiserlicher* (utter Imperial)—as with a sad enforcement of resignation they had, while lighting, characterised the universally detested government issue of the leaf.

“They are after *her*,” said Jacopo, and he shot out his thumb and twisted an eyelid. His look became insolent, and he added: “I let them go on; but now, for my part, I must tell you, my worthy gentleman, I’ve had enough of it. You go your way, I go mine. Pay me, and we part. With the utmost reverence, I quit you. Climbing mountains at my time of life is out of all reason. If you want companions, I’ll signal to that pair of Tedeschi; they’re within hail. Would you like it? Say the word, if you would—hey!”

Angelo smiled at the visible effect of the liquor.

"Barto Rizzo would be the man to take you in hand," he remarked.

The innkeeper flung his head back to ejaculate, and murmured, "Barto Rizzo! defend me from him! Why, he levies contributions upon us in the Valtellina for the good of Milan; and if we don't pay, we're all of us down in a black book. Disobey, and it's worse than swearing you won't pay taxes to the legitimate—perdition to it!—government. Do you know Barto Rizzo, padrone? You don't know him, I hope? I'm sure you wouldn't know such a fellow."

"I am his favourite pupil," said Angelo.

"I'd have sworn it," groaned the innkeeper, and cursed the day and the hour when Angelo had crossed his threshold. That done, he begged permission to be allowed to return, crying with tears of entreaty for mercy: "Barto Rizzo's pupils are always out upon bloody businesses!" Angelo told him that he had now an opportunity of earning the approval of Barto Rizzo, and then said, "On," and they went in the track of the two whitecoats; the innkeeper murmuring all the while that he wanted the approval of Barto Rizzo as little as his enmity; he wanted neither frost nor fire. The glacier being traversed, they skirted a young stream, and arrived at an inn, where they found the soldiers regaling. Jacopo was informed by them that the lady whom they were pursuing had not passed. They pushed their wine for Angelo to drink: he declined, saying that he had sworn not to drink before he had shot the chamois with the white cross on his back.

"Come: we're two to one," they said, "and drink you shall this time!"

"Two to two," returned Angelo: "here is my Jacopo, and if he doesn't count for one, I won't call him father-in-law, and the fellow living at Cles may have his daughter without fighting for her."

"Right so," said one of the soldiers, "and you don't speak German already."

"Haven't I served in the ranks?" said Angelo, giving a bugle-call of the reveillée.

He got on with them so well that they related the object of their expedition, which was, to catch a runaway young rebel lady and hang her fast down at Cles for the great captain—*unser tüchtiger Hauptmann*.

"Hadn't she a servant, a sort of rascal?" Angelo inquired.

"Right so; she had: but the doe's the buck in this chase."

Angelo tossed them cigars. The valley was like a tumbled mountain, thick with crags and eminences, through which the river worked strenuously, sinuous in foam, hurrying at the turns. Angelo watched all the ways from a distant height till set of sun. He saw another couple of soldiers meet those two at the inn, and the

One pair went up towards the vale-head. It seemed as if Vittoria had disconcerted them by having chosen another route.

"Padrone," said Jacopo to him abruptly, when they descended to find a resting-place, "you are, I speak humbly, so like the devil that I must enter into a stipulation with you, before I continue in your company, and take the worst at once. This is going to be the second night of my sleeping away from my wife: I merely mention it. I pinch her, and she beats me, and we are equal. But if you think of making me fight, I tell you I won't. If there was a furnace behind me, I should fall into it rather than run against a bayonet. I've heard say that the nerves are in the front part of us, and that's where I feel the shock. Now we're on a plain footing. Say that I'm not to fight. I'll be your servant till you release me, but say I'm not to fight; padrone, say that."

"I can't say that: I'll say I won't make you fight," Angelo pacified him by replying. From this moment Jacopo followed him less like a graceless dog pulled by his chain. In fact, with the sense of prospective security, he tasted a luxurious amazement in being moved about by a superior will, wafted from his inn, and paid for witnessing strange incidents. Angelo took care that he was fed well at the place where they slept, but himself ate nothing. Early after dawn they mounted the heights above the road. It was about noon that Angelo discerned a party coming from the pass on foot, consisting of two women and three men. They rested an hour at the village where he had slept overnight: the muskets were a quarter of a mile to the rear of them. When they started afresh, one of the muskets was discharged, and while the echoes were rolling away, a reply to it sounded in the front. Angelo, from his post of observation, could see that Vittoria and her party were marching between two guards, and that she herself must have perceived both the front and rearward couple. Yet she and her party held on their course at an even pace. For a time he kept them clearly in view; but it was tough work along the slopes of crag: presently Jacopo slipped and went down. "Ah, padrone," he said: "I'm done for; leave me."

"Not though I should have to haul you on my back," replied Angelo. "If I do leave you, I must cut out your tongue."

"Rather than that, I'd go on a sprained ankle," said Jacopo, and he strove manfully to conquer pain, limping and exclaiming, "Oh, my little village! Oh, my little inn! When can a man say that he has finished running about the world! The moment he sits, in comes the devil."

Angelo was obliged to lead him down to the open way, upon which they made slow progress.

"The noble gentleman might let me return—he might trust me now," Jacopo whimpered.



"The devil trusts nobody," said Angelo.

"Ah, padrone! there's a crucifix. Let me kneel by that."

Angelo indulged him. Jacopo knelt by the wayside and prayed for an easy ankle and a snoring pillow and no wakeners. After this he was refreshed. The sun sank; the darkness spread around; the air grew icy. "Does the Blessed Virgin ever consider what patriots have to endure?" Jacopo muttered to himself, and aroused a rare laugh from Angelo, who seized him under the arm, half-lifting him on. At the inn where they rested, he bathed and bandaged the foot.

"I can't help feeling a kindness to you for it," said Jacopo.

"I can't afford to leave you behind," Angelo accounted for his attention.

"Padrone, we've been understanding one another all along by our thumbs. It's that old inn of mine—the taxes! we have to sell our souls to pay the taxes. There's the tongue of the thing. I wouldn't betray you; I wouldn't."

"I'll try you," said Angelo, and put him to proof next day, when the soldiers stopped them as they were driving in a cart, and Jacopo swore to them that Angelo was his intended son-in-law.

There was evidently an unusual activity among the gendarmers of the lower valley, the Val di Non; for Jacopo had to repeat his fable more than once, and Angelo thought it prudent not to make inquiries about travellers. In this valley they were again in summer heat. Summer splendours robed the broken ground. The Val di Non lies towards the sun, banked by the Val di Sole, like the southern lizard under a stone. Chestnut forest and shoulder over shoulder of vineyard and meadows of marvellous emerald, with here and there central, partly-wooded crags, peaked with castle-ruins, and ancestral castles that are still warm homes, and villages dropped among them, and a river bounding and rushing eagerly through the rich enclosure, form the scene, beneath that Italian sun which turns everything to gold. There is a fair breadth to the vale: it enjoys a great overcast of sky; the falls of shade are dispersed, dot the hollow range, and are not at noontide a broad curtain passing over from right to left. The sun reigns and also governs in the Val di Non.

"The grape has his full benefit here, padrone," said Jacopo.

But the place was too populous, and too much subjected to the general eye, to please Angelo. At Cles they were compelled to bear an inspection, and a little comedy occurred. Jacopo, after exhibiting Angelo as his son-in-law, seeing doubts on the soldiers' faces, mentioned the name of the German suitor for his daughter's hand—the carpenter, Johann Spellmann, to whose workshop he requested to be taken. Johann, being one of the odd Germans in the valley, was well known: he was carving wood astride a stool, and stopped his whistling to listen to the soldiers, who took the first word out of Jacopo's mouth, and were convinced, by Johann's droop of the chin,

; the tale had some truth in it; and more when Johann yelled at Valteline innkeeper to know why, then, he had come to him, if was prepared to play him false. One of the soldiers said bluntly; as Angelo's appearance answered to the portrait of a man for whom they were on the look-out, they would, if their countryman died, take him and give him a dose of marching and imprisonment.

"Ach! that won't make my little Rosetta love me better," cried Johann, who commenced tuning up a string of reproaches against the men, and pitched his carving-blade and tools abroad in the wood-t.

"Well, now, it's queer you don't want to fight this lad," said Jacopo; "he's come to square it with you that way, if you think it."

Johann spared a remark between his vehement imprecations against the sex to say that he was ready to fight; but his idea of vengeance was directed upon the abstract conception of a faithless womankind. Angelo, by reason of his detestation of Germans, temporarily threw himself into the part he was playing to the extent of despising him. Johann admitted to Jacopo that intervals of six months' duration in courtship were wide jumps for Love to take.

"Yes; amor! amor!" he exclaimed with extreme dejection; "I'd wait. Well! since you've brought the young man, we'll see it out."

He stepped before Angelo with bare fists. Jacopo had to interpose. The soldiers backed Johann, who now said to Angelo, "Since you've come for it, we'll have it out."

Jacopo had great difficulty in bringing him to see that it was a matter to talk over. Johann swore he would not talk about it, and was ready to fight a dozen Italians, man up man down.

"Bare-fisted?" screamed Jacopo.

"Hey! the old way! Give him knuckles, and break his back, boy!" cried the soldiers; "none of their steel *this* side of the mountain."

Johann waited for Angelo to lift his hands; and to instigate his constant adversary, thumped his chest; but Angelo did not move. The soldiers roared.

"If she has you, she shall have a dolly," said Johann, now heated by the prospect of presenting that sort of husband to his little Rosetta. At this juncture Jacopo threw himself between them.

"It shall be a real fight," he said; "my daughter can't make up her mind, and she shall have the best man. Leave me to arrange it fairly; and you come here in a couple of hours, my children," he addressed the soldiers, who unwillingly quitted the scene where there was a certainty of fun, on the assurance of there being a livelier scene some-  
me.

When they had turned their heels on the shop, Jacopo made face at Johann; Johann swung round upon Angelo, and met a smile. Then followed explanations.

"What's that you say? She's true—she's true?" exclaimed the astounded lover.

"True enough, but a girl at an inn wants hotter courting," said Jacopo. "His Excellency here is after his own sweetheart."

Johann huzzaed, hugged at Angelo's hands, and gave a lusty fist tap to Jacopo on the shoulder. Bread and grapes and Tyrolese wine were placed for them, and Johann's mother soon produced a salad, eggs, and fowl; and then and there declared her willingness to receive Rosetta into the household, "if she would swear at the outset not to have *heimweh* (home-longing); as people—men and women, both always did when they took to a new home across a mountain."

"She won't—will she?" Johann inquired with a dubious spark.

"Not she," said Jacopo.

After the meal he drew Johann aside. They returned to Angelo, and Johann beckoned him to leave the house by a back way, leading up a slope of garden into high vine-poles. He said that he had seen a party pass out of Cles from the inn early, in a light car, on towards Meran. The gendarmerie were busy on the road: a mounted officer had dashed up to the inn an hour later, and had followed them was the talk of the village.

"Padrone, you dismiss me now," said Jacopo.

"I pay you, but don't dismiss you," said Angelo, and handed him a bank-note.

"I stick to you, padrone, till you do dismiss me," Jacopo sighed.

Johann offered to conduct them as far as the Monte Pallade pass, and they started, avoiding the high road, which was enviably broad and solid. Within view of a village under climbing woods, they discerned an open car, flanked by bayonets, returning towards Cles. Angelo rushed ahead of them down the declivity, and stood full on the road to meet the procession. A girl sat in the car, who hung her head, weeping; Lorenzo was beside her; an Englishman on foot begged employment to a pair of soldiers to get him along. As they came near at marching pace, Lorenzo yawned and raised his hand to his cheek, keeping the thumb pointed behind him. Including the Englishman there were four prisoners: Vittoria was absent. The Englishman, as he was being propelled forward, addressed Angelo in French, asking him whether he could bear to see an unoffending foreigner treated with wanton violation of law. The soldiers bellowed at the captive, and Angelo sent a stupid shrug after him. They rounded the bend of the road. Angelo tightened the buckle at his waist.

"Now I trust you," he said to Jacopo. "Follow the length of five miles over the pass: if you don't see me then, you have your liberty, tongue and all."

With that, he doubled his arms and set forth at a steady run, leaving his companions to speculate on his powers of endurance. They did so complacently enough, until Jacopo backed him for a distance and Johann betted against him, when behold them at intervals taking a sharp trot to keep him in view.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE DUEL IN THE PASS.

MEANWHILE Captain Weisspriess had not been idle. Standing at a blunt angle of the ways converging upon Vittoria's presumable destination, he had roused up the gendarmerie along the routes to Meran by Trent on one side, and Bormio on the other; and himself soon came to the conclusion that she had rejected the valley of the Adige for the Valteline, whence he supposed that she would be tempted either to cross the Stelvio or one of the passes into southernmost Tyrol. He was led to think that she would certainly bear upon Switzerland, by a course of reasoning connected with Angelo Guidascarpi, who, fleeing under the cross of blood, might be calculated on to push for the mountains of the Republic; and he might—judging by the hazards—conduct the lady thither, to enjoy the fruits of crime and love in security. The captain, when he had discovered Angelo's crest and name on the betraying handkerchief, had no doubts concerning the nature of their intimacy, and he was spurred by a new and thrice eager desire to capture the couple—the criminal for the purposes of justice, and the other because he had pledged his notable reputation in the chase of her. The conscience of this man's vanity was extremely active. He had engaged to conquer the stubborn girl, and he thought it possible that he might take a mistress from the patriot ranks, with a loud ha! ha! at revolutionists, and some triumph over his comrades. And besides, he was the favourite of Countess Anna of Lenkenstein, who yet refused to bring her estates to him; she dared to trifle; she also was a woman who required rude lessons. Weisspriess, a poor soldier bearing the heritage of lusty appetites, had an eye on his fortune, and served neither Mars alone nor Venus. Countess Anna was to be among that company assembled at the Castle of Sonnenberg in Meran; and if, while introducing Vittoria there with a discreet and exciting reserve, he at the same time handed over the assassin of Count Paul, a fine harvest of praise and various pleasant forms of female passion were to be looked for—a rich vista of a month's intrigue; at the end of it possibly his wealthy lady, thoroughly tamed, for a wife, and redoubled triumph over his comrades. Without these successes, what availed the fame of the keenest swordsman

in the Austrian army? The feast, as well as the plumes, of van— were offered to reward the able exercise of his wits.

He remained at the sub-Alpine inn until his servant Wilhelm (for whom he had despatched the duchess's chasseur, then in attendance on Vittoria) arrived from Milan, bringing his uniform. The chasseur was directed on the Bormio line, with orders that he should cause the arrest of Vittoria only in the case of her being on the extreme limit of the Swiss frontier. Keeping his communication alert, Weisspriess bore towards that way to meet him. Fortune smiled on his strategy. Jacob Baumwalder Feckelwitz—full of wine, and discharging hurrahs along the road—met him on the bridge over the roaring Oglio, just out of Edolo, and gave him news of the fugitives. "Both of them were at the big hotel in Bormio," said Jacob; "and I set up a report that the Stelvio was watched; and so it is." He added that he thought they were going to separate; he had heard something to that effect; he believed that the young lady was bent upon crossing one of the passes to Meran. Last night it had devolved on him to kiss away the tears of the young lady's maid, a Valteline peasant-girl, who deplored the idea of an expedition over the mountains, and had, with the usual cat-like tendencies of these Italian minxes, torn his cheek in return for his assiduities. Jacob displayed the pretty scratch obtained in the Herr Captain's service, and got his money for having sighted Vittoria and seen double. Weisspriess decided in his mind that Angelo had now separated from her (or rather, she from him) for safety. He thought it very probable that she would likewise fly to Switzerland. Yet, knowing that there was the attraction of many friends for her at Meran, he conceived that he should act more prudently by throwing himself on that line, and forwarding Jacob Baumwalder along the Valteline by Val Viola, up to Ponte in Engadine, with orders to seize her if he should see her and bring her conveyed to Cles, in Tyrol. Vittoria being only by the general interpretation of her conduct not under interdict, an unscrupulous Imperial officer might in those military times venture to employ gendarmerie for his own purposes, if he could but give a plausible colour of devotion to the Imperial interests.

The chasseur sped lamentingly back, and Weisspriess, taking guide from the skirting hamlet above Edolo, quitted the Camonica, climbed the Tonale, and reached Vermiglio in the broad valley of that name, scientifically observing the features of country as he went. At Vermiglio he encountered a brother of one of his former regiments, a fat major on a tour of inspection who happened to be a week behind news of the army, and detained him on the pretext of helping him on in his car—a mockery drove Weisspriess to the perpetual reply, "You are my superior officer," which reduced the major to ask him whether he had

graded a step. As usual, Weisspriess was pushed to assert his mightiness, backed by the shadow of his sword. "I am a man with a family," said the major, modestly. "Then I shall call you a superior officer while they allow you to remain so," returned Weisspriess, who scorned a married soldier.

"I aspired to the Staff once myself," said the major. "Unfortunately, I grew in girth—the wrong way for ambition. I digest, assimilate with a fatal ease. Stout men are doomed to the obscurer fates. You may quote Napoleon as a contrary instance—eh? I maintain positively that his day was over, his sun was eclipsed, when his valet had to loosen the buckles of his waistcoat and breech. Now, what do you say?"

"I say," Weisspriess replied, "that if there's a further depreciation of the paper currency, we shall none of us have much chance of digesting or assimilating either—if I know at all what those processes mean."

"Our good Lombard cow is not half squeezed enough," observed the major, confidentially in tone. "When she makes a noise—quick! the pail at her udders and work away; that's my advice. What's the verse?—our Zwitterwitz's, I mean; the Viennese poet:—

'Her milk is good—the Lombard cow;  
Let her be noisy when she pleases:  
But if she kicks the pail, I vow,  
We'll make her used to sharper squeezes:  
We'll write her mighty deeds in CHEESES:  
(That is, if she yields milk enow).'

"Capital! capital!" the major applauded his quotation, and went on to speak of 'that Zwitterwitz' as having served in a border regiment, after creating certain court scandal, and of his carrying off a Vallach lady from her lord and selling her to a Turk, and turning Turk himself and keeping a harem. Five years afterwards he reappeared in Vienna with a volume of what he called 'Black Eagle Oems,' and regained possession of his barony. "So far, so good," said the major; "but when he applied for his old commission in the army—that was rather too cool."

Weisspriess muttered intelligibly, "I've heard the remark, that you can't listen to a man five minutes without getting something out of him."

"I don't know; it may be," said the major, imagining that Weisspriess demanded some stronger flavours of gossip in his talk. There's no stir in these valleys. They arrested, somewhere close to Trient yesterday afternoon, a fellow calling himself Beppo, the servant of an Italian woman—a dancer, I fancy. They're on the look-out for her too, I'm told; though what sort of capers she can be cutting in Tyrol, I can't even guess."

The major's car was journeying leisurely towards Oles. "Whip

that brute!" Weisspriess sung out to the driver, and begging the major's pardon, requested to know whither he was bound. The major informed him that he hoped to sup in Trient. "Good heavens, not at this pace," Weisspriess shouted. But the pace was barely accelerated, and he concealed his reasons for invoking speed. They were late in arriving at Trient, where Weisspriess cast eye on the imprisoned wretch, who declared piteously that he was the trusted and innocent servant of the signorina Vittoria, and had been visiting all the castles of Meran in search of her. The captain's man Wilhelm had been the one to pounce on poor Beppo while the latter was wandering disconsolately. Leaving him to howl, Weisspriess procured the loan of a horse from a colonel of cavalry at the Buon Consiglio barracks, and mounted an hour before dawn, followed by Wilhelm. He reached Cles in time to learn that Vittoria and her party had passed through it a little in advance of him. Breakfasting there, he enjoyed the first truly calm cigar of many days. Gendarmes whom he had met near the place came in at his heels. They said that the party would positively be arrested, or not allowed to cross the Monte Pallade. The passes to Meran and Botzen, and the road to Trent, were strictly guarded. Weisspriess hurried them forward with particular orders that they should take into custody the whole of the party, excepting the lady; her, if arrested with the others, they were to release: her maid and the three men were to be marched back to Cles, and there kept fast.

The game was now his own: he surveyed its pretty intricate moves as on a map. The character of Herr Johannes he entirely discarded: an Imperial officer in his uniform, sword in belt, could scarcely continue that meek performance. "But I may admire music, and entreat her to give me a particular note, if she has it," said the captain, hanging in contemplation over a coming scene like a quivering hawk about to close its wings. His heart beat thick; which astonished him: hitherto it had never made that sort of movement.

From Cles he despatched a letter to the fair châtelaine at Meran, telling her that by dainty and skilful management of the paces, he was bringing on the intractable heroine of the Fifteenth, and was to be expected in about two or three days. The letter was entrusted to Wilhelm, who took the borrowed horse back to Trient.

Weisspriess was on the multrack a mile above the last villa ascending to the pass, when he observed the party of prisoners, and climbed up into covert. As they went by he discerned but one person in female garments: the necessity to crouch for obscurity prevented him from examining them separately. He counted three men and beheld one of them between gendarmes. "That must be my villain," he said.

It was clear that Vittoria had chosen to go forward alone. The

in praised her spirit, and now pushed ahead with hunter's  
 as. He passed an inn, closed and tenantless: behind him lay  
 Val di Non; in front the darker valley of the Adige: where  
 the prey? A storm of rage set in upon him with the fear  
 he had been befooled. He lit a cigar, to assume ease of aspect,  
 ever the circumstances might be, and gain some inward serenity  
 e outer reflection of it—not altogether without success. "My  
 must be a doughty walker," he thought; "at this rate she will  
 the Ultenthal before sunset." A wooded height ranged on  
 eft as he descended rapidly. Coming to a roll of grass sown  
 grey rock, he climbed it, and mounting one of the boulders,  
 ld at the distance of half a dozen stone-throws downward, the  
 e of a woman holding her hand cup-shape to a wayside fall of  
 r. The path by which she was going rounded the height he  
 on. He sprang over the rocks, catching up his clattering  
 scabbard; and plunging through tinted leafage and green  
 rwood, steadied his heels on a sloping bank, and came down on  
 path with stones and earth and brambles, in time to appear  
 seated pedestrian when Vittoria turned the bend of the mountain

acefully withdrawing the cigar from his mouth, and touching  
 east with turned-in fingers, he accosted her with a comical  
 tic effort at her high notes: "Italia!"

e gathered her arms on her bosom and looked swiftly around:  
 at the apparition of her enemy.

is but an ironical form of respect that you offer to the prey  
 have been hotly chasing and have caught. Weisspriess con-  
 d that he had good reasons for addressing her in the tone best  
 l to his character: he spoke with a ridiculous mincing suavity:  
 ly pretty sweet! are you not tired? We have not seen one  
 er for days! Can you have forgotten the enthusiastic Herr  
 mes? You have been in pleasant company, no doubt; but  
 e been all—all alone. Think of that! What an exceedingly  
 late chance this is! I was smoking dolefully, and imagining  
 ing but such a rapture.—No, no, mademoiselle, be mannerly."  
 aptain blocked her passage. "You must not leave me while  
 speaking. A good governess would have taught you that in  
 ursery. I am afraid you had an inattentive governess, who  
 ot impress upon you the duty of recognising friends when you  
 them. Ha! you were educated in England, I have heard.  
 hands. It is our custom—I think a better one—to kiss on  
 ght cheek and the left, but we will shake hands."

1 God's name, sir, let me go on," Vittoria could just gather  
 to utter.

ut," cried the delighted captain, "you address me in the tones  
 asso profundo! It is absurd. Do you suppose that I am to



be deceived by your artifice?—rogue that you are! Don't I know you are a woman? a sweet, an ecstatic, a darling little woman!"

He laughed. She shivered to hear the solitary echoes. There was sunlight on the farthest Adige walls, but damp shade already filled the east-facing hollows.

"I beg you very earnestly to let me go on," said Vittoria.

"With equal earnestness, I beg you to let me accompany you," he replied. "I mean no offence, mademoiselle; but I have sworn that I and no one but I shall conduct you to the Castle of Sonnenberg, where you will meet the Lenkenstein ladies, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted. You see, you have nothing to fear if you play no foolish pranks, like a kicking filly in the pasture."

"If it is your pleasure," she said gravely; but he obtruded the bow of an arm. She drew back. Her first blank despair at sight of the trap she had fallen into, was clearing before her natural high courage.

"My little lady! my gracious prima donna! do you refuse the most trifling aid from me? It's because I'm a German."

"There are many noble gentlemen who are Germans," said Vittoria.

"It's because I'm a German: I know it is. But, don't you see, Germany invades Italy, and keeps hold of her? Providence decrees it so—ask the priests! You are a delicious Italian damsel, and you will take the arm of a German."

Vittoria raised her face. "Do you mean that I am your prisoner?"

"You did not look braver at La Scala;" the captain bowed to her.

"Ah, I forgot," said she; "you saw me there. If, signore, you will do me the favour to conduct me to the nearest inn, I will sit to you."

"It is precisely my desire, signorina. You are not married to that man Guidascarpi, I presume? No, no: you are merely his friend. May I have the felicity of hearing you call me your friend? Why, you tremble! are you afraid of me?"

"To tell truth, you talk too much to please me," said Vittoria.

The captain praised her frankness, and he liked it. The tremble of her frame still fascinated his eyes, but her courage and the absence of all womanly play and cowering about her manner impressed him seriously. He stood looking at her, biting his moustache, and trying to provoke her to smile.

"Conduct you to the nearest inn; yes," he said, as if musing. "To the nearest inn, where you will sing to me; sing to me. This is not an objectionable scheme. The inns will not be choice: the society will be exquisite. Say first, I am your sworn cavalier."

"It does not become me to say that," she replied, feigning demure sincerity, on the verge of her patience.

"You allow me to say it?"

he gave him a look of fire and passed him; whereat, following, he clapped hands, and affected to regard the movement as part of an operatic scena. "It is now time to draw your dagger," he

"You have one, I'm certain."

"Anything but touch me!" cried Vittoria turning on him. "I know that I am safe. You shall tease me, if it amuses you."

"Am I not, now, the object of your detestation?"

"You are near being so."

"You see! You put on no disguise; why should I?"

His remark struck her with force.

"My temper is foolish," she said softly. "I have always been loyal to kindness."

She vowed that she had no comprehension of kindness; otherwise would she continue defiant of him? She denied that she was defiant: in which he accused the hand in her bosom of clutching a dagger. She cast the dagger at his feet. It was nobly done, and he was not insensible to the courage and inspiration of the act; for it checked a noble example of a trial of strength that he had thought of exhibiting in an armed damsel.

"Shall I pick it up for you?" he said.

"You will oblige me," was her answer; but she could not control a convulsion of her underlip that her defensive instinct told her was not hidden.

"Of course, you know you are safe," he repeated her previous words, while examining the silver handle of the dagger. "Safe? Certainly! Here is C. A. to V. . . A. neatly engraved: a gift; so that the young gentleman may be sure the young lady will defend herself from lions and tigers and wild boars, if ever she goes through forests and over mountain passes. I would not obtrude my curiosity, but who is V. . . A.?"

The dagger was Carlo's gift to her; the engraver, by singular inadvertence, had put a capital letter for the concluding letter of her name instead of little *a*; she remembered the blush on Carlo's face when she had drawn his attention to the error, and her own blush when she had guessed its meaning.

"It spells my name," she said.

"Your assumed name of Vittoria. And who is C. A.?"

"Those are the initials of Count Carlo Ammiani."

"Another lover?"

"He is my sole lover. He is my betrothed. Oh, good God!" she threw her eyes towards heaven; "how long am I to endure the torture of this man in my pathway? Go, sir, or let me go on. You are intolerable. It's the spirit of a tiger. I have no fear of him."

"Nay, nay," said Weisspriess, "I asked the question because I am

COL. V.

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under an obligation to run Count Carlo Ammiani through the body, and felt at once that I should regret the necessity. As to your ~~of~~ of fearing me, really, far from wishing to hurt you——”

Vittoria had caught sight of a white face framed in the autumnal forest above her head. So keen was the glad expression of her face, that Weisspriess looked up.

“Come, Angelo, come to me,” she said confidently.

Weisspriess plucked his sword out, and called to him imperiously to descend.

Beckoned downward by white hand and flashing blade, Angelo steadied his feet and hands among drooping chestnut boughs, and bounded to Vittoria’s side.

“Now march on,” Weisspriess waved his sword; “you are my prisoners.”

“You,” retorted Angelo; “I know you; you are a man marked out for one of us. I bid you turn back, if you care for your body’s safety.”

“Angelo Guidascarpi, I also know you. Assassin! you double-murderer! Defy me, and I slay you in the sight of your paramour.”

“Captain Weisspriess, what you have spoken merits death. I implore of my Maker that I may not have to kill you.”

“Fool! you are unarmed.”

Angelo took his stilet in his fist.

“I have warned you, Captain Weisspriess, Here I stand. I dare you to advance.”

“You pronounce my name abominably,” said the captain, dropping his sword’s point. “If you think of resisting me, let us have no women looking on.” He waved his left hand at Vittoria.

Angelo urged her to go. “Step on, for our Carlo’s sake.” But it was asking too much of her.

“Can you fight this man?” she asked.

“I can fight him and kill him.”

“I will not step on,” she said. “Must you fight him?”

“There is no choice.”

Vittoria walked apart at once.

Angelo directed the captain’s eyes to where, lower in the ~~place~~ there was a level plot of meadow.

Weisspriess nodded. “The odds are in my favour, so you shall choose the ground.”

All three went silently to the meadow.

It was a circle of green on a projecting shoulder of the mountain, bounded by woods that sank towards the now shadowy, south-flowing Adige vale, whose western heights were gathering red colour above a strongly-marked brown line. Vittoria stood at the border of the wood, leaving the two men to their work. She knew when speech was useless.

Captain Weisspriess paced behind Angelo until the latter stopped short, saying, "Here!"

"Wherever you please," Weisspriess responded. "The ground is of more importance to you than to me."

They faced mutually; one felt the point of his stilet, the other the temper of his sword.

"Killing you, Angelo Guidascarpì, is the killing of a dog. But there are such things as mad dogs. This is not a duel. It is a righteous execution, since you force me to it: I shall deserve your thanks for saving you from the hangman. I think you have heard that I can use my weapon. There's death on this point for you. Make your peace with your Maker."

Weisspriess spoke sternly. He delayed the lifting of his sword that the bloody soul might pray.

Angelo said, "You are a good soldier: you are a bad priest. Come on."

A nod of magnanimous resignation to the duties of his office was the captain's signal of readiness. He knew exactly the method of fighting which Angelo must adopt, and he saw that his adversary was supple, and sinewy, and very keen of eye. But, what can well compensate for even one additional inch of steel? A superior weapon wielded by a trained wrist in perfect coolness means victory, by every reasonable reckoning. In the present instance, it meant nothing other than an execution, as he had said. His contemplation of his own actual share in the performance was nevertheless unpleasant; and it was but half willingly that he straightened out his sword and then doubled his arm. He lessened the odds in his favour considerably by his too accurate estimation of them. He was also a little unmanned by the thought that a woman was to see him using his advantage; but she stood firm in her distant corner, refusing to be waved out of sight. Weisspriess had again to assure himself that it was not a duel, but the enforced execution of a criminal who would not surrender, and who was in his way. Fronting a creature that would vainly assail him, and temporarily escape impalement by bounding and springing, dodging and backing, now here now there, like a dangling bob-cherry, his military gorge rose with a sickness of disgust. He had to remember as vividly as he could realise it, that this man's life was forfeited, and that the slaughter of him was a worthy service to Countess Anna; also, that there were present reasons for desiring to be quit of him. He gave Angelo two thrusts, and bled him. The skill which warded off the more vicious one aroused his admiration.

"Pardon my blundering," he said; "I have never engaged a saltimbanque before."

They recommenced. Weisspriess began to weigh the sagacity of his opponent's choice of open ground, where he could lengthen the

discourse of steel by retreating and retreating, and swinging easily to right or to left. In the narrow track the sword would have transfixed him after a single feint. He was amused. Much of the cat was in his combative nature. An idea of disabling or dismembering Angelo, and forwarding him to Meran, caused him to trifle further with the edge of the blade. Angelo took a cut and turned it on his arm, and, free of the deadly point, rushed in and delivered a stab; but Weisspriess saved his breast. Quick, they resumed their former positions.

"I am really so unused to this game!" said Weisspriess, apologetically.

He was pale: his unsteady breathing, and a deflection of his dripping sword-wrist, belied his coolness. Angelo plunged full on him, dropped, and again reached his right arm; they hung, getting blood for blood, with blazing interpenetrating eyes;—a ghastly work of dark hands, at half-lock, thrusting, and savage eyes reading the fiery pages of the book of hell. At last the Austrian got loose from the lock, and hurled him off.

"That bout was hotter," he remarked; and kept his sword-point out on the whole length of the arm: he would have scorned another for so miserable a form, either for attack or defence.

Vittoria beheld Angelo circling round the point, which met him everywhere;—like the minute hand of a clock about to sound his hour, she thought.

He let fall both his arms, as if beaten, which brought on the attack: by sheer evasion he got away from the sword's lunge, and essayed a second trial of the bite of steel at close quarters; but the Austrian backed and kept him to the point, darting short alluring thrusts, thinking to tempt him on, or to wind him, and then to have him. Weisspriess was chilled by a more curious revulsion from this sort of engagement than he had at first experienced. He had become nervously incapable of those proper niceties of sword-play which, without any indecent hacking and maiming, should have stretched Angelo, neatly slain, on the mat of green before he had a chance. Even now the sight of the man was distressing to an honourable duellist. Angelo was scored with blood-marks. Feeling that he dared not offer another chance to a fellow so desperately close-dealing, Weisspriess thrust fiercely, but delayed his fatal stroke. Angelo stooped and pulled up a handful of grass and soft earth in his left hand.

"We have been longer about it than I expected," said Weisspriess.

Angelo tightened his fingers about the stringy grass-tuft; he stood like a dreamer, leaning over to the sword; suddenly he sprang on it, received the point right in his side, sprang on it again, and seized it in his hand, and tossed it up, and threw it square out in time to burst within guard and strike his stilet below the Austrian's

ar-bone. The blade took a glut of blood, as when the wolf tears  
 ck at dripping flesh. It was at a moment when Weisspriess was  
 rteously bantering him with the question whether he was ready,  
 nning that the affirmative should open the gates of death to him.  
 The stilet struck thrice. Weisspriess tottered, and hung his jaw  
 ; a man at a spectre : amazement was on his features.

‘Remember Broncini and young Branciani!’

Angelo spoke no other words throughout the combat.

Weisspriess threw himself forward on a feeble lunge of his sword,  
 l let the point sink in the ground, as a palsied cripple supports  
 . frame, swayed, and called to Angelo to come on, and try another  
 oke, another : one more ! He fell in a lump : his look of amaze-  
 nt was surmounted by a strong frown.

His enemy was hanging above him panting out of wide nostrils,  
 e a hunter’s horse above the long-tongued quarry, when Vittoria  
 ne to them.

She reached her strength to the wounded man to turn his face to  
 . ven.

He moaned, “Finish me ;” and as he lay with his back to earth,  
 ood evening to the old army !”

A vision of leaping tumbrils, and long marching columns about to  
 oloy, passed before his eyelids : he thought he had fallen on the  
 :tle-field, and heard a drum beat furiously in the back of his head ;  
 d on streamed the cavalry, wonderfully caught away to such a  
 stance that the figures were all diminutive, and the regimental  
 lours swam in smoke, and the enemy danced a plume here and there  
 t of the sea, while his mother and a forgotten Viennese girl gazed  
 him with exactly the same unfamiliar countenance, and refused to  
 ar that they were unintelligible in the roaring of guns and floods and  
 urrahs, and the thumping of the tremendous big drum behind his  
 ad—“somewhere in the middle of the earth :” he tried to explain  
 e locality of that terrible drumming noise to them, and Vittoria  
 nceived him to be delirious ; but he knew that he was sensible : he  
 ew her and Angelo and the mountain-pass, and that he had a cigar-  
 se in his pocket worked in embroidery of crimson, blue, and gold,  
 the hands of Countess Anna. He said distinctly that he desired  
 e cigar-case to be delivered to Countess Anna at the castle of  
 nenberg, and rejoiced on being assured that his wish was compre-  
 nded and should be fulfilled ; but the marvel was, that his mother  
 ould still refuse to give him wine, and suppose him to be a boy ;  
 d when he was so thirsty and dry-lipped that though Mina was  
 nding over him, just fresh from Mariazell, he had not the heart to  
 s her or lift an arm to her ! His horse was off with him—  
 ither ? He was going down with a company of infantry in the  
 lf of Venice : cards were in his hand, visible, though he could not  
 d them, and as the vessel settled for the black plunge, the cards

flushed all honours, and his mother shook her head at him : he saw and heard Mina sighing all the length of the water to the bottom which grated and gave him two horrid shocks of pain ; and he cried for a doctor, and admitted that his horse had managed to throw him ; but wine was the cure, brandy was the cure, or water, water !

Water was sprinkled on his forehead and put to his lips.

He thanked Vittoria by name, and imagined himself that general serving under old Würmser, of whom the tale is told that being severely and lying grievously wounded on the harsh Rivoli ground, he obtained the help of a French officer in as bad case as himself, to moisten his black tongue and write a short testamentary document with his blood, and for a way of returning thanks to the Frenchman, he put down, among others, the name of his friendly enemy's widow ; whereupon both resigned their hearts to death ; but the Austrian survived to find the sad widow and espouse her.

His mutterings were full of gratitude, showing a vividly transient impression to what was about him, that vanished in an arrow-headed flight through clouds into lands of memory. It pained him, he said, that he could not offer her marriage ; but he requested that when his chin was shaved his moustache should be brushed up out of the way of the clippers, for he and all his family were conspicuous for the immense amount of life which they had in them, and his father had lain six-and-thirty hours bleeding on the field of Wagram, and had yet survived to beget a race as hearty as himself :—" Old Austria ! thou grand old Austria ! "

The smile was proud, though faint, which accompanied the apostrophe, addressed either to his country or to his father's personification of it ; it was inexpressibly pathetic to Vittoria, who understood his " Oesterreich," and saw the weak and helpless bleeding man, with his eyeballs working under the lids, and the palms of his hands stretched out open ; weak as a corpse, but conquering death.

The arrival of Jacopo and Johann furnished help to carry him onward to the nearest place of shelter. Angelo would not quit his side until he had given money and directions to both the trembling fellows, together with his name, that they might declare the author of the deed at once if questioned. He then bowed to Vittoria slightly and fled. They did not speak.

The last sunbeams burned full crimson on the heights of the Adige mountains as Vittoria followed the two pale men who bore the wounded officer between them at a slow pace towards the nearest village in the descent of the pass.

Angelo watched them out of sight. The far-off red rocks sprang round his eye-balls ; the meadow was a whirling thread of green, the brown earth heaved up to him. He felt that he was diving, and had the thought that there was but water enough to moisten his hands, when his senses left him.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

## TWO ART PHILOSOPHERS.<sup>1</sup>

THE illusions of perspective exist in the intellectual, as they do in the material world. As the true relations of solar systems cannot be learned or understood without the help of science, so the relations of intellectual systems are not to be comprehended without the aid of philosophy. And as, on the one hand, it is not necessary to the forcible and effectual life of a man of action that he should accurately conceive of the rank of his own planet amongst the heavenly bodies, so, on the other, it is not necessary to the success of certain special forms of intellectual activity that the labourer should justly estimate the importance of his own little intellectual world, or precisely ascertain its place in the universe of mind.

This is especially true of artists. An artist is a man who by long labour has trained himself to be able to express one version of one artistic idea,<sup>2</sup>—his personal conception of the idea dominant for the time in his own country. If there is a struggle for supremacy between two or more artistic ideas, the artist believes in one, and gives his life to realise his private conception of it, usually looking upon the others with antagonism or contempt. As a matter of curiosity, it is always interesting to know what artists think of each other; but their opinions about art are valuable only as to special matters of fact, which their study of nature has enabled them to ascertain, or as indications of the existence of attractions and repulsions of which even the most acute thinkers might never suspect the existence. It is of course possible for an artist to raise himself from time to time out of the little plot of ground which he himself cultivates, and, like a man in the car of a balloon looking down on his own garden, see its true size and position, and it is also just possible for an artist so given to intellectual aërostation to return after each excursion in the upper regions, and cultivate his own acre in humble and laborious contentment, knowing well its littleness, and all the defects of its situation, yet loving it enough to be happy in it. This may be done, and in two or three instances it has been done; but its extreme rarity almost, though not quite, justifies the general

(1) PHILOSOPHIE DE L'ART. Par H. TAINÉ, Leçons Professées a l'École des Beaux Arts. Paris: Baillière. LE SPIRITUALISME DANS L'ART. Par CHARLES LÉVÊQUE, Professeur de Philosophie au Collège de France. Paris: Baillière.

(2) Of course I use the words "artistic idea" in a special sense. I should be very sorry to seem to imply that artists had not as many ideas as other people, in the current acceptance of the word. What I mean is the vision of desired perfection, which for every artist is necessarily one.



belief that there is something essentially incompatible between the practical and speculative intellects. One might more profitably listen to a discourse about art by such a layman as Taine, than to one by such an artist as was Léopold Robert. He was very justly famous as a practical artist, yet Gustave Planche said of his written observations on art, "His commonplace style, which I find fault with, comes from the commonplace of his thoughts themselves. What he says about the masters of his art is so obvious that to have said it there was no necessity to be the painter of the 'Moissonneurs.' Any bourgeois who had walked about in picture galleries would say as much, and say it as well. In reading these letters of Robert, one remains convinced that the practice of art, and the understanding of the general ideas which govern all the forms of invention, are two perfectly distinct things. The understanding of these ideas does not lead to the practice of painting or sculpture, architecture or music; but it may happen to eminent artists, and L. Robert's correspondence is there to prove it, to enunciate about these arts, thoughts so very common-place, so very useless, so very inapplicable, so utterly worn, so perfectly empty, that they make the most indulgent reader smile."

These considerations may prepare us to understand the position of M. Taine. He is not an artist, nor even an art critic, but an art philosopher. This distinction between art critics and art philosophers is, I am aware, a new one, and I may be allowed the space of a paragraph for its clearer definition.

An art critic, having continually to judge of small points of practical success or failure in the overcoming of particular difficulties, must necessarily be himself minutely acquainted with the practical details of art. Persons like Proudhon, who set up as art critics without this special knowledge, on the ground that since they judge only results, processes do not concern them, are always incapable of true criticism, because they know nothing of the real struggles and aims of artists, and so may praise them for their simplest successes, and remain indifferent to their most arduous achievements. On the other hand (as we have just seen) the practical artist (who is nothing more) may fail as a critic, on account of the very concentration and limitation of his view. His own object is seen by him in proportions so exaggerated, that other aims, not less great and worthy in themselves, are hidden and dwarfed by it. Thus Ingres says that drawing is the whole of art, and that colour may be mastered in one week; after which, what is the value of his opinion about colourists? The true critic sees qualities in more accurate proportions than M. Ingres; nor could any critic tell us that the eye might be educated to colour in eight days, without forfeiting for ever all claim to be listened to

that on the one hand the critic is not to be ignorant of technicalities like Proudhon, nor absorbed in one technical aim like Ingres; he ought to combine a thorough knowledge of practical matters with a theoretic largeness of view. When this theoretic largeness becomes the main characteristic of the writer; when he sees art actually in vast systems and groupings occupying in their aggregate the whole field of art history, there is always a probability that the critic will lose himself in the philosopher, and that the utmost which he will be able to say safely about any particular work of art will be to fix its place in the artistic development of humanity.

Let philosophy of this broad kind, if it be sound, has a definite position and use. It is the only force capable of repressing the narrow self-assertion of artistic sects. The devotee of some special school is always so possessed by the idea, that he cannot see it in its relation to other ideas. What bigoted "classic" or ardent "romantic" fanatically appreciated the services of both classicism and romanticism? To go to partisans in art for sound views of the whole subject is like going to a Red Republican, or a believer in the divine right of kings, for a rational political philosophy. For as the wise politician is a supporter of constitutional monarchy in England, a friend of imperialism in Russia, and of republicanism in Switzerland, because these three forms of government each is the best in its own time and place, so an intelligent student of art may dispassionately approve of various developments, and thank God that he has been born in an age enough to study at once the severe ideality of the Greek, the grotesque imagination of the Goth, the science and taste of the Renaissance artists, and the earnest naturalism of the moderns.

And now at last this wider philosophy has found an official advocate. In the very centre and head-quarters of academic tradition, the *École des Beaux Arts*, a professor has told the students, what no other would be likely to tell them, that art is a natural product of humanity, as vegetation is a product of the soil; and that its varieties are the inevitable result of the changing states and circumstances of the kind, just as one place and climate has one flora and another herbage. Nor does he hesitate to give expression to the inference that the only duty of each country and generation is to produce freely its own flowers. How wide the interval from the old academic tradition to this tolerant and liberal doctrine! How pleasant to hear what is best for us to do is that which is most our own, and to be released for ever from all obligation to reproduce an art which is only the expression of a life we have not lived! We, who have been educated to about the duty of imitating the Greeks till some of us have come to that point of weariness that we hated the very name of classicism, may congratulate ourselves that an authorised teacher has

advanced a theory by which it may be permitted to us to love Greek art heartily, and yet not waste our whole lives in the vain endeavour to make our own work a repetition of it.

M. Taine's theory is not very profound because it is so obviously true, but the truisms of thinkers are very daring speculations in the temples of tradition; and M. Taine deserves honour, not so much for what he has thought, as for having ventured to give utterance to his thought in a place where its distinct expression marked a new era in official art-teaching. Even if M. Taine were to be succeeded by some retrograde professor, the students who heard him are not likely to forget his lesson, and the conclusions to which it leads. If it is true, as this new teacher says, that the artist is the product of his time, it is evident (they will infer) that no modern artist can by effort become like the product of another time. If we are orange-trees, we shall produce oranges; if fig-trees, we may blamelessly produce figs. If we are in too chilly a climate, our fruit will never ripen, so (as artists) we shall be unproductive; and the climate, for every artist, is the collective life and intellect of his own time. Those who produce in it are not necessarily the best, but those whom the climate best suits. The average amount of natural artistic endowment is much the same in all ages; but one epoch favours the best, and another that which is not quite the best, and so downwards till some epochs favour no art at all. This seems to be M. Taine's view; but here it may be objected that the permanent characteristics of races, as well as the temporary characteristics of epochs, may have much to do with the matter; and that the average percentage of natural art intellects in the French race is possibly greater than amongst the Tartars or Esquimaux. This consideration, however, in no wise diminishes the natural effect of M. Taine's view of art on practical work and on criticism. If he is in the main right, as I believe him to be, it is useless for us, as artists, to try to do work of any kind whatever but our own; and it is childish in us, as critics, to find fault with schools of art because they differ from our own ideal and from each other. Our business, as art philosophers, is not to find fault, but to note characteristics; and it is as idle in us to set up some kind of art as perfection, blaming all other in proportion as it deviates from that standard, as it would be in a botanist to set up the vine leaf as the correct thing in leaf beauty, and condemn the willow as heretical for its obstinate non-conformity to his pet pattern.

M. Taine thus defines his art philosophy:—

“Ours is modern, and differs from the old in being historic, and not dogmatic that is to say, it does not impose precepts, but ascertains and proclaims laws

(1) I use these two words to get the double force of *constater* employed in the original

The old æsthetics gave first a definition of the beautiful, and said, for example, that the beautiful is the expression of the moral ideal, or else that it is the expression of the invisible, or, again, that it is the expression of human passions; then starting thence as from a legal decision, absolved, condemned, admonished, and guided. I am very happy not to have so heavy a task to perform; I have not to guide you—I should be too much embarrassed. My only duty is to exhibit facts, and to show you how these facts were produced. The modern method, which I endeavour to follow, and which is beginning to introduce itself into all the modern sciences, consists in regarding human labours, and, in particular, works of art, as facts and products whose characteristics are to be noted and whose causes are to be investigated—no more. So understood, Science neither proscribes nor pardons; she states and explains. She does not say to you, ‘Despise Dutch art, it is too coarse, and enjoy none but Italian.’ Neither does she say to you, ‘Despise Gothic art; it lacks health; enjoy none but the Greek.’ She leaves to every one the liberty to follow his private preferences, to love best that which is in conformity with his own temperament, and to study, with a more attentive care, that which best corresponds to the development of his own mind. As for Science herself, she has sympathy for all forms of art and for all schools, even for those which seem most opposed;—she accepts them as so many manifestations of the human mind; she considers that the more numerous and contrary they are, the more they show the mind of humanity under new and numerous aspects; she acts like Botany, which studies, with equal interest, now the orange-tree and the laurel, now the fir and the birch; she is herself a sort of Botany, applied not to plants, but to the labours of men. In this character she follows the general movement which draws together in our day the moral and the natural sciences, and which, giving to the former the principles, the precautions, the directions of the latter, communicates to them the same solidity, and assures to them the same progress.”

As a matter of purely literary criticism, it may be added that M. Taine is in possession of an unusually clear and cultivated style, rising occasionally even to eloquence,—a great advantage to any writer, but positively indispensable to one who constitutes himself the advocate of views not yet generally received. There are several brilliant pages which I should have been glad to quote in the original, but have not space. The best of these are, perhaps, the sketches of Greek civilisation and Gothic architecture.

If M. Taine is a historical positivist in art,—that is, a philosopher who considers all the varieties of art as equally subjects for investigation from the scientific stand-point, whether we regard them as representations of nature or as manifestations of mind,—M. Lévêque is a being of another order, a passionate spiritualist, with a capacity for quite religious fervour in behalf of the doctrines in which, as he believes, are bound up the fate of the fine arts and the moral health of all humanity.

Spiritualism, as M. Lévêque uses the word, means the habitual reference to the ideal; materialism, the forgetfulness of ideal excellence in the absorbing study of material things. The great difficulty of spiritualism is to distinguish between noble ideals and those baser creations of the imaginative faculty which, so far from being

higher than material nature, fall short of it or degrade it. It is the business of philosophy, says M. Lévêque, to establish this distinction.

"No one now doubts the power of those concealed movers which at one time push societies onward, and at another pull them violently back, and which are called ideas. It has been given to society to choose between the good and the bad movers. The bad, are the ideas in which error predominates; the good, those where predominates truth. To recognise, unravel, clear up, fortify, develop the true element; to distinguish, lay bare, point out, weaken the false element in ideas—such is the office of philosophy; and the older a society is, the more men's minds in it are ripe and disposed for criticism and discussion, the more imperious does this duty of philosophy become."

M. Lévêque goes on to argue that philosophy divides itself naturally into specialities, and that there are as many philosophies as there are sciences. Thus there is a philosophy of history, a philosophy of medicine, a philosophy of political economy; and all these terms take their place in modern language as the ideas which they express become clearer and more definite. It follows that philosophy is under the necessity of continual expansion and subdivision to correspond with the extent of modern acquisition and its minute ramification in specialities. There is a philosophy of the beautiful, just as there is a philosophy of the true.

When we get hold of a book like this, with a subject so peculiarly tempting to the dealer in vague and pompous generalities, our best course is, first, to read it through with patient attention, and then try to find out what new deposit the book has left in us. The great difficulty of the spiritualist philosophy has always been that, although it rightly insisted on the necessity for an idea, it was embarrassed when we inquired of it some direction and guidance in our own search after the ideal. Hence spiritualism, in its practical issues, is rather a retrospective than an encouraging philosophy; it names certain artists of the past as its saints and heroes, but has a tendency to restrain present productiveness within the limits of traditional repetition. What it most dreads is materialism, or the objective study of matter; therefore it has to insist on an intellectual ideal; and as it is of no use to talk about such ideals as are not yet embodied, nor (so far as we can know) even conceived, spiritualism is always compelled to recur to ideals which have already been made visible to us in marble or on canvas, its favourite examples being Greek sculpture and the designs of Raphael, to which a Frenchman is likely to add the paintings of Nicolas Poussin. By dint of incessant repetition of this reference, spiritualism has educated whole generations of artists in the belief that by looking at these works, and copying them, and imitating them, they might themselves reach this wonderful and mysterious goal, the ideal which so fascinated from afar the eyes of the devout philosophers. Those who, in their own way, sought new

in nature, were condemned as materialists, or mere copiers of r. The misfortune of the spiritualists, as the directors of practice, was, that they were always living up in the clouds, and ig about *qualities* as severed from *things*, seeking the good, the iful, the true, conceived as metaphysical notions, which was a ess search for visible adjectives. You might just as profitably t in search of speed as an entity.

escape this imputation of cloudiness, M. Lévêque tells us that piritualist philosophy is now observant, and has travelled over and sea, which turns out to mean that M. Cousin undertook a re across the Channel to study the Poussins in England. It was r to lower the sublime generality of the phrase by this adduced . Spiritualism voyaging over land and sea was rather a grand mposing idea. M. Cousin taking a through ticket to London lais, or, if economically disposed, by Boulogne, or, if parsimoly, by Dieppe, makes somehow a weaker impression on the ination, and carries one to prosaic associations of little rolling boats, and that terrible temporary ailment which subjugates ny voyagers, spiritualist or materialist. Still M. Cousin deserves y praise for having been willing to use his corporeal eyes d of evolving art criticism out of his moral consciousness. e are two duties of the writer on art,—to look and to think ; hilosophers are too apt to consider the first a work of supereroga whilst they perform the second with infinite patience and nce.

r difficulty with Spiritualism is to get at the meaning of its abstraction—"the Beautiful." M. Lévêque fixes this for us theistic conception. Pantheism could not conceive of it, but m can, because Theism has conceived God, who is the Beautiful, Whom, without understanding, we conceive. "We have then, e innermost depth of our reason, an absolute type of grandeur, f physical grandeur, but of intellectual and moral grandeur, that say, of perfection. Since the Infinite Beauty is conceived, a are is given us for imperfect and finite beauties."

asoning of this sort is convenient sometimes with children, se it overawes them, and prevents them from asking questions, is unsatisfactory to men who are out of the childish stage of intel- d development. "The Infinite Beauty is conceived;" Humanity nceived Divinity, and so has a fixed standard by which to measure perfections. Could anything be more various, more fluctuating, emphatically *unfixed* than men's conceptions of the Supreme ;? Our conception of Him varies from year to year with our ng knowledge and intellectual force. This is quite inevitable; it l be inevitable still if He lived familiarly amongst us as an earthly

sovereign. We could never form a true conception of Him so long as we remained inferior to Himself. Before fancying that we can conceive of God it would be well to reflect whether we can even conceive of mere human intellect in its highest examples. The superior may be admired, or even adored, by the inferior, but he cannot be conceived by him. The English conception of God is not the French conception; it is certainly not the Scotch; and if we may judge by the pious allusions of transatlantic politicians, it is most assuredly not the American. Nor does the highest contemporary English conception very closely resemble that held by minds of the same relative rank in the same country thirty years ago. Setting aside atheists and young children, it is likely that there exist in England just now at least fifteen million different conceptions of the English conception of the Deity. How then are we to refer to the Idea of Deity as a fixed visible standard of Beauty? And even if we could suppose this possible as to intellectual and moral perfection, how are we to apply this standard to physical perfection? How reason from the Beauty of Goodness to the beauty of a statue or a picture? It is this awkward necessity for shifting the argument from morals to matter that demonstrates the weakness of dogmatic spiritualism. These philosophers first tell us that they have hit upon the immutable, eternal Beauty, which is moral Beauty; and then they come with that to a piece of carved marble, or painted canvas, and try to apply their immutable standard. It would be as reasonable to devise a converse criticism, and try to measure the accuracy of history with a two-foot rule.

The spiritualist would find no words severe enough to express his contempt for a philosophy of art which professed to have no fixed standard of beauty, and I dare say that if I were to develop my own theory of æsthetics I should be called by hard names. What I mean is, that spiritualism does not erect fixed standards at all; it only erects words the signification of which fluctuates every day. It is amazing how easily men are governed and imposed upon by words, and the less they understand them the more readily they submit to them. To say "the Beautiful is the standard of beauty" is a childish play upon words, because the Beautiful is an abstraction having no visible existence.

At this point a spiritualist would probably accuse me of denying the existence of beauty altogether. Well, except as an adjective, an attribute, I do. It is a quality, not a being. Just so I would deny

(1) Imagine, for example, the absurdity of meditating upon the beauty of sacrifice in order to be able to judge of the comparative beauty of silks. The Jurors at the International Exhibition would have failed to perceive the connection between the two and the manufacturers at Lyons are probably not aware of it.

**the** separate existence of cleanliness or holiness. There are clean people and holy people, and clean places and holy places ; but you **cannot** detach the adjective, and set it up as an immutable standard of cleanliness or holiness. Of course we need some kind of standard, **and** we derive it from some visible example ; but if a higher example **were** shown us, we should quit our old standard, and take to the new one. For instance : our farmers have lately been told to be clean, **in** order to diminish the ravages of the cattle plague ; but as the word "cleanliness" would to them only signify English cleanliness, **a** higher example was appealed to ; not an abstraction, "the clean," as these philosophers say "the beautiful," but "Dutch cleanliness," as an art critic might counsel our artists to aim at a Dutch carefulness in execution.

**I** have no space to criticise M. Lévêque's work in detail, though **I** have read it with care. The central idea of it is that which **I** have just set before the reader. Though this central idea is certainly **an** illusion, spiritualism has rendered us the service of insisting upon **the** necessity for ideality in art. If there is no immutable standard of "the beautiful," there may still be an endless endeavour after that **beauty** which for each of us seems the best. M. Lévêque is especially **right** in desiring that artists should be penetrated with the faith **that** their art ought to have lofty intellectual, or psychological aims, **and** that it can only have enduring value in so far as it is a product of *mind*. With all my heart I agree with M. Lévêque in assigning **to** those forms of art which are the mere copyism of matter a much **lower** rank than is due to the art which conveys great messages from **the** soul of the artist to humanity. It is probable, however, that as **to** *what* particular art fell under each category there might be some **difference** of opinion between us.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

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## MONTE CASSINO.

### PART I.

It is probable that before the close of the actual session the Italian Parliament will have suppressed the yet remaining convents of Italy. Few regrets, in England at least, will accompany the departing footsteps of the monks, and the most bigoted Ultramontanist can hardly pretend that their revenues will not be righteously employed in enlarging the incomes of the working clergy. An almost bankrupt people can well spare fifteen hundred almshouses, to which sloth is the best title for admission; and the activity of a few communities can only result in here and there a glut of spiritual labour. It is fitting that the great mass should pass away in silence. But one or two monasteries there are to which sentiment attaches. Their destruction may cause a natural, though perhaps an unreasoning sorrow; and at the moment of extinction their superiority might not improperly call for the tribute of a retrospect. Vallombrosa, La Cava and Monte Cassino, at least, are vaguely known to have a history, sanctity and learning are ascribed to their fathers; and poets and travellers have joined to clothe their names with pleasant associations. Especially can Monte Cassino command our sympathies and obtain a hold on the imagination. Its barren rock was the birthplace of western monasticism. It was there that, as on a Sinai<sup>1</sup> of the middle ages, a religious legislator found refuge from the corrupt society of his time; there he embodied a tribe of solitaries; and from thence a spirit went out upon the world which cultivated the earth and civilised nations. It is true that the Juda which was fertilised by the influence of this spirit must be sought for far away in the north. It is not in Italy that the good works of monasticism were done; and even at Monte Cassino, somewhat purer though it has been than its fellow-monasteries of the south, the times of usefulness have been short, and the days of voluptuousness, of violence, and of worldliness, have been many and long.

But its very imperfections indicate another claim upon the imagination. They have accompanied a fortune varied beyond that of another foundation. They have caused, and they have been caused by vicissitudes, in the course of which the society has been raised to the height of an independent state, and has been brought to the verge of

(1) Since the above went into the hands of the printer I have discovered in M. Dantier's "Monastères Bénédictins d'Italie," a book which I had not before known to exist, that round the apse of the old Basilica of Desiderius was inscribed "Hæc Domus est similis Sinai sacra jura ferenti." I am glad to have an opportunity of directing attention to M. Dantier's work. When completed its pleasantly written volumes will contain a history and a description of all the most important Benedictine monasteries in Italy.

**absolute** extinction. Again and again the monastery has been levelled **with** the ground, and its monks have been driven forth into the **world**; and now, perhaps for the last time, its cloisters are once more **to** be emptied, and the buildings, no longer typical of a living idea, **are** to become in their slow decay the type of dying monasticism.

It is not, however, by the imagination alone that Monte Cassino demands attention. Its fate has been like in kind to that of most other **great** Italian monasteries. With them, according to the nature of successive times, it has been powerful, oppressed, or disregarded; it has been **depraved**, devout, or respectable. In its annals, therefore, are reflected to a certain extent the changes of Italian conventual life; **but** in its fuller chronicles we read events more certainly than elsewhere, and the incidents of its history have been more worthy of record. As its station has been greater than that of other convents, **so** also its revolutions have been more conspicuous.

In the first instance, this exceptional eminence was chiefly, perhaps **wholly**, due to the accident of geographical position. The rugged **mass** of hills which touch the central Apennines on the one side, and **on** the other fall to meet the sea between Terracina and Gaieta, have **always** formed a barrier between Latium and the Campanian plains. **They** are traversed by two defiles, and by these alone has all the intercourse of peace or war between the south and the western provinces of the centre been carried on. The fever of the Pontine marshes, **the** strength of Gaieta, the greater command of country given by the **inland** route, diverted the march of armies from the coast road to **that** which follows the long valley from Ferentino to Teano. The **greater** healthiness, the more numerous towns, and not improbably a **greater** security, account for its larger use in times of peace. It is on **the** latter road, just where the narrowest part of the defile opens **towards** the south, that the monastery of Monte Cassino is placed. It **is** easy to see that such a position might be used as a basis for propagating the rule; and that the Benedictines were not insensible to **their** opportunity is proved by the quick growth of the order in the **Neapolitan** provinces, and by the influence which, so early as the eighth **century**, it exercised throughout the south. It was worth while for lay-**men** to secure the friendship of men already so powerful, and they were **made** more powerful by gifts on every hand of castles, and churches, **and** lands. It was worth while for the Popes to profit by their power; **and** the monastery was carefully packed with men whose talent, rather **than** whose goodness, dictated their selection. By-and-by the mendicant orders supplanted the Benedictines as soldiers of religion; **but** the friendship of the Popes had already given pledges substantial **enough** to secure that their importance should last.

It is not less easy to discern in military than in sacred and in **civil** affairs the advantage which Monte Cassino derived from its posi-

tion. The buildings crown and almost cover the end of a spur which runs down from the top of Monte Caira. From their walls the ground drops a thousand feet into the plain, almost too sharply for the growth of herbage; and in the flat underneath, in the valley to one side, every detail is betrayed as far as the eye can reach. Simply from its extreme beauty, and from the history imprinted on the face of the country, the scene is very remarkable; but the view implied knowledge of an enemy's approach; the Roman amphitheatre, the red brick of which glows from out the thick poplars on the plain, was a strong outpost; the picturesque fortress which the abbots built to dominate their town of San Germano was an obstacle the more; the towers which fringe the hills on either side follow and delayed the fate of the chief stronghold; the grey colour of the fantastic mountains indicates ground too rough for horses; and the long stretch of rich vegetation to the south, dotted with white castles, solid enough to resist sudden attack, indicates as clearly a country full of provision for an army. Monte Cassino was, in fact, the key of the Neapolitan frontier, and it gained and suffered accordingly. When the abbots were strong a bribe could always discover the bent of their convictions; and force when they were weak was equally effective. When by rare chance an emperor or a king had secured a nomination, the monastery held for its country; when the abbot sympathised with the Pope he waited for an opportunity of betraying his fortress into the hands of the Papal army. Under such conditions the society could not but suffer vicissitudes; but it could never be destitute of weight, and by its political prominence its morals were affected in turn. It was a definite gain to the Church that its monks should be at least respectable; and when afterwards its fate became a matter of indifference, the prestige derived from its being the foundation of S. Benedict himself, consecrated by the greatness of so many years, might be expected to attract to it men who should at least not be a disgrace to its past. Such, in truth, has been the course of its existence. Whether any other Italian monastery can demand credit for an intellectual life so varied, whether any can show a high average of religion, may at least be doubted; and without indulgence in comparisons which could hardly be thorough, a suspicion may be permitted, that whether it be necessary in order to depict the life of Monte Cassino to charge the palette with bright or with some dark colours, it will not be injudicious to invest with a duller tone the portrait of Italian monasticism as a whole.

It was in the year 529 that Benedict settled at Monte Cassino. The mountain

“Fu frequentato già in su la cima,  
Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.”

It was crowned by an altar to Apollo, and it was surrounded by a grove sacred to Venus. He overthrew the one, and burnt the other; but though he could wile at last

“Le ville circostanti dall’ empio colto,”

at first he was obliged to make his dwelling-place a tower to protect himself against the evil race. For a long time this, together with a diminutive chapel hard by, formed the entirety of the monastery, and it still remains, or is said to remain, over the gateway; and through it the monks, who live as he commanded them thirteen hundred years ago, go forth and come in about their daily business. But if the natives of the old religion threatened, they were harmless in fact; and the first violence to which the monks were subjected was from the passion or the cupidity of a Lombard duke. Zoto, yet a heathen, in one of those paroxysms which even after conversion were wont to alternate with devotion in his race, sacked the convent and drove its inhabitants to seek shelter in Rome for a hundred and thirty years. The disaster was terrible, and had not one or two faithful brethren lingered to keep watch over the spot where the body of S. Benedict rested, the remainder might never have returned to a landless tower. But the succession was kept, though barely. A zealous Pope and a pious duke rebuilt the church and gave back the lands; and during nearly three centuries no other incident interrupted the meaningless succession of the names of abbots. It is the condition of the monastery at the end of that period which enables us to determine in what manner the time was passed. Whether by their own merit or by the dissoluteness and ignorance of the secular clergy, the influence of the regulars had grown to an extraordinary extent; and the eighth century, emphatically called by Giannone the century of monks, had been in an especial degree the century of Monte Cassino. The liberality of Gisulf, the first of a long series of Beneventan dukes from whom the monastery drew profit, endowed it with a vast tract of country stretching from the Garigliano to the mountains and to Frosinone. Very unblushing forgery or many benefactions from more distant nobles must be supposed, in order to account for the hundred and twelve churches and monasteries in different parts of the country, the title to which, with all their attendant lands and serfs, was confirmed by a charter of Charlemagne. In worldly possessions, however, Monte Cassino did not stand alone—was not perhaps even the first. The great convent of Volturno, in close neighbourhood, disputed with it the precedence of riches; and probably also the still greater convent of Farfa, which may have already been able to catalogue among its estates the two cities of Centumcellæ and Alatri, with sixteen towns, seven ports, 132 castles, 683 churches,

eight salt marshes, besides tithes and scattered lands innumerable. It was in its spiritual privileges that Monte Cassino was pre-eminent. Pope Zachary gave precedence to the abbot and to the monastery above all others; he conferred exemption, at that time given to no other religious body, from episcopal visitation; he freed the territories from the exaction of tithes; he debarred bishops from excommunicating the abbot; he permitted the abbot to present to all benefices; he endowed him, and the Beneventan duke does not seem to have resented the assumption of power, with the right of jurisdiction over all his churches and possessions.

This prosperity was probably not undeserved. If it be true, and the story is at least contemporary, that Charlemagne asked for some monks of Monte Cassino to carry the rule of S. Benedict into France, the parent society may perhaps claim to share with the second Benedict and his monastery of Aniane the merit of restoring monastic rigour in Gaul. At any rate there is no reason to doubt that the rule was as yet commonly observed in the monasteries of the south with all its kindly austerity and usefulness. In the appointment of Carloman to the office of shepherd, when, after his abdication, he retired to Monte Cassino; in the labour of Ratchis, ex-king of the Lombards, as vine-dresser in a plot of ground which, or the equivalent of which, still bears his name, there is evidence that the large estates were still in part tilled by the hands of the monks themselves. That the labour was undergone for a selfish reason, that it was undertaken in order to fend off the attacks of the devil, is of little importance. The Society is concerned only with results. Even if we refuse to accord a very high meed of praise to the motto, "Laborare pro orare," we may consider it to have been sufficiently valuable for Italy, barely recovering from the waste and disorganisation of barbarian conquest, to have a body of men who spent their lives in unobtrusive work and unobtrusive piety. These were not the characteristics of the future history of the order of S. Benedict, and during the brief spaces when its societies have displayed the qualities which are generally supposed to have distinguished their entire existence the invariable sketch may as well be again outlined, lest in necessary insistence on different aspects the portrait may seem to be entirely imaginary. Italy little more than three centuries of purity were followed by six hundred and fifty years of corruption. In France, in Belgium, in Germany, the order has arrogated to itself the credit due to the monks of S. Columban. When in those countries it suddenly grew into importance under the *régime* of S. Benedict d'Aniane, less than eighty years sufficed for its disintegration. The reform which originated in Cluny had but little longer vitality; and everywhere in the thirteenth century Benedictines were a reproach for idleness, for

luxury, and for illiterateness. At this time their character was different. They worked, they were simple, they cultivated letters in a degree eminent for the age. In their earliest years the name and the verses of S. Marcus can hardly create a reputation for the order; and the schools which existed in connection with many, perhaps with most of the churches in Italy before the Lombard invasion, were maintained no more by monks than by the secular clergy during the troubled times which succeeded. In the seventh century, however, the Benedictines shared with the Spanish monks of S. Isidore the honour of establishing schools in every monastery; and of all, that of Monte Cassino was the most famous. In the reign of Charlemagne, homilies and poems by authors whose names it would be needless to repeat were produced and admired; and Paulus Diaconus had an earned celebrity as former counsellor of Desiderius, as the friend and correspondent of the Emperor, as the humble teacher and holy orator within the monastery itself. Two of his writings have come down to us; and if in his Commentary on the Rules of the Order there is little but barren verbal divisions, and a page and a half of close print can scarcely suffice to explain the simple words "ausculto, o fili," in his homily at least he insists, with no small persuasiveness and in tolerable Latin, on the healthy doctrine that the contemplative and the active Christian lives must go hand in hand; and even that, as the former can only reach its perfection hereafter, it is perhaps intended that we shall especially cultivate the virtues of the latter here. Paulus seems himself to have afforded an admirable example of these more active virtues; and it was no doubt by his political tact that the society was enabled to do material service to the cause of the Emperor in the south, where the half-subdued Arrichis intrigued continually with the Greeks. To him, no doubt, it was also due that the Cassinese were rewarded by imperial confirmations, by fresh grants, and by the curious privilege of mediating between rebellious barons and their sovereign.

For a few years after the death of Charlemagne the even flow of their prosperous life continued, and with it the prosperity of the country round. The spreading cultivation of the fields brought population to the rich valley; villages, the names of which still meet the eye, are recorded as having sprung into being; the town of San Germano began to grow at the foot of Monte Cassino; and as the chronicler of Volturmo recalls with a sigh, "in those days were no castles in those parts, but every spot was filled with scattered farms and frequent churches; nor was there fear of aught, nor terror of war; for every one rejoiced in deep peace, until the Saracens came." It was not long before they did come. As the grasp of a distant monarch relaxed, the quarrels of petty princes became more bitter.

They broke out into chronic war. An unsuccessful competitor of the principality of Benevento called to his aid a shipful of pirates which chanced to be hovering off the coast, and a century of desolation began of which the horror can hardly be exaggerated. Monte Cassino rich in accumulated gold and in ornaments of the Church, felt the first wind of the storm. It was attacked and robbed by the Beneventan duke, and a month or two afterwards its territory was swept by a horde of Saracens, who pillaged from the gates of Rome to those of Capua. Several times Louis II. answered the prayers of the afflicted people by an armed descent and imposed a momentary peace. The convent in particular he exempted from all payments to Benevento, and he granted to it immediate dependence on the Emperor; but the rivalries of Capua, of Naples, and of Benevento, were irrepressible, and his edicts were forgotten or ignored before the regard of his columns had passed the Tiber. The policy of sanctification had failed. It might be a motive for respect and for gifts on the part of a great sovereign; it could only invite the violence of greedy princelings and of Mahomedan adventurers.

The monks chose their part with promptness. Ten years after the commencement of the troubles, the Abbot Bertarius had already put himself at the head of his vassals, had surprised a large body of Saracens, had defeated them, and for the moment expelled them from his territories. He was the first of a new race of men whom, after a while, though not at once, a long succession was to rule the monastery. War was probably the occupation most congenial to his taste; but he was learned; he was eloquent; his sermons, his medical treatises, his poems to the Empress Engelberg were alike celebrated; his diplomatic talents were employed by Lothair in negotiating with Hadrian the delicate affair of Waldra. His prudence was even effective, in the midst of surrounding ravages to guard to some extent the possessions of Monte Cassino. To his stern and subtle character, from the mild virtues of royal vinedresser the change is sufficiently abrupt, and sufficiently significant. Even his bravery and conduct were not able to avert ruin for long. With the death of Louis, in 875, the interference of the Emperor ceased entirely. Soon after the Saracens abandoned their position of auxiliaries to form a settlement of their own at the mouth of the Garigliano. Thenceforth the country knew no peace for a single moment. The simple eloquence of the Volturian chronicler best describes the state to which it was reduced. "All the Beneventan all the Roman, all the Spoletan territory," he says, "all monasteries and churches, all cities, towns, villages, mountains, hills, and islands did they ravage. The whole land was sprinkled with Christian blood; people of every age, of either sex, were killed on every side."

and no hand was strong enough to save, no mountain wild enough to give a hidden lair. Men thought," as men in the middle ages so often thought, "though the signs spoken of by the Evangelist had not yet all appeared, that the end of the world was surely come. And for us," he bitterly adds, "it had indeed come." Within, discords which would have been petty but for their brutality contributed hardly less to universal destruction. Two rival bishops contested the see of Capua with arms. The Bishop of Naples, duke also by the murder of his brother, was the common enemy of both; and in alliance by turn with the Saracens, the Amalfians, or the Gaetans, plundered impartially the lands of permanent rivals, of friends of the day before, and of the Holy Father himself. To complete the chaos, flying bands of Greeks landed from galleys, or crossed from their fortresses on the eastern coast. In the midst of such utter confusion it would have been strange if the wealth of Monte Cassino had escaped. The monastery was surprised by the Saracens. The presumption of a once successful resistance was punished by its overthrow to the lowest stone. Bertarius, with many of his monks, received his death with dignity on the steps of the altar; and the few survivors escaped with difficulty to the strong town of Teano. There for a while they housed themselves in one of the dependent monasteries; but the joint princes of Capua, Landolphus and Atenolphus, invited them to accept the more secure shelter of that city. By a coincidence which might be curious if the manners of the age did not suggest a ready explanation, the death of their abbot and the loss of their monastery by fire opportunely seconded the equivocal offer. They were persuaded to replace their head by one of the princely family; they migrated on the strength of vague but magnificent promises. When they arrived, three or four were lodged in a wretched hovel of wattled sticks, the rest were sent forth to beg hospitality in other towns; and for sixty years their lands were administered and the profits absorbed by the successive dukes of Capua. When a home was at length built, and the liberality of the prince gave to them as dole a fraction of their own rents, their conduct only made it doubtful whether the robbery to which they were subjected, or the excesses to which they would give themselves with the enjoyment of larger means, might cause the greater scandal. Every vice proper to Naples or to Capua was already laid on their charge; an age which could tolerate the morals of Rome under Modora and Marozia, was scandalised at the conduct of the followers of Benedict.

The character of John XII. would not lead us to expect in him an apostle of reform. Yet it was in his pontificate that a body of stable monks re-occupied Monte Cassino. Perhaps the accident



of a religious abbot induced the temporary phenomenon of piety in the monks; certainly the example within a very few years of a worldly abbot was enough to seduce them from the morals which they had inconsiderately adopted. Or perhaps—and the suddenness of the conversion and of the relapse may incline us to this explanation—the energy which Aligernus undoubtedly possessed for the temporal good of the abbey has been simply assumed to have operated in its spiritual concerns. He is said to have reformed its manners, but of that the evidence is withheld. There is the better proof of legal records that he reclaimed the patrimony of S. Benedict from the city of Teano, from the Gastaldus of Aquino, and from other neighbouring barons. He cleared the valley from the jungle which had grown up in the forty years during which cultivation had ceased. He attracted settlers by the liberal offer of lands in free possession for twenty-nine years, on condition of cultivation and of a subsequent render of a seventh of the corn and a third of the wine. He built a castle to protect each village; and a large castle, the Rocca Janula, to protect the monastery, and to overawe its vassals. The princes of Capua were devout, and he got from them materials and workmen to rebuild the abbey; they were strong, and he asked from them, rather than from the Emperor, a confirmation of its possessions. But his success was not uninterrupted. The dispossessed barons found a gratification for their rage in his capture by the Gastaldus of Aquino, and chuckled when his captor exposed him, clothed with the hide of a bear, to the attacks of dogs and to the jibes of a laughing populace. His liberation was an adequate task for the whole levies of Capua. Yet that the abbey under his rule was powerful is proved by the number of rebels and of defeated claimants to various duchies who found refuge within its walls.

Its prosperity was carried to a higher pitch by his successor. Manassese was uncle of the Prince of Capua. The affection of his kinsman conferred on him the superiority of Aquino, of Sora, and of Asprano; his unscrupulousness almost gave him the sovereignty of Capua itself; and his riches, twenty years after Aligernus came back moneyless to barren ground, could excite the envy of princes, could maintain a suite of knights and esquires, and could guard him with a mercenary army. It is said that a holy recluse, a pilgrim to the shrine of S. Benedict, was introduced to his table; it was surrounded by richly dressed attendants; profane musicians enlivened the hour of the banquet, still more profane actors disgraced the afternoon. That the hermit in retiring should have prophesied his coming is the best proof of his magnificence. He died before middle age, blind, and a prisoner. But a pleasant life and a violent end were a not unusual combination in the history of high Italian ecclesiastics.

in the tenth century ; and that his career should have suggested the prophecy, or caused its invention, proves not that men of his character were rare, but merely that his doings were uncommon in degree. In fact, until the authority of Hildebrand enforced reformation, it is impossible to over-estimate the corruption of Italian monasteries. Soldiers who had been just ordained, who could barely read, installed themselves as abbots with their concubines, their mercenaries, and their dogs. They fought, and perhaps this was hardly a vice, to preserve the estates of their abbey ; but they did not shrink, or at least Richerius of Monte Cassino did not shrink, from massacring foes who were praying in church, unarmed, under sanction of a truce. The possessions which they gained or kept with the sword they conceived that they had a right to grant as their own to their friends and their kinsfolk. Campo, who bought the abbey of Farfa, and provided for seven sons and seven daughters out of its ample lands, was exceptional only in the size of his family. But it is mentioned as extraordinary that another abbot of Farfa cared so well for his monks that they never required to beg ; and when, in times of discipline severe by comparison, Roffredo of Monte Cassino is but gently rebuked for using to his own profit the whole revenues of the hospital, and for alienating lands by instruments to which he had forged the consenting signatures of the monks, it is easy to imagine what must have been the spoliation on the part of abbots who had to spend in order to obtain, to spend in order to keep, and to spend in order to found a family of barons. It was a time when in other countries the morals of monasteries were respectable ; but Italy was never, except by almost hysterical spasms, in the first rank of goodness, and then was the period of its lowest degradation. "Tota Italia," said Gerbert, "Roma mihi visa est : Romanorum mores mundus perhorrescit." Not that there was no sanctity among monks. Within fifty years the Benedictine rule was adopted, though modified in a more stringent sense, by St. Peter Damianus, by the Camaldolese, and by Gualbert at Vallombrosa. Without changing its precepts, a saint could found the monastery of La Cava ; and a succession of more sainted abbots during a hundred years attested the permanence of his influence. But among many hundred societies, among many thousand monks, no leaven could be found strong enough to ferment the mass. Pious feeling could only act in an isolation where it had the left beyond itself to act upon. Those who loved peace, meekness, and holiness were forced to withdraw into seclusion from their fellow-recluses.

With the power of Hildebrand, himself a Benedictine, begins the great era of Cassinese history. He had need of the material support of the Normans of the south, he had need of men fit to be used as

the instruments of his designs ; and he saw that Monte Cassino could be made to conduce to the satisfaction of both these needs. At the election in 1053 of a certain Peter, a man whose mild temper and unworldly goodness disqualified rather than recommended him, the Pope, on the pretext that the election was not unanimous, declared it to be invalid, and in spite of the armed resistance of the monks, forced upon them the Cardinal Frederic of Lorraine. His elevation to the Papacy, and his death in less than two years, left to his successor the task of organisation. But the Cardinal Desiderius was associated more closely than any other with the counsels of Hildebrand ; he was son of the Prince of Benevento ; he was vigorous and politic ; he was invested with the commission of legate over the Neapolitan provinces for the express object of reforming the monasteries and of securing the help of the Normans. He had scarcely seated himself in the abbots' chair before the character of the monastery began to change. It ceased to be provincial. The names of North Italians and of Germans were imported in large proportion into the roll of monks. The sons of Norman princes and counts guaranteed by their presence the faithfulness of their kinsmen to the Holy See, and to Monte Cassino donations and protection. Able men were being gathered from every quarter ; men accustomed to command were being trained under the eye of the most influential statesmen of the Papacy. Within two or three years four monks had already arrived at the cardinalate, and were being employed in important trusts. Two were of the counts of the Marsi, one was German, one a Milanese. In the direction of literature the change was neither less sudden nor less radical. Thirty years before hardly any books, other than those necessary to the services of the Church, were possessed by the Cassinese ; and though Abbot Theobald had caused seventeen volumes to be copied, of which several were hymnals, the chronicler speaks as if he had created a library. "from every part of the world the diligence of Desiderius either gathered learned men together, or made them become learned at Monte Cassino." He founded a school for teaching boys both sacred and profane learning. Poems, sermons, treatises on science and religion, testified to the intellectual activity of the Cassinese themselves ; and copies were made of many works of the Greek Fathers of treatises on medicine, of Terence, of Virgil, of Horace, of Ovid, "Fasti," of Theocritus, of the novels and institutes of Justinian. Albericus, whose dream has preserved his name in memory, was better known in his own time for his controversial success against the heretic Berengar, and for his handbooks of astronomy and dialectic. Constantine of Africa had a more mysterious celebrity. For thirty-nine years he had wandered through the East ; he had mastered the

lore of the Arabs and the "Chaldees;" he was said to have penetrated to India; he had been expelled from his native Carthage for holding converse with the devil; he had lectured on medicine at Salerno, and had enjoyed high favour at the court of Robert Guiscard. Finally, converted to Christianity, he retired to Monte Cassino, attracted possibly by a certain repute which its monks had already acquired in medical science, and formed there a body of disciples who filled Salerno, and became the most eminent members of its noted school. Among these last is counted Atto, who translated the works of his master into Latin; and not improbably the John di Milano to whom is ascribed the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*, of which the excellence ought to be sufficiently attested by its hundred and seventy-three editions, and its translation into even Polish and Bohemian. For seventy years the connection between Monte Cassino and Salerno was maintained, and though the tradition of religious and secular learning was on every other point soon lost in the pressure of great affairs, the Cassinese never neglected the study nor the practice of physic. In the eleventh century the physician occupied the place of the confessor. The Benedictine doctor was a natural agent for furthering with unseen influence the interests of his convent and of the Papacy.

The administration of Desiderius would have been incomplete if he had not made the external appearance of the monastery correspond with its growing importance. The church was rebuilt by architects brought over from Greece. The mosaics with which it was afterwards decorated, the paintings of Greek enamel on its altar face, the bronze doors which rivalled the famous gates of Amalfi, the fifty candelabra which hung from a great beam, also of bronze, stretching across the choir, the statues of silver, the columns of silver wrought in relief and gilt, were all among the most remarkable works of the time. A new refectory was gorgeous with mosaic and painting. The dormitories, new almost in their entirety, were extended so as to hold two hundred monks. The consecration of the church was the occasion of a great festival. The Pope condescended to a special journey. The princes of Capua, Benevento, Naples, Salerno, and Sorrento, with barons innumerable and a vast concourse of people, covered the mountain with their encampments and swarmed far out into the valley. For eight days the fervour of religious joy continued. The poorer multitude were fed with bread and fruit and wine at the expense of the abbey; those who could afford poured offerings at the foot of the altar, and all, when they departed, so carried the fame of the shrine to their own countries, that for many years the stream of pilgrims was sensibly augmented.

Desiderius was followed by a succession of abbots similar in kind. Always nobles, generally cardinals, they each united, though in different degrees, the qualities of attachment to the papacy, of turbulence, of ambition, of magnificence, and of conduct in the arts both of peace and war. Oderisius, of the vigorous race of the Marsian Counts, brought the grandeur of the abbey to a climax. Already its pretensions were inordinate, and for awhile, under his hands, its material strength became no less so. In the absence of any central authority in the southern provinces, in the almost daily shifting of influence from one petty lord to another, the abbots had gradually shaken off every temporal yoke, and had come to mix with the Norman princes, not as subjects but as peers. With the means of independence in their grasp, it was easy to find a pretence for its assertion. Their spiritual dependence on the Holy See was interpreted to mean independence of any political superior; and from denying the existence of rights over themselves they soon came to insist on the possession of identical rights over others. The connection of Desiderius with the Papacy, the alliance of Rome with the Normans, afforded him the requisite opportunity; and he practically converted the territory of Monte Cassino into a separate state. He granted to the Count of Traetto a quarter of his own county on the tenure of service whenever summoned by him or by his successors; and the previous surrender which is implied by the grant was doubtless made as much with the object of securing temporal protection as with that of obtaining the capricious help of the spiritual arm. Old forms of oath are preserved by which the feudatories promised obedience and aid "contra omnes homines hujus mundi," and a certain Godfrey received the Castle of Suessa on condition of recognising no superiority in any prince or in any man whatever, save in the Abbot of Monte Cassino. Oderisius received a territory rendered independent by a short prescription; but in times when the words force and right are but symbols meaning the same thing in the mouths of different men, prescription is a term of elastic signification. It was the business of Oderisius to make it convenient for his neighbours to understand that fifty years were ample for the creation of a right. Partly therefore by arms, partly by purchase, he acquired the large districts of Pico and Pontecorvo. The former was seized in a manner at once bold and ingenious. The Lord of Pico had treacherously captured an enemy, the Count of Fundi. Pope Calixtus, on the suggestion of the abbot, directed Oderisius to vindicate outraged morality. He levied forces; he attacked and took the Castle of Pico; his disinterestedness was at once rewarded by investiture from the Pope of the whole lands belonging to a feudatory of the Prince of Capua. That prince, who espoused the cause of his vassal, was first defeated by Oderisius,

then threatened with excommunication by the Pope, and at last was fain to abandon the city and to cede his superiority for three hundred pounds of gold. The case of Pontecorvo was different. A former abbot had been admitted into the town, but his rights, if any there were, had never been defined. The Count of Cajazzo was now induced to sell his claim for five hundred pounds of gold; the Prince of Capua gave up his superiority for two hundred and ninety pounds; a certain Pinzent received for the conduct of the negotiation a gratuity of one hundred and twenty pounds, and a rich country and strong frontier town rounded off for the future the domains of Monte Cassino towards the west. The most notable circumstance about these transactions is the ability of the monastery to pay sums of money in themselves so large, and doubly large when the nature of its territory—a mere inland district—is taken into consideration. The price given for these possessions alone can hardly be estimated as the equivalent of less than £500,000 at the present moment, and from time to time throughout the twelfth century the chroniclers mention payments of large amounts for temporary or for permanent objects. A very few years afterwards, the Emperor Lothair, unable to take Monte Cassino by force, confirmed a hostile abbot in his office for four hundred pounds of silver; and on another occasion, when years of war had ravaged the country, three hundred ounces of gold could be offered to preserve the abbey from spoliation. Nothing can tell more eloquently of the uses to which were put dependent churches and monasteries by the dominant societies. Their tithes and their offerings were pitilessly drained from them; they became mere conduits, through which the money of the people flowed without the knowledge of the donors to the few great centres of wealth and power.

From the evidence of these fragments of outward history the manners of Monte Cassino may not unnaturally be exposed to some suspicion. An extreme good nature may suggest that magnificence and turbulence might be characteristic of the abbots, while learning and devotion were cherished by the monks. But the positive witness of a certain number of recorded facts, and the negative proof drawn from the barrenness of the conventual annals in respect of other facts, compel acquiescence in an unamiable mistrust. Frankly it may at once be said that Monte Cassino, in common with almost every Benedictine monastery in the twelfth century, was simply and utterly corrupt. It might be powerful externally; within it was torn by quarrels among the brethren and by the armed discontents of the vassals. An abbot, *Saint Bruno*, was deposed by the Pope for insubordination. He attempted to retain his position with the help of the constant mercenaries. But his monks rose against a somewhat

violent master, and defeated and expelled his soldiery. A few years later another abbot fell, by the evil chance of a personal enemy being elected to fill the throne of S. Peter. He too—it was the natural step—attempted to maintain himself by force. The prior by private wealth or by personal qualities enjoyed the favour of both monks and people. The population of San Germano rushed tumultuously to the abbey, the commander of Rocca Janula declared for him, his brethren saluted him by acclamations. Without form of election he installed himself abbot. The Pope ignored the indecent choice. The vacant seat was filled in name by an austere man entrusted to restore the discipline of the convent. He lurked for a while within the walls of Capua; when in an incautious moment he ventured forth, he was kidnapped and thrown into prison by the prior. For a year the former abbot held the out-fortresses, and ravaged the valley of the Liris; the prior held San Germano, and retaliated on the country which obeyed his predecessor; the new abbot languished in a castle; the Pope vainly fulminated from Rome. If for a moment the monks contrived to moderate their internal dissensions, peace none the less kept aloof from their doors. The town which owed its existence to the greatness of the abbey broke, in spite of the strong fortress which overhung it, three times into open rebellion in the course of the twelfth century alone. It seized every occasion of harassing its lords by intriguing with the party to which they might chance to be opposed. If the monks were Imperialists, San Germano opened its gates to Tancred; if the monks were Papal, the citizens betrayed their town to the Imperialists. At one time, over a term of thirty years, constant revolts of the vassals monopolise the annals of the monastery; and as long as its feudal privileges lasted in their integrity, hardly a ten years' space can be found unmarked by tumult, except at times when the monks, themselves the subjects of oppression, were too weak to enforce their accustomed exactions.<sup>1</sup>

It is not wonderful that the court of Rome was besieged by complaints against the rapacity, the simony, the immorality of monks. In the Lateran Council of 1123 a dangerous attack was made on the

(1) The crime of rebellion was intensified by the sin of epigram. It may not be easy for us to see the extreme pungency of the following verses, which were directed against the Abbot Roffredo; but to him they appeared so stinging that he repaid them by destroying the walls and filling up the ditch of the town unlucky enough to possess the walls who gave them birth. He was barely prevented from inflicting more sanguinary punishment.

“Pessimus Alboinus, Landulphus servus Aquinus,  
 Petrus, Roggerus, Philippus valde severus,  
 Simon, ac Andreas, Adenulphus ut alter Eggeas  
 Sunt hi rectores per quos servantur honores.  
 Hi dictant bella, cœdes, immensa flagella  
 Dantes edictum, venerentur ne Benedictum.”

wealth of Benedictines generally, more particularly upon that of the Cassinese. Several times the Popes ineffectually attempted to reform discipline by imposing an abbot of their own choice. At last, another Lateran Council in 1215, wearied by the importunity of scandal, ordered that Monte Cassino, and with it the barely more respectable monastery of Cluni, should be subjected to thorough reform under the inspection of Cistercian monks. But if the Cistercians were contented with the regulations drawn up by Innocent for the reformation of Monte Cassino, the rigour of their own observances must have been greatly modified since the origination of their rule. The inviolability of the estates was secured by a provision which forbade the abbot to grant fiefs for the future, and which annulled grants already made. The hospital had been broken up; it was ordered that the sick and the poor should be restored to their former comforts. It was attempted to guard against ostentation on the part of the abbot, by forbidding him to use gold for the trappings of his horse, and by compelling him to dine always with the guests of the monastery. Actors were indeed excepted; their presence might be a snare, and the duty of hospitality was satisfied by giving them their meals outside the refectory door. The simple monks were to keep no more than two horses and two servants apiece; and hounds and hawks were altogether denied to them. Every monk whose presence was unnecessary for supervision was to be withdrawn from the castles; and a sufficient number of deacons were to be ordained from time to time that there might be no deficiency of priests for the services of the Church. Finally, the abbot, whenever he slept without the walls of the monastery, was to share his chamber with two aged and respectable fathers, and the brethren were never to "tempt the wiles of the devil" by sleeping apart. Rules such as these might compel a certain decency of behaviour in the eye of the world, but the dirt stuck too thickly upon the platters to be cleansed by mere outward washing. It would have been better to have broken them, and to have replaced them by others. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the attempted reform produced any permanent result whatever. A stormy period soon began, in which far other bulwarks would have been required to protect a new-born purity.

W. E. HALL.]

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## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last fortnight has produced a total change in home politics. When Parliament met after the Whitsuntide recess the Conservative opposition was united and powerful, and "the cave" so full that it was said it could hold no more. These two parties were to act together, and the Government, taken in front and flank, was expected either to resign or to submit to any terms which their opponents chose to dictate to them. There was no popular enthusiasm about the Bill; great modifications of it were considered certain; and it was whispered that even Mr. Bright and the advanced Radicals were ready to consent to its postponement for this year if one decisive vote should be obtained in Committee in favour of the £7 franchise, which they justly considered as the really important part of the Bill. Although the £14 franchise in the count was looked upon as doomed, the other might perhaps be carried by a small majority, and the Government, having acted in a straightforward and manly way, having done their best to carry a Bill which they really believed necessary for the good of the country, could not fight against impossibilities, and might postpone measures which they had adopted in a time of peace and prosperity, when the political horizon had suddenly become gloomy and overcast. Their first act on the re-assembling of Parliament was a graceful concession to the wishes of the House by adopting Mr. Bouverie's motion for fusing into one the two separate Bills relating to the franchise and the redistribution of seats. This was carried without opposition, and then began a discussion unfavourable to the Government on Sir R. Knightley's "instruction to the Committee to make provision for the better prevention of bribery and corruption at elections." The mercenary state of a portion of many constituencies is unfortunately so notorious, and the fear so prevalent that the evil will become worse if the Reform Bill passes and the number of voters be much increased, that many Liberals were induced to vote for the motion, and the Government suffered their first defeat. Great was the cheering and excitement, for the position of the Government was undoubtedly weakened, and so many Liberals were known to be in favour of Captain Hayter's motion, which was immediately to follow, that their defeat upon it was considered certain; and then the Bill and the Government must disappear together. Sir R. Knightley's motion was accepted by Mr. Gladstone, who sarcastically threw upon the Tory baronet the duty of framing the clauses which were to introduce purity in elections, promising that the Government would give them their best attention; but Captain Hayter's amendment was so sweeping a condemnation of their whole Reform scheme, that their honour, even if it were as worthless a commodity as Mr. Lowe supposed it to be, could hardly have survived defeat upon it, and they must have resigned.

The week beginning Monday, May 28th, was one devoted by the House of Commons to the discussion of Reform. In the intervals which the formation of the House allowed to occur between the nights on which the great Government measure was before the House, private members tried their hands at improving our electoral system. Mr. Hussey Vivian proposed on Tuesday to take effectual measures to put a stop to bribery by disqualifying for ever from voting both the bribed and the briber. Mr. Buxton had another remedy; and Mr. Bernal Osborne drew a frightful picture of the corruption of

our whole system, which, according to him, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Everybody will agree with the latter portion of his statement, but few will coincide with the first part when they reflect that in the last century members of Parliament received hard cash in hand for their votes, and that in some counties before the Reform Bill of 1832 the election expenses have reached the high figure of £100,000 on more than one occasion, and that many of the county family now reduced in circumstances owing to the election contests of former generations.

Still, the diminution of election expenses is one of paramount importance if the constituencies are to be largely increased; and it is well that the House of Commons and the public should face betimes one of the difficulties of larger electoral bodies, and give facilities for intelligence and talent being candidates as well as wealth. The next day Mr. Clay's Bill was discussed for basing the right of voting on an educational test, and making the "three R's" take the place of the old British franchise of the 40s. freehold. The measure, if there was ever the smallest chance of its becoming law, would probably be equivalent to universal suffrage, or at any rate the franchise would be very much in the hands of the Government of the day, who must appoint the examiners; but the Conservatives, as a body, supported the measure, as a means of throwing ridicule on the Government Bill by referring it, if they could make it pass the second reading, to the same committee. The manœuvre, however, was not so successful as the one carried two nights before, and being defeated, the discussion was again resumed on Thursday on Captain Hayter's amendment, when Mr. Lowe made one of his most pungent speeches, remarkable for audacity of assertion, richness of illustration, and an extraordinary vigour and self-reliance in delivery, which makes all his points tell, draws off attention from the want of foundation in his assertions, and encourages his audience to trust a man who has such implicit confidence in himself. This speech, however, though perhaps equal as an intellectual effort to his former speeches, had not so great an effect on the House; and notwithstanding the admirable speech of Sir H. Cairns on the next night (Friday), by which the Opposition had perhaps the best of the debate, it became evident on Saturday, and still more so on succeeding days, that the Opposition, who were certain of winning if they remained united, were showing signs of wavering; and rumours began to be spread that the Government were sure of a majority on the Monday night, and that perhaps there would, after all, be no division. Each turned out to be the case. It began to be generally felt that the issue of the division was not the fate of the Reform Bill alone, but of the Government; that the Reform Bill had in any case no chance of passing this year; and it was unpatriotic to turn out the Ministry in the present disturbed state of Europe, and on the eve of the supposed Conference. Lord Grosvenor on Monday returned to his allegiance, Captain Hayter withdrew his amendment, and, on some of the Liberals wishing still to divide, in order to show their strength, the Conservatives and "Cavites" fled in a body from the House, and made a regular "Bull's Run" of it. Not one was left to move that the chairman of the committee report progress, so that the Bill was nearly passing through committee unopposed,—£14 franchise, £7 franchise, and much-esteemed grouping,—when the Conservatives discovered their mistake, and rushed back in the same tumultuous manner in which they had gone, just in time to save all the important clauses. Since then the Government has daily gained in strength both inside and outside the walls of Parliament, and the Opposition has

lost heart. They deeply injured their position on Thursday, June 7th, when Lord Stanley endeavoured to defeat the Bill by a stratagem, which gave the Government a larger majority than they had yet had, and caused also the defeat of Mr. Walpole's amendment to substitute a £20 rating franchise in the counties instead of £14 rental, about which but for their newly-acquired strength the Government would probably have come to a compromise. Since then, on Monday the 11th, they gained two further victories; but in the face of so powerful an opposition it is impossible that the Bill can pass, and after a vote in favour of the £7 franchise, it is probable that the Bill will be withdrawn, to be re-introduced in a future session. At the same time, should events on the Continent arouse the revolutionary spirit which is now dormant, we may hereafter regret leaving so powerful a lever as Reform in the hands of those who wish a total change of our institutions, and acknowledge the wisdom of those who wished, from a spirit of fairness, to extend the privilege of voting as far as could safely be done without coercion and without mistrust. The Cabinet which proposes Reform contains men of the highest rank, and the greatest wealth, intellect, and experience; the Opposition is recruited largely from the middle classes and the smaller squires, who think it wise to keep whatever privileges they possess as long as they can, and only to yield them when wrung from them by force. The one looks to the present, and the other to the future; the one would leave the mode of progress in the hands of Providence, the other, by wise forethought and sympathy, would seek to ease the path of the future and lead the nation gently in the way it should go, remembering the words of one of our most distinguished writers, that "our whole history is but a series of timely reforms."

On Monday, June 11th, there was also a short debate on foreign affairs, in which a general feeling was manifested in favour of Austria, as standing in the right and showing great forbearance, while Prussia was aiming at unlawful ends, and treated her German rival with an irritating insolence which is not supposed to correspond with the wishes of the Prussian people.

Our previsions of the failure of the Conference have been realised far more rapidly and completely than even the least hopeful of Continental politicians could have anticipated. A fortnight ago, although it was known that Austria was extremely reluctant to join the Conference, and that she had even procured the removal from its programme of the question of "la cession de la Vénétie," and its substitution by the far more elastic subject of "le différend Italien," no one dreamed that she would at the last moment send an answer to the proposal of the neutral Powers which they would regard as tantamount to a rejection. It was thought that the mere fact of her despatching her Foreign Minister to Paris to talk over such utterly impracticable subjects as the Schleswig-Holstein question, the reform of the Bund, and the Italian difficulty, could in no way injure her or bring any advantage to her opponents, while her refusal to join in an attempt to bring about a peaceful solution of those questions which, however visionary, had been approved and agreed to by all the other Powers, could only cast on her shoulders the responsibility of being the first to break the peace, and leave her isolated in the midst of Europe, without friend or an ally. It was evident, too, from the cautious conduct pursued by Austria at the beginning, that she was fully sensible of the weight of these considerations. In those semi-official statements which in such cases always precede the formal despatch, and usually give full information as to what will be its

our, the representatives of the Austrian Government abroad plainly made it understood that Austria would accept the Conference, and even hinted that, if a suitable territorial compensation could be found, there would be no objection to cession of Venetia. On the very day before the Austrian reply arrived, the plan of Prince Metternich, *Le Mémorial Diplomatique*, declared that Austria would, if the great Powers "determined upon the expediency of territorial modifications, accept a free and loyal discussion upon the titles of some and the pretensions of other states." Yet the next day the Emperor Napoleon read with disguised impatience before Prince Metternich the despatch which had just been brought to him by that minister, in which Austria declares as an indispensable preliminary "that it should be agreed beforehand to exclude from deliberation everything that could tend to give one of the States invited to the Congress any territorial aggrandizement or increase of power." What was the reason of this sudden change of determination on the part of the Cabinet of Vienna? What induced it thus to brave the anger of the most powerful monarch in Europe, and expose itself to the charge of having destroyed the last chance of avoiding war? Before we answer these questions, we will lay before the reader some of the principal combinations which have suggested themselves while the negotiations were in progress, and whose discussion has brought to light certain projects which will go far to explain the singular and important events that has taken place on the diplomatic chess-board of Europe since the beginning of the month.

The rapprochement between Austria and Russia is now no secret, and it is mainly the projects to which we have alluded that have induced the Court of St. Petersburg to turn from its faithful ally and vassal, Prussia, to the always uncertain and often treacherous Cabinet of Vienna. In considering the questions of Venetia and Schleswig-Holstein, the view which most generally prevailed was that the only possible pacific solution of those questions would be the grant of a compensation to Austria for her rights in both those countries. Schleswig-Holstein, or at least the German portion of it, should have to be given up to Prussia, as she would be satisfied with nothing less; and Austria would probably require a corresponding increase of territory beyond the limits of the Confederation to compensate her for the aggrandisement of her rival. As regards Venetia, the compensation would have to be found either in Bosnia, the Herzegovina, the Danubian Principalities, or Poland. This view at a time found some favour at the French Court. The Emperor Napoleon, with the extreme tenacity which distinguishes him, still adheres to his favourite project of a Congress of Sovereigns, and although he did not put much faith in the success of the Conference, he was not without hope that the Powers, rather than plunging into an uncertain and ruinous war, would consent to the Conference being converted into a Congress. In this Congress the system of compensation, which is among crowned heads a favourite method of settling political difficulties, would not improbably be adopted; and in such a case the principles of compensation above sketched out would doubtless be put forward. What, however, would be the result? The proposed compensation for Venetia would open up either the Eastern or the Polish question; that for Austria's rights in Schleswig-Holstein would affect the constitution of the Germanic Confederation; while both would disturb the European equilibrium (which, however title it may be regarded by nations, is jealously watched by their rulers), and give the neutral Powers a pretext for putting forward their own pretensions in return. France would be quite ready to acknowledge that Prussia must have Hol-

stein and the German part of Schleswig, especially if they are annexed by the convenient form of universal suffrage; but she could not allow this increase of a Power which was formed as a menace to her, and would claim the separation of the Rhenish provinces from Prussia as the only means of protecting her against being outweighed by her powerful neighbour. To this Prussia would probably reply by claiming further compensation, perhaps in the East of Europe, and thus change would follow change until the map of the Continent was modified to the satisfaction of its unscrupulous arbiter.

The most important, however, of the possible combinations which the Emperor hoped would result from the meeting of a Congress, is that which includes Poland. Napoleon III. has not forgotten his former diplomatic defeat in 1863, which, indeed, was the origin of his idea of a Congress, and the Polish question has, it is said, again been the subject of conversation, on more than one recent occasion, at the court of France. Two plans especially have been a good deal discussed: the annexation of a considerable portion of Russian Poland to Austria, who would hold it, together with Galicia, by a similar tenure to that by which she holds Hungary; and the formation of an independent Polish state under the rule of the reigning house of Saxony, some members of which have already sat on the Polish throne. In the latter case the King of Saxony would have to give up his present possessions to Prussia, who would be compensated by them for the loss of the Rhenish provinces. This plan is not without a certain plausibility, for a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Saxony are, as is well known, strongly in favour of Prussia in the present dispute, and the country itself has long been coveted by the Hohenzollerns. Accordingly, the prospect of such a plan being seriously urged at the expected Congress, if not at the Conference, was freely talked about in political circles at Paris. This, coupled with the news that Austria was forming a Polish legion in Galicia, excited serious alarm in Russia—not so much on account of the danger of her losing the kingdom of Poland, which is to her a possession quite as dangerous and more costly than Venetia is to Austria, because she knows that the extensive and fertile provinces in the west of her empire, which were originally Polish, and are still Polish in feeling, would be irresistibly attracted to an independent Polish state in their immediate neighbourhood. The result was that Russia, who had been one of the most eager to propose the Conference, now did her utmost to prevent its meeting. In the time of Nicholas she would probably not have given herself so much trouble about what was after all only a project, and have gladly seized the opportunity of Austria's favouring it to march an army into Galicia. Now, however, her army on the Galician frontier is far too small to occupy a hostile province, and she shows no signs of either will or capacity to take part in a European war. Before we proceed with our narrative, it will not be out of place to give a rapid sketch of the present situation of Russia, and the reasons which induce her to maintain an attitude so contrary to her traditional policy.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs, though in itself an event which every friend of humanity must applaud, was neither in its origin nor its consequences worthy of admiration, or even respect. No one will, we presume, after the experience of the Polish insurrection, attribute the emancipation to pure benevolence on the part of the Emperor Alexander. His predecessor, the iron Nicholas, seriously contemplated it some years before his death, and the original idea of the measure belongs to neither of these monarchs, but to some Polish nobles in Lithuania, who petitioned Nicholas to be allowed to emancipate the serfs on their estates. The emancipation was, in fact, a powerful political

instrument against the pretensions of the nobles, and Nicholas only hesitated to use it because he had a rooted aversion to all levelling and revolutionary proceedings. Alexander, however, had no such scruples. Being naturally weak and timorous, he grew alarmed at the liberal spirit which sprang up among the nobles with renewed vigour after they were freed from the tyrant who had so long crushed their political aspirations, and, as is often the case with weak men, he recklessly threw himself into a course which his bold and iron-willed predecessor had not dared to follow. When the smoke of the incense which the philanthropists of Europe burnt before the "well-intentioned" Czar on hearing of this achievement had cleared away, the political object of the measure became only too apparent. Not only were the serfs to be free, but they were to obtain, together with their freedom, a portion of the property of their late masters. It is true that compensation was to be given to the nobles for about a sixth part of the property of which they were thus arbitrarily deprived; but even this was a mere delusion, for the funds out of which the compensation was paid were obtained by imposing a special tax on the very persons who were to receive it. This mode of carrying out the emancipation was not only ruinous to the proprietors, but greatly diminished the general prosperity of the country. Drunkenness prevails among the lower classes in Russia to a frightful degree, and the ignorant peasant, believing that freedom meant the privilege of doing no work, indulged in his favourite propensity from morning till night, and has now become a far less valuable member of society than while he was a serf. Labour became so difficult to get, that in some parts of the Empire the Government was obliged to send soldiers to till the fields, and trade and commerce suffered to an immense extent. This state of things was considerably aggravated during the Polish insurrection, when the Emperor, again driven to desperation by his fears, threw himself into the arms of the old Russian party, which is led by MM. Milutin and Katkoff, and avowedly aims at the complete extermination of the Poles. The peasant was now openly favoured by the Government in all his transactions with the nobles, and anarchy prevailed in every village. Nor was this the only result of the insurrection. The expenses of the army and administration in Poland, which were very great, severely taxed the already crippled resources of the country; recourse was had to loan after loan, until no banker could be found on the Continent to give Russia credit; and the paper rouble has now become so depreciated that it is only worth four-sevenths of its nominal value. The army itself, demoralised by the barbarous Polish campaign, is now very different to what it was in the time of the Crimean war. All that strict subordination, dogged perseverance, and harmonious action which even his enemies were fain to admire in those days, are no longer to be seen in the Russian soldier; the levelling doctrines which were openly spread by the Government in Poland, have taught him to look upon himself as the equal of his superior officer, and even to report any instance of suspicious humanity on his part to the civil authorities, and the wild independence and unbridled plunder in which he then indulged seem to have unhinged his half-formed mind, and made him unsettled, vacillating, and disorderly. It thus happens that at the present moment Russia, in consequence of her social and financial disorders and her demoralised army, is far weaker than she was in 1856, and even just before the Polish insurrection; and this alone would be sufficient to explain the timorous course of intrigue which she is now pursuing. There is, however, yet another reason why Russia should not now desire to fight. The Emperor Alexander, since the

late attempt on his life, has again had one of his panics. He has left St. Petersburg, where he thinks his life is not safe, and has shut himself up in the fortress of Cronstadt; and, in a curious document addressed by him to Prince Gagarin, the President of the Council of Ministers, he openly accuses the extreme socialist party (known as the Nihilists) of having been connected with the attempt to assassinate him, and orders all socialist doctrines to be carefully banished from the schools of the empire. Even M. Milutin, it is said, is in disgrace, and the Emperor proposes to remove from the Ministry all adherents of the late favourite, and replace them by men known for their anti-liberal opinions.

We are now in a position to see some of the motives which have caused Russia to approach the Cabinet of Vienna. She is, of course, desirous of retaining her Polish possessions; she wishes to prevent Austria from getting the Principality or opposing her if she sent an army into them; and her Emperor has become a sudden convert to those reactionary principles of which Austria is the traditional representative. Moreover, the leanings of Russia towards a Holy Alliance naturally incline her to keep on a friendly footing with Austria. She has lately been using all her influence at the Court of Berlin to overthrow Bismark, and bring about a reconciliation between the King and Francis Joseph, and it is evidently her interest to keep alive as long as possible the Venetian question, which must always prevent any serious alliance between France and Austria, and drive the latter Power, who is too weak to act alone, into the outstretched arms of the Czar. It is not, therefore, for want of any strong interest in the present European complications that Russia maintains an outwardly passive attitude. Being incapable of playing a prominent part in a European war, she strives to gain her ends by diplomacy; and it must be acknowledged that so far she has succeeded. Obviously the only way for her both to postpone the revival of the Polish question and the settlement of that of Venetia was to cause the failure of the Conference.

It may, we think, be safely asserted that this event is mainly attributable to her instrumentality. We have good authority for stating that the draft of the despatch notifying Austria's reservations was sent direct from the Hofburg to the Foreign Office at Vienna, and that none of the Ministers had been consulted regarding it, or knew what was to be its tenour. Curiously enough, there at that time at the Hofburg a lady who has gained some reputation for inspiring clever and caustic despatches—the Russian princess, Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, who had called on her imperial cousin on her way from St. Petersburg and had been received by him with honours which, according to the rules of the Spanish etiquette of the Austrian Court, are only given to persons whom it is desired to treat with extraordinary distinction. Count Mensdorff was little less mortified on seeing the despatch he was to send to Paris than on the occasion of the last *coup de tête* of his imperial master, the placing of the army of Venetia on a war footing. He has since done his utmost to explain away the "reservations" contained in the despatch; but it was too late. Russia was the first to telegraph all over Europe that Austria had made the Conference nugatory; France followed Russia, and England could only assent to the view of the other so-called "neutral" Powers.

The action of Russia in this matter is pretty clear; but how shall we judge the conduct of Austria? If we look upon her *rapprochement* with Russia as a question of policy, we cannot but condemn it as hasty and ill-judged. The disadvantages of such a combination lie on the surface. Austria's only

stance in the coming war is to conciliate the heterogeneous nationalities in her empire, and at the same time to show as strong a tendency to Liberalism as it is possible for her to do in her present difficulties. To unite herself with the Czar would be not only to alienate Hungary, and especially Galicia, but to turn the Emperor of the French, who already suspects a possible revival of the Holy Alliance, from a very equivocal "neutral" into an open enemy. On the other hand, what advantages can she reasonably expect to reap from such a union? We have seen that Russia is at present too weak to take any active part in the struggle between Austria and Prussia; but she is not too weak to occupy the Principalities, and even to fight a Turkish army, so long as she is sure of the connivance or powerlessness of Austria. A propaganda among the Christian and Slavonic races of Turkey would in such a case probably be the next step taken by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg—a step which requires neither a large outlay of money nor a very imposing force; and of this the inevitable consequence would be a rising among the kindred populations of Austria south of the Danube, who would join their brothers in shaking off the yoke of the foreigner and allying themselves with a Pan-Slavonic Russia.

If, however, we look only at the fact of Austria's having rejected the Conference, we cannot but admit that in this she has acted in a manner which is perfectly justifiable and hardly to be regretted by the most ardent friend of peace. We pointed out in our last number that there was not the slightest hope of the Conference preventing a war, and that the grand ceremonial which was to be enacted round a green table at Paris could only be a farce, when each of the guests must have confessed to himself beforehand that it was a ceremonial and nothing more. There would have been no lack of elegant court festivals and splendid dinners; the Emperor would have been mysteriously reticent to each guest, and the Empress charmingly amiable; much would have been said, written, and telegraphed; perhaps even a few good diplomatic *bon-mots* and anecdotes, which are very much wanted just now in the *salons*, would have arisen out of the debates—but nothing more. It is better that the Conference should not have met, than that it should have separated after some days or weeks of total failure. Any delusions on such a matter should be stamped out at once, and the quicker the better.

Nor do we join in the chorus of reproaches which have been addressed to Austria because she did not unconditionally accept the Conference, and thereby save some old gentlemen the trouble of a long journey. No one willingly sits down at a gaming-table when he is clearly informed beforehand that he will be fleeced, nor will any one accept an invitation to a dinner at which he is not to eat, but to be eaten. Such things may have happened years ago in the case of a Levant missionary, who might console himself for the prospect of being made into a dish for the cannibals by the reflection that he had sacrificed himself for a great idea, to say nothing of the probability that he would not be very easy of digestion. But Austria has no pretension either to martyrdom or indigestibility, and she therefore deserves credit for wishing to defend herself before she allows herself to be devoured. This is admitted, even by her accusers. But, they say, she ought not to have refused the Conference, if it were only for the sake of appearances; she ought to have had regard to "the proprieties." This, however, is a mere phrase. The situation is far too grave for appearances to be considered, and there can now be no question of the proprieties in a matter which, from the crossing of the Eider to the present day, has been conducted in



utter defiance of all propriety and even decency. In crushing the Conference in the bud, Austria acted with far more propriety than when she joined Prussia in the uncongenial task of liberating the Duchies, and connived at all the pitiful subterfuges of Prussian diplomacy at the London Conference, not having the courage to break the bonds by which she was held. There is a vast difference between the moral and the diplomatic view of propriety. For the same reason we should be very cautious about branding the Power that fires the first shot the aggressor and disturber of peace. That one may fire first, and yet be the party attacked, is an old truth which applies not only to duels between individuals, but also to revolutions and wars between great and small States.

The drift of the Austrian reply was that she would only enter the Conference on condition that the Powers first engaged not to enter into any combination which might give any of them an increase of power or of territory. This, in other words, meant the maintenance of the *status quo*, and rendered the Conference useless. It was understood in this sense by the neutral Powers, and on the day after it had arrived in Paris, Mr. Gladstone was able to inform the House of Commons that in consequence of the Austrian reply the Conference would probably not be held. It is worthy of remark that the *Moniteur*, in making the same declaration the next day, made it appear as if it was England who had first declared that the Austrian conditions were unacceptable, and that France had only afterwards concurred in this view. Mr. Gladstone said the very reverse, and we may be permitted to believe his statement in preference to that of the *Moniteur*. For, leaving out of consideration the fact that all the world would rather trust the assertions of our Chancellor of the Exchequer than those of the official organ of France, the latter are proved to be untrue by circumstances of time and distance. The Austrian note, which reached Paris on the 4th, only came to London on the morning of the 5th, and it is most improbable that our Foreign Office should have communicated any opinion on the note to the other Powers before it had received it. According to all appearance, the Emperor Napoleon wished to show his not very warlike subjects that he had been the last to abandon the idea of a Conference, and the *Moniteur* must therefore be charged, not for the first time, with a wilful misrepresentation of facts. The Russian and French Governments vied with each other in the haste with which they telegraphed to the various courts that the Austrian reply was equivalent to a rejection of the Conference, and that of Russia, as we have seen, won the race.

At the same time Austria ventured on a step which is in its way as significant as the rejection of the Paris Conference. She brought the Schleswig-Holstein question before the Bund—from whose jurisdiction she ought never to have withdrawn it—and thereby put an end to the Gastein Convention. “It is the interest of Germany, and not of Austria alone”—are the words of the declaration presented on the 1st of this month by the Austrian representative Frankfort, “that right and the faith of treaties should prevail in Germany rather than mere force. It is their interest also, that Prussia, although European power, should show respect for peace and the Federal resolutions, and finally, that the Schleswig-Holstein question should receive its solution, not simply to conciliate exclusive pretensions, but in accordance with the rights of the Diet and the Duchies themselves. Referring to the declarations of the 24th August, 1865 (by which Austria and Prussia undertook to communicate with each other on the subject of the result of their deliberations), the representati-

of Austria declares that the efforts made to co-operate with Prussia, in order to bring about a solution of the question of the Duchies in accordance with Federal Law, have been fruitless, and that consequently the Imperial Government must leave the subject henceforward to the resolutions of the Diet, to which Austria will conform. The Governor-General of Holstein is already authorised to convoke the Estates of Holstein, in order that they may declare the wishes and legal convictions of the country as an element proper to be considered in the decision which has to be made."

Too late! "Right and the faith of treaties" had already been invoked in vain by England and Denmark. "Respect for peace and the Federal resolutions!" Austria spurned both when she crossed the Eider and forced the Federal troops out of Holstein. "Convoke the Estates of Holstein!" how often had this been recommended in vain both to Austria and Prussia! Too late, indeed, by many months. For now Prussia declares that the appeal to the Bund is a violation of the Treaty of Gastein; and it cannot be denied that there is a technical ground for this complaint. We say a technical ground, for, if we regard the question from the point of view of justice and right, Austria certainly does not deserve condemnation for wishing to make the Bund the arbiter in a question which belonged to its jurisdiction from the beginning, and to allow a voice in the matter to the inhabitants of the Duchies, who have been liberated only to be treated afterwards as conquered. When Prussia, appealing to the Gastein Convention, asserts that Austria has no right to bring the Schleswig-Holstein question before the Bund, it is also to be remarked that Prussia herself had offered to make the question of the Duchies the subject of discussion at the Paris Conference. In both cases the matter would have been submitted to the decision of other Powers, with this difference only, that at Frankfort German Governments, while in Paris foreign States, would have to adjudicate in a dispute which was originally German.

This reason alone would have made it monstrous for Prussia to declare the appeal of Austria to the Bund to be a *casus belli*, which was by some thought to be quite possible. Prussia has not, however, been guilty of such a mistake. She had never troubled herself about discovering a *casus belli*; she left that to the Emperor of Austria and his counsellors. Count Bismark has always wished, and probably wishes still, to be attacked; to attack is not in his plans; and even if he wished to do so, he would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to persuade his king into taking such a step. He cleverly avoided this by declaring that the appeal of Austria to the Bund was simply a dissolution of the Gastein Convention, in consequence of which the state of things which existed prior to that Convention, namely, the *condominium*, was restored, making it necessary for Prussia to march her troops into Holstein again. At the same time he does not object to the Austrians remaining or sending a few garrisons to Schleswig. But if the two Powers could not agree before, how can they do so now? It would be a cat-and-mouse *condominium*, which must sooner or later end in a conflict. Austria has no wish to play the part of the mouse, and accordingly draws back her troops under protest. Meanwhile the Prussians occupy, also under protest, all the strong places in Holstein; they have dispersed the Holstein Estates convoked by Austria, imprisoned the Holstein Commissioner Lesser, and Count Bismark has thereby succeeded, not only in obtaining possession of both the Duchies, but also in leaving to Austria the invidious task of discovering a *casus belli*. If the Holstein Estates still assemble, and the Austrians again come within sight of Kiel or Rendsburg, these will

be two of the greatest miracles ever recorded in history. Count Bismarck's conduct has been, diplomatically speaking, quite "correct," even when provoked Austria to the utmost. In his last circular despatch of the 10th, however, he goes beyond the thin boundary which divides acerbity from rudeness. His description of the Emperor Francis Joseph as being theoretically a peacemaker and practically a firebrand, and especially his bringing the person of the Emperor into the dispute, is not to be justified by any paragraph in the diplomatic code. This accusation is the more likely to produce a feeling of extreme irritation at Vienna since it cannot have been made without an object. And when he goes on to inform his agents abroad that "the Austrian Ministry desires war at any price, partly in the hope of obtaining successes in the field, partly to tide over domestic difficulties, and even with the expressed intention of assisting the Austrian finances by Prussian contributions or by an honourable bankruptcy," it must be acknowledged that it would be difficult to find another diplomatic document of modern times which speaks in such a tone. And here it should be remarked that this is not merely a secret circular, but that those to whom it is addressed are expressly requested to declare themselves in the same sense to the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and the Courts to which they are accredited.

There would be a great deal to say about the Middle States if one were certain that what they decide upon to-day will be actually done to-morrow. They put their heads together, hold endless conferences, obtain decisions by majorities, coquette with Vienna and Berlin, and at the same time cast a glance every morning at Paris; they talk of execution against Prussia, knowing that they will never agree amongst themselves to take such a step; each of them thinks only of the preservation of his petty throne, and the end of it will be that none of them will do anything until one or other of the belligerent Powers enters their territories and proves to them that he cannot respect their neutrality, and that he must be recognised either as their friend or their enemy. The course of these small potentates baffles calculation almost as much as the flight of meteors. They have so little independence that they can never be regarded as constant quantities in political calculations. One thing could be predicted of them, and this has actually occurred. They have acted without knowing exactly for whom or against whom, and whatever may be the turn things will take, Bavaria alone has the satisfaction—a costly one, it might be confessed—of having added 400 lieutenants to her army.

If Count Bismarck does not beat his brains about discovering the *casus belli*, this only gives him more time to think with anxiety how to provide the *res belli*. At this moment he finds even greater difficulty in obtaining money from the Austrian Government, which is accustomed to an empty treasury, and for years made its subjects thoroughly acquainted with the amenities of forced paper currency. Prussia, on the other hand, is a well-organised State whose citizens see no source of revenue in the manufacture of bank-notes. They have watched with distrust the issue of the new "Loan Treasury Bonds" decreed by the Government, although these bonds are only to be issued on the security of goods deposited with the administration, for the purpose of giving assistance to the almost paralysed commerce of the country. Already the magistracy of Berlin declared that it will not accept this paper-money, which has been issued without the consent of Parliament, as a legal tender, and the same decision may be expected on the part of many of the towns in

provinces. Gold is already paid for in Prussia with a small agio, and the programme of the Liberal party for the approaching elections may be stated as follows:—"To give no supplies on any account until the present Ministry and the whole of the present system of government are changed." Wherever a Liberal candidate comes to solicit the suffrages of his countrymen he has no chance of success unless he binds himself to this programme, and as the elections will probably result in another triumph for the Liberals (most of the old members of the Left having a good prospect of being re-elected) Count Bismark will have to meet a Parliament which will hail both him and his system with a decided vote of want of confidence. He had hoped to turn the feeling in Prussia in his favour by his proposal to call a German Parliament at Frankfort, elected by universal suffrage; but he will soon find that this hope was groundless. We have long predicted how it would be, and our predictions are being fulfilled to the letter. "Money for carrying on war, if war cannot be avoided with honour, but not a thaler to this Government, which has trodden the constitution under foot, insulted the representatives of the nation, and pursued, contrary to their advice, a foreign policy that leads to the most unfortunate of wars." Such are the resolutions, often expressed in far sharper language, which have been passed at the many election meetings that are now taking place in Prussia. In the last few weeks Bismark has rather lost than gained in popularity and the confidence of the nation. Even the feudal papers, which formerly made him their hero, now turn away in horror from the man who has allied himself with revolutionary Italy against conservative Austria, who has proposed a German Parliament on the principle of universal suffrage, and who, on the eve of a war which will give France only too favourable an opportunity of intervention, has almost entirely stripped the Rhenish fortresses, Coblenz and Saarlouis, of troops and guns. It almost seems as if by so doing he were performing his part of a secret contract entered into with Napoleon. Even his warmest supporters are beginning to grow anxious, while his enemies are as hostile to him as ever.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about a proposal made by Bismark to several leaders of the Liberal party to enter the Ministry. Twesten, Gneist, and even Waldeck were, it was said, sounded on this point. Their replies, especially when these negotiations assumed the shape of a definite offer, were all decidedly in the negative. From this side the Count need expect no allies. Then again there were reports according to which he had the idea of attaching Messrs. Roggenbach, Dalwig, and Grabow to his Cabinet; but the object of these rumours was too evident not to show beyond a doubt whence they emanated. Hitherto no Liberal modification of the Cabinet has taken place; only the slow-minded and phlegmatic Minister of Finance, Herr von Bodelschwing, has been forced to retire before the more practised, pliant, and unscrupulous Herr von der Heydt. If the latter had some occasional leanings towards Liberalism, they were very transitory, and were followed in each case by humble repentance. The Liberals have long declined the honour of reckoning him as one of themselves. He is an experienced financier, and utterly unconscientious as a politician—just the man, in fact, that Bismark wants at this moment. So long as he can appeal to the letter of the law, he will not trouble himself about its spirit, and he will only be an advocate of Parliamentary Government while he can get no money without it.

June 13th.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

A MANUAL FOR THE CLASSIFICATION, TRAINING, AND EDUCATION OF THE FEEBLE MINDED, IMBECILE, AND IDIOT. By P. M. DUNCAN, M.B. Lond., and W. MILLARD, Superintendent of the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles. Longmans & Co., 1866.

WHATEVER may be the symptoms of a luxurious degeneracy in the present age, we may yet feel a just pride in our country, and a confidence in her future, as we peruse this volume and see what enthusiasm and energy are called forth in ameliorating the condition of that most helpless and, alas, repulsive member of our race—the idiot. To shield this poor outcast of reason from personal wrong, and render his body tolerably comfortable, used to be the limit of the benevolent aim of the philanthropist; but the imbecile now begins to attract the scientific interest of men who apply to his improvement the results of patient study and experiment, and nobly bestow an almost inexhaustible amount of kindness in the hope of eliciting a few rays of moral and intellectual light. Nor do they fail of their reward, for the Reports of our idiot asylums bear witness that very great results have been attained; in many cases the mental capacity being developed so far as to render the subjects of the training capable of contributing more or less to their own support. Another most important result is the experience thus obtained, upon a systematic basis, in the treatment of imbecility; and in this respect we thankfully hail the book before us as a valuable addition to our knowledge. It is the first manual on the subject that has been published in the English language, and we do not hesitate to say that it will repay the perusal of all parents and teachers, for its maxims are of universal bearing, though its details are of limited application. The different degrees of idiocy are classified, and the treatment required for each class explained with a degree of minuteness which renders it of real service.

One or two points our authors lay down as of primary importance; physical training, for example, should always both precede and accompany mental training.

“The tricks and offensive habits which are broken off in perfect children by admonition, example, and correction, cannot be treated thus in idiots; and the first step towards their prevention is the establishment of a regular system of living and nursing, tending to produce increased health, and the second is the employment of the muscular energy upon certain definite plans. The connection between health in perfect children, and the regularity of their hours of sleep, exercise, dressing, and eating, is obvious. This is equally the case as regards the imperfect minded; with them habit is really more than second nature, and no success can follow any attempt to render the children more comfortable to themselves and less troublesome to those around them, unless clock-work regularity be insisted upon. . . . From the day that a child is considered idiotic, never mind how young, begin to take extra care with its regularity of habits, its hours, its food, and its clothing; every month of regularity makes succeeding months more bearable and less troublesome.”

But the most striking lesson we gather from the book is the conviction, which no one can fail to be the better for having more deeply impressed on his memory and his heart, of the great power of kindness and patient gentleness. The teacher must be perfectly self-controlled, and capable of remaining unagitated amid all the perverseness of the idiot, or he loses his hold upon him,

will but increase the evils he labours to diminish. But here again there is compensation to the zealous-hearted worker, for among the idiot class is a remarkable power of affection and gratitude, and it is possible to obtain unlimited confidence and obedience by a wise and consistent kindness. In this sphere of labour we do not look for startling or splendid results. It is wonderful that the feeble germs of reason, overgrown as it were by the animal nature, should ever be rescued from its complete dominion; and we are bound to render all homage to the labours of Mr. Millard, whose life is given to this most benevolent enterprise. May he and his fellow-workers be fully rewarded by the growing success of his own institution and the rapid establishment of others in all parts of our land.

JAMES HINTON.

CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. THREE LECTURES ON WORK, TRAFFIC, AND WAR. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co.

THE three lectures were delivered by Mr. Ruskin, the first before the Working Men's Institute at Camberwell, the second in the Town Hall at Bradford,—on which occasion the lecturer seems to have been invited to Bradford to give a little advice as to the architecture of a projected new Exchange,—and the third at the Royal Academy at Woolwich. But though they were thus given by the lecturer to separate audiences, they were, as he tells us, prepared without reference to each other; and they are called by the somewhat fantastic name of *The Crown of Wild Olive*, because it is hoped that some may learn from them how to win for themselves "the crown of all content; no proud no jewelled circlet flaming through heaven above the height of the throned throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow of a few years of peace." Now if Mr. Ruskin can by his lectures teach men and women, either young soldiers at Woolwich, or merchants with their families at Bradford, or working men at Camberwell, to win for themselves the inestimable treasure of a clear conscience,—which I presume to be the end of *Wild Olive* intended,—I for one should certainly not be inclined to quarrel with him because his language is fantastic. Fantastic as it is, it is always beautiful. Even when his words most offend the judgment, they do gratify the ear if one could allow the ear to receive them without the aid of the judgment. But when the conviction is forced upon the reader that no human being can learn anything from such teaching, indeed that there is no lesson taught whatsoever, that the words are words and words only, then the absurdity of the names chosen, the *Crown of Wild Olive*, *Sesame and Lilies*, and the like, becomes an additional offence.

It is not to analyse Mr. Ruskin's intellect from his published works is more than I will undertake to do. But I will assert on his behalf,—and I think that readers of the *English* will agree with me almost without exception,—that he is possessed of a wondrous power of teaching men to use their eyes. It is not only that he has written charmingly on painting, on architecture, and on scenery, but that he has absolutely taught men to see and appreciate the beauty of pictures, to understand the lines and forms of buildings, and to feel the charms of Nature's loveliness out of doors, who were before dead or half dead to these things. He has given almost a new delight in existence, certainly a much extended delight, to many men and women, and has done this by conveying to us, in language of most unsurpassed eloquence, lessons taught to himself by perfected taste and

accurate eyesight. In speaking of Mr. Ruskin's early work I would wish to do with all the enthusiasm of ungrudging admiration. Such work as this he has now abandoned, and he has taken to teach other lessons,—lessons of political economy, lessons of what I may call general conduct,—to be, in short, a prophet among men; one qualified by sure instincts of right and wrong to denounce the evil of the present day, and to bid men turn themselves to better things.<sup>1</sup> I venture to assert also,—and I think I shall have the agreement of all who have read Mr. Ruskin's latter works as to the justice of my assertion,—that he has taught no man or woman any useful lesson as to general conduct in life. He may tell us that avarice is bad, and that justice is good, and in so saying he will say what is true. But we knew that before, and, though useful lessons may probably still be taught to all of us on these headings, such lessons to be useful must have in them something that shall be new, some words that shall be especially persuasive, or something at least of strength. But Mr. Ruskin, in teaching these old lessons, not only is neither new nor persuasive nor strong; but, moreover, he accompanies them always by special doctrines of his own which rob them of all their old value. He tells us in his preface to these lectures of a certain gin palace at Croydon, before which he saw certain iron-rails to which he objects. The gin palace is, perhaps, bad altogether,—and we will presume, for the sake of Mr. Ruskin's argument, that the rails are bad also. Then Mr. Ruskin goes on to tell us how the work employed in making these rails could have been better employed in cleaning certain dirty pools at Carshalton. We will skip the absurdity of assuming that a certain amount of labour, if not employed on these rails, could then have been employed on the pools,—and will go on to his description of the work itself,—the work of producing the rails; “work,” he calls it, “partly cramped and deadly in the mine; partly fierce and exhaustive in the furnace; partly foolish and sedentary in the hands of ill-taught students making bad designs.” The reader at once perceives,—becomes unconsciously aware even if he is an absolutely unthinking reader,—that the author is here denouncing, not only these unfortunate rails, but all working in mines, all working at furnaces, and all attempts of sedentary students to make designs for iron-rails, let those iron-rails be used for what purpose they may. And the reader,—even our most unthinking reader,—knows that mines and iron furnaces are essentially necessary, that they have been given by God as blessings, that the world without them could not be the world which God has intended,—and he rejects such prophesying as this. The gaze of the denouncer who denounces like this has not been sufficiently intense to discover truth.

There is hardly a page in the little book under notice by which the same feeling of false teaching is not produced. In the first lecture on Work, Mr. Ruskin speaks of justice. He intends to inculcate justice on the labouring men of Camberwell, and to do this takes the mode,—always taken by the prophets,

(1) I will borrow a few words, in a foot-note, from the author of “*Ecce Homo*.” “Now this mode of communicating and receiving truth,” he says, and he is speaking, of the mode in use with the Eastern prophets of old, “is not repugnant to the Western nations. From the time of Pythagoras and Heraclitus to the time of Carlyle and Mazzini, men have risen at intervals in the West who have seemed to themselves to discover truth, not so much by a process of reasoning, as by an intense gaze, and who have announced their conclusions in the voice of a herald, using the name of God, and giving no reason.” This describes accurately what Carlyle has done,—and readers of Carlyle's words have felt the presence of the prophet. It describes as accurately what Mr. Ruskin is attempting; but there comes home to the listener no faith. The preacher is not recognised to be a prophet. The words are not found to have inspiration.

old and modern, inspired and uninspired, from Isaiah to Carlyle,—of denouncing. He denounces the injustice of his hearers, and he does this by drawing a picture. A working man goes out on a Sunday with his little boy, and the little boy has a nice hat with a feather. They come to a very dirty little boy sweeping a crossing, and they give him a penny. Then Justice says to the working man, why shouldn't that little boy have a feather as well as your little boy? The working man rejoins that Justice is foolish here, as the feather would be inappropriate for the work of sweeping. But Justice has her answer for this: "Then why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feather." The working man replies that everybody should be kept in the place that Providence has assigned to him. And then Mr. Ruskin comes forward with his "Oh, my friends!" and knocks the working man over. Providence, Mr. Ruskin says, had nothing to do with this unfair partition. You have done it. You have been cruel to the sweep, and, therefore, if you are just, you will give him his share of the hat and feather. Here is a lesson as taught by Mr. Ruskin, and by such a lesson I say that no human being will be instructed, or even so much as misled. The most unthinking of hearers or of readers will know that the boy in the hat has got his feather because his father has earned it for him,—honestly or dishonestly does not matter to the argument,—and that the gist of Mr. Ruskin's teaching is simply a denunciation of all property whatsoever. But yet Mr. Ruskin does not mean to denounce property.

In the second lecture, called "Traffic," Mr. Ruskin begins by telling the people of Bradford that he can give them no assistance whatsoever in the matter of architecture. And hereon, speaking on a subject which he understands, he says a word or two which are probably true enough. "Now pardon me for telling you frankly you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion." But being then at Bradford, and having to lecture, and declining to lecture on architecture appropriate for a Bradford Exchange, Mr. Ruskin takes again to prophetic denunciation, and preaches against the goddess of Getting On. "Pallas and the Madonna," he says, "were supposed to be all the world's Pallas and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But look strictly into the nature of the power of your goddess of Getting On, and you will find that she is the goddess, not of everybody's Getting On, but only of somebody's Getting On. This is a vital or rather deathful distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this goddess is to evoke and maintain." Now the unthinking hearer or the unthinking reader of whom I have before spoken will probably have but a hazy idea of the godhead of Pallas, and, perhaps, not a very clear idea of what Mr. Ruskin means by his allusion to the beneficence of the Madonna. But unless he be too hazy to receive any meaning at all from Mr. Ruskin's words, he will comprehend that the goddess Pallas and that which Mr. Ruskin calls the goddess of Getting On are called goddesses in two perfectly different senses. A man who cares much for eating is said to make his belly his god. But no one will think it wise to lecture to such a man and tell him that his belly can't bring him to heaven. Though he makes his belly his god, he does not make it his god in that sense. Mr. Ruskin is permitted to talk of the goddess of Getting On because he delights in fantastic language, and uses it with unusual effect. But he is scarcely honest when he takes advantage of his own imagery, and speaks of the spirit of getting on in the world,—which of course is, in every case, the indi-



vidual ambition of a single mind,—as the goddess which is to evoke and maintain national life. All this was denunciation as from a prophet; but it is denunciation which can have no effect.

Mr. Ruskin permits himself to attempt to prove any idea which occurs to him, but seems to give himself no time to examine his own proofs. In his lecture on War, he tells the young men at Woolwich that all art has been produced by war. To most men this will appear to be a paradox; but I will not argue here as to the assertion itself. I will only allude to two of the instances brought up by Mr. Ruskin from among nations to prove his assertion. The Romans were deficient in art. So Mr. Ruskin says, and so doubtless they were. But the Romans are generally supposed by most readers of history to have been of all people the most warlike. By no means. "I believe, paradoxical as it may seem to you," says Mr. Ruskin, "that however truly the Roman might say of himself that he was born of Mars, and suckled by the wolf, he was, nevertheless, at heart, more of a farmer than a soldier." Then he goes on to say, truly enough perhaps, that of all people the Venetians were the greatest in art. And he calls Venice "the city which gave to history the most intense type of soldier-ship yet seen among men; the city whose armies were led in their assault by their king, led through it to victory by their king, and so led though that king of theirs was blind and in the extremity of old age." Now in this matter the English world will take as truth from Mr. Ruskin the statements that the Romans were deficient in art, and that the Venetians excelled in art; and the English world will add its knowledge from other sources, that the Romans were a people specially addicted to war, and the Venetians a people specially addicted to commerce.

But Mr. Ruskin allows himself to be so carried away by his own eloquence that he will state and prove anything. He is telling the lads at Woolwich that they should not be careless or indolent. This is good advice,—though, as given in a lecture, not likely to be of much use. Then he says that many a giddy and thoughtless boy has become a good bishop or a good lawyer, but none such has become a good general. "I challenge you in all history to find a record of a good soldier who was not grave and earnest in his youth." What was Clive in his youth? What was Marlborough? Are we not told that Alexander got drunk? Was not Caesar in debt? Of course military lads should be steady,—as should other lads. Let Mr. Ruskin so tell them, if he thinks he can do them good by such precepts. But these special statements,—statements which are intended to convey very remarkable tidings as to individual facts,—should at any rate be correct. It would be very odd, if it were the case, that no boy, not grave and earnest in his youth, had ever become a good soldier;—and the fact would be very much against the military profession. Nevertheless, if it be so, let us know it. But if it be not so, why startle the Woolwich lads with the narrative of so wonderful a phenomenon? Mr. Ruskin, as he spoke the words, no doubt thought they were correct. He thinks such things without ground for thinking them. Mr. Ruskin's fault is, that he has seemed to himself to discover truth; but that in doing so he has neither used reason, nor, as yet, that "intense gaze" of which the author speaks whom I have above quoted, and which with prophets stands in lieu of reason.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

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COUNT BISMARCK.

PART I.

EVEN if the present Minister-President of Prussia had fallen under the ball of the young fanatic, Blind, or if he were to withdraw into a monastery for the rest of his life to-morrow, he has still, during his few years of office, done and planned so much evil and confusion, so materially retarded the inner development of the Prussian state, and given so much trouble to the crowned heads of Europe, to their Cabinets, Parliaments, soldiers, and other loyal subjects, that it will be impossible to refuse him a prominent place in contemporary history. Count Bismarck is a man of no common sort. There is in his character a singular mixture of frivolity and fanaticism, of passion and phlegmatic calculation. He ardently desires to suppress all the liberal aspirations of the time, and yet has no respect for the past. He has raised himself to his present high position by parading his hatred for constitutionalism and revolution, yet it would not cost him the slightest effort to unite himself with democracy and socialism, if by so doing he could attain his ends. In Parliament he is an open and uncompromising supporter of the theory of Divine right, while in society he as openly puts it to ridicule. He is a revolutionist of the reaction, and every day a new adventurous idea enters his head; yet he constantly falls back on his original principle, that of the extension of the power of Prussia in Germany. A man of courage, ability, and determination, he knows the weak side of our age, and how to take advantage of it, but is incapable of comprehending its nobler feelings, tendencies, and efforts, of taking in what is called the spirit of the time. Superficial judges have often fallen into the error of accusing him of want of principle; but he is only unprincipled in the choice of his means. Some say that he baffles all calculation;

but in reality he is only unstable. He has been described as the most unconscientious of statesmen, while in truth he is only the most reckless. Those who, like the desperate Austrians, place him on par with Satan, do him a great deal too much honour, for he is too fond of good living and not sufficiently soured by misfortune to aspire to infernal dignities. Those, on the other hand, who call him a genius, sin against the lofty meaning of the word. What makes him appear to be so powerful is simply the disunion and want of organisation of his adversaries. All his strength consists in his clearly seeing what he wishes to obtain, while most of the other statesmen of our time have hardly succeeded in discovering what it is they wish to avoid. Moreover he has—and this goes for much—a high opinion of himself, and a very low one of most other people. Philippus Neri, who founded the Congregation of the Oratory in the time of Luther, concentrated all his teaching into the following terse apophthegm: "Spernere mundum, spernere te ipsum, spernere te sperni." Count Bismarck is satisfied with following the first and last portions of this rule; the "spernere te ipsum" he leaves to gentler and more pious spirits.

To give a sketch of the life of this man is the object of the present article. Those who know how difficult it is to collect materials for such a task, will understand that its execution must necessarily be imperfect.

## I.

Charles Otto von Bismarck auf Schönhausen und auf Kniephof comes of one of those old Prussian families which have a reputation for knowing how to spend their slender revenues with a large dose of noble self-consciousness. He was born at Brandenburg in the year 1813, and studied law at the universities of Göttingen, Greifswalde, and Berlin, with the object of qualifying himself for the civil service, not from any love for jurisprudence or the desk, which is looked upon by the Prussian Junkers with noble contempt, but for want of sufficient means to open to him another career. He would have preferred the army, for which indeed nature had fitted him by her richest gifts: a handsome, well-formed person, great courage, an iron constitution, a considerable amount of pugnacity, and an overflow of animal spirits, combined with intelligence and determination, such as are required for a good leader in the field. That with such natural qualities he should have greatly relished the study of the Roman law and the pandects, and spent the modest income he received from his father in buying heavy books, is not probable. When in his college days he saw the dawn before he crept into bed, the reason was to be found in anything but an insatiable thirst for knowledge. He was what the Germans call "ein flotter

Bursche ;" fought, after the manner of German students, several of those battles in which more beer than blood is spilt ; and at least so far distinguished himself that he at length succeeded in proving to his father, who was a famous huntsman, that he was the deeper drinker of the two.

How and where he passed his examination for the civil service is of subordinate interest. Nearly all of us are usually more or less tried and examined from the cradle to the grave : when we are children, by nurses and teachers ; when we grow up to be men, by ambition and women ; and when we are old, by having to look back at past mistakes, and see the young go over our heads. A Prussian, however, has more trials and examinations to go through than other mortals. He cannot make a single step forwards in his career without undergoing a fresh competitive examination, and must appear all his life before examiners until at last he proves his qualification to die. Count Bismarck must, therefore, have passed some State examinations in his youth, although there are many who assert that he was never capable of collecting the necessary amount of knowledge for such a purpose. This, however, by the way. If he himself has not undergone any State examination, he has at any rate sharply examined other States ; and Nelson will always be known as a great admiral, even if it can be proved by documentary evidence that, when he was twenty years of age, he could not distinguish a frigate from a soup-ladle.

He first stepped out of the subordinate position with which on entering the service he was forced to content himself (he was Superintendent of Dykes in the Altmark) in 1847, when, after having become known in the small circle of his neighbours as a supporter of the Junker party in the diet of the Prussian province of Saxony, he at once assumed a prominent place in the United Diet (Vereinigter Landtag). It was a year before the Paris revolution, which drew both Prussia and the whole of Germany into its vortex—a time of effort and hope, but of quiet and passionate effort, compared with the events of the following year. The convocation of this United Diet was not extorted from King Frederick William IV. by main force, as the Constitution was later on ; he had summoned it of his own free will, and had so strictly confined its sphere of action, that it scarcely afforded any scope for the development of dangerous passions. There had as yet been no conflict with the constituted authorities ; no blood had flowed ; the king, who (as is clearly shown in Varnhagen's journals) treated everything in the manner of a dilettante, had not the slightest suspicion of the coming storm ; and the Prussian people preserved an attitude of moderation, in the conviction that the despotic régime must, even without a sanguinary struggle, yield by degrees to the enlightenment of the age. Accordingly the Liberals

came forward with great moderation in the diet, and the debates would have been equally moderate, if Herr von Bismarck had not appeared, completely armed and lance in hand, as the champion of the feudal party, and by his unbridled aggressiveness provoked his opponents to a lively opposition. Herr von Vincke was the most prominent leader of the old Liberal party (the advanced Liberals were not represented in this assembly), and the tournaments of words which he fought with Bismarck, however old-fashioned they may now appear, are among the most amusing episodes of that time, and, like the introductory chorus of a Greek tragedy, foreshadowed the grave complications which were quietly preparing.

Bismarck was then thirty-four years old, and he attacked the Opposition with as much recklessness as when he afterwards became Minister. The ideas which the members of the feudal party only expressed to each other in the strictest confidence he spoke out unblushingly in public, and gave undisguised expression to reactionary views, which, though shared by his colleagues, they timidly kept to themselves. In these days of progress even the most hardened reactionists seldom acknowledge their party. Every one wants to pass as a man of liberal principles, as a freethinker in religion and politics, even when he only hails progress with averted face. Of such timidity and hypocrisy, which is the highest homage paid to the progressive development of our time, Bismarck was never guilty. He defiantly declared that he was proud to be a Junker, that in Junkerdom the strength of the State was to be found, and that, for his own part, his ideas were dark and mediæval, and that he did not fear a conflict with the so-called enlightenment of the age. His mediævalism, however, was not nearly so strict as he made it appear, and his veneration for the stolid Junkers, whom he despised in his heart, was not very deep-rooted; but it pleased his impetuous nature to shock the moderates opposite to him with violent exaggerations. To utter paradoxes which made him appear ridiculous, and to receive well-deserved corrections in return, belonged to the part which he had determined to play. He was now as ready with hard words as he had been with hard blows at the University. Many at that time took him for the Don Quixote of the feudal party. But if there was more wit than method in his speeches, he acted according to a well-conceived plan. He wished to play a part, and to attract the attention of the King, who, with all his modern amateurships, still had a great hankering after mediæval reminiscences. He succeeded in both of these objects. The people looked with curiosity on the man who declared, contrary to the teachings of history, that "the struggle of 1813 had not given the nation any right to a constitution; and the attention of the King could only be favourably turned to a

deputy who defended the proposition that "Prussian monarchs have received, not from the people, but by Divine grace, a practically unlimited power, a portion of which they have voluntarily granted to the people." This doctrine provoked Herr von der Heydt to ask Bismarck "whether the laws of 1810, 1815, and 1820, which relate to the promise of a Constitution, are not also royal words which should be attended to?" But for such objections, propounded by men who change their views of the rights of King and People thrice within the twenty-four hours, Bismarck had no great respect. The same Herr von der Heydt afterwards asked him to join the Ministry (the Heydt-Cabinet), but in vain; but when he has now himself been asked by Count Bismarck to accept the portfolio of Finance, he on his side has not replied with a refusal. Those who have such men as their opponents may well be excused if they put in practice the maxim of 'Sperrere mundum' a little too freely.

## II.

Herr von Bismarck as a farmer, cultivating turnips and barley, feeding his cattle, calculating the produce of the harvest, and listening to conversations on the advantages of this or that system of manuring, presents a ludicrous spectacle. But he had no choice. Restricted as were the resources of his family, although two of its members had formerly been Ministers of State, he was compelled, near the close of the second United Diet, which had been called in 1848, to sanction the electoral law for the national assembly, to withdraw into the solitude of the small family estate. For he had not the smallest prospect of being elected to the national assembly. There was as yet no room for him in any parliament in the midst of that revolutionary time which was so strongly influenced by the events of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. The Prussian nation, whose aspirations towards political liberty he had repeatedly opposed, was master of the situation, while the King, the theory of Divine right notwithstanding, had yielded so far as to grant a written constitution, to allow himself to be carried on horseback through the streets of the capital, preceded by the German tricolour, and to uncover his head from the balcony of his palace before the coffins of those who had fallen at the barricades. The Crown Prince, the present King, was then a fugitive in England; the Prussian army wore a cockade of the three "revolutionary" colours, black, red, and gold, next to the ordinary black and white one; the reactionary party, which Herr von Bismarck had held up as the only sound support of the State next to the army, held modestly aloof; every poodle was sworn to be faithful to the constitution; and that in such circumstances no

electoral district had any desire to elect a man "from the dark middle ages," as its representative, need hardly be said. The naïve people actually thought the reaction was dead for ever—was past resurrection.

Our Cincinnatus in spite of himself, on the other hand, was of a different opinion. Instead of throwing himself with his wonted energy into rural pursuits, he kept up with the members of his party an active verbal and epistolary intercommunication, followed the events at Berlin with uninterrupted interest, did his utmost to support royalty, and waited impatiently for the moment when he should be able to bid farewell to the beauties of nature and again make his appearance in public.

A year later his wish was fulfilled. The reaction to which the trustful people had denied the power of resurrection again cautiously lifted in all parts of the Continent the loose earth under which it had been buried, and which had not yet been covered with a single layer of solid turf. Timidly at first, but more boldly by degrees, it stretched out one arm, then another, then its head, until at length the whole body became visible in its well-known unprepossessing shape. Thus it happened in France, in Prussia, in Austria, and in all the German States whose sovereigns had suddenly become constitutionalists, but who had quietly conspired among themselves, while their faithful subjects made speeches and celebrated national festivals. What a year ago had seemed impossible, now actually occurred; Herr von Bismarck was elected to the Second Chamber for the district of the Zauche, and parted for ever from his oxen and his turnips.

He was now in the prime of life, and his forced solitude had rather irritated than softened his temper. More rash and violent even than Prince Lichnowski, who afterwards fell a victim to the wrath of the populace, he delighted to play the same part in the Berlin Parliament as the Prince did at Frankfort, namely, that of being the leader of the Cavaliers. But although he then still took a pride in his blonde hair and the beauty of his beard, he was not to be compared with Lichnowski for grace of appearance and manner. Moreover, he lacked the prestige of a princely title, Prussia being without the old aristocratic families which in Austria have their home. Lichnowski spoke in the Church of St. Paul, perhaps as often in order to bring over to his side the ladies' gallery as the men's parterre, while Bismarck always strove in the Chamber rather to defeat his opponents than to win any sympathies. If he ever succeeded in doing the latter, this was only an accident produced by his boldness in attack, which, if it is sometimes imposing, often has a decidedly repellent effect.

Being but little undeceived by the events of the past year, which had nevertheless contradicted several of his former statements about

the wishes and the objects of the nation, he continued to tread in the path he had struck out. He had now before him, instead of the old fashioned Liberals, the Gotha party, who had inherited most of the good and bad qualities of their predecessors. They constituted the majority. Opposite to them were the Radicals on the extreme left, and the Federalists on the extreme right—both strong in debate, but seldom dangerous in a division.

It is characteristic of Bismarck that already at that time he preferred to come to an understanding with the democrats rather than with the Centre. "I know what you want," he said to a deputy of the extreme Left. "You want to knock off the heads of all the sovereigns, establish a German federal republic, if possible become its President yourself, or at least get the post for one of your relations, abolish the army, convert the churches into libraries, and make all men inexpressibly happy. With the exception of the latter of these objects, which I would also gladly bring about, my wishes in regard to all your other aspirations are exactly the reverse of yours; and as we both know what we want, we can at least understand each other, and even unite on certain points. But as for our perfumed moderates, how can any one know what they want, if they do not know it themselves, and would not even give themselves any trouble to act for what they really do want?"

It was almost as openly as this that he uttered his opinions from the tribune of the Chamber. How and what he then spoke and thought will be best understood by a few quotations from his more remarkable speeches of that day.<sup>1</sup> Speaking of the sovereignty of the people, he said: "There is no expression which has been more abused of late years than the word 'people.' Every one has defined it as it suited him; chiefly as any body of individuals whom he hoped to win over to his views." As for such words as "heroes of the revolution," or "martyrs of liberty," he never would admit that they had any meaning. Those who fell at the barricades of Berlin in the days of March he called "rebels;" and when the Chamber discussed a motion for an amnesty to all the politically compromised, he declared himself against the "pardonning of rebels," on the ground that it would spread the idea among the people that the whole law of the State depended on the will of the nation, and that any one who did not like a law might abolish it if he could assemble a number of persons, armed or unarmed, to overthrow or dictate to a weak government. And on the same occasion he again spoke of the Divine right of kings, in which he believed as little as in the doc-

(1) Fuller quotations from his speeches will be found in an article entitled "Otto v. Bismarck-Schönhausen," in "Unsere Zeit, Jahrbuch zum Conversations-Lexicon," Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1864; of which I have frequently made use.



trine of the inseparableness of Schleswig-Holstein. These were his words:—"The conflict of principles, which has shaken Europe to her foundations, admits of no compromise. These principles rest on opposite bases, which entirely exclude each other. One of them is based ostensibly on the right of the national will, but really on the right of violence and the barricades; the other has its source in a supremacy established by God, in a supremacy existing by Divine grace, and seeks its development in an organic connection with a state of things in harmony with right and the constitution. The representatives of one of these principles are heroic champions of truth, freedom, and right; of the other, are rebels. Such principles are not to be decided upon by parliamentary debates; sooner or later the God of battles must cast upon them the iron die which decides the game."

Here we have a foretaste of his "blood and iron" theory, which will be noticed in the sequel. He desired as little to see international German questions decided by diplomatic negotiation as he did constitutional questions by parliamentary debates. In both cases he looked upon brute force as the only means, and, as he appealed to Providence, probably as the only rightful arbiter. "I fear God; and, next to Him, the man that fears Him not," says a great German poet.

There was perhaps much courage in insolently flying in the face of public opinion,—courage, not only of a moral, but also of a physical kind. For, strong as the reaction already felt itself to be, the spirit of revolution had not yet been extinguished. The crater was yet smoking in Paris; Austria had still to conquer the Hungarians with the assistance of Russia; and the Frankfort parliament had not yet lost all its influence over the German nation. The condensed vapours might at any moment again cause a violent eruption, if not in Berlin, then elsewhere. For the forces of revolution have this in common with volcanic action, that they are in constant communication, which, although subterraneous and invisible, is none the less effective. Just as, on the 4th of February, 1794, the column of vapour in the crater at Pasto disappeared when the distant town of Riobamba was destroyed by a terrible earthquake, and as the wavy motion of the great earthquake of Lisbon was felt as far as Scotland, so revolutions have frequently broken out at points far distant from each other without any connection between them being apparent. Moreover, Prussia was then far from being as resigned as she is now, when her citizens go to a war which they detest, and suffer a government which is utterly repugnant to them. When Prince Lichnowski and Count Auerswald could be struck down at Frankfort, where the people are mildness itself compared to those

at Berlin, why should not a similar fate threaten Herr von Bismarck? There was undoubtedly great personal courage in provoking with such boldness the ill-will of the masses. "I have made up my mind to a lamp-post," he used to say in those times, "but I will defend my skin against the mob to the last." And more recently he is said to have thus replied to the Crown Prince, when the latter made some earnest representations to him on the arbitrary violence of his internal policy:—"The worst thing that can happen to me is that a halter will be put round my neck. What then, if it serves more firmly to bind your Highness's throne to the rest of Germany?"

Herr von Bismarck has received many threatening letters, and was often, both in the Chamber and more openly in the newspapers, attacked on account of his almost cynical conduct in debate; but he has never been personally threatened by the masses. His arrogance increased as the reaction grew in strength. In the new parliament which followed that which had been dissolved in 1849, and, thanks to the manœuvres of the Government, had been pretty thoroughly weeded of the democrats, he vented his gall on the moderate Liberals with more recklessness and violence than ever. On such occasions, he seldom paid any regard to historical truth. How far removed from socialism the German movement of 1848 really was, must become evident to any one who will glance at the newspapers, pamphlets, and parliamentary debates of those days. The movement, if impulsive and visionary, was at any rate eminently a national one, and so great was the general aversion to the introduction of socialist elements, that whenever a riot broke out in any town, the first step taken by the national party was to write with chalk on the shops the words, "Heilig ist das Eigenthum,"—property is sacred.

Notwithstanding this, Herr von Bismarck did not hesitate to call the movement mainly a socialist one. On the 6th of September, 1849, he spoke as follows on this subject in the Chamber:—"It is my opinion that the moving principles of the year 1848 were far more of a socialist than a national kind. The national movement would have been confined to a few prominent men in narrow circles, if the ground had not been shaken under our feet by the introduction of the socialist element into the movement, and the inflaming by false representations of the avidity of the poor for other people's property, and the envy of the lower classes towards the rich. These passions gained ground the more easily that in consequence of a habit of freethinking which had grown up for years, and had been fostered from above, the moral elements of opposition had been destroyed in men's hearts. I do not believe that this evil state of things was to be remedied by democratic concessions, or by projects of German unity; the disease lies deeper."

It is an old trick of Prussian statesmen to speak of the "interests of Germany" when they wish, by the aid, but against the will of Germany, to advance the special interests of Prussia. The same thing has always been done by Austrian statesmen, and it is not easy to say which of the two has played this trick most shamelessly. Austria is never tired of declaring that she keeps Venetia for the sake of Germany, whose strategical frontier it protects. Not a word is ever said of the old ambition of the Hapsburgs to rule in Italy—the Prussians speak only of the interests of Germany, who, without the frontier at the Mincio, might be swallowed up in a night. A bold assertion truly, seeing that history teaches us that since the time of the ancient Romans the Italians had never attacked Germany, but, on the contrary, had been only too often invaded by the German Emperor. Just in the same way, the Prussian Government declared, and still declares, that Prussia must annex the Duchies, not only in her own interest, but in that of Germany; for without the Duchies the strategical frontier of Germany in the north would be left open to the hostile French, English, Swedes, Danes, Russians, Lapps, and Samojedes!

In his recent despatches and circulars, Herr von Bismarck has never forgotten to bring into prominence "the general interest of Germany," whenever he wanted to obtain anything for Prussia. Is he really so thoroughgoing a German? By no means. There has always been more specific Prussianism in him than in a hundred other Prussians put together. What he cannot now openly make known as a minister and diplomatist, he often and unreservedly expressed in 1848 as a deputy; namely, his utter contempt for the aspirations toward German unity. Prussianism alone, he used to say in those days, had "saved the state." The army is inspired, "not by German but by Prussian enthusiasm." He had "never heard a Prussian soldier sing the German national hymn." "We are Prussians, and Prussians we wish to remain," he exclaimed, in conclusion; and on another occasion he vented his abuse on the tricolour, "the colours of insurrection," which are worn only by the democrat and the "regretfully obedient soldier." (The Prussian army wore at that time, as we have already remarked, the German cockade, by the side of the Prussian.) How eagerly would Count Bismarck now order the Prussian soldier, however "regretfully obedient," to wear the German cockade next to the Prussian, not only on his helmet, but on every possible part of his uniform! and how gladly would he allow German flags to wave over all the Prussian government buildings, although he once in Erfurt looked upon the presence of these flags as "a mournful sign of the times;" if he only could thereby lure the arms and the heart of Germany into his camp! He will, perhaps, even yet have to do *bitte*

penance for the contempt for German aspirations after unity which he in former times so often cynically paraded.

One of the wishes he then expressed has been fulfilled. Blood and iron are now to undo the knot in whose peaceful unravelling he had never believed—whether in favour of Prussia, is a question which time alone can solve. Of the other predictions, however, which he made in the years 1849 and 1850, few have been realised; nay, what he has done and does still is in crying contradiction with what he then thought and said. The struggle for Schleswig-Holstein, which he had censured as a “petty act of revolution, and an attack on Denmark’s written rights,” he afterwards carried on on his own account, notwithstanding these same rights and the remonstrances of Europe. Austria, whom he venerated as the “best federal ally of Prussia,” and the representative of the “ancient power of Germany,” he now attacks with all the military force at his command, in order to drive her out of Germany. With Italy, the offspring of revolution, who has turned half-a-dozen of divine-righted sovereigns out of doors, he is now in close alliance; and after having for fourteen years declared himself the arch-enemy of all revolutionists, he now regards Garibaldi, the one of all men that most deserves to be called the representative of the revolutionary principle, as the most worthy of his allies! Finally, the Frankfort parliament, which he has ridiculed, and universal suffrage, which he had stigmatized as destructive of all order and law, are now both appealed to by Count Bismarck under the irresistible pressure of the moment.

Notwithstanding this, he is anything but vacillating and changeable. Unprincipled in the choice of his means, he is unshaken in his conviction that the power of Prussia must decline if she does not increase her territory in Germany by main force. This conviction is the sum total of his political religion. On this point he is, with all his frivolity, a true fanatic; and for this object he is ready to make any sacrifice, and brave every danger.

### III.

The Liberals in the Prussian Chamber have often pointed with a sort of fondness to England; to her liberty by the side of strict respect for the law; to the prerogatives of the British parliament, combined with undiminished respect for the throne; to the civic rights of all Englishmen without any prejudice to the power of the government either at home or abroad. Not only in the Berlin parliament, but in every place where parliaments had sprung from rising freedom, England was quoted as a living proof that monarchy and liberty are quite compatible, and that the crown and the people can

co-exist as supreme rulers of the State with admirable results. This old historical truth could not be contradicted even by Bismarck, but he opposed it with the often repeated, but never yet proved, statement that the circumstances of Prussian political life did not admit of her obtaining liberty after the English pattern.

"These repeated references to England," he said, "are our misfortune. Give us all that is English, which does not exist among us; give us English piety, English respect for law, the whole English constitution, and all the peculiarities of English landowners, English wealth, and the public spirit of the English, and then we shall be able to rule here as they do in England. The Prussian Crown ought not to allow itself to be forced into the powerless state of that of England, which is nothing but an ornament on the dome of the State building, while ours is its main pillar."

All the reactionary statesmen of the Continent, and the Emperors Nicholas of Russia, and Napoleon III. of France, have used similar language. Bismarck, who is an original spirit, should not have stooped to uttering such platitudes, which, as we know, are calculated to flatter the thoughtless masses of the English people. These are unduly elevated by the notion that England alone of all the great European States has so long been in the enjoyment of the most solid liberties. "We have the best parliament, the freest press, the most incorruptible judges, but then—we are really fit to make the best use of all these advantages. Of that there is no doubt." Granted; but it does not follow that other nations are not also fit for liberty. If, to use the words of Frederick the Great, each of his subjects was allowed to save his soul according to his own fashion, why should not every nation enjoy the liberty to be free in like manner, namely, in accordance with its peculiarities and requirements?

"Give us everything English that does not exist in our own country," says Bismarck, "then we shall be able to rule here as they do in England." Piety, respect for the law, the whole English constitution, English wealth, and so on. Why did he not ask also for our grouse from the north and our mutton from the South Downs, Exeter Hall and the Haymarket, Rotten Row with all its anonymas, the coalfields of Wales and the iron-works of Wolverhampton, the Speaker's wig, the corruption of the small boroughs, the Chapter of St. Paul's, our house-breakers, our fogs, and our rheumatisms? If everything that is English must be introduced into Prussia before it can be properly governed, he should take the good with the bad, otherwise he perhaps would still find things in his country which would prevent him from governing after the English manner.

Count Bismarck has lately again brought forward the old platitudes respecting England, but this time accompanied by some original

views. A few months ago he declared in the Chamber that there is a good deal of humbug about the English liberty of the press, as a member of parliament who printed his own speeches could be prosecuted for so doing. From this he deduced the consequence, that the members of the Berlin parliament should be more cautious in appealing to the example of the freedom of the English parliament. This sage discovery of an act of parliament which he must have known was obsolete, and which no man in England could attempt to use without making himself preposterously ridiculous, was doubtless due to one of the three clerks in his office, who lived for some years in London as fugitives, and whom he afterwards took into his pay. If they have given him no more information about England than this, it must be confessed that he pays them a great deal more than they are worth.

The German Liberals, from Gervinus and Dahlmann to Twisten and Gneist, who are accustomed to refer to the British Constitution, never dreamed of transplanting that constitution in all its details on German soil. The historical rococo which England with good reason maintains, would not bear transplanting any more than the English piety which Bismarck desires to see imported—it is to be hoped free of duty. The fallacy of his argument and that of his partisans consists in the assumption that it is impossible to rule constitutionally in Prussia, because there is no respect for law there, as there is in England. To this the answer is: When you rule as lawfully as they do in England, the English respect for law will soon become general in Prussia. As it is, the Prussians bow obediently before those who violate the law—they will surely, then, not be the enemies of those who obey the law.

What Bismarck always really esteemed about England, and would gladly have transplanted into Prussia, were the aristocracy and the House of Lords. "The states," he said, on the occasion of the debates on the bill for establishing a first chamber, "which have risen under the influence of a hereditary aristocracy have remained the longest at the climax of their power; and England owes her prosperity to the circumstance that it never had a Richelieu to cut off the heads of its nobility." That the Prussian nobility, which wants the historical prestige, the wealth, the influence, the culture, and the merits of that of England, is not fit to make an imposing upper house, he knew as well as any one, but he refused to admit it. "The words Whig and Tory," he exclaimed to the Liberals, "originally had a depreciatory meaning, and you may be sure that we, too, will yet succeed in making the name of Junker honourable."

Wit and readiness in reply were never wanting in Count Bismarck. It is true that his wit trenched but too often on impudence (he has

become much more moderate and polished since he has been a minister), and was in striking incongruity with the earnestness of the debates and the dignity of parliament; but he was always remarkable for his sharp and subtle logic, which, when he afterwards became ambassador to the Diet, obtained him a certain reputation among the southern Germans. These qualities, however, produced no impression on the Berliners, for the simple reason that they themselves are more witty, argumentative, and, we may add, impudent, than the inhabitants of any other German capital. The true Berliner has no veneration for anything—not even for God Almighty, or the learning of the late Alexander von Humboldt; and Bismarck, who in this point is a thorough Berliner, was not to be put down by the Manteuffel ministry or the president's bell. In the year 1851 alone he was called to order more frequently than the Speaker of the House of Commons has found it necessary to do in ten sessions together. This, however, grieved him but little; he defied the president, his bell, the protests of the house, and the opposition of public opinion alike.

In the same year, 1851, he came forward as the advocate of the old system of close trading. Again going back to the middle ages, he loudly expressed a wish—scarcely conceivable, if we consider the progress which has been made in political economy during the present century—that every trade should limit the number of its apprentices, and be empowered by law to fix a price for each quality of the goods it sells. This he held to be the only mode of protecting the working classes against the oppression of capitalists.

One of the chief subjects of discussion in that year was the establishment of the right of the chamber to vote the supplies; and during the debates on this point it was Bismarck who, by his contemptuous and aggressive conduct, gave rise to some scenes of extraordinary agitation. He denied, as he afterwards did when he became a minister, that the house could claim this right, which is the surest guarantee of its existence, and its most powerful defence against any unconstitutional attack from the other estates of the realm. When he was referred to the constitution which the king had sworn to preserve, he replied in his usual frivolous and off-hand way that he did not see why all that relates to the constitution should be surrounded with a sort of halo, and every joke upon it be regarded as a desecration. He himself had sworn, said he, to the constitution—not to the existing one only, but also any future constitution, with all its amendments. He would therefore treat with utter contempt the righteous anger of the Liberals at his turning the constitution into ridicule. When Count Schwerin, who occupied the presidential chair, upon this remarked that he would be obliged to call the honourable member to order if he made the constitution of the country an object of derision, he inso-

lently replied that he would not accept any warnings, and that hitherto he had given the president no occasion to call him to order: and when the president carried out his threat, he shook himself like a dog who has just come out of the water, and made some more remarks, which we will not repeat here.

Such scenes as the above were frequent. That which we have briefly related, however, will be sufficient to characterise the hero of this sketch. What he was then he is now; and the last president, Grabow, with his vice-president, Bokum-Dolffs, cannot therefore justly be found fault with for having failed to protect the dignity of the house against Herr von Bismarck. Count Schwerin failed as signally; and in truth it was a task beyond the power of any man to achieve, even of that impersonation of dignity, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, who could only have sent the insolent member to the Tower—a last refuge which the president of the Prussian chamber has not at his disposal.

We have so far attempted to introduce the reader to Herr von Bismarck as a deputy. We shall now glance at the beginning of his career as a diplomatist.

#### IV.

His diplomatic life dates from the summer of the year 1851. What high influence enabled him to make such rapid progress—unprecedented in the Prussian service—in the career of diplomacy, is to this day a mystery. No doubt his speeches in favour of the crown and the nobility had gained for him powerful protectors among the latter, and had attracted the attention of the king. The latter, it is true, detested frivolous persons' jokes, and Bismarck has hardly anything in his character with which the king sympathised; but he could not help feeling an interest in the man who, in this age of free-thinking, had dared to speak of the divine and inviolable rights of the crown, and rise to fanaticism in behalf of a Prussian House of Peers. A third motive, however, perhaps influenced the king in his favour even more than the other two—a very insignificant one, no doubt, which has passed unobserved by thousands, and was hardly worth observing. It was that Herr von Bismarck allowed no opportunity to pass of showing himself in the uniform of an officer of the Landwehr, which he knew how to wear with grace and dignity. The wearing of respect people who do this under all circumstances. The wearing of a uniform has become a law of nature at the Prussian court, like the acts of breathing and digestion. The Prussian princes have an eruption of epaulettes in their youth as regularly as ordinary children have the measles or cut their teeth. And if it has been said of



sovereigns in the time of the Hohenstaufen, that they used to tal their crowns to bed with them, one can hardly think of a Prussia king going to sleep without his helmet—not a very comfortab night cap indeed; but the Hohenzollerns are a warlike race, an warlike are their traditions.

The predilection of Herr von Bismarck for appearing in the Landwehr uniform, and the military air with which he wore it, must, as we have remarked, together with his conduct as a deputy, have greatly contributed to obtain for him a favourable reception at court. He tried hard for a post in the civil service which should secure him rapid promotion and a decent income, and when he was offered a diplomatic appointment, he accepted it. Without being required to pass the prescribed examination, he was sent as first secretary of a legation, with the title of Privy Councillor of Legation, to the Prussian embassy at Frankfort. If this rapid promotion, this passing over a the lower ranks, attracted general attention, how great was the surprise when three months later he was appointed ambassador to the Bund! This sudden lift for a simple country gentleman was unprecedented in the annals of Prussian bureaucracy.

Count Rechberg was at that time the ambassador of Austria to the Bund, and therefore president of the Federal Diet. While all the smaller diplomatic stars that revolved round this statesman imitated his stiffness and formality, Herr von Bismarck appeared in all his natural impulsiveness, invited journalists and other untitled people to his *soirées*, and thereby provoked the anger of his colleagues, who were gaining a certain popularity among the people of Frankfort.

He had long given up that veneration, or, as he once himself expressed it, "adoration for Austria, which he had imbibed with his mother's milk." This feeling had been replaced by the conviction that Prussia could not fulfil its mission in Germany until Austria was driven out of the Bund. He had already had long conversations on this subject with several leaders of the opposition, including Herr von Unruh, and his diplomatic action at Frankfort did indeed chiefly consist in offering hostile opposition to Austria on every possible occasion. He was the last man to be awed by the stiff bearing of Count Rechberg, and the scenes he had with him were not less piquant in their way than his former encounters with Herr von Vincke and Count Schwerin, and his more recent ones with Grabow, Virchow, and Herr von Bokum-Dolffs. With Herr von Vincke he had already had a duell which, however, was followed by no serious results, although Bismarck is an excellent shot, while Von Vincke, being short-sighted, is but moderately versed in the art of duelling. But even Count Rechberg was once so deeply insulted by him that a challenge seemed to be inevitable. Fortunately, the friends of both interfered and prevented

the scandal. On another occasion the imperial president of the Diet—whether accidentally or purposely is not known—appeared at one of its sittings, contrary to custom, in morning dress. It might have been one of those numberless sittings in the Eschenheimer Gasse, at which nothing was done but to collect so-called valuable material for the future; still it will be remembered in history on account of the president's morning-coat. The ambassadors who were present are said to have been not a little shocked on seeing this coat, which ought to have been preserved in spirits, together with Prince Menschikoff's famous paletot; but Herr von Bismarck did not lose countenance in the least, and coolly drawing out his cigar-case, lighted a cigar and offered another politely to his neighbour. Every one understood the hint, and a morning-coat has never been seen at a sitting of the Bund since.

He thus, as we have observed, continually opposed the Austrian Government, until at length its complaints, and a too marked leaning of his towards France, which was ill regarded at Berlin, led the king to recall him from Frankfort and send him as ambassador to St. Petersburg. On arriving at the Russian capital, he found that it was the last fashion among the aristocracy to have mottoes on their carriages. Immediately he ordered the motto **НИЧТО** (nitchto), a sort of Russian "nil admirari," to be painted on his own carriage, and thus made his *début* in high society. The difference of one or two degrees of latitude had evidently had no influence on his nonchalant demeanour, and the cold of the north had not succeeded in freezing his rough humour.

At St. Petersburg he uninterruptedly busied himself with his plans for the aggrandisement of Prussia, and strove to obtain acceptance for them in the most influential circles. He had brought with him to the Neva not only his cynical views of life, but also his serious designs, for both of which he hoped to find a congenial soil. These designs will be best understood from a secret report which was addressed in the first half of June, 1862, by an experienced statesman from Berlin to the Court of Munich, with the object of warning the latter against Bismarck's plans. The report of which we speak was partly printed in the number for August (mark the date) of the "Grenzboten," which treated it as a collection of mere fancies. We will quote the more remarkable passages from this report, at the same time again calling attention to the date—the first half of June, 1862.

"In St. Petersburg, Bismarck immediately entered into the most intimate relations with Prince Gortchakoff, whose great object had always been to bring about a Franco-Russian alliance, directed chiefly against Germany, and acted together with him, indirectly, in

"behalf of France. Prince Gortchakoff affected, since the Peace  
 "of Paris, not to have any ideas of aggression, notwithstanding which  
 "he was quite determined to seize every opportunity of restoring  
 "Russia in Europe the influence she has lost in the East. He directed  
 "his attention more particularly to Poland, which he foresaw would  
 "be a perpetual nucleus of revolution, and a permanent source of  
 "weakness to Russia, if means could not be found, by a mixture of the  
 "Slavonian and German elements, by which the former would be held  
 "in subjection, to restore to Poland her sea-coast. In this manner  
 "according to the plan of Gortchakoff, Russia would enter into the  
 "first rank of preponderating European powers. He considered  
 "however, that the assistance of France was indispensable for carrying  
 "out his idea, and that in return for her consenting to the extension  
 "of Russian territory to the Vistula, she must be left free to increase  
 "her own territories in Belgium and the Rhine provinces. Herr von  
 "Bismarck was not unacquainted with these views, and accordingly  
 "communicated his own plans in his intimate conversations with the  
 "Prince, which were looked upon with suspicion by the diplomatists  
 "of England and Germany. The chief basis of these plans was to  
 "enable Prussia, with the help of Russia and France, and in return  
 "for territorial compensations to both, to annex the middle and  
 "smaller German States, and restore absolutism as far as her arms  
 "could reach.

"On the other hand, the Russian ambassador in Berlin, Viscount  
 "Meyendorff, had already in 1848 and 1849 indicated on what conditions  
 "and how far the Emperor Nicholas would consent to the aggrandisement  
 "of Prussia. Suffice it to say, that Herr von Bismarck soon came to an  
 "understanding with Prince Gortchakoff, and matters went so far, that it  
 "was proposed to obtain, if possible, the concurrence of the then Prince  
 "Regent (the present king) in the plan, which would then be finally  
 "settled with France. This, however, was rendered so difficult by the  
 "character of the regent and the Hohenzollern ministry, that it was  
 "found necessary for the present to attain the object by other means.  
 "The proceedings of Prussia against France in 1859 were stopped  
 "short by the rapid conclusion of the peace of Villafranca.

"After the peace Herr von Bismarck came to Berlin, and then went,  
 "ostensibly for his amusement, to Paris. Here, however, he immediately  
 "entered into negotiations with Walewski. He represented to him that  
 "the French Government will be constantly threatened by Germany with  
 "isolation, and even war, so long as Prussia is not in a position to  
 "bridle the enemies of France in Germany; and made proposals which  
 "caused Walewski to ask at Berlin what were the real thoughts of the  
 "Prussian Government respecting the matters alluded to by Bismarck.  
 "Herr von Schleinitz, the Prussian

“sian Minister for Foreign Affairs, sent a very proper reply—repudiating  
 “every proposal that Bismarck was reported to have made, and at the  
 “same time stating decisively that the personal views of Bismarck  
 “were in no way shared by the Government. Bismarck then had  
 “immediately to return to his post at St. Petersburg. It was at this  
 “time, however, that the machinations began whose object was to  
 “separate the Regent from the nation and throw him into the arms of  
 “the Junker party. The plan of a meeting between Napoleon and the  
 “Prince Regent was now ripe, and before the latter went for this pur-  
 “pose to Baden in June, 1860, Bismarck came to Berlin, and attempted,  
 “though with extreme caution, to submit his idea to the Regent, and  
 “induce him to take the first steps for carrying it out in his interview  
 “with Napoleon. Bismarck’s hints were very coldly rejected, notwith-  
 “standing which he again pressingly urged his idea on the Regent  
 “after he had departed for Baden, but without any better success.  
 “The Regent had now been fully informed of Bismarck’s plan :—  
 “Prussia was to come to an understanding with Russia and France  
 “in regard to the establishment of a German Federal State, of which  
 “the King of Prussia was to be the head. After obtaining the con-  
 “sent of the two Powers, a German parliament was to be convoked at  
 “Frankfort. This would be hailed with joy by the German demo-  
 “crats, who would carry along with them the opposing governments,  
 “Prussia at the same time supporting her demands by military  
 “demonstrations ; and if the German Federal State, with its parlia-  
 “ment, were then established, the Prussian constitution, together  
 “with that of the other states, would be at once abolished, the Frank-  
 “fort parliament would be dispersed, and an absolutist *régime* ener-  
 “getically entered upon.

“The Regent, whose sense of right revolted from such ideas, seems  
 “to have taken the opportunity of cleansing his mind of the poison  
 “which had been poured into it, by the warmest expressions of sin-  
 “cerity to his fellow sovereigns ; and when, some weeks later, Bis-  
 “marck again made his appearance at Baden, and attempted to obtain  
 “a hearing, he received an even sharper rebuff than the last, accom-  
 “panied by some very severe words from the Prince.

“For the moment there was nothing more to be got in a direct  
 “manner. Accordingly the Regent was made unpopular abroad by  
 “the peremptory demand for the supreme command of all the German  
 “armies, was provoked at home by the animosity with which the ques-  
 “tion of the army was discussed, was constantly placed in opposition  
 “to his Liberal Ministers, and, when he became king, was attacked  
 “on his weakest point and alienated from his people by the circum-  
 “stances attending the coronation.”

These are the most important passages of this secret report, sent  
 just four years ago to Munich as an indication of the future, and

which, communicated by the court at Munich to the other Middle States, and doubtless also to Austria, were published two months later, and thus disclosed to the public Bismarck's plans. The authenticity of this document has been much doubted in various quarters, but it must have given correct impressions both to English and German diplomatists of the probable future action of the man whose designs it brought to light. That this confidential report was no mere fancy of an idle diplomatist, and that Bismarck was no visionary *doctrinaire*, has since then been sufficiently proved by subsequent events. Two important occurrences hastened the development of his plans—the insurrection in Poland, and the death of the King of Denmark. The first enabled him to do a great service to Russia, and the second brought the old Schleswig-Holstein question suddenly again to the foreground. We shall speak of both hereafter, but must resume now the thread of our narrative.

The Kreuz Zeitung party gradually obtained the upper hand at the court of Berlin. When King Frederick William was attacked by the illness which ended in his death, and a Regency was established, the country flattered itself that the influence of that party had been broken, for both the Prince Regent and his wife had good grounds for detesting a faction which had caused them to quarrel with the king, alienated the latter from his people, shaken the old relations of loyalty between the nation and the crown, and even had abstracted valuable papers from the Regent's desk in order to use them against him with the king, his brother. The rupture seemed irremediable; and this was the chief reason why the accession of the present king to the throne was hailed with such lively hopes of a free and prosperous future. And, in truth, the men belonging to the Kreuz Zeitung party were banished from court, a ministry of moderate Liberals came into power, everything seemed to be progressing favourably, and the Regent became universally popular, evidently rejoicing in his popularity.

Unfortunately, this hopeful state of things was not to last long. In proportion as the feudal party, which had active supporters in the military *entourage* of the king, again grew in influence contrary to all expectation, the softer influence of the queen, the princess royal, the liberal Crown Prince, and the Liberal councillors, disappeared. It is true that it required some time and numberless intrigues to induce King William to play into the hands of the feudalists; but this was attained at last, and the appointment of Count Bernstorff as foreign minister, in place of Herr von Schleinitz, was an unmistakable sign of the change which had taken place. From that time forward the Prince of Hohenzollern withdrew his support from the king, and Herr von Bismarck, who had been strenuously supporting his party from St. Petersburg, appeared on the scene. He was recommended most pressing to the king as a man of action; the necessity of

*d'état* to destroy at one blow the Liberals, or, as they were called at that time, revolutionary elements, was insisted upon; and Bismarck was regarded as the man best fitted for carrying such a measure into effect. As, however, the king was as little disposed to make a *coup d'état* as to accept other violent projects, the feudal party was obliged to resign itself to wait a little longer, and Bismarck was recommended to remain quietly at St. Petersburg until the king should be brought over to the right view of affairs.

Royal opinions change often more rapidly than those of other nations, and this explains why the reports of the approaching recall of Bismarck from St. Petersburg, his appointment to the ministry of the interior, to the ministry of foreign affairs, to the embassy at Paris, to that in London, succeeded each other during several months. At length, however, the king took the "righter" view, the first result of which was the sudden appointment of Count Goltz as ambassador at St. Petersburg. When he arrived there, Bismarck, who excused himself by remaining at the Russian capital on the ground of illness, introduced him to the confidence of Prince Gortchakoff, and initiated him into all the intrigues which had been set in motion at the imperial court. After doing this, he went to Berlin to place himself at the king's disposal, who had not yet quite settled what to do with his minister. There was some talk for a time of sending him to London, the place to which he looked most wistfully, where he intended to resume the threads he had spun there before, and personally settle with the Emperor Napoleon matters which he had already discussed with Walewski. Strange to say, the Emperor Napoleon himself expressed the wish, through his ambassador at Berlin, that Herr Bismarck might be appointed to the embassy at the Tuileries. This request could not be rejected; and the long-expected appointment was made. But the king certainly had no suspicion that he was thereby fulfilling Bismarck's greatest wish, and favouring the very course which he had formerly rejected with virtuous horror.

MAX SCHLESINGER.

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## THE RECRUITING DIFFICULTY :

### ITS CAUSES AND ITS REMEDY.

THE recruiting of our army is at all times a subject of the greatest importance to the nation. The peace and prosperity of our large empire can be only guaranteed by our military power, and that depends entirely upon a regular supply of recruits for the army. For the last twelve years there has been considerable difficulty in obtaining recruits. This was felt particularly during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. The attention of Government was aroused, and in 1859 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the recruiting system of the army, "with the view of suggesting such changes" in it as might "tend to facilitate" the raising of men, &c. The following extract from the Report of that Commission will show how great was the difficulty which then existed in obtaining recruits. "Although authority was given nearly three years ago, in consequence of the mutiny in India, to raise an additional number of 65,000 (men), and that in order to facilitate that operation the bounty was increased, and the standard lowered to such an extent as to bring boys instead of men into the ranks, the establishment of the army is not yet quite complete." The Commission recommended no radical change in the recruiting system, and the difficulty in obtaining men for military service still continued.

But although this matter has hardly attracted any public notice, it has been a source of constant anxiety to the Government, and at length the Secretary of State for War has announced to the House of Commons that "some serious inquiry should be made as to the causes which have prevented our obtaining an adequate supply of recruits for keeping our army up to its proper complement." The deficiencies for the last four years, as stated by the Marquis of Hartington in the House of Commons on the 5th of March, have been, in 1862-3, 1,068; in 1863-4, 3,911; in 1864-5, 5,472; and in 1865-6, nearly 6,000 men. "In some instances," he remarked, "the numbers have been below the establishment, not only at the conclusion of the year, but at its commencement."

Such a state of things is dangerous to the honour and best interest of the nation. It is well known throughout Europe, and has its due influence in the counsels of monarchs whose armies are raised by conscription. "England will not fight because she cannot" is the opinion of the Continent. A second Royal Commission is to inquire into the recruiting system of our army. The welfare of the country calls for the establishment of such an organisation as shall enable it at any moment to raise a large body of men for military service.

Not only is it necessary that a regular supply of men should be obtained in time of peace, but in time of war—to quote the Report of the last Royal Commission—it is “essential to success to have the means of rapidly augmenting an army so as to admit of large bodies of men being brought at once into the field.”

There are many opinions as to the causes which have affected recruiting: the increased demand for labour, and the rise in wages; the condition and pay of the soldier; and the operation of “the Ten Years’ Service Act.” As regards the condition of the soldier, it was truly stated in a leading article of the *Times* of the 6th March, that “the service is much better than is generally thought, and that there are few unskilled labourers who might not improve their condition and their prospects by taking the Queen’s shilling.” For many reasons it would be a wise measure to increase the pay of the soldier in the second term of his service. Were this done, and the first period of service made twelve instead of ten years, and the second period only nine for all branches of the army, the probability is that very few men would leave it at the expiration of their first term of service. These, however, are matters which it is not proposed here to consider.

The causes which have prevented our obtaining an adequate supply of recruits are; ignorance of the real condition of the soldier, and of the advantages of the service; the inefficiency of the recruiting system; the present mode of granting pensions; and the nature and appearance of the uniform of the infantry regiments of the line.

The greatest ignorance prevails among the labouring classes of everything connected with a soldier’s life. This is more especially the case in our large agricultural districts, where the lad who “lists for a sojer” is considered by his companions to have entered on an existence of perpetual misery. It is useless to try and persuade them that it is not so. Some of our villages are rarely visited by a recruiting sergeant; but whether his appearance be familiar or not, he is regarded with suspicion: mothers catch sight of his red coat and hope that their sons won’t “list;” and if a lad of more spirit than his fellows does join her Majesty’s service, more lamentation is made over him than if he had been deposited in the churchyard.

It is generally supposed that none but the refuse of our towns will enlist into the army. This degrades the service in the eyes of the agricultural labourer, and adds to his prejudice against it. The assertions of the recruiting sergeant as to the happiness of a soldier’s life are useless. He is looked upon as a professional liar, and it is believed that it is only by lies that men are got to enlist. There is a poem entitled “The Countryman’s Reply to the Invitation of



the Recruiting Sergeant," which is sure to "bring down" the dullest house ever assembled for a village "penny reading." It begins thus—

"So ye want to catch me, do ye?"

Na! I doan't much think ye wool."

The farmers look with contempt upon the army, and have generally a collection of marvellous anecdotes of military tyranny. These they retail to their labourers, whom it is their interest to keep in their parishes, and what between the dread which the parents have of their boys enlisting, and the awe which hangs over the army, they have not much difficulty in so doing.

When a lad turns out a "good-for-nothing," the cry of the village is, "Let un 'list for a sojer;" "Just such as he they wants for sojers." The popular theory is that none but the worthless are fit for the army. Thus, to the dread of becoming a soldier, is added the fear of being considered a bad character. The two combined are formidable obstacles to recruiting in our rural districts.

Some summers ago I tried to get two or three stout lads belonging to a farm near my home to join my company. I asked a young soldier who was on furlough to tell them that they would be much better off if they would join the service. "That's just what I have told 'em, sir," he replied. "I've told 'em that a barrack dog is better off than they be. But they're afeard to come."

In another village I tried to get some recruits for my regiment, which was ordered home from India. Several young labouring men promised to enlist into my company. But when the regiment arrived, and I sent for them, they were also "afear'd" to come.

The following story will prove that the aversion which the poor have to their sons enlisting is founded on ignorance. A poor woman had an only son of whom she was very fond. She lost sight of him for some time, but at length received a letter from him stating that he had enlisted. In great grief the mother went to visit her son, hoping to be able to purchase his discharge. But when she got to the barracks she was delighted with the kindness and attention which she received from the officers and soldiers; and finding that her son was very comfortable, she returned home quite happy, and declared that if she had fifty sons they should serve the Queen.

The mechanics, artisans, and labouring classes in our towns may know more about the service than do their brethren in the agricultural districts, but their knowledge is limited to what they learn from discharged soldiers, many of whom are grumblers, and the army is therefore with them an unpopular calling. Were it only known how easy and how certain is promotion to the rank of non-commissioned officer, and how many officers now serving have obtained their promotion from the ranks, much prejudice against the service would be

removed. It is by no means a difficult thing to rise by merit in the British army. Many men of later years who joined the army as private soldiers have left it with the rank of field officers and the position of gentlemen, and have obtained commissions for their sons.

During the ten years preceding 1859, six hundred and sixty commissions were granted to deserving non-commissioned officers. Within the last ten years the number has been probably nearer a thousand. The French recruit is taught that he carries in his knapsack the baton of a marshal of France. The British recruit might with more truth be told that his "pack" contains an officer's commission. Englishmen are not very ambitious, and it would be quite enough inducement to respectable young men to enter the army if they knew that the position of an officer could be obtained by merit.

The artisan and labouring classes of the United Kingdom ought to be well-informed as to the real condition of the soldier and the advantages held out by the service. The good soldier enjoys a very happy life. His officers are always willing to do him any kindness in their power. If qualified, he is sure of promotion; if not, he has plenty of opportunity to save money.

What labourer or artisan contemplates retiring from the active duties of his calling at the age of thirty-nine years, with from £20 to £50 in bank, a comfortable berth, and a house, fuel, and £1 a week for life? And yet such is the provision which every good soldier may hope to secure. Such is the provision which Government has afforded to the only two private soldiers who have left my company of late years, and who have deserved it. The amount of money in bank must depend upon the soldier, but a private can save from £5 to £18 a year, according to circumstances. As regards the positions and incomes attainable by non-commissioned officers on leaving the service, it is difficult to make an approximate estimate, but situations worth three, four, and five shillings a day, with corresponding advantages, are open to those who, by their high character, deserve them.

The condition of the soldier does not appear to advantage when he is on furlough, and this is the only opportunity which is afforded to the working-classes of learning anything about it. The soldier on furlough is generally penniless. His fare home probably consumes all his advanced pay, and he is dependent upon his poor relations for subsistence. This prevents many men from ever going to see their friends. They urge that they are too poor. Parents complain that if their sons enlist they never see them again. Soldiers often send their parents two or three months' pay instead of going to see them, because they will not burden them with their keep. Thus it happens that the very means by which the advantages of the service might be favourably presented to the working-classes, only tends to

add in a great degree to the ignorance which exists concerning them. Every soldier should be granted a free passage home once during the term of home service. He could thus enjoy his shilling a day among his friends, and the army would no longer be considered among the working classes a badly paid profession.

Before concluding this part of the subject, it is necessary to state that it is not altogether ignorance of the advantages of the service which hinders enlistment. There is another cause acting upon it, which will be pointed out in reviewing the defects of the pension warrant.

The second cause for the difficulty which exists in obtaining recruits, is the inefficiency of the recruiting system. An outline of the organisation by which our army is recruited will render the consideration of this subject more interesting to the general reader. England, Scotland, and Ireland are divided into eight recruiting districts. The staff of each district is an inspecting field-officer, an adjutant, paymaster, and surgeon, with subdivision officers at different stations. The number of subdivision officers is regulated by circumstances. The "recruiters," who are either non-commissioned officers and private soldiers of various corps, or the staff of the militia, or the pensioners, are posted in certain towns which are called "stations." They are under the supervision of the subdivision officers and the inspecting field-officer of the district. When a regiment is ordered to recruit, sergeants are sent to those towns where it is supposed that recruits can most easily be obtained. There may be several recruiters of other corps at the same station. The recruiters are billeted in public-houses. They receive fifteen shillings for every recruit they "attest," out of which they have to pay the man who brings him, and who is called a "bringer," seven shillings and sixpence.

Having thus given the framework of the present system of recruiting, it will be better to consider its details by pointing out their defects. These are principally as follows:—(1) The recruiting stations throughout the country are not fixed, and they are too far from one another. (2.) There are too many recruiters at each station. (3.) The recruiters have no local influence, and do not therefore enjoy the confidence of the working-classes. (4.) The recruiters have no local knowledge, and therefore fraud and desertion are easily practised. (5.) The billeting of recruiters in public-houses demoralises the men and lowers the army in the eyes of the public. (6.) The billeting of recruits in public-houses tends to, and facilitates, desertion. (7.) The arrangements for and after the enlistment of a recruit are very defective. (8.) The practice of paying "bringers" is unfair to the recruiters and degrading to the army. (9.) The non-commissioned officers and soldiers sent as recruiters are wanted with their corps, especially in time of war. (10.) And last of all, there is the expense!

1. The recruiting stations throughout the country are not fixed, and they are too far from one another. As the recruiting stations are now arranged, hundreds of men in the agricultural districts might wish to enlist, and be unable to do so because they do not know where to find a recruiter. The recruiters are moved from one town to another, and stations are often abandoned. A lad wishing to become a soldier is at once stopped by not knowing where to go. Moreover, in most parts of the kingdom a man would have to walk a long distance to look for a recruiter. A working man cannot do this, for he has no money, and he would have to give up his employment, and perhaps be rejected after all.

That the country should not be divided into fixed recruiting stations at regular intervals is a great mistake. If men are wanted for the army, men should be enabled to join it without too much trouble. Were "recruiting offices" established within easy reach of our working population, there would be no difficulty in obtaining recruits.

2. That the staff of recruiters is too small to admit of more stations being occupied, cannot be urged against the measure above proposed by me; for the second defect in the present system is, that there are too many recruiters at each station. If ever the old proverb, "too many cooks spoil the broth," were true, it is so of recruiting. The number of recruiters at each station effectually hinders the purpose for which they are sent there. In the same town may be seen recruiters from the Guards, artillery, marines, engineers, militia, and of several cavalry and infantry corps,—besides pensioners. Each recruiter raises his own corps, and disparages the others. The aspirant for military honours will hear of some grave objection to each branch of the service; and, forgetting their peculiar advantages, will think it better to give up his dreams of distinction, and return to the shop or to the plough, unless he is too "hard up" to do so.

One man settled at a recruiting office would do all the work. The Guards recruit for themselves, and they might not like to give up the privilege. The marines also recruit for themselves, but they are under the Admiralty. The marines generally offer a higher bounty than is offered by the Horse Guards; and this practice injures recruiting for the army at large. For the rest of the army one recruiter at each station would be ample. If the station were in a very large town, there would need to be two or more offices. The enlistment would be for "general service." Very few men care what regiment or branch of the service they join; and unless the recruit asked for a particular corps, it would be advantageous to him, and to the service, that he should be posted as best qualified by his previous calling, to the engineers, artillery, cavalry, or line. Under the present system many men join the line who are well fitted for the engineers, artillery, or cavalry; while some join those

branches of the service who are only fit for the infantry. If a recruit asked for a particular corps he would of course be posted to it, if practicable.

That one recruiter at each station is better than several, and that the system of "general enlistment" answers well, may be conclusively proved by reference to the statistics published in the Report of the Royal Commission of 1859, and by comparing the recruiting of the late East Indian army with that of the Queen's army (pp. 253, 257). From the 1st of January to the 30th of June, 1859, the average number of recruiters employed at each station for the East Indian army was  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . For the same period the average number of recruiters for the Queen's army was nearly 5 at each station. The average number of recruits raised by the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  at each station was 31, while the 5 only obtained an average of  $27\frac{3}{4}$ ; or in other words, each recruiter of the Indian army obtained  $22\frac{3}{4}$  recruits; each recruiter of the Queen's Army only  $5\frac{3}{4}$ ! The secret of this extraordinary difference lies in the fact that the recruiters of the East Indian army were pensioned non-commissioned officers, well paid, and comfortably settled in respectable houses or "recruiting offices," known and respected at their several stations. The recruiters for the Queen's army were for the most part non-commissioned officers and soldiers serving, and billeted in public-houses. The bounty was the same, but the recruits of the Indian army had before them the certainty of ten years' service in India, which would in most cases not be an inducement to enlist.

3. That the recruiters have no local influence, and do not therefore enjoy the confidence of the working-classes, is the next defect, and it is a very great one. This can be very easily understood. "Recruiting sergeant" is a term which, from a variety of causes, has become odious or contemptible in the ears of our working population. The bearer of the title is billeted at a public-house; he makes no friends except "bringers," who are the lowest characters in the place; and no one cares whether he is in the town or not, except the publican. He is rather considered as an unwelcome stranger.

With a pensioner, settled at a station, the case would be widely different. He would have a respectable house, which would be "the recruiting office." His income of four shillings a day, or about £70 per annum, would give him a certain standing among his fellow-citizens. He would soon be known and respected. He would not need to talk to a lad twice about the advantages of the service. Recruits would come to him, who would not listen to a recruiting sergeant for a minute.

4. That the recruiters have no local knowledge, and therefore that

and desertion are easily practised, is another very serious defect. The practice of fraud on recruiting parties has now become a national evil. Less than one-half of the recruits who were enlisted by the recruiting staff of the United Kingdom from the 1st of January to the 30th of June, 1859, joined any corps. A large portion of the thousand men who did not join may be considered as professional impostors. Nothing can check this system of fraud but the establishment of "recruiting offices." A lengthened residence at a station, and a large circle of acquaintance in the neighbourhood, can alone enable a recruiter to know whether a man offering himself as a recruit belongs to his part of the country, or is a vagrant. As the recruiters are not these advantages it is easy to practise frauds upon them. A resident pensioner would know every lad for miles round his station; he would thus be armed against impostors, and he would not enlist a man who could not give an account of himself.

5. We now come to consider the injury done to the army by letting recruiters in public-houses. It demoralises the men, and lowers the service in the eyes of the public. A non-commissioned officer or private soldier is sent from the discipline of his regiment corps to be his own master in a public-house. Every temptation to drinking, idleness, and vice is put in his way. The billeting of recruiters in public-houses has been for many years most prejudicial to the success of recruiting. It has associated the army with "drinking," and made it appear either that the style of men wanted for the service are idlers about pothouses, or that "drink" is the chief inducement that can be offered to join it. Drink is connected in the minds of the working-classes with so much misery that as long as recruiters are billeted in public-houses the army will be unpopular. This association of the army with the public-house has caused it to be looked upon quite as a disreputable profession by the most respectable poor families. Many a fine young fellow has paid dearly for his patriotism in joining it, by being at once discarded by his superiors. Many another has been prevented from enlisting, notwithstanding his patriotism, by being at once discarded by his superiors. Many another has been prevented from enlisting, notwithstanding his patriotism, by being at once discarded by his superiors. For all this the "recruiting office" is the remedy. It would be a respectable mode of raising recruits, suited to the good sense of the working-classes, and worthy of the army.

6. It is also the practice to billet recruits at public-houses. This tends to and facilitates desertion. It is not difficult to understand that a recruit who is kept for a day or days at a public-house has plenty of opportunities for desertion. The recruiter cannot always have his eye on him. If he be an impostor he knows when to abscond. If, however, he be an honest man, the repeated persuasions of a mother or a friend may overcome his sense of duty,

and cause him to desert. This would be obviated by a "recruiting office." There would be some place in the house where the recruit could get a bed, and he would not be exposed to the temptations of a public-house.

7. The defects in the arrangements on the enlistment of a recruit tend to desertion, and are injurious to recruiting. The recruits are kept in *statu quo*, with long hair, and in their ragged clothes, until they join their corps. It is therefore easy for them to desert. The batch of recruits, dirty and ragged, which may be seen moving from one place to another, do not invite decent young men to join their ranks. They have a pitiable look, which confirms the general opinion that they were starving before they enlisted.

After a man has kissed the shilling he should be medically examined and attested as soon as possible. He should then have his hair cut, and receive a suit of uniform, his plain clothes being sold. At each recruiting office there should be sets of slop uniform for recruits,—a forage cap, red jacket, and trousers. These could be sent back to the office after the recruit had been regimentally clothed. Cutting the hair would be the greatest check to desertion and fraud. As before, a recruit could pay smart money; but having been attested and put into uniform, and being moreover in the house of a respectable non-commissioned officer, he would be less likely to wish to do so. There would be less temptation to fraud if a recruit were paid only sixpence a day of his bounty, until he had joined his corps. His meals should be paid for by the recruiter, and charged in his accounts.

8. The practice of paying "bringers" is unfair to the recruiters and degrading to the army. As has been before explained, a "bringer" is a man who brings a recruit to the recruiter. He gets half of what the recruiter receives for all the trouble of enlisting the recruit. These "bringers" are the lowest characters at a station, and their being considered as necessary or accessory to the recruiting of the army has utterly degraded it in the eyes of the working classes. They rob the recruiters, for they generally only bring men who would have come without them. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson, C.B., in his evidence before the Royal Commission of 1859, stated: "It is quite notorious that the recruiting service is at present conducted by 'crimps,' called 'bringers,' who are men of generally the very worst character." These are the men who delude and lie. They are the hangers-on at the "rendezvous," the friends of the recruiter, and it cannot therefore be wondered at that respectable young men will not join their society even for a day. They are not needed. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson stated in another part of his evidence, in support of recruiting offices, "The

best recruiter I ever had never took a man in the streets, and never paid bringers money."

If bringing-money were abolished and the recruiter were paid 10s. for each recruit, with a bonus of £1 upon every five recruits who joined his corps, it would do more for recruiting than the employment of all the "sharks" and "crimps" in the kingdom, who only degrade the army by their association with it.

9. Another defect of the present recruiting system is, that the non-commissioned officers and soldiers employed on this duty are taken away from their corps. Even in time of peace they cannot well be spared. Of course the duty is done. But there are so many young soldiers now in the army that the sergeants are required for the maintenance of discipline, and the old soldiers are scarcely less valuable for the sake of their example. In war, however, every recruiter from the ranks of the army is a man who ought to be in the field, and when the number of recruiters amounts—as during a war it would do—to 1,500 or 2,000 men, it constitutes a brigade in point of strength. Such a body of men might decide the fate of a campaign. If some of them were old soldiers, unfit for active service, they would be more valuable at their depôts for training recruits than as recruiters. When it is considered that, as has been shown, pensioners would do the work of recruiting better, the objection to the employment on that duty of non-commissioned officers and soldiers, while serving, becomes a very strong one.

10. The last defect of the present system is its expense. This is a point upon which perhaps a soldier might not be expected to touch. In this instance he may be mistaken in so doing. But in advocating any measure of reform it is desirable to show that if carried out it will effect a saving of public expenditure.

Let us therefore compare the difference in the expense of raising men by means of recruiters taken from the ranks of the army, and by means of paid pensioners. We must return once more to the statistics already referred to. From the 1st of January to the 30th of June, 1859, 1,668 recruiters were employed by the Queen's army at an average cost of £3 per man, which amounts to £60,048 per annum, or £30,024 for the six months. The number of pensioners employed for the Indian army was 92, and they were paid in addition to their pensions, 2s. 6d. a-day, and 6d. lodging money, or 3s. a-day, which amounted to £5,037 per annum, or £2,518 10s. for the half-year. The 1,668 recruiters raised 9,316 recruits, at a cost of £3 4s. per recruit. The 92 pensioners raised 2,096 men, at a cost of £1 4s. per man.

The expense of raising 18,632 recruits (or twice the number obtained by the recruiters in six months) by means of paid pensioners, would have been £22,387, instead of £60,048. It will be argued



that the latter sum represents the regimental pay of the recruiters, and is no extra expense to the country, which the payment of pensioners would be. The reply is, that the recruiters are wanted with their corps, and that it surely must be a measure of economy to pay £22,000 for what now costs £60,000 per annum. But the latter sum by no means covers all the expenses of the recruiters. One item alone, their billets, costs over £10,000 per annum, or nearly half the increased pay which would be granted to pensioners.

In having thus pointed out the defects of the present system of recruiting, the establishment of permanent recruiting offices and the employment of paid pensioners have been advocated as the best means of remedying them. This would involve a complete change of the whole system; and it is necessary. It has been proved that one paid pensioner enlists as many recruits as four ordinary recruiters, and that a recruit costs the country £2 less if raised by a pension than by a recruiter. The present system of recruiting is very unpopular. It was adapted to the state of the country a century ago, but the advance of education, and the change which has come over society of late years, demand that the recruiting of the British army should no longer be conducted in public-houses, and carried on by crimps. The advantages of the service need only to be put before the working-classes in a manner worthy of their intelligence, and there will be no difficulty in obtaining recruits.

So many references have been made to recruiting offices, that a few remarks must be added as to the plan on which they should be organised. The United Kingdom would be divided into districts, subdivisions, and stations, as heretofore. Between five hundred and a thousand stations would be sufficient. At each station there would be an office, kept by a paid pensioner. Connected with the office there should be an agency in every town and village at any distance from the station. This would enable any man wishing to join the service to do so without difficulty. The agent would inform the recruiter, who would either go to the man or send for him. The agent should, if possible, be a pensioner; but if not, he should be a respectable person. A fee of 5s. for each recruit would amply repay the agent. At each office and agency should be hung up official statements concerning the pay of the rank and file and non-commissioned officers, the rewards for distinguished and faithful services, the pension warrants, and everything connected with the service.

Such a system of recruiting would soon cause everything concerning the army to be known among the working-classes, while the character and position of the recruiters would soon remove all the prejudices against it to which ignorance and the "public-house system" have given rise. By means of such a system fraud and desertion would be checked. It would confer a great benefit on the

service at large, for regiments would then be able to recruit in their own counties. When a regiment wanted recruits, an advertisement sent by the colonel for each station and agency in its county would soon obtain the required number of men. But above all, an organization so powerful and so perfect, once firmly established, would enable the nation at any moment to raise as many men as it might need. The cost of it would be considerably less than that of the present system.

The third principal cause which has produced this recruiting difficulty is the present mode of granting pensions. There is no fixed scale of pensions for soldiers discharged as "unfit for further service." The pensions of these men are granted according to the circumstances of each case by the Board of Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital. This system is undoubtedly performed most impartially, but it can be easily understood that it gives rise to the greatest discontent. Pensions awarded in this way are as often too high and therefore a loss to the Government, as they are often too low and therefore unfair to the soldier. Thus: a soldier of sixteen years' service and indifferent character, discharged for liver complaint, but quite able to do something for his livelihood, was granted 9*d.* a-day for life. A non-commissioned officer of cavalry, who had twenty years' service, and had been many years a sergeant, and who was dying of consumption, was discharged with 1*s.* a-day for life. In the former case the man was awarded 1*d.* a-day more than he would have received had he served for twenty-one years. He was very much surprised at getting such a pension, for he knew that he did not deserve it. Sixpence a-day would have been his due. In the latter case an excellent and deserving soldier was most unfairly treated. He ought to have received at least 1*s.* 6*d.* or *s.* 9*d.* a-day for life.

But though in many instances the pension be more than he deserves, the discharged soldier is very rarely satisfied. The consequence is that he goes to his home and complains of the injustice with which he has been treated. It is the complaints of thousands of these men which injure recruiting. In vain will the recruiter talk of the advantages of the service, where "Sebastopol" Jack and "Delhi" Tom have held forth again and again on their real or supposed wrongs. An unfixed scale of pension is a grievous mistake.

There is another point connected with an unfixed rate of pension which deserves attention. The sick soldier is kept often for months in an unnecessary anxiety and suspense. The pensions are not awarded until some weeks after the "invalid" has left his regiment. It is quite painful to witness the anxiety which some men suffer on account of the uncertainty as to the pension they will receive. Too often this anxiety results in bitter disappointment. This would be avoided by a fixed scale of pension. All that a man wants to know is, how he

is to be circumstanced. If he is not entitled to a pension, it is better for him to know it at once, than for several months to live in hopes of getting something, and then to be disappointed.

Pensions for wounds should also be more clearly laid down than they are at present. At the commencement of a war, men discharged for trifling wounds receive a very high pension, but towards the close of it, when the public purse-strings are being drawn in, severe wounds obtain only slight pensions. When walking in the summer of 1861 near Malvern, I met an old soldier begging. His discharge and pension papers proved that he had been discharged as corporal in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, in consequence of a severe wound received at the assault on Sebastopol, on the 18th June, 1855. His leg had been broken. He was granted 6*d.* a-day for five years! He told me that he was limping up to London to petition for the renewal of his pension. The scale of pensions for wounds should be so minutely drawn up that there should be no doubt about the award in every case, and whether a war lasted for two or for twenty years every wounded man should be pensioned accordingly.

A fixed rate of pensions for soldiers discharged as unfit for further service would be a saving to the public. It would spare the invalid a great deal of needless anxiety and disappointment, and it would put an end to grumbling. A revision of the pension warrant is indeed urgently required. A fixed scale of pension would encourage recruiting, and would soon repair the injury which has been done to the army by the existence of a system which has regularly sent among the working population hundreds of discontented discharged soldiers.

The uniform of the infantry of the line is the last of the cause above given for the recruiting difficulty. The uniform of the soldier has always been one of the principal attractions of the military service. Of late years little attention has been given to this matter as regards the British army. The uniform of the infantry regiment of the line, although serviceable, is not handsome. It looks well enough when the soldier is accoutred, for it is relieved by the white of his belts; but as the linesman generally appears in public his uniform would not invite any young man, vain of his personal appearance, to wear it.

With foreign armies the uniform matters not, for the recruits are all conscripts, and cannot help themselves. With the British army, however, the case is widely different. The recruits are all volunteers, and the uniform must be attractive or the men will not enlist. The infantry of the line forms the bulk of our army, and therefore the uniform of the infantry soldier has a beneficial or prejudicial effect upon recruiting.

Civilians universally remark the difference there is in the appear-

nance of our light cavalry and horse artillery soldiers and that of the infantry of the line. There can be no doubt that the former men are proud of their dress. The smart forage caps, braided tunics, and striped overalls give them an attractive soldier-like appearance. The infantry soldier would look quite as well if he were as well dressed. The old infantry coat always looked smart and clean, because of the white braid across the breast. The hako lacks ornament. The eagles of France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia make very handsome ornaments for the head-dresses of their troops, and the effect in a body is very imposing. There is nothing national about the plate of the infantry shako. Those only who know the British soldier well can understand the effect it would have upon his pride and bearing to substitute a national badge or the shako plate now in wear.

Any improvement in the uniform of the infantry soldier will stimulate the military pride of that branch of service, and tend to remove what has been one of the chief causes which has of late years hindered the raising of recruits. Happily this difficulty has originated in causes which can be easily remedied. By the establishment of a system of recruiting offices throughout the country, the advantages of the service would soon become known. A fixed scale of pensions would remove all cause for complaint among discharged soldiers. And a better uniform for the main body of the army would render the profession more attractive.

Much as has been done of late years to improve the condition of the soldier, there is yet room for improvement. His pay should be considerably increased by the annual issue of articles of his kit for which he is now constantly under stoppages. The expense to the public might be partially defrayed by extending forfeiture of pay to drunkenness. A soldier who absents himself from his duty by getting drunk should be treated as an absentee, and forfeit his pay. Nothing but this will check drunkenness. The position of the married soldier needs improvement. It would be most beneficial to the service if the marriage of soldiers was only permitted under certain regulations, which would of course be guided by length of service and good conduct. Fewer marriages without leave would then take place. More care should be taken of pensioned soldiers. There are thousands of minor Government situations which they are qualified to fill, and which ought to be filled by them. If the letter-carriers in our towns were all old soldiers, it would raise the popularity of the army.<sup>1</sup>

There are also certain measures by which the demand for recruits may be lessened, and recruiting thus indirectly assisted. Let us briefly consider some of the most important.

(1) But not, perhaps, of the Post-office.—[EDITOR.]

The establishment, on the plan of the Royal Canadian Rifles, of a system of military colonisation at the Cape of Good Hope, in New Zealand and Australia, and more extensively in Canada, would render a smaller force requisite for colonial defence.

The employment of the native element of our armies for foreign service would permit a still greater reduction in the European portion of it serving abroad. Thirty West Indian regiments, or a body of 30,000 negroes, Hottentots, Kaffirs, or Maories, would be quite as useful in India as the same number of English soldiers. At the same time, regiments of Punjabees and Beloochees could serve in China, Ceylon, the Mauritius, the Cape, New Zealand, and the West Indies, and thus relieve a large force of Europeans. When England again wages war she ought to use the native element of her armies. She has in her possessions, but especially in India, an inexhaustible mine of valour, which it is folly not to work. She could raise in a few days in India thousands of brave men, who, disciplined and led by English officers, would be more trustworthy than European mercenaries.

An alteration of the Ten Years' Service Act and an increase of pay in the second period of service would keep our trained soldiers in the ranks, and fewer recruits would therefore be wanted. In a recent Parliamentary Return it was shown that more than half of the men whose first term of service expired in 1864 took their discharge. If the periods of service for all branches of the army were *twelve and nine* years, and an increase of *2d.* a day were made in the second term of service, very few men would leave the army. The cost of bringing home a soldier from India is £35, and the increase of pay for *nine* years would be £27 7s. 6d. If an increase of pay were granted, the bounty on re-enlistment could be withdrawn or lowered to £1, and the allowance in lieu of a free kit discontinued. It must be considered that five hundred men of twelve years' service are of more value in the field than a thousand recruits.

England could be as well prepared for war as any nation in Europe. This recruiting difficulty proves how ill-prepared she *now* is. There is, however, no lack of men in the United Kingdom to fill the ranks of the army, and if proper measures be adopted there will be no difficulty in obtaining recruits either in peace or war.

C. H. MANN.

## CICERO AND CLODIUS.

GROSS as are the improbabilities in the vulgar account of the so-called conspiracy of Catiline, the commonly received narrative of the events which followed it, down to the return of Cicero from exile, is even more incoherent and insulting to common sense. We are asked to believe that, stained with the blood of the popular leaders, Cicero was respected and beloved by the vast majority of Roman citizens, and that the troubles which subsequently befell him were simply the result of a personal quarrel with Clodius. To maintain this paradox—for a paradox it must appear to any one accustomed to reflect on political phenomena—the *ex parte* statements of the least trustworthy of ancient writers have been adopted by modern historians as sober truth; his carefully cooked narratives have been cooked over again till the basis of fact has entirely disappeared; his glaring self-contradictions have been harmonised by arbitrary assumptions, or glossed over with unmeaning rhetoric; and that most constant and calculable of forces, popular sentiment, has been treated as though it were more unreasonable, inscrutable, and fortuitous than the whims of a capricious individual. The origin of this extraordinary conspiracy to disguise an interesting period of history, is partly to be looked for in the credulous, unphilosophical spirit, the ignorance of practical politics, the conservative tone of mind, and the literary *esprit de corps* too common among historians. But it is partly due to another cause. The modern writer, accustomed to the voluminous materials from which modern history is drawn, frets at the obscure and meagre narratives which have descended to us from the ancient world. He is not satisfied unless he can produce a full and vivid representation of events, with ample details as to the actors, and warm, sensational colouring for his scenes. He has therefore a strong temptation to believe the most copious and graphic of his authorities, and to shut his eyes to awkward symptoms of mendacity. He cannot make up his mind to confess that we know very little about the details of ancient history. Professor Kingsley tells him that "history is the history of men and women, and of nothing else;" so if portraits of "men and women" cannot be procured, he must make shift with caricatures.

To determine the broad features of ancient history is not difficult to the properly trained observer; and more than those broad features the philosopher does not desire to know. We might be well content, therefore, to leave the trivial details about "men and women" to scholars, gossips, and antiquaries, if they could indulge their taste

without a serious perversion of such important passages in history as the Roman Revolution. There we must resist them, and establish the truth, even though in doing so we have to shock an amiable spirit of hero-worship. I would be the last to deny that the dead have a right to justice at the hands of posterity. "Si l'on ne doit aux morts que la vérité, au moins leur doit-on la vérité." The man who would consciously libel the memory of a Greek or Roman statesman for the sake of strengthening some favourite theory of his own, merits the gravest reprobation. Only in reviewing the past, as in ordering the present, it is too often forgotten that masses of men have a claim to justice—no less well-founded than individuals; and that tirades against the corrupt mob, and sneers at a fickle populace, are, if ill-founded, none the less reprehensible and offensive because the humble individual who composed those aggregates sleep in forgotten graves. I protest that I have a genuine sympathy for all that is amiable and attractive in the character of Cicero. But I cannot forget that he took the wrong side in the politics of his country—nay, that he hired himself to do the work of a vile party. To conceal this is to do injustice to thousands of men who might not have been able to work a rule of three sum for Mr. Clay, but whose political instinct told them where the shoe pinched and how it might be eased.

I propose on the present occasion to show that the lower orders of Rome, who had loved and trusted Catiline, exhibited a consistent and determined hostility to the man who had hunted their hero to death to please the oligarchy; that they seized the first opportunity to visit him with condign punishment; that the subsequent reversal of the sentence was carried in the teeth of their opposition; and, finally, that the prime agent in a most just retribution was not Clodius, but Cæsar.

The destruction of Catiline had been a triumph for the oligarchy over the democracy. It had all the marks of a genuine *coup d'état* of the old sort, such as those which had disposed of the Gracchi and Drusus. The nobles had gained it themselves without the detestable aid of a great soldier. There never yet was an oligarchy, however rotten and tottering, which did not think its chances of permanence fair; and the senatorial party, without one able politician among them, pleased themselves with the belief that they had won a victory more satisfactory than even that of Sulla. There was, indeed, a great soldier campaigning in the East, at the thought of whose return they could not but feel rather nervous. But the hotter spirits were prepared to defy even Pompeius. The Senate, they told one another, could hold its own, whether against military tyrants or turbulent demagogues; the day for both, in fact, was gone by; the wealthy middle class had at last made common cause with the aristocracy; the alliance had been sealed in the blood of Lentulus and Cethegus;

property and respectability must in the long run be too strong for the mob. As Victor Hugo says "C'est une chose étrange, que la facilité avec laquelle les coquins croient que le succès leur est dû."

It was true there were symptoms far from reassuring. The populace was not cowed. When Cicero was about to make the usual harangue to the people on laying down his office, he was silenced by the tribune Metellus Nepos, a recognised agent of Pompeius, on the ground that he had executed citizens without a trial. Baulked of his speech, he cried aloud that he had saved his country, and he assures us that his exclamation was received with sympathising cheers. That the nobles standing round him exerted their lungs is probable enough; but as he seems not to have ventured to address a popular assembly again, down to the time of his exile, it is reasonable to infer that other and less agreeable sounds reached his ears.<sup>1</sup> I may say here, once for all, that I cannot attach any weight to the statements of Greek writers who lived two centuries later, and followed Cicero as blindly as his modern biographers. Besides, if Plutarch and Appian are quoted in support of the applause, I am entitled to point to Dion, who says that *the people* would not allow Cicero to speak.<sup>2</sup> From Cicero himself what account could we expect? Does he, on any single occasion, admit that he was hissed?

Conscious of the illegality of the punishment inflicted on Catiline's friends, the Senate had passed an act of indemnity for all the agents in that violent deed, and had resolved that any person impeaching them for it should be held as a public enemy—in other words, served the same. Such a resolution was in itself utterly illegal, and Metellus announced his intention of proposing to the people a bill for recalling Pompeius with his army to restore the violated constitution. But he was not allowed to address the people. Cato placed his hand over his mouth when he tried to speak. A riot naturally ensued; the Senate eagerly proclaimed martial law, and the consul Murena "took instantly a body of soldiers into the Forum and restored order."<sup>3</sup> The Senate then proceeded to depose Metellus from the tribunate and Cæsar from the prætorship—an assumption of power utterly unknown to the constitution; upon which Metellus thought it prudent to make his escape to his patron, Pompeius. When Pompeius and Cæsar are accused of violating the constitution, let us remember that it had already been torn to shreds by the oligarchy.

The proceedings above-mentioned belong probably to the first

(1) There is only one passage in his correspondence during this period which seems to imply that he had addressed the people. This was on the agrarian law of Flavius in 60, which Cicero supported against the will of the Senate to please Pompeius. *Ad. Att.*, i. 19.

(2) *Dion.*, xxxvii. 38.

(3) Forsyth's "Life of Cicero," i. 136.



month of the year 62. It was on the night of the first of May<sup>1</sup> that Clodius was caught in woman's clothes in the house of Cæsar, where the Roman ladies were celebrating the rites of the Bona Dea, from which all males were jealously excluded.<sup>2</sup>

What the political career of Clodius had been up to this time is not recorded. He was still a very young man, and had been much absent from Rome on service in Asia and Gaul. It seems, however, to be agreed that he was a prominent member of the democratic party, nor is there any other way of accounting either for the extraordinary *acharnement* of the nobles, or the interest the people took in his cause. Cicero's assertion that he owed his popularity to this outrage is a calumny against the Roman democracy, none the less disgraceful because it is ridiculous. When Catiline took up arms, Clodius left the city for the purpose of joining him, but changed his mind, and returned.<sup>3</sup> He afterwards (if Plutarch is to be believed) formed one of Cicero's bodyguard at the execution of Catiline's friends, probably for the same reason that Peter warmed himself at the High Priest's fire. He was an impetuous, eloquent, and dissolute young man, though probably not more dissolute than a hundred other young noblemen who do not happen to have offended Cicero. With his peculiar reasons for hating Clodius, it is not strange that Cicero, who could touch so playfully on the debaucheries and Mohock pranks of his favourite Cælius, should never mention the affair of the Bona Dea without a hurricane of strong epithets. But why, in the name of all that is genuine and sincere, should learned and reverend gentlemen of the present day work themselves into a

(1) This is the date given by Dr. Schmitz for the festival (article *BONA DEA*, in Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary), and I presume he had examined all the authorities on the point. Mr. Merivale, following Drumann, assigns it to December. As they give no reason for adopting that date, I suppose they think it is required by the letter of Cicero to Atticus, of January 1, 61, in which he says, "I suppose you heard that Clodius had been caught," &c. No doubt such language most naturally implies that the event was of recent occurrence. Still, if it had received little attention, as I imagine was the case, till the end of 62, and was now being raked up for a political purpose, it is not unnatural that Cicero should refer to it in such terms. It must be remembered that there is no letter to Atticus extant for the year 62.

(2) Suetonius, Asconius, and the Greek historians, all say that Clodius was smitten with Cæsar's wife. It is, however, extremely unlikely that he should have chosen such an occasion for an interview. Cicero, though frequently alluding to the affair, nowhere hints that she was the object of his affections. Her father, Pompeius Rufus, had been dead twenty-six years, and as he was consul, cannot have been less than forty-three at the time of his death, while he may have been much older. Pompeia, therefore, must have been older than Clodius, who is described as a beardless youth, and the chances are that she was many years older. Cæsar did not impute any fault to his wife; but as sacrilege had been committed in the house of which she was mistress, if any public disaster had followed, popular superstition would have pointed at Pompeia, and he thought it prudent to separate his fortune from hers.

(3) Asconius, in *Ciceronis Milonianam*, 55. Asconius had better means of knowing the truth than any ancient writer on these events whose works have come down to us.

passion and pump out floods of moral indignation, because in the year 61 before Christ a young Roman did not believe that he would be struck blind if he peeped at the rites of the Bona Dea? It seems to me that if Roman manners had allowed Cæsar, or any other male relation of the ladies compromised, to give the offender a sound horse-whipping, the requirements of the case would have been amply satisfied. No man of any education and culture believed in these ancient superstitions. The most religiously inclined were Deists. Undoubtedly there was still much superstition among the vulgar, and the nobility tried to work upon it. Still, if Clodius had not been politically obnoxious, his affair would never have been exalted into a *cause célèbre*. As it was, no notice was taken of it for seven months. It happens that we know nothing about the latter half of the year 62, owing to a blank in Cicero's correspondence, or we should probably find that Clodius had given some fresh offence to the oligarchy.

In the beginning of 61 the Senate determined to take the matter up, and directed the consuls to propose a bill to the people for bringing Clodius to trial, not before a jury selected by lot in the ordinary way, but before a jury nominated by the Prætor. I do not know that it can be ascertained who the Prætor for this year was. But remembering the violent proceedings of the year before, we are not surprised to learn that, with the exception of the consul Piso and the tribune Rufius, all the magistrates of 61 were in the interest of the Senate.<sup>1</sup> There, therefore, was a manifest attempt to crush a political opponent by means of a packed jury. The consuls, as directed, proposed the bill, though Piso did not conceal his disapproval of it.<sup>2</sup> The popular feeling, as might have been expected, was strongly against it. Cicero says it was opposed by the gang of Catiline and the agents of Clodius (the *rex Catilinæ—operæ Clodianæ*), and that voting tickets in the negative alone were furnished. It is an old story. Those who like to believe it. There are people to this day who assure you that Napoleon III. obtained his throne by tampering with the ballot-box. When the nobles saw how things were going, they broke up the assembly, apparently by violence,<sup>3</sup> and the Senate met to deliberate. After an exciting debate it was resolved that the consuls should again oppose the bill, and that no public business should be transacted until it was carried. Such an outrageous resolution illustrates the spirit of these Roman Conservatives, and proves that they were animated by some stronger motive than a desire to punish an offence which for seven months they had not thought worth noticing.

At this point it becomes necessary to lay before the reader the

(1) Cicero, Ad. Att., i. 14.

(2) Piso autem consul lator rogationis idem erat dissuasor.—*Ibid.*

(3) Concursu optimatum comitia dimittuntur.—*Ibid.*

vulgar account in order that its irrationality may be clearly understood. I give it in the words of the latest biographer of Cicero. "Hortensius, however, fearing that the tribune Fufius Calenus would interpose his veto if the bill was passed by the people, and so render it a dead letter,<sup>1</sup> proposed that Fufius himself should bring forward a bill declaring, like the other bill, that Clodius's offence was sacrilege, but providing that the jury should be chosen by *lot* out of the *decurie*. This was intended as a compromise, for it limited the number of persons out of whom the jury could be formed, and so diminished the chances of having a needy and corruptible set, and yet preserved at the same time the principle of fairness in not selecting the names. But Hortensius felt so confident that Clodius must be convicted, that he was indifferent as to what kind of tribunal tried him."<sup>2</sup>

If an historian can explain a difficulty, let him do so, and we will thank him. If he cannot explain it, let him state the difficulty and leave it, and we will also thank him. What I cannot understand is the satisfaction some people seem to find in plastering over a difficulty with words, and affecting to give a solution which they must be aware is no solution at all. Neither Mr. Forsyth nor any one else, as far as I am aware, has given an explanation of this trial which a serious inquirer can accept. The statement that the bill of Fufius declared Clodius's offence to be sacrilege is not only absolutely unsupported by any ancient author, but is, when one comes to think of it, unmeaning nonsense. No one disputed that it was sacrilege, or rather "incestum." Equally untrue is it that the bill of Fufius introduced any novelty whatever into the constitution of the jury. It was the ordinary practice "that the jury should be chosen by *lot* out of the *decuriæ*." I defy any one to show that Clodius was not tried exactly like any other criminal.

And yet that there was a compromise is evident. In what did this compromise consist? I make bold to say that the historians have hitherto gone upon an entirely wrong scent.

In the early period of the Roman commonwealth there were no permanent courts of justice. A criminal was tried before the whole people, acting in its legislative capacity, either in the *comitia centuriata* or *tributa*, the difference being that a consul or prætor presided in the former, a tribune in the latter. Each sentence was in fact a *luc* for that special occasion. The first modification of this usage was the appointment of a committee of the people to try an offender under the presidency of a prætor (*Quæstio*). A further modification was when permanent machinery of this kind was pro-

(1) Observe the coolness of the assumption that the bill would have passed. Mr. Forsyth ought to know that a tribune's veto was interposed, not after a bill had passed, but before it was put to the vote.

(2) Forsyth's "Life of Cicero," i. 151.

vided for trying certain classes of crime (*Questiones perpetuæ*). All these *Questiones perpetuæ* had been appointed by the people assembled in *comitia tributa*, and being regarded as mere committees of that assembly, they could not inflict capital punishment, a prerogative of which the *comitia tributa* had been deprived at the time of the Decemviral legislation. The *comitia centuriata* (or a committee of it, had such existed) could sentence to death. But during the later period of the commonwealth the *centuriata* had practically become obsolete except for the election of magistrates. All important business was transacted in the *tributa*, of which, as I have said, the *Questiones perpetuæ* were offshoots.<sup>1</sup>

Now, when the oligarchy wanted to try Clodius, I should be glad to know before what court they were to bring him. There might be clear laws against *incestum*. But unless *incestum* came under one of those classes of crime for which *Questiones* had been established, there was no means of setting the law in operation. There were *Questiones perpetuæ de Repetundis, de Sicariis et Veneficiis, de Parricidio, &c.*, but none *de Incesto*. It was a *casus omissus*. On such a difficulty arising, the ordinary course would have been for a tribune, upon the requisition of the Senate, to have proposed the necessary law to the *comitia tributa* for the creation of a new *Quæstio de Incesto*. When the law was carried, the usual number of jurymen (*judices*), probably seventy or eighty, would have been selected by lot from the *decuriæ*, and after the usual challenges on the part of accuser and defendant (*rejectiones*), the remainder would have been impannelled, under the presidency of the prætor, to try the accused.

Such would have been the ordinary procedure. But I imagine that on this occasion the oligarchy, in the spirit of presumptuous violence which they had manifested since the *coup d'état*, were bent on nothing less than galvanising the *comitia centuriata* into a new life for the purpose of creating by its instrumentality a *Quæstio* to try Clodius. They promised themselves two advantages from this course: the first was, that in creating a new *Quæstio*, a new method of selecting a jury might be introduced; the other was, that a *Quæstio* emanating from the *comitia centuriata* would have the power of sentencing to death. It is astonishing that amidst all the discussion about this celebrated trial, no one should have drawn attention to the significant fact that, though all the tribunes except Fufius were on their side, the Senate direct the *consuls* to move the bill, and that after one failure it is still the *consuls* whom they require to renew the attempt; and this, though one of these magistrates was doing all in his power to defeat the measure which he was obliged in his official capacity to introduce. Why was not a tribune employed in

(1) See the lucid and philosophical treatment of this subject in Mr. Maine's *Ancient Law*, chap. x.

the usual way? There can be but one answer to the question. A tribune could not convoke or set in motion the *comitia centuriata*, and it was by that assembly that the Senate was determined to *act*. It is true neither Cicero nor any other authority mentions that the bill was moved in the *comitia centuriata*. I presume that for a Roman such information was not necessary, because to tell him that a bill was moved by a consul was equivalent to telling him that it was moved in the *comitia centuriata*. This point being established, I can see no more probable motives for the policy of the Senate than those I have suggested above; the desire, namely, to pack a jury, and to obtain a sentence of death. There were, it is true, features in the organisation of the *comitia centuriata* which made it somewhat less democratic than the *tributa*; its origin and traditions were less offensive to the oligarchy; but I cannot for a moment suppose that they would have convulsed Rome for so trifling an advantage.

After resolving, then, to propose the consular bill a second time, the Senate had at the last moment flinched from the dead lock that would have ensued if Fufius had met its resolution with the tribunitian veto. Fufius undertook to bring in a bill himself in the ordinary way—that is, in the *comitia tributa*—for constituting a *Questio* to try Clodius. With this compromise the Senate was forced to content itself. The attempt to institute a *Questio* emanating from the *comitia centuriata*, the power of packing a jury, the satisfaction of executing Clodius—these much-desired objects it had to forego. But as the facts charged against Clodius could not be seriously disputed, as the jury would be certain to contain many of his political opponents, as superstitious feelings might influence many who were his political supporters, the Senate counted almost with certainty upon obtaining a verdict of guilty, and the infliction of a serious penalty.

The court was constituted, and the trial was conducted, I repeat it, by the ordinary rules. L. Lentulus for the prosecution, and Curio *père* for the defence, challenged as many jurors as the law allowed. At last a jury of fifty-six was impanelled. Clodius set up an alibi, which Cicero was called by the prosecution to disprove.<sup>1</sup> Dio Cassius tells us that he was tried, not only for the affair of the Bona Dea, but for mutinous conduct when serving in Asia, and for incest with his

(1) Niebuhr, in his lectures (vol. iii. p. 28 of the English edition), says that Clodius “had the impudence to call Cicero as his witness,” but that Cicero “not only bore witness against Clodius, but gave free expression to his indignation, and said things which would necessarily have brought about the condemnation of Clodius, had he not purchased his acquittal.” This is all a pure invention of Niebuhr’s. Cicero, writing immediately after the trial to Atticus (i. 16), expressly tells him that he had said as little as he could: “Contraxi vela, neque dixi quidquam pro testimonio nisi quod erat ita notum atque testatum ut non possem præterire.” Niebuhr tells us that he loves Cicero as if he had known him, and that he had obtained a thorough insight into his character by studying that of Frederic Jacobi. Perhaps he found out what Cicero said on the trial in some similar way.

sister ; which evidently only means that the accuser, after the usual fashion, raked up all the stories, true or false, that were current about him. Eventually he was acquitted by a majority of six.

Cicero, of course, says that the majority were bribed ; and, looking at the notoriety of the facts charged against Clodius, historians have unhesitatingly accepted his statement, even to its most incredible and disgusting details. For my part, I see no necessity for such an hypothesis ; and I need hardly say that in this and similar cases Cicero's assertions are worthy of notice just so far as they are probable, and no further.

In an English court of justice every effort is made to narrow down the discussion to a simple issue of fact. Every irrelevant allegation on either side is jealously excluded by the presiding judge. Usage and public opinion prescribe a course to the jury from which they cannot deviate ; though even in England, on political trials, the animus of jurymen leads them sometimes to disregard the evidence. But at Rome, a State trial, though technically relating to a specified act, virtually dealt with the whole life of the accused. Nor was this all. The jury looked on it as their duty to take into consideration other circumstances, which we should deem still more foreign to the question. Among these notoriously was the political bearing their verdict would have. A Roman jury never forgot that it was in some sort a committee of the Legislative Assembly. No one can admit more fully than Cicero himself, that they not only were at liberty, but were bound to let such considerations weigh with them. In his oration for Flaccus, he says :—"Jurymen of good sense and high character have always, in giving their verdict, taken into consideration what was demanded by the interests of the community, public welfare, and the exigencies of State."<sup>1</sup> Again, in his oration for Murena, he calls on the jury to acquit his client of bribery, because a verdict of guilty will give encouragement to the partisans of Catiline.<sup>2</sup>

But there was yet another reason why a Roman jury assumed the right of acquitting an accused person, even when the specified charge was proved beyond doubt. Their sentence could not be revised or modified. The prerogative of mercy, which with us belongs to the crown, at Rome rested with the jury. The functions and responsibilities which in England are divided between the jury, the judge, and the crown, at Rome devolved on the jury alone. This important fact appears to be entirely overlooked by historians, who moralise so

(1) *Semper graves et sapientes iudices in rebus judicandis, quid utilitas civitatis, quid communis salus, quid reipublice tempora poscerent, cogitaverunt.*—*Pro Flacco*, xxxix. Lord Ellenborough, in charging the jury on Peltier's trial, had the indecency to tell them that "he trusted their verdict would strengthen the relations by which the interests of this country were connected with those of France."—*State Trials*, xxviii. 618.

(2) *Pro Murena*, xxxvii.—xl.

loftily on the corruption of Roman courts of justice. They might much more reasonably assume the depravity of the Home Secretary when he reprieves a criminal, after a verdict of guilty has actually been found and sentence pronounced.

Now let us place ourselves for a moment in the position of a citizen of the popular party who finds himself designated by lot to serve on the jury of Clodius. He feels that this prosecution has been commenced solely with the view of ruining one of the prominent champions of his party. He knows, on the one hand, that there is not an educated man in Rome who believes in the existence of the Bona Dea ; and, on the other, that chastity is a very uncommon virtue among young patricians. He remembers that this very act was for seven months treated as a matter of no consequence. He has looked on while every art was tried to take the investigation out of the hands of a regular tribunal and commit it to a jury specially packed by a tool of the oligarchy. Two years have not elapsed since he saw his political leaders put to death in open contempt of law by the same men who are now availing themselves of the forms of law to crush Clodius. The prosecutors, by arraigning the whole life of the accused, virtually place this issue before him : Do you think Clodius so bad and dangerous a citizen that the first opportunity ought to be seized for punishing him ? To such a question, the citizen who had selected Clodius as his political leader could return but one answer. As far as I can see, if I had been on that jury, my answer would have been the same. I would no more have sacrificed Clodius to that lawless and malignant oligarchy, than I would have given the late Lord Campbell an opportunity for stretching the meaning of a statute to hang Dr. Bernard.

The alibi raised by Clodius merely amounted to a plea of not guilty. It was not believed, or probably intended to be believed, by anybody. The object of calling Cicero, of all men in the world, to disprove it, is evident. It was hoped that a sensational scene might be got up by producing him in court. In a letter to Atticus, full of the most laughable vanity, he asserts that there was such a scene, and that the jury were evidently ready to lay down their lives for him. Knowing as we do from his own words what the complexion of the majority of this jury was, we learn what to think of these certificates of popularity which the orator is always transmitting to his correspondents. Probably the twenty-five Conservatives were noisily demonstrative, thereby not improving the temper of their thirty-one Democratic colleagues. Cicero tells Atticus that he lost all interest in the matter after the idea of proceeding by a consular bill was abandoned, and that on the trial he said as little as he could help, and nothing but what had been amply established by other witnesses. This statement has been overlooked by Mr. Forsyth, who suggests that Cicero may

have been the only man in Rome who could disprove the alibi.<sup>1</sup> The fact is, that all the writers who have treated this question are possessed with the idea that the evidence given by Cicero on this trial was the cause of the ill-will borne to him by Clodius, and that the enmity of Clodius was the cause of Cicero's banishment; both of which suppositions are entirely untrue. Clodius knew that Cicero had come forward, not to give evidence, which was quite superfluous, but from a restless itching to be conspicuous, and a desire to please the oligarchy. The incident was no doubt irritating to a defendant, but it weighed for very little in the war which followed. Cicero nowhere, as far as I know, attributes his troubles to it. In fact, though the trial had taken place in the spring of 61, we do not find in his correspondence anything to show that he anticipated an attack from Clodius till the end of 59. That during all this time a bitter personal hostility was growing up between the two orators is of course admitted. But it did not result from the trial. It arose from the speeches subsequently made by Cicero in the Senate, in which, as he frequently informs Atticus with much glee, he has been "smashing" Clodius (*Clodium præsentem fregi in senatu*). When the moment came for the orator himself to be smashed, Clodius was naturally ready enough to be the instrument. But Cicero's fall was due to causes much more serious and deep-rooted than his feud with Clodius, causes which I shall now proceed to explain.

The *coup d'état* of 63 had been made possible by the absence of the great fighting man in the East, and by the alliance between the governing and moneyed classes, for effecting which Cicero takes so much credit to himself. But both these conditions of success soon passed away. Towards the end of 62 Pompeius returned. Every one felt that the reaction was over when he set foot in Italy. That he would resume his old policy of clipping the wings of the oligarchy seems to have been looked for as a matter of course. The only doubt was whether he would not lead his army straight to Rome and call the Senate to account for the murder of the Catilinarian leaders and the illegal deposition of Cæsar and Metellus Nepos. But Pompeius was a slow-moving politician. His vanity was never disturbed by the fear of a rival. He felt himself master of the situation and rather took a delight in dallying with it. We may safely affirm that to have both parties in the State larding him with flattery and hanging on every ambiguous word that fell from his lips was more exquisitely delicious to a man of his paltry character than the actual exercise of government. He avoided giving any decided opinion on the trial of Clodius, and during the rest of the year 61, though steadily paying court to the populace, and taking care to celebrate

(1) Clodius pleaded that he had been at Interamna, fifty miles from Rome, at the time of the outrage; whereas he had called on Cicero that very morning.



his triumph with unprecedented splendour, he took no direct part in politics. The consequence was that the nobles, forgetting their first awe, began to hold him rather cheap, and showed an indisposition to ratify his acts in the East, or to provide allotments of land for his veterans. Before the end of the year he had found out his mistake. The nobility were not yet sufficiently humbled for his purpose. He would have preferred, if it had been possible, to step serenely into a quasi-regal position by the acquiescence of the nobility, rather than to storm it indecorously at the head of the mob. But the mountain would not come to Mahomet; so there was nothing for it but to ally himself with the sworn enemies of the Senate and revert to the policy of his first consulship.

His colleague in that consulship had been Crassus. They had signalised their year of office by upsetting the oligarchic constitution framed by Sulla. It was to Crassus he now again looked for support. The influence of the celebrated millionaire naturally lay with the moneyed men, and although Cicero affected to be the representative and patron of that class, we may be sure they looked on him much as the hop-growers look on Sir Fitzroy Kelly. Their real representative was Crassus. Now it happened that in 61 the Senate, stupidly elated by its victory over Catiline, and beginning to undervalue Pompeius, had mortally offended the moneyed men, and Cicero was moaning over the dissolution of the alliance which he had taken such pains to patch up. Crassus had stood by his business friends, and could now depend upon them to back him in an assault upon the Senate.

Cæsar was at this time in Spain as pro-Prætor, and in his absence Clodius was the most prominent leader of the popular party. Conscious that his peculiar vocation was to sway a mob, Clodius had decided to divest himself of his rank as a patrician, which prevented him from filling the tribunate; for, though any one invited by a tribune could address the *comitia tributa*, it was of course much more convenient to wield that assembly with his own hand. Exasperated but not materially weakened by the destruction of Catiline, recovering its courage when the return of Pompey drew the fangs of the reactionists, the popular party was now prepared to renew the assault on the senatorial government. Naturally its first wish was to punish the chief agents in the *coup d'état*, particularly Cicero. He was well aware that he had sinned past forgiveness. His eternal accounts of the applause which greeted his appearances in public have misled the historians into the belief that he was really popular in the interval between his consulship and his banishment. The thing is utterly incredible. I have no doubt that the father of his country was invariably hooted by the mob. It is true he does not confess it. But does he ever own to being hissed, or even received with coolness, on any single occasion throughout his career? I have already said that

he seems to have fought shy of the rostra between his consulship and his exile, reserving his oratory for the Senate and the courts of law. But notwithstanding his careful silence as to the contumely heaped upon him by the populace, he betrays the truth by the pleasure with which he describes one solitary occasion when he had been spared his usual *charivari*. With respectable people, he tells Atticus, he stands just as he did; with the vile mob he is on much better terms than he was; the acquittal of Clodius, in spite of his evidence, had put it in better humour; and so his "unpopularity had been painlessly let blood."<sup>1</sup> Another reason, he says, was that he was looked on as the bosom friend of Pompeius; "and in fact I am so much in his company, that they call him *Cnæus Cicero*; and so at the games and gladiatorial show I was received with wonderful applause without any whistling" (Mirandas *ἐπισημασίας* sine ulla pastoricia fistula auferebamus).<sup>2</sup> How many pair of hands it would take to send Cicero home a proud and happy man, every one must judge for himself; but it is very evident that the "whistling" of the unwashed had lately formed an unpleasant accompaniment to the clapping of the front benches.

It was apparent now, even to so dull a reader of the political barometer as Cicero throughout his career showed himself to be, that the democratic party, backed by Pompeius, would soon be dominant; and to his mortification he had discovered that his noble friends, for whom he had incurred so much odium, were ready to sacrifice him when the day of retribution should come. He had therefore attached himself to Pompeius as the only protector who could shield him from popular indignation, and, studiously abstaining from politics, devoted himself to his profession of advocate.

Pompeius had commenced operations after his usual oblique fashion, by procuring the election of his creature Afranius to the consulship for the year 60. But it was not till the return of Cæsar from Spain in the summer of that year that the attack was conducted with any vigour. To Cæsar no doubt is to be ascribed the plan of action resolved on by the three leaders. The Senate was to be humbled. The chief agents of the *coup d'état* were to be punished. The acts of Pompeius in the East were to be ratified, and his veterans provided with land. Cæsar was to be consul, and in that capacity to execute

(1) *Noster autem status hic est: apud bonos iidem sumus quos reliquisti; apud sordem urbis et facem multo melius nunc quam reliquisti. Nam et illud nobis non obest, videri nostrum testimonium non valuisse. Missus est sanguis invidiæ sine dolore.* (Ad. Att., i. 16.)

(2) "He had associated himself to the Smith, whose motions he had watched for the purpose of joining him; for it was Oliver Proudfoote's opinion that men of action showed to most advantage when beside each other; and he was delighted when some wag of the lower class had gravity enough to cry out without laughing outright, "There goes the pride of Perth,—there go the slashing craftsman, the jolly Smith of the Wynd, and the bold bonnet-maker."—*Fair Maid of Perth*.

the scheme of the coalition. Clodius was to co-operate as mob-orator, and the coalition were to promote his adoption into a plebeian house, with a view to the tribunate.

Cæsar's election was carried in spite of a profligate expenditure of money by the nobility, towards which even the strict Cato contributed his share. The first measure of the new Consul on entering office, in January, 59, was to propose an agrarian law, which triumphed over the fierce opposition of the nobles. The other Consul, Bibulus, an obstinate oligarch, was unable to show his face in public. Cæsar acted as if he was sole Consul. Then came the impeachments of Antonius and Flaccus, both of them odious for their share in the *coup d'état*. When the verdict was given against Antonius the people dressed Catiline's tomb with flowers.<sup>1</sup> Cicero knew that he was marked out for popular vengeance, but he trusted that his new patron Pompeius would protect him.

Early in the year, Clodius, by the aid of Cæsar, was enrolled a Plebeian. Historians uniformly represent him as taking this step for the sole purpose of gratifying a blind animosity against Cicero. If there is a childish way of explaining a political movement, a literary man will generally adopt it. He is irresistibly attracted by what is petty and personal, as he is repelled and alarmed by the idea of an orderly evolution of human affairs. It is so easy, and to the vulgar mind so agreeable, to attribute the Persian invasion of Greece to a curtain lecture of Atossa's, or the English Reformation to the pretty face of Anne Boleyn. The fall of Cicero was as much due to his quarrel with Clodius about the *alibi*, as the fall of Strafford to his quarrel with Vane about the title of Raby. Cicero's letters to Atticus at this time, while repeatedly alluding to the adoption of Clodius, contain no hint that he looked on it as having any special reference to himself. Towards the end of the year, indeed, he begins to get alarmed. The populace was not satisfied with the punishment of subordinates. It demanded justice on the arch-criminal himself; and Clodius, irritated by the abuse and obscene jests with which Cicero mercilessly pelted him, made no secret of his intention to call him to account. In this he was undoubtedly acting in concert with the coalition, and especially with Cæsar, who, though personally sorry for Cicero, was determined that justice should not be balked. Amnesty for rank and file is good; but it would have been the height of weakness to spare a leader so guilty and so unrepentant as Cicero. Pompeius acted the basest part conceivable. Over and over again he pledged himself to his *protégé* that no harm should befall him. Cicero felt that his patron was playing him false, but with characteristic weakness clung to this treacherous support. From Crassus, his old foe, nothing but hostility was to be expected.

(1) Cicero, pro Flacco, xxxviii.

It is impossible to read Cicero's correspondence during this year without feeling the most profound contempt for him as a political observer. He refused to open his eyes to anything he did not want to see. He will have it that Pompeius, Cæsar, and Crassus, are the most unpopular men in Rome. The masses are full of devotion to the Senate. Cato and Bibulus are the favourites—Bibulus who had been driven into his house by popular fury, and did not venture outside it again during the rest of his year of office! In the theatre hits at Pompeius are the signal for applause. Probably Cicero sitting among the senators in the stalls tried to persuade himself that their petulance was a sample of popular feeling.<sup>1</sup> If he did, he was destined to learn the truth soon by bitter experience.

Clodius came into office at the close of 59, and lost no time in proposing and carrying a series of democratic measures. With strange perversity we are asked to believe that "the true design of all these laws was to introduce only with better grace the grand plot of the play—the banishment of Cicero." The punishment of Cicero was a logical and practical necessity of the policy of the coalition. Instead of proceeding by the tedious and uncertain method of an impeachment, Clodius proposed a law that "whoever had put to death a Roman citizen without trial should be banished." Then was seen a spectacle that must have been very sweet to all who had suffered or trembled at the time of the *coup d'état*, and who remembered that terrible day when Cicero, surrounded by the nobles and moneyed men with their drawn swords, had led his prisoners through the Forum to the place of execution. Now he might be seen in a squalid dress, followed by a train of crest-fallen aristocrats, and pelted with mud and stones while he strove to excite the compassion of his fellow-citizens. He tells us that "twenty thousand men" (*senatus hominum que viginti millia*) went into mourning with him. Sanguine as he was of obtaining the applause of posterity, he perhaps hardly expected that the historians would solemnly one after the other repeat his wild exaggeration, as a reliable statistical fact.<sup>2</sup> But his humiliation availed him as little as the authority of the Senate. "People were mistaken," as Gabinius said, "who thought the Senate was going to have its way this time; the moment was come for those who had trembled to take vengeance." Cicero was banished to a

(1) In Paris, during the hottest period of the Revolution, the reactionists for the most part had it their own way at the theatres.

(2) Mr. Forsyth says that twenty thousand of the noblest youths in Rome testified their attachment, &c. Middleton says that "the whole body of the knights and the young nobility to the number of twenty thousand perpetually attended him about the city." London is nearly ten times as large as Rome in the time of Cicero; but "twenty thousand noble youths" would be rather difficult to get together even in the height of the season. One would think, too, that to pelt twenty thousand noble youths with mud would be hardly safe to the pelters. Perhaps if we cut off a couple of figures from 20,000 we shall be near the mark.

distance of four hundred miles from Rome. If ever a statesman had merited capital punishment it was Cicero; but from the fatal defect in the Roman constitution already alluded to, the penalty which ought to be reserved for high political crimes could not be inflicted, and the populace (ever and everywhere less bloodthirsty and more law-abiding than an oligarchy) did not apply to their fallen enemy the precedent of violence he had himself established. Cæsar, while inflexibly carrying out the programme which justice as well as policy prescribed, harboured nothing of malice in his open, kindly heart. He was really sorry for Cicero, whose amiable qualities he was perhaps singular among his contemporaries in liking, and to break his fall he had offered to take him to Gaul as his lieutenant. But Cicero flattered himself that his sentence must be revoked in a few days, or, at most, weeks. His correspondence paints Cæsar and Pompeius to the life. The latter he charges, and justly so, with hypocrisy, meanness, and treachery. Cæsar, on the other hand, is a straightforward opponent, hard as steel in what he had determined. Not for a moment does it occur to the accused man that there will be any use in attempting to work on Cæsar's feelings. But there is not an insinuation against his candour and good faith. From Cicero such silence is eloquent. It was this perfect simplicity of character that carried Cæsar, as it carried our own Cromwell, to immortality. The representative of all that Cicero most dreaded and disliked, he is the only man of that time who has no cause to regret that his portrait hangs in the Tullian gallery.

Cicero's behaviour under adversity is a subject on which I have no wish to dwell. My aim is not to persecute the memory of an individual, but to set the Roman Revolution in a clear light, and strip off the false colours with which the anecdote-mongers have bedaubed it. It is their fault if a rational narrative cannot be built up till this or that man's false reputation has been demolished. Let us hasten to examine the circumstances under which the sentence of banishment was reversed.

The ups and downs in Cicero's life are a well-known text to stupid sermons on popular fickleness. I maintain that "popular fickleness" is a phrase that literary men—particularly the poorest of them, journalists and historians—have invented to hide their own incapacity for tracing the orderly evolution of political events. The people are not fickle. Perhaps their most striking characteristic, especially under democratic institutions, is the staunchness and obstinacy with which they cling to views and beliefs once embraced. Let any one think of all the stupid, common-place people he knows,—the largest part, that is, of his acquaintance. Do they ever change their minds? Or if they do sometimes change, is it not always in obedience to "the logic of facts," as the modern phrase

is,—in submission, that is to say, to defeat? They are not the men to turn with the tide and ride in on the wave of success. No; they drop in, silent and unnoticed, when there is no credit to be gained and their adhesion is valueless. There is little to be said for their intelligence, but it is a shame to rob them of their character. When circumstances favour their principles they are noisy and demonstrative. But there comes a time when things go against them. Their principles seem to fail in application, and they are obliged to hold their tongues. Then the opposite party crow and triumph. But where is the fickleness? You might as well charge a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance with fickleness because the room in which they are passing decorous resolutions resounded yesterday with the toasts of a dinner of licensed victuallers. A small unstable per-centage there may be, which is swayed by every gust; but the majority of average men are very slow to change.

I have shown, I trust satisfactorily, that the Roman populace, in banishing Cicero, were acting in a natural, consistent way. I am now about to show that they persisted steadily in the same sentiments, and that the reversal of the sentence was accomplished in defiance of their wishes. Such an assertion may startle those who have read of the unanimous vote of the *comitia* and the triumphal entry of the Father of his Country, borne, as he says, upon the shoulders of Italy. What ought to have startled them is the gross improbability of the story they have always been asked to believe.

Cæsar's consulate had come to a close at the end of 59. Eager to depart for his province of Gaul, where he was to enter on his military career, he nevertheless lingered outside the walls of Rome with a small armed force until he had seen the banishment of Cicero carried into effect. Then at last he turned his face northwards. Thrown as he had been into close communication with Pompeius during the last year and a half, it is impossible that his penetration should not have thoroughly fathomed the febleness and duplicity of him who was still supposed at Rome to be the coming man; and when he left to his care the programme of the coalition, it must have been with considerable misgivings as to his ability or willingness to carry it out for any length of time. But he could hardly have anticipated that the fretful incapacity of his ally would spoil everything before the year was out. As long as Cæsar had been on the spot, Clodius had known his place, and had proved a valuable instrument in the hands of the coalition. But no sooner was Cæsar's back turned than the tribune took the bit in his mouth. Even he had found out Pompeius, and to his irreverent spirit there was perhaps something amusing in treading on the toes of the solemn impostor. What the points of collision were it is unnecessary to mention here. Clodius may have been actuated merely by private ambition. But it is at least as likely that he suspected Pompeius of betraying the

democratic cause. However that may be, the man of war, swelling with offended dignity, and forgetting the great game he had undertaken to play, in his impatience to crush his antagonist made overtures to the nobility;—in other words, dissolved the coalition.

The terms of the nobility of course were the re-establishment of the senatorial government and the recall of Cicero. The first condition Pompeius might hope to evade; but the second had to be executed in advance; and in conjunction with the nobles he paved the way for it by “engineering” the elections, as the Americans say, for the year 57. The new consuls were Lentulus Spinther, a staunch partisan of the senate, and Metellus Nepos, long known as a tool of Pompeius, who had hitherto made himself conspicuous by baiting Cicero, but was now prepared at the bidding of his patron to promote the orator’s recall. The compact between Pompeius and the senatorial leaders was made as early as May, 58, but it was probably kept quite dark till after the elections in July.<sup>1</sup> Cicero had already been apprised of what was in contemplation, and had ventured to write to Pompeius, but it does not appear that he got any answer from the cautious dissembler. In the meantime Pompeius had written to Cæsar to obtain his consent. It is clear that the answer must have been unfavourable; for, later in the year, Cicero’s devoted partizan, Sextius, went into Gaul on the same errand.<sup>2</sup> We may take it as certain that Cæsar steadily refused to stultify himself by giving any consent to this imbecile reversal of the policy of the coalition.

If Pompeius had shown his hand before July, perhaps not all his influence combined with that of the nobles would have carried the elections. But, as it was, there were only two tribunes to head the democratic party. On January 25th, in spite, as it seems, of the veto of the tribune Serranus, the Senate caused a bill for the recall of Cicero to be submitted to the people. A riot ensued. Serranus and Q. Cicero were both wounded. The tribune Milo, a desperate ruffian, who afterwards murdered Clodius with the warm approval of Cicero, was besieged by the mob in his house. This time the unconsti-

(1) There had been a motion in the Senate for Cicero’s recall in June, which Mr. Forsyth says was made with the approval of Pompeius. I know not what authority he has for the statement, and it is highly improbable; for we know that Pompeius recommended that nothing should be done till the elections were over. Cicero, *Ad. Att.*, iii. 13, 14, 18.

(2) Cicero professes not to know what Cæsar said to Sextius, which is of course absurd. “*Quid egerit, quantum profecerit, nihil ad causam. Equidem existimo, si ille (ut arbitror) æquus nobis fuerit, nihil ab hoc profectum: sin iratior non multum.*” (*Cic. pro Sextio*, 33.) I may here remark that Cicero uniformly affects ignorance or uncertainty about the course Cæsar had pursued. Obvious as his motives are for doing so, he has effectually thrown the historians on a wrong scent. Mr. Forsyth, for instance, speaks of Cicero being “disappointed that Pompey and Cæsar did not declare themselves more openly in his favour” (i. 213). Even if there were a line of Cicero to support such a statement, which there is not, to credit it would show a hopeless misapprehension of the situation.

tutional attempt to ignore the tribunitian veto was defeated. Cicero, of course, says that Serranus was bribed with the gold of Clodius, and that the assembly was broken up by the gladiators of Clodius. We have not got the Clodian version of the story. But we may guess it from the fact that Cicero's friend, the tribune Sextius, was afterwards prosecuted for having resorted to violence, and that Cicero himself, in a work written eleven years afterwards, praises Milo for his public spirit in providing gladiators at his own expense on this occasion.<sup>1</sup>

I have not wasted much of my space in transcribing the posterous language of the historians, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting Mr. Forsyth's innocent reflections on these proceedings.

"All Italy—the Senate, the two consuls, all the tribunes, with one exception, Pompey and Cæsar (who was, however, absent), the two foremost men of Rome, an overwhelming number of the nobility and respectable class of citizens, wished for Cicero's return, and yet the wishes of all were frustrated and their actions paralysed by the violence of one bold bad man. But the explanation is easy. Every Roman burgher had the franchise, and his vote was as good as that of the wealthiest and most powerful citizen. . . . There was no true balance of power in the constitution. No law could be passed without an appeal to universal suffrage, and what the sovereign people chose to ordain, even when legal formalities were not observed, had generally the force of law." (i. 216.)

Exactly so. Every Roman burgher had the franchise. No law could be passed without an appeal to universal suffrage. That is just the reason why I decline to accept the lazy hypothesis of "one bold bad man." That my vote should outweigh the votes of twenty people who disagree with me and whose interests are opposed to mine, may possibly be very right and expedient; but if it is to be called a true balance of power we may as well shut up the English dictionary.

The sentiment of the people had been unmistakably declared in January. In that sentiment they persisted through the spring and summer, in spite of the influence of Pompeius, the authority of the Senate, and the gladiators of Milo. The Senate at last resolved on desperate measures. The citizens of the municipal towns in Italy had the right of voting in the *comitia* at Rome, but practically they never exercised it. Their interest centred in their own town, with its assembly, senate, and magistrates. They were no longer the independent yeomen who had cheered on the noble brothers, the proto-martyrs of the revolution, and sworn to live or die with the beloved Drusus.<sup>2</sup> The industrial population had perished, or found its way to Rome, and the government of a *municipium* virtually lay

(1) "I swear that those shall be my friends and those shall be my foes who are friends or foes to Drusus; also that I will spare neither mine own life nor the life of my children, or of my parents, except so far as it is for the good of Drusus." (Oath of the Italians. Mommsen, iii. 232. Translation.)

(2) Cicero de Officiis, ii. 17.



with the wealthy or comfortable slave-owners. The political sympathies of these men, so far as they troubled themselves with imperial politics, would be with the governing class at Rome, the only class with which officially they came into contact. They neither knew nor cared what went on in the Forum or Campus Martius. They had always looked on the Senate as the supreme authority in Rome. Their municipal constitution had been organised by Sulla in the days of the reaction. They had an idea that Pompeius stood in Sulla's shoes, that he was the coming man, and that it was the correct as well as the safe thing to back him.

The Senate determined to employ this class to crush the democratic opposition at Rome. Letters were written by the consuls to the authorities in the municipal towns that all "qui Rempublicam salvam vellent" (all, that is, who could be depended on to support the Senate) should come to Rome to vote for the recall of Cicero. Pompeius himself made a progress through many of these towns to stimulate their action. The result was that large numbers of Italians were collected in Rome on an appointed day, and under cover of these bands the Senate passed a resolution that any tribune exercising his constitutional right to impede the bill for the recall of Cicero, should be treated as a public enemy—in other words, knocked on the head; and that if the bill was not passed within the next five days of meeting, the exile should return without it.<sup>1</sup> The Italians were then thanked for their attendance, and charged to be in Rome again when the day should come for voting the bill. Accordingly on the fourth of August the city was again filled with Italians pledged to support the Senate. The consul Lentulus convoked the centuries. The officers whose business it was to distribute the voting-tickets and take charge of the ballot-boxes (*diribitores et custodes tabularum*), were set aside for this occasion, and their places filled by noblemen.<sup>2</sup> After such precautions it is superfluous to say that the bill was carried. If it was carried, as Mr. Forsyth says, "with hardly a dissentient voice," the farce only appears the more absurd.

Cicero enlarges with wonderful superlatives on the triumphal progress which he says he made through Italy on his return to Rome in September. That the Greek cities in the south may have received him with demonstrations of joy, I think quite possible, because we read of their welcoming Pompeius with similar extravagance seven

(1) There is no possibility, I believe, of fixing the date of this first visit of the Italians to Rome. Middleton places it on the 25th of May, and Mr. Forsyth gives May without specifying a day. I have searched all the authorities carefully without finding a trace of that or any other date. I suppose Middleton made a slip, and the later biographer has followed him.

(3) If this was merely the statement of a Clodian partisan, I should not ask any one to believe it. But it rests on the authority of Cicero himself, who mentions it twice. *Post. Red. in Sen.*, xi.; *In Pisonem*, xv.

years afterwards; on which occasion Cicero sneers at their enthusiasm as "ineptum sane negotium et Græculum."<sup>1</sup> But nothing shall make me believe that the acclamations he speaks of in the streets of Rome, came from any but the nobles, the followers of the nobles, and the Italians who surrounded his carriage. Within three days after his return (when his Italian partisans had no doubt gone home) the populace drove the Senate out of the Capitol with showers of stones, and Cicero was afraid to show his face. In November we find him walking about Rome with a guard of armed men to protect him from the mob. His house, which he is rebuilding, is pulled down. The house of Milo is assaulted. If Cicero was a favourite with the Roman populace, they certainly dissembled their love most successfully.

Beyond this point the scope of the present article does not carry me. I have endeavoured to give a rational and consistent account of the events which have been distorted so audaciously by Cicero, and so credulously by his admirers. It will not be pretended that I have made a hero of Clodius. I disclaim all desire to blacken Cicero, for whom it is impossible not to feel kindly as a man of warm open heart, sprightly temper, infinite cleverness, and a genuine, though sadly embarrassed, love for virtue; amusing, but never offensive in his vanity; and striving, even in his least justifiable actions, to persuade himself that he was working for a good end. But I cannot consent that the history of the Roman Revolution should be made more incoherent than

"A tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing,"

in order to force it into harmony with the prepossessions of literary men. No one who has thoroughly conceived the rottenness of the oligarchical government, the vileness of the Senate itself, the mediocrity of its leaders, the misery of the Roman world, incalculable alike in amount and intensity, but will draw breath more freely when he enters at last on the splendid calm of two centuries, unparalleled hitherto in the history of the world, which followed the battle of Actium. The "fæx Romuli," the "swinish multitude," is entitled to the credit of having steadily pushed forwards to this consummation. The high-born, the wealthy, the educated, resisted it with sword and halter, bludgeon and knife. "Not many wise, not many noble," wrote St. Paul, stating a fact, though he could not explain it. If he had lived in our day he would have said that the proletariat class has naturally a breadth of view which education, unless positive in its spirit, only tends to impair.

E. S. BEESLY.

(1) *Tusc. Disp.*, i. 35.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AND ITS LESSONS.

TWENTY years ago the art of telegraphy was so little understood, that only about twelve persons in Great Britain had invested money in the principal schemes which had been projected. With the recollections of the results of the railway mania still fresh in the memory of everybody, capitalists and the public generally looked with no ordinary coldness, doubt, and suspicion on schemes which seemed to be much more chimerical than any which had been previously submitted to the country. Members of the British Government, confounding electric telegraphs with those inaccurate and troublesome semaphores, whose windmill-like arms, rising and falling lazily on the heights of our southern shores, had communicated the tidings of the victories of our Nelsons and our Wellingtons, rejected without consideration, and even laughed at what they deemed the wild schemes of scientific enthusiasts; whilst Earl Russell effectually extinguished all hopes of Government aid and countenance by snubbing a Scottish electrician so pitilessly for having proposed a line from London to Edinburgh, that inventors, baffled and disappointed on every side, were compelled to seek the patronage and pecuniary encouragement of a small knot of shrewd and influential capitalists, headed by the late Robert Stephenson and the late John Lewis Ricardo, to whom we are primarily indebted for the existing telegraph system. Several countries on the Continent did not possess a single mile of line; whilst in France, Arago nearly failed to convince the Ministry of Louis Philippe that the time had come when electrical apparatus should supersede the semaphore system, which had continued in operation from the days of the first Revolution.

But incredulous or indifferent though governments and peoples had been in relation to the subject of land lines, the climax of absurdity seemed to many persons in this country to have been reached, when proposals were seriously made to unite England and the Continent by means of a submerged wire; and so late as the year 1850 the project was denounced by a section of the English press as "a gigantic swindle." Nor were the expressions indicative of opposition and of incredulity which found vent at the time the results of mere ignorance, or confined wholly to the uninitiated. Here and there scientific men might have been found who gravely expressed doubts as to the feasibility of the scheme; and one of the leading representatives of the telegraphic world endeavoured to prove to the writer, by elaborate fact and argument, that, both in its scientific and in its pecuniary results, the French line would be a signal failure. Opinions of this nature were, indeed, far from groundless. The English land system had been in the highest degree disappointing, both to the public and

to those who were more directly interested in its success. Theories which had been propounded and recognised by able experimentalists during a period of nearly one hundred years, were proved, by rigid practical tests, to be in some measure unsound; whilst results of the most satisfactory nature, which had been clearly demonstrated within the halls of colleges as attainable, were found to be either impossible or useless for practical, every-day purposes. The velocity of the electric current had been shown to be about equal to that of light, yet it not unfrequently happened that signals could not be indicated at a distance of fifty miles. Despatches from London to Edinburgh were occasionally re-transmitted at five or six intermediate stations, before they reached their destination; and it was often found necessary to repeat messages at Berwick to enable communication to be maintained between the south of Scotland and the north of England. The theory and the regulation of the battery were far from being well understood. Huge and ponderous needles swung on the dials with the lazy precision of the pendulum. The signalling of even a fraction of a letter was not unfrequently the work of more than a minute. The system of insulation was radically defective in every respect. Partially insulated copper wires were sunk in wood; badly covered ones were encased in pipes; bare iron ones were stretched on posts insulated at first by means of goose-quills, and latterly by means of very small earthenware cones. The results of such defective systems were, that the current often escaped to the ground by a thousand minute channels; the signals were frequently so weak as to be undecipherable; whilst fog, rain, sleet, and even the condensed vapour of every passing locomotive, established what was termed a "wet contact" between the wires; and caused inextricable confusion on lines which ran parallel. Newspaper despatches sometimes reached Edinburgh from London by train before transmission by telegraph had ceased; whilst inaccuracies and delays were so frequent, that many persons, ignorant of the real causes, believed in the existence of an organised conspiracy among the operators to transmute and retard messages with the object of speculating in Stock and other exchanges.

But despite the numerous obstacles which seemed to present themselves, however, a few sanguine and enterprising persons formed the nucleus of the first Submarine Telegraph Company in the year 1849, with the object of establishing communication between Dover and Calais. The scheme was not realised, however, till the succeeding year; and even then only for a few hours. The very manner in which it was carried out proved that doubts as to the result had existed even in the minds of the promoters, and that serious pecuniary difficulties had appeared. Through that great highway of commerce, the English Channel, the bed of which is greatly

exposed to the dragging of anchors during storms, and also to the operations of fishermen, a slender copper wire, encased in a gutta-percha rope only one-quarter of an inch in diameter, was submerged, and, as might have been expected, snapped a few hours after it was deposited; whilst a French fisherman, who had hooked the line, offered portions for sale in the streets of Boulogne, as a rare seaweed, or "tangle," with a core of pure gold. The truth had been demonstrated, however, that it was quite practicable to transmit messages—a fact which convinced moneyed capitalists that, if a cable of sufficient strength were submerged, it would be as easy, if not easier, to transmit messages from England to France than from London to Dover. At that period the best insulating substance seemed to be gutta-percha, which had been introduced only a year or two previously for ordinary telegraphic purposes. It was possessed of the seemingly great advantages of being highly plastic and homogeneous. A far-seeing few maintained, however, that India and South American rubber were superior; but, unfortunately, the experiments which had been made with these substances had been badly conducted, the gum and naptha which had been used for fixing them on the wires having evinced a tendency towards destructive chemical action. The second Channel line, submerged in September, 1851, consisted of four distinct copper wire conductors, covered with gutta-percha, surrounded with spun-yarn and hemp which had been saturated with tar, and finally invested with thick galvanised iron wires twisted spirally, in the manner of railway traction ropes, or of wire rigging. Enormous strength was thus attained; and no better proof could be afforded of the efficiency of the cable than the fact that it still forms the principal channel of electric communication between England and the Southern capitals of Europe, flashing the telegrams of the ubiquitous Reuter as rapidly as ever. Other schemes were soon projected and carried out, and a few years later a still stronger line was submerged to France; whilst cables, constructed on similar principles, stretched successively from England to Belgium, Holland, Hanover, and Denmark.

In one sense the complete success of these early efforts was unfortunate. Realising only the crude and primitive idea of insulating a wire, and of protecting it, they formed a kind of precedent or model for all succeeding efforts, without regard to the many laws and contingencies which should form the data for guiding us in the construction and the working of cables. Besides, we have thus been led almost insensibly to the universal adoption of gutta-percha and of outer metallic coverings,—two doubtful advantages in long deep-sea lines, although unobjectionable in short ones submerged in anchorage ground.

The question of establishing communication with America soon began to occupy the attention of the public. The crossing of the

Atlantic had been long regarded by a few intelligent telegraphists as practicable, so soon as accurate experimental data could be accumulated upon which the principles of construction might be soundly based. A mere accident, however, led primarily to all those hitherto abortive efforts which have been made to carry out the great scheme. An American joint-stock association had been formed in the year 1851, with the object of connecting St. John's, Newfoundland, with the telegraph system of Canada and the United States, so that by means of steamers from Galway the time for the transmission of European news throughout North America might be reduced to five days. The company fell into difficulties, however, and the engineer, Mr. F. N. Gisborne of London, proceeded to New York, with the view of securing the assistance of moneyed men who were interested in the scheme. Mr. Cyrus Field, a fortunate American capitalist, who had retired from business, happened by accident to hear Mr. Gisborne's statements, when the idea suddenly flashed upon him, and as suddenly found expression—"Why not cross the Atlantic altogether?" Ere a few days had elapsed, he had satisfied himself that no serious engineering, mechanical, and electrical difficulties existed; and having formed the nucleus of the existing Atlantic Telegraph Company, the rights of Mr. Gisborne's association were purchased, which included, among others, the exclusive privilege of landing cables for fifty years on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. In the year 1857 the required capital, £350,000 in £1,000 shares was rapidly subscribed, whilst the English Government guaranteed a subsidy of £14,000 per annum so long as the line remained in complete working order. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, and only after protracted opposition, that Mr. Seward wrung a guarantee of a similar nature, by a majority of one, from the United States' Senate. The manufacture of the cable was proceeded with at once, but long ere it had been completed, its failure was predicted as inevitable by a few experienced electricians. In designing the form of construction, little else would appear to have been thought of than flexibility and lightness. Hurriedly, nay, recklessly gone about, as was proved in evidence before a Royal Commission, the cable, badly stored, abraded, pricked, and tinkered, was submerged on August 7th, 1858, after four unsuccessful efforts.

Few circumstances could have indicated more decidedly and clearly the relation in which America stood to Europe than the manner in which the announcement of the establishment of communication was received throughout the Union. To ourselves the accomplishment of the feat was little else than a one day's wonder—a satisfactory, but still an anticipated, triumph of science. From end to end of the United States, however, the stars and stripes waved over city and hamlet, cannon thundered, and bells rung; bonfires blazed in

town and village alike; whilst in the great centres of activity, men in festive meetings gave vent to feelings and sentiments which reminded one of the gospel of fraternal peace preached to countless thousands on the Champ de Mars during the first French Revolution. But all this "joy and uproar" was destined to be of short duration. Stimulated to spasmodic and unnatural activity, the cable stuttered and stammered for twenty-three days, and finally subsided into paralytic silence on September 18th, although so late as October 20th, it was for a moment literally galvanised into the semblance of life. The authentic records of the 271 communications which had passed through it, prove clearly that even if it had continued in operation, it would have become a kind of international nuisance. Messages, and odds and ends of messages, half-formed words, letters and fractions of letters, with signals which indicated neither words nor letters, form the curious though interesting contents of the Newfoundland and Valentia diaries. The congratulatory despatch of ninety-eight words from the Queen to President Buchanan was sixteen hours on the way, in consequence of several interruptions; whilst the President's reply of 149 words occupied more than ten consecutive hours in transmission. Messages of equal length have not unfrequently been flashed through land lines within three minutes. As might have been expected, numerous expedients were resorted to with the object of maintaining communication. Professor W. Thompson, of Glasgow, devised an exquisitely sensitive instrument for signalling, which was occasionally used. This "marine reflecting galvanometer," as it is termed, consisted of a magnetized needle, only one and a half grain in weight, bearing a minute mirror. The needle, free to move, was suspended by means of a silk thread, within a coil of hair-like, insulated, or covered wire. A graduated scale was placed opposite the instrument. The deflections of the needle to the right and to the left were indicated in a darkened chamber, by means of the reflected rays which fell on the scale; and the telegraphist, watching the flashing of those rays, recorded their indications on a Morse instrument, depressing the key momentarily to indicate those dots, and a little longer to indicate those dashes which form the basis of the ordinary telegraphic alphabet. A flash to the right indicated the one symbol, and a flash to the left the other. This apparatus has proved of great value for testing the insulating properties of cables. If there be no escape of the current to the sea, the needle remains motionless, and the mirrored speck of light falls on zero of the scale; but if there is an electric leakage, it falls on the degree which indicates the amount. The instrument is so sensitive that, if the insulation of the Atlantic line had been perfect, a plate of copper and one of zinc, immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid and water contained in a tumbler, would

have caused a deflection of the needle of six degrees from the upright position. It is by means of galvanometers of this nature that the condition of the broken line of 1865 is known to be unimpaired, and that the operation of ascertaining the locality of a fault is carried on. A known length of very thin insulated wire, of a known diameter, forming the coil of a galvanometer, should cause the needle to deviate from the upright position to an angle of say thirty degrees, when a battery of a given strength is used. A hundred miles of thicker wire, of a known gauge, when joined to the galvanometer, should reduce the deflection to, say, twenty degrees. The 1,100 miles of broken cable should indicate a certain number; but if it falls short of that number, the figures on the scale will point to the whereabouts of a fault, in much the same way as a thermometer indicates the temperature of the atmosphere.

Three distinct methods of educing the required power were tried successively. A battery consisting of five hundred of what are termed "Daniell's Cells"—copper, zinc, and a solution of sulphate of copper—was occasionally used. Currents of great intensity from induction coils were also tried, the nature of which will be understood by those who have used the common "Shocking Machine," which is simply a small induction coil; the current which passes through the wire of the thick helix *inducing* the secondary one in the thin wire which gives the shock. Magneto currents educed from coils moved in close proximity to ordinary magnets were also tried occasionally. No doubt the original defects in the cable were greatly increased, and ultimately rendered fatal, by the enormous force of the currents which were employed. Create an artificial "fault" by piercing the gutta-percha covering of a wire by means of a needle or a pin; place the wire in water, pass a powerful current through it, and the wire will become hot, the gutta-percha will melt at the point of puncture, and the hole will be enlarged, till the leakage of the current *in toto* will follow, rendering it impossible to signal beyond the "fault."

One of the most instructive lessons afforded by the defunct cable, however, was the operation of the phenomenon of induction. About twelve years ago it had been observed that when a signal was made through an underground wire from London to Liverpool, a superfluous or residual current remained in the wire, and thus *retarded* the transmission of a second wave till the wire was discharged by placing it in temporary metallic communication with the ground. This phenomenon was attributed to inductive action, similar to that which is presented by the Leyden jar. Line the inside of a tumbler with tinfoil, cover the outside with the same substance, charge the inside lining by means of a rubbed glass tube, or an ordinary frictional machine, and a current of an



opposite nature will be *induced*, and will remain in the outer tinfoil till the jar is discharged by means of communication between both coatings. Long subterranean and long subaqueous wires are equivalent to elongated Leyden jars: the conductor corresponds to the inner tinfoil, the gutta-percha to the glass, and the surrounding earth or water to the outer tinfoil, so that when a wave of electricity is transmitted, a superfluous one remains in the wire, thus retarding further transmission till the conductor is discharged, by being placed temporarily in metallic communication with the ground, by the depression of a key, or by some mechanical contrivance. Although phenomena of this nature had been anticipated in connection with the Atlantic line, complete arrangements had not been made with a view to counteract or to lessen the disturbing influence so far as was practicable; and it is estimated that, even if the cable had been perfectly insulated, the maximum rate of transmission would never have exceeded ten *letters* per minute.

Several expedients are now resorted to with the object of lessening the disturbing influence of the inductive charge, and thereby increasing the speed of transmission. By depressing a key in much the same way as that of a piano, the battery is placed in metallic connection with the conductor, and the current is flashed. By attaching an additional peg or spring to the key, the flashing of the current is followed by the placing of the conductor in momentary connection with the ground, so that the induced current is dissipated. In some cases the key is arranged in such a way that positive and negative currents are flashed alternately, thus neutralising the inductive charge in some measure.

The failure of such gigantic schemes as the Atlantic and the Red Sea lines bade fair to extinguish all hopes of carrying out kindred enterprises for an indefinite period, more especially as the startling fact was announced in the year 1861, that of 11,364 miles of cable which had been submerged in various parts of the world, not less than 8,000 miles lay utterly worthless. Happily, however, the attention of the British Government was directed towards the subject, and a Royal Commission was issued, appointing a well-selected scientific committee to investigate the question of subaqueous telegraphy in all its conceivable bearings. Facts and opinions of a highly valuable nature were thus elicited, and a useful and comprehensive report was issued which furnished excellent experimental data for succeeding enterprises. Great importance was attached to the purity of the copper conductor, as well as to that of the gutta-percha; careful supervision, testing, and storing were recommended during the process of manufacture; whilst the maintenance of a due relation between the size of the conductor and the thickness of the insulator, with a view to the lessening of inductive action, was strongly urged. Armed

with this report, Mr. Field and his coadjutors again appealed to the public for additional capital, with the object of laying another line in the same route. But moneyed men shook their heads resolutely. The original cable had been irrecoverably lost. Portions of it, which had been fished up off Newfoundland, showed that any attempt to grapple for it would be hopeless, as it had snapped repeatedly from its own weight. Besides, the wire-covering had become corroded even within a few months. What guarantee existed, therefore, for future success, for the recovery of the line in the event of a fault, and for permanent efficiency, with the fact of the destructive effects of the sea-water staring everybody broadly in the face? Many were willing to subscribe towards the scheme, but only in much the same way as they would subscribe to a charity—in the form of ten and twenty-pound notes—with a kind of conviction that it was “proper” to encourage a good work, even if that work promised to be fruitless. Proclaiming loudly and ceaselessly for years, however, that success was inevitable, the promoters succeeded in raising the required capital, but not till the beginning of 1865.

The design of the new cable differed greatly from that of the original one. The conductor of the latter consisted of one copper wire, around which six smaller wires were twisted spirally, so as to give greater flexibility and lessen the risk of a break in continuity. This “strand,” covered with three layers of gutta-percha, was served with jute which had been saturated with tar, and finally surrounded with a covering of eighteen “strands” of thin wire, each “strand” having consisted of seven wires. The conductor of the new cable also consisted of seven copper wires, which were covered with a layer of what is termed “Chatterton’s Compound”—gutta-percha and tar; then with a layer of pure gutta-percha; and so on, alternately, till four coverings of each substance had been given. Air-holes or punctures in one layer were thus likely to be covered by the next. The “core,” as the rope in this form was termed, was then served with a padding of jute, which had been tanned in catechu or bark to prevent decay. This padding was intended to lessen the pressure of the outer metallic covering. Ten thick homogeneous iron wires, which had been invested with Manilla yarn, saturated with tar, were then placed round the rope. Homogeneous iron, the kind of steel of which the Whitworth gun is made, is so tenacious that it may be strained, twisted, or bent to a great extent without breaking. The tarred yarn lightened the specific gravity, and was also intended to prevent the iron from rusting. The weight of the line when completed was 35½ cwt. in air, but only 14 cwt. in water. The breaking strain was 7 tons 15 cwt. The first layer of Chatterton’s Compound was intended to ensure the complete centricity of the wire; an important condition of success. The size of the conductor and the

thickness of the insulator were arranged with a due regard to the maximum of speed and the minimum of induction.

On the 29th of May, 1865, the process of manufacture was completed, after eight months of incessant labour. The Telegraph Construction Company, who had obtained the contract, had taken every precaution in the way of testing, of hydraulic pressure, and of storing, so that the cable was proved to be electrically perfect when completed. The *Great Eastern*—the only vessel of sufficient stowage capacity—had been fitted with three large iron tanks which contained water to prevent the softening of the gutta-percha through spontaneous heat, and in those tanks 2,300 nautical miles of the cable were stowed. The distance from Valentia in Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland, is only about 1,600 miles, but a large margin was necessary for "slack," for deviations, for inequalities of the ocean bed, and for possible losses. The apparatus for paying out consisted of a series of grooved wheels with friction-straps running in water, brakes, a drum, and a dynamometer. The rise and fall of the last apparatus was intended to indicate, on a graduated scale of cwts., the amount of strain. The shore end, which was of sufficient thickness to resist the drag of an anchor, was laid in and beyond Foilhumerum Bay, Valentia, so far as shallow water extended, and a splice having been made, the *Great Eastern* steamed towards America on the evening of July 23rd. All went well till the afternoon of the following day when the marine galvanometer suddenly indicated what in telegraphic parlance is termed "dead earth," or in other words, a complete escape of the current from the wire to the sea. The ship's head having been put about, the tedious process of "picking up" by means of a steam-engine began, but the rate of recovery being only about one mile per hour, it was not till the morning of the 25th that the "fault" was discovered. It appeared that a piece of the homogeneous iron wire of the covering, about two inches in length, had become embedded in the gutta-percha, and having been in contact with the conductor, had led to a fatal electric leakage. The "fault" was cut out, a splice made, and the process of paying out was resumed. Hour after hour, and day after day, the gratifying fact became more and more apparent that the insulation was complete, and that immersion in the cold water of the bottom had improved the insulating properties of the gutta-percha greatly. Tests for determining the conductivity and resistance of the copper wire, as well as the condition of the insulation, were applied almost without intermission, and invariably with the most satisfactory results. Beginning at each hour, the ship flashed currents to Valentia for thirty minutes, and beginning at each half hour Valentia flashed currents to the ship for ten minutes. By reversing the poles of the battery—a 40-cell Daniell arrangement—for 8½ minutes, so as to

throw the galvanometer-needle to the other side, the signal for "speaking" was occasionally communicated, so that correspondence could be maintained between the ship and the shore. A given number of movements of the needle in a preconcerted direction indicated to Valentia the successful deposition of each fifty miles. On July 29th, at a distance of about 650 miles from Ireland, "dead earth" was reported again; and the process of picking up having been resumed, the faulty portion was recovered at a late hour. To the surprise of all, it also proved to have been caused by a piece of the wire covering having become embedded in the gutta-percha. Rough at one end, smooth at the other, and equalling the diameter of the cable, it seemed to bear unmistakable evidence of design, and a volunteer corps of inspection was formed to watch the men in the tanks. The "fault" having been cut out, and a splice made, the process of submersion was resumed once more; and for two or three days matters seemed so satisfactory that no doubt existed in the minds of any one aboard as to the successful completion of the undertaking. But suddenly, on the morning of August 2nd, at a distance of 1,100 miles from Ireland, the words "Another bad fault" flew from mouth to mouth. It was not a "dead earth" on this occasion, however, as communication was still maintained to Ireland, but the galvanometer showed that there was a serious electric leakage. In putting the ship about with the object of hauling in, the line chafed against a hawse pipe. This defective portion, which had been allowed to run out, was being recovered, when, in consequence of a sudden jerk either of the vessel or of a paying-out wheel, the cable snapped. No one, not even the engineers, had been prepared for the contingency of grappling in mid-ocean at a depth of two miles and a half. Utterly hopeless, however, as the task seemed to be, sharply curved grapnels were submerged four times, and on three occasions the cable was hooked, but the wire-rope and hawser which were used yielded in consequence of the great strain; and the stock of those materials having been exhausted, the *Great Eastern* returned towards Ireland on the 10th of August.

Much as this second, or to speak more correctly sixth, failure to cross the Atlantic may be regretted, still it is in the highest degree instructive in its bearings on the future of long deep-sea telegraphy. No doubt the promoters had endeavoured to do their best, but with the facts not only of the fatal termination of the enterprise, but of three serious faults staring us in the face, it would be idle to assert that no better form of cable could have been designed. In both cases of "dead earth" the iron wire which had led to the leakage seemed to be smooth at the one end, but jagged, as if broken off, at the other. Dr. Russell informs us that one man who had been working in a tank found a piece of the wire-covering detached from the cable,

and that it snapped between his fingers, being "bad and brittle." Further, whilst the coil in which the last defect existed was being payed out, a grating noise was heard, and a bystander exclaimed to Mr. Field, "There goes a piece of wire." With all these facts before us, there can be only one conclusion, namely, that the sources of mischief lay within the cable itself. In the two first cases, pieces of the iron wire had probably become detached, either from inherent defects, or from the heavy strain, and in passing over a complex arrangement of wheels, had been embedded in the gutta-percha, which must have been softened by friction. That friction would account for the smooth ends of the wires. The last fault, however, could have resulted only from a fissure or a puncture of the gutta-percha; the fact of communication having been maintained through it, proving clearly that the conductor was only in contact with *water*, and not with *metal*, as the latter would have led to an escape of the current *in toto*. Dr. Russell refers pointedly to the injurious effects of the strain, which led in some cases to the bulging out and untwisting of the iron wires; and we have no hesitation, therefore, in pronouncing the hypothesis of "design" to be wholly untenable. Any enemy to the scheme would probably know that the insulation could be effectually destroyed by the instantaneous and simple expedient of pressing home a needle or any sharply pointed piece of metal. No man with pliers in his hand would *cut* one end of extremely tenacious wire, and *break* off the other. Besides, if the wire was in its supposed state of efficiency, to break it merely with the fingers was simply impossible. We think, therefore, that the majority of electricians will concur in the opinion that the defects are traceable only to those old sources of mischief which have been so fatal to thousands of miles of cable; and that in this, as in all other cases of failure, the real difficulties began only with the process of deposition. After all that has been done since 1861, there is the glaring fact before us, that in addition to the 8,000 miles of line which were useless then, there are 1,100 miles useless now. And as those repeated failures have produced their natural effect by postponing indefinitely undertakings of great international importance, towards which capital will not flow, how to overcome those obstacles which have proved so insuperable hitherto is an object of no trifling significance; and the only means of attaining it may be found, no doubt, in the abandonment of metallic coverings for all cables which are intended to lie beyond the reach of anchors and of currents. Designed for protection, those coverings have been productive of little else than destruction. Like the cumbrous coat of mail, upon which the sword fell harmlessly, but which became dangerous and useless alike when exposed to the bullet, they form an effective safeguard under certain conditions, but a source of fatal injury under others. Let abrasion be caused

either by the softening of the gutta-percha through friction, by the accidental pressure of superincumbent coils, by chafing, or by the strain in paying out, so that the metallic covering and the conductor come in contact, and the insulation will be totally destroyed. Let partial abrasion be caused, so that only a thin skin of gutta-percha intervenes, and the insulation will in many cases be also totally destroyed through the heating of the wire at the defective point. Let the covering be started or untwisted, and you may expose conductor and insulator alike to a fatal strain. Let it be broken, either in consequence of inherent defects or of a sudden jerk, and the jagged end in passing over the paying-out machinery may cause a puncture or a fissure in the gutta-percha, which may either lead to an electric leakage *in toto*, or to one which will reduce the commercial value of the line fully one-half, by lessening the speed of transmission. Further, metallic coverings are not needed to prevent chafing on rocks which are removed from the influences of storms and of currents; and we have no evidence of the existence of any animal life in such depths as the bed of the Atlantic, save what is microscopic. No doubt iron wires add strength, but they also add weight and strain, both of which may prove, and often prove, fatal, and all the strength and protection which are required may be easily obtained without the weight and strain. Another argument against the use of iron coverings is their great cost, equal, probably, to half of the total outlay. We know the electrical conditions of success, and we can conform to those conditions; and whilst experience and economy point to the dangerousness and the uselessness of metallic coverings, common sense points to the necessity for maintaining a due relation between the specific gravity of the cable and that of the water. An iron-covered line runs out not merely perpendicularly, with great friction, but often, as we have seen, with fatal facility. But if a line is covered with materials of such a nature that a due relation will be maintained between its specific gravity and that of the water, it will run out in much the same way as an ordinary hempen cable—slackly and easily in an oblique direction; and all those risks which begin only at the moment and continue during the process of deposition, will be wholly removed. The weight being less, the strain and the friction will become less; abrasion will not lead to fatal injury, nor a jerk to a total severance; whilst the necessity for a complex and costly paying-out apparatus, with all its possible sources of mischief, will no longer exist. Two or three cables which fulfil some of the conditions of success already exist; and if long deep-sea telegraphs are to become what they can be easily made to become—a reality, towards which moneyed capitalists can look with confidence—those conditions must be complied with.

Two non-metallically covered inventions have been brought

prominently forward—the one by Mr. Thomas Allan, and the other by Mr. J. Macintosh. The former, twisting steel wire round the conductor, places the strength in the centre, and invests the core with fibrous substances such as hemp. The latter uses no covering whatever, placing the strength in the insulating material, which is termed “paraffin compound,” a mixture, we presume, of rubber and of paraffin in its crude or in its waxy state. The results of experiments made on both systems are very satisfactory, both mechanically and electrically. Placed on the conductor in successive layers, the insulating material of the Macintosh cable is jointless, whilst it indicates even a lower inductive charge than rubber, thus enabling a higher rate of signalling to be attained. We believe that offers have been made to manufacture and submerge three of these lines for a sum equal to that of the broken Atlantic one.

The second Atlantic line was not laid; but the first was actually laid, and that too under the disadvantages of an unusually severe storm, and of much else,—a circumstance which was chiefly attributable to its somewhat lighter specific gravity, and to its having been more susceptible of easy handling.

Another important question which arises from the fact of the repeated failures is that of the desirableness of adopting Indian or South American rubber instead of gutta-percha. The results of elaborate experiments, as well as the facts and opinions expressed by every experienced electrician before the Royal Commission, prove beyond doubt that the former substance is greatly superior to the latter as an insulator, whilst it tends to lessen the inductive charge, and thereby increases the speed of transmission. Besides, certain kinds of it are quite as indestructible in sea water as gutta-percha, whilst one coat of it is equal to two of the latter as an insulator. Whilst it is possessed of the advantages of great elasticity, its resilient properties would lessen, if not wholly remove, the evils consequent on pressure or on abrasion; and its rapid contractile force would render punctures and fissures all but harmless. Place a piece of wire flatly on gutta-percha, subject it to great pressure, and it will become firmly embedded. Make a similar experiment with rubber, and you will not merely find that the resistance to the pressure is enormous, but that the wire is loose on the surface after the pressure has been removed. Pierce gutta-percha, and the puncture will remain; pierce rubber, and the hole will be found to be invisible.

Another question which may be worthy of consideration is, whether it would not be better, in certain cases, to pay out lines by means of a steam-engine, abandoning the present complex apparatus? The argument in favour of permitting a line to sink by its own weight is that it is likely to accommodate itself to the inequalities of ocean beds. It has been proved, however, that nearly three hours elapse

before a cable reaches the bottom of the deepest portions of the Atlantic. Besides, in many cases we possess only a very limited knowledge of the nature of ocean beds. The Atlantic has been sounded only at long intervals, and the varying strain indicated by the dynamometer of the *Great Eastern* proved the existence of frequent irregularities. That vessel steamed at a uniform speed of six knots an hour, so that it was the *speed* after all which regulated the paying-out, not the nature of the bed, nor the strain, which was so great that if the vessel had remained motionless, the whole cable would have sunk in one spot; and no doubt the speed was too great to admit of accurate accommodation to valleys between closely adjoining hills and rocks; and it may have been sometimes too slow and sometimes too fast for undulating plateaus. It becomes a question well worthy of consideration, therefore, whether many of the present risks would not be greatly lessened, or perhaps wholly removed, by causing a donkey-engine to pay out at a rate somewhat higher than the speed of the vessel.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company having found that they were not empowered to issue preference shares bearing a certain dividend, a new association, "the Anglo-American," has been formed, with the object of sinking another line, during July, and of recovering and completing the broken one. The cable now in process of manufacture exhibits no new feature of importance, save in the galvanisation of the homogeneous wire, a circumstance which is tantamount to an acknowledgment that in its natural state the wire is liable to corrosion. So many reasons exist for stimulating the promoters to success, that the completion of the new line is highly probable. But we write advisedly, when we say that even under the most favourable conditions there are great risks with iron-covered cables. At best their safe submersion is a lottery; and their successful working, even when submerged, very problematical. It is proposed to sink three grapnels at intervals with the object of "picking up" the broken line, the recovery of which is probable, provided always that the iron wire holds together.

A new method of testing will be adopted during the coming voyage of the *Great Eastern*, with a view to the early detection of faults. The fact of more than ten miles having been run out on the last occasion before the existence of a defect became known, points to the importance of signalling incessantly from the *shore*, acknowledging those signals from the ship at long intervals, and even then only momentarily. A cessation of the current would thus be discovered instantaneously, and by means of bells or other contrivances from the testing cabin, the brakesman could be immediately ordered to apply the brakes, and the engineer to slow the engine, thus preventing more than a few hundred yards from being



The repeated failures on the Newfoundland route have led to the projection of several rival schemes, all of which give more or less promise of success. One line has been sketched out from England to Portugal, from Portugal to Flores in the Atlantic, thence to Nova Scotia. A proposal has also been made to run from the Continent to Brazil; whilst an overland line is being stretched by way of Siberia.

The natural and legitimate, as well as the most tempting and desirable route, however, is that of the North Atlantic, which would have been successfully traversed by several cables long ere this had it not been for the interference of an American citizen, Colonel Shaffner, of Kentucky. So early as the year 1852, Mr. Wyld, M.P.—to whom, and not to Mr. Cyrus Field, the honour is due of having been the first to project a telegraph to America—had taken active steps for the formation of an association to run lines from the north of Scotland by way of the Farøe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador; and had he acted more as a business man, with a view to his own interests, and less as a British statesman interested in the completion of a great international undertaking, he would not only have “realised” a large sum, and given us the benefit of communication several years ago, but would probably have prevented the projection of the Ireland and Newfoundland line, the unfortunate failure of which has operated so injuriously by retarding kindred enterprises. Colonel Shaffner, who was engaged as a telegraph engineer, appreciated the value of the route, and succeeded in securing an exclusive right of way for one hundred years. During the year 1859 he surveyed in Labrador, and having chartered a vessel, he sailed from Hamilton’s Inlet to Julianeshaab in Greenland, thence to Iceland, the Farøe Islands, and the north of Scotland, and declared that no difficulty whatever existed. The failure of the Newfoundland cable of the preceding year, combined with other causes, however, to prevent the formation of a company; and the Danish Government having found that an error had been committed in placing the rights in Shaffner’s hands, transferred the concession last autumn to Mr. Wyld, under the condition that an association should be immediately formed with a view to the establishment of communication. An opinion having gone abroad that nearly every iron-covered cable had a peculiar history, which was known only to the initiated, and loud outcries having been raised about “sacrificing the interests of shareholders” to this patentee or to that manufacturer, &c., Mr. Wyld’s first step, certainly a most judicious and highly satisfactory one, was that of choosing a scientific committee to decide on the form which the cables should assume. The committee consists of Professors Wheatstone, Stokes, Miller, and Frankland, Dr. Mathiesen, and Mr. Nathaniel J. Holmes, and amongst them are the names of some of the ablest and most prominent members of the Royal Commission which, acting under the

ard of Trade, was selected to elucidate the whole question of submarine telegraphy. Since the foregoing pages were written we have been informed authoritatively, that "no conclusion has been come to as to the nature of the insulation. But the mechanical principles have been decided upon; and in consequence of the failure of the Anglo-American cable it has been resolved that the North Atlantic cables shall *not be covered with iron wire or any metal whatever*. Whilst they will be formulised to sink at the rate of one thousand fathoms per hour, in accordance with the opinions of the best authorities, their specific gravity will be adapted to that of the water in such a way that under any circumstances they will be payed-out as slackly as a log-line." The significant and incontrovertible remark is added, "You may break a taut (or tight) rope, but you *cannot* break a perfectly *slack* one." Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, who is also an electrician, declared that iron-covered lines would bear little more than their own weight in water, and we have seen that sometimes they cannot even bear that weight. Non-metallically covered cables, such as those which have been decided upon for the North Atlantic, are, however, practically, the strongest, it being a comparatively easy matter to manufacture them in such a way that they will sustain ten or even twenty miles of their own length in water. Coupling this fact, therefore, with that of the slack running out of the proposed lines, which will be in a state of semi-floatation leaving the stern, it is difficult to conceive the idea of a severance, however great may be the rolling, pitching, and tossing of a steamship. It is an equally self-evident fact that the conductor will neither be broken nor injuriously strained. The fact is little known to shareholders in "mailed" cable undertakings, that in running out, the spiral covering and the gutta-percha elongate, the copper conductor sometimes breaks, or more frequently draws out in consequence of its tensile strength, just as an originally tight bell-wire ultimately comes slack. When the strain ceases, the covering and the gutta-percha resile, or fall back to their normal position, but the conductor does not, and if it has been drawn out, it sometimes doubles up and angles through the gutta-percha, comes in contact with the iron wire, and thus destroys the insulation effectually. The fact may be worthy of mention that the writer has succeeded in overcoming this, as well as some kindred difficulties in connection with several kinds of cables. The promoters of the company—the North Atlantic—which is now in course of formation, propose to raise a capital of £2,000,000, £20 shares, limiting the liability of each shareholder to the amount of his subscription. Coming before the public with the great advantage of the experience of the past, they naturally find it for their interest to avoid those errors which have proved so costly and so fatal. In the manufacture and the laying down of all lines, both submarine and

land, the erection of stations, &c., are to be entrusted to contractors, who must undertake all risks; whilst the cables are to be insured. The Farøe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland are possessions of the Danish Crown, and the King of Denmark has not only insisted on the establishment of an independent line from that country to England, but from Copenhagen to Norway, as indispensable conditions of the exclusive right of way which he grants to the company for a period of fifty years. The result of this arrangement will be that the continent of Europe will enjoy facilities equal to those of Great Britain for communicating directly with America. Land lines will run from London to Hull or to the Tyne to meet the Danish line, thence to Thurso, a little town in Caithness-shire. Two cables—an out-going and an in-coming one—will be sunk sixty miles apart, from separate steamers, to Thorshavn, in the Farøes, a distance of 250 miles. Land wires will run from Thorshavn to Haldervig, and cables from Haldervig to Bernfiord, in Iceland—240 miles. Land wires will run again from Bernfiord to Reykjavik, and cables from Reykjavik to Julianeshaab, in Greenland—743 miles. From Julianeshaab to Hamilton's Inlet, in Labrador, cables will run for 540 miles. It is probable, however, that Labrador will be avoided, and lines run to Belle Isle, north of Newfoundland. This alternative section is one of the great advantages of the route, and we feel satisfied that unless some unforeseen accident should intervene, success will be immediate, complete, and permanent. The total length will be about the same as the Newfoundland route. The land wires throughout will be double the thickness of ordinary ones, of such strength that we know of only one instance of a wire of the kind having been broken, whilst electrically it has been wholly uninfluenced by wet weather. It is proposed to maintain *direct* communication between Copenhagen, London, Liverpool, &c., and America, by means of what are termed "relays" or "repeaters," placed at intermediate stations. These *re-transmitters*, as they should be termed, are mechanical contrivances for doing away with manual transmission at intervening places. A current passing through a long wire becomes too weak to indicate the required signals—it may be from the resistance offered to it, or from partial leakages. It is strong enough, however, to deflect a small needle, or to attract the armature of a small electro-magnet, and the movement of the one or the other is all that is necessary to complete a new electric circuit, re-flashing from batteries in the vicinity a fresh current to the distant station. The instruments to be employed are Professor Wheatstone's automatic or self-transmitting ones, a highly judicious and satisfactory innovation in our telegraph system—automatic instruments affording the only guarantees of accuracy and of working a wire to its highest money value. The ordinary method may be compared to that of a compositor who "sets up" his type, unaided, from a lengthy manuscript, and prints unrevised sheets

slowly and laboriously by means of a hand-press, whilst the new system is analogous to that which is adopted in newspaper offices, the manuscript being distributed among several compositors, the proof compared and corrected, and the sheets thrown off by a steam-press, which prints as rapidly as it is fed. Wheatstone punches holes in a riband of paper, by means of a perforating apparatus, and the relative position of those holes constitutes the alphabet. The riband is then placed on a revolving metallic wheel, and when a metallic style touches that wheel through the holes, currents are flashed and kinds of pencils attached to the armatures of electro-magnets record dots on a moving riband at the distant station. The inductive charge on submarine lines prevents the instrument from working beyond a certain speed, which must always be comparatively high, however; but on the British land lines, which will extend to all the principal towns, it will transmit with fully twenty times the rapidity of hand-worked apparatus.

Objections of a purely speculative nature have been raised, chiefly by interested opponents, against the North Atlantic route, but no intelligent electrician can read the trustworthy information which has been published without being convinced that in a geographical, electrical, engineering, and commercial point of view that route is the only one which promises immediate, complete, and permanent success, as well as cheap and rapid intercommunication. Tracings of the soundings made by Government authority are before us, and in no case is the maximum depth on any section so great as that on the Newfoundland route, whilst the depths throughout are less than those from which cables have been successfully recovered elsewhere. Sir Leopold M'Clintock, Captain Allen Young, and Captain Davis, who commanded the vessels which were despatched by the British Government for the purpose of surveying the route, are strongly in favour of it; a large number of officers of the Danish Royal and Mercantile Marine, who have been consulted, unanimously advocate it; those able and experienced Arctic navigators, Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Sherard Osborne, have ridiculed its opponents persistently and systematically; whilst many *savans*, both British and Continental, prove that the objections which have been raised are little else than bugbears. The bottom throughout consists of ooze, or fine mud, the very safest of beds for cables of any kind. The strongest argument, however, in favour of the scheme is that there exists no necessity for costly experiments at the public expense. There are no impossible distances to be traversed; no lengths to be laid down greater, or even so great, as some of those which have been long in successful operation. Between Scotland and Iceland the cables will be from 120 to 130 miles shorter than those which have been in use between England and Denmark for about seven years; whilst the longest section—between Iceland and Greenland—will be about one-

half the length of the Persian Gulf line, and about 800 miles shorter than the Malta and Alexandria one. In consequence of the inductive charge the speed of transmission must be regulated by the maximum capacity of the longest cable on the route, and as that cable will be only about one-third of the length of the Newfoundland one, the speed, and by consequence, the commercial value, should be three times greater. The only objection worthy of consideration, was the possibility of danger from grounding icebergs, which might drift down Davis Straits; but all fears on this point may now be considered as at an end. Dr. Rink—the well-known geologist and Governor of South Greenland—states that there are numerous fiords or inlets which are thoroughly protected; whilst it is said that icebergs are never seen in the neighbourhood of Julianeshaab. Sir Leopold M'Clintock, Sir Edward Belcher, and Captain Osborne simply laugh at the dangers which are apprehended; whilst we are reminded that icebergs have neither claws, creepers, nor any natural propensity to drift out of their legitimate track in search of cables.

But we have some clear and incontrovertible facts, which should remove all doubts and fears, and set the matter at rest at once. It is a universally acknowledged truth that no iceberg ever reaches to a depth of 150 fathoms. Now, on examining the Government soundings, we find that for many miles off the coast of the proposed landing place in Greenland the depths vary from 149 to 237 fathoms, and that too within the numerous islands where it is said that icebergs proper are never seen, the route of the proposed cables being out of the track of the ice-bearing currents. We hold, however, that even if there were risks, although we do not anticipate them, these risks are not to be compared for a moment to those which our own Channel and German Ocean cables run from anchors, in consequence of the shallow bottom. Drifting icebergs imply open water, and where water is open ships can sail; and where icebergs ground cables can be picked up. Hundreds of vessels engaged in the whale and seal fisheries go far beyond Julianeshaab, and we can see no cause whatever for apprehension of danger, either off Greenland, or indeed throughout the whole route, for Shetland fishermen, finding themselves on the track of those magnificent codfish, which in a dried state are so highly prized in Spain during Lent, actually pursue their prey farther than Julianeshaab in herring-boats open from end to end, in which few of us would cross the Straits of Dover.

Much interesting collateral information has been brought out in connection with the North Atlantic route. We are told that sparsely populated Labrador is a "piney and sandy region," less inhospitable in some respects than dreary, fog-clad, and marshy, though flourishing Newfoundland. If we may credit one great authority, icebergs are sometimes as delicately poised as Druidical rocking stones, toppling over when they come in collision with any slightly resisting

body at the bottom. Exquisitely formed and delicately fragile corals, which could not exist where bergs grounded, were fished up in shallow water where great dangers were once apprehended. A Berlin professor discovered that the sand of Davis's Straits is not "loose, rolling sea-sand," but "broken, dissolved particles of granitic mountains." A few specks of mud, brought up by a sounding-line from the same locality, are to him replete with new and unheard-of microscopic organisms, and afford him months of interesting inquiry. We learn that in some portions of South Greenland, where we had supposed that the natives imbibed seal-oil to a great extent for the purpose of maintaining vital heat, the winter cold is never so intense as that which sometimes is experienced in the northern portions of the United States, whilst the summer sun ripens the salad vegetables of the Danish colonists. The descendants of those Esquimaux, doubting Thomases, who gave so much trouble to the early Moravian missionaries,—if those untutored sceptics, whose views of certain religious dogmas were not far removed from those which have been propounded by some enlightened European intellects,—sing the hymns and repeat the prayers of their Danish masters, unlike their ancestors, who regarded Christianity as worthless because it did not bring miraculous shoals of cod, seal, whales, and walrus. Relics have been discovered, too, of those Danish colonies, the infatuated founding of which forms such an interesting episode in the history of maritime adventure, and whose annihilation has been involved for ages in such gloomy and mysterious obscurity. We are told also that in Iceland the population has been reduced to nearly one half of its former numbers in consequence of the ravages of epidemic diseases; that education is as widely diffused as in any European country; whilst in the capital (Reykjavik) one finds the refinement and the mental culture which characterise great centres of civilisation. One reads with astonishment, too, that the winters are sometimes less severe than those of Denmark, whilst the summer sun yearly ripens its crop of hay.

No scheme which has been projected of telegraphic communication with America has afforded us so much satisfaction as the North Atlantic. At once the most gigantic and the most promising, we feel assured that it is to that route, and to that alone, that Europe and America alike must look for the full benefits of intercommunication at reasonable prices. The originators have acted independently hitherto, and if they act in the same way hereafter within a few years not only American, but Indian and Australian news of the preceding day will appear as regularly and as inevitably in our morning journals as the Paris telegrams of the last fourteen years; whilst the public will learn what they could have been taught long ago—that, by acting rationally, deep-sea telegraphs can be made to become as safe as they will be profitable.

J. STEPHEN.

## MONTE CASSINO.

### PART II.

While every other good seed had been choked in the thorns of the world, it would have been strange if literature alone had lived and ripened. But in this respect, as in all others, the Cassinese were only in accord with the general temper of Benedictines of the same age. In the great movement of thought which shook the west in the twelfth century the order had no share. Anselm and Lanfranc were the last leaders of intellect who issued from its ranks ; and the barren science of canon law was the only branch of learning which afterwards was primarily associated with the name of the Benedictines. Monks were no longer abreast of the time in religion or in philosophy. Their elder pupils first departed to gain from the lips of laymen that instruction which the tenour of their old masters' lives had made them incompetent to impart ; and it was not long before the younger boys were in their turn driven to a similar abandonment. Presently the monastic schools were in most places utterly extinguished. But still it is rarely that Monte Cassino is found in the ultimate grade of corruption ; and while the historian of Benedictine literature,<sup>1</sup> never parsimonious of immortality, can only discover one name worthy to be mentioned in all the rest of Italy, he can accumulate three in the more respectable, though still meagre, catalogue of illustrious Cassinese. Odo of Asti, an expositor of the Psalms, was the most conspicuous example of Benedictine learning outside the walls of Monte Cassino in the twelfth century ; but his modern repute would hardly make it difficult to confess the superior merit of Peter Diaconus, of Leo Marsicánus, or even of Gregory, Bishop of Sinuessa. That the roll of physicians was closed it would not be fair to allege as a charge against the monks themselves. It was at least by the authority of councils that they were debarred from the practice of medicine, however much their conduct may have provoked the inhibition. Two Lateran Councils, in 1139 and 1179, denounce the study of medicine as an "enormitas," the student as "impudicus," and declare all brethren to be excommunicated *ipso facto* who leave the cloister to teach the science, unless they shall return within two months. For three hundred years monks ceased to be physicians. But though the literary history of Monte Cassino was utterly barren during the twelfth century, a school at least still subsisted there in some sort ; and it had sufficient vitality in 1229 to be able to supply professors for the University of Naples, when its Franciscan teachers, who had taken

(1) Ziegelbauer.

open part against Frederic II., were compelled to abandon their chairs. Of one other glory the Cassinese flatter themselves that their school can boast: the glory of a great light which flashed out from its bosom just before the extinction of its life in 1239. Thomas Aquinas was placed in Monte Cassino as a young boy; he remained here till the monks were expelled, and they justly claim the honour of his education. But when it was necessary to find a new home, he sought it not amongst other Benedictines, but amongst Dominicans; and it may be a question whether a desertion of his own choice may not neutralise any inference which could be drawn from the unchosen association of his childhood.

Up to this date of 1239 the abbots were wealthy and powerful, but the era of their highest splendour had long before departed. The consolidation of the Neapolitan State was inconsistent with their pretensions to independence, and in 1136 Roger had already thrown down the fragile edifice of Desiderius. At a moment when his troops were moving northwards to begin a campaign against the Emperor, the monks were summoned to take the oath of allegiance; their refusal was anticipated, and their punishment was prepared. Thousands of Normans spread over the domains, quartered themselves in Monte Cassino, occupied the fortress, and convinced the reluctant abbot, by the strong argument of might, that he must resign himself to the position of a subject. The severity of the transition was softened by his acknowledgment as premier baron of the kingdom; and if dignity could console for loss of power, he could hardly fail to be satisfied with the accumulated titles of Abbot of Abbots, of Prince of the Peace, and of Chancellor and Grand Chaplain of the Empire. But the temporal power was unwilling to stop at the bare exaction of an oath, and Roger aspired to some share in the choice of a feudatory whose friendship or whose enmity was so important. A second military occupation under the eye of the governor of Capua, a cautiously secured absence of dissentient monks, led to the unanimous election of an abbot suggested by the king. His tenure of office was short. The double crime of adherence to the anti-pope, and of friendship for Roger, marked him as a victim to the temporary predominance of the Imperial army. His deposition was followed by indignant squabbles and mean intrigues, in which Innocent and Lothair, each trying to outwit the other, attempted to assert their respective claims. The Cassinese, whose exclusive right to choose their head had been so often guaranteed, were reduced to the petty privilege of deciding by whose dictates they would abide. But the practice of papal devolution was already ripened into a habit in Italy; the visits of the Emperor were at worst infrequent, and a combination between the monks and Lothair postponed the imposition of a more dangerous yoke. But from that moment nearly every election was



the occasion of a conflict in one form or another between the rival interests of the Church and of the civil power, to the continually growing advantage of the former. An almost invariable custom of free election was exchanged for an almost invariable custom of election under influence. The practical result, however, remained much the same. So long as the age of Benedictine popes had lasted, so long as the Cassinese were part of the governing body of the Church, men of prominence and ability naturally occupied the abbot's chair. When the monastery had ceased to provide masters for the world, it was yet of importance that as a bulwark of the Holy See against the Norman partisans of anti-popes, as the bridge for Norman supporters against the Empire, it should be governed with ability; and statesmen at once subtle and warlike still guided its affairs.

So matters continued till the final outbreak of hostilities between Frederick II. and Gregory IX. The imperious necessities of somewhat more civilised war were then found to be little less disastrous than the blind fury of the Saracens. The convent was turned into a fortress, the castles and the town of San Germano were occupied by force, the revenues were appropriated, and the monks were cast forth into an exile of thirty years. When they came back it was under the leadership of a French abbot appointed by the Pope, and chosen, not for the profit of the monastery, but in order by his knowledge of affairs to uphold the cause of a pope-made king. Fortunately, Bernard of Provence devoted himself as thoroughly to the interests of his abbey as to those of Charles; and as he was a man of singular prudence, and of no small boldness, his efforts sufficed to restore to it in a short time the whole of its former importance. While engaged in frequent embassies, while negotiating the union of the Eastern with the Western Church, or coquetting with the Lombard cities, he found time to reinstate the ancient discipline, to vindicate the authority of the monastery over its territories, and to suppress a formidable insurrection. Of the last two labours the second was rendered necessary by the vigour which he displayed in accomplishing the first. It had been a condition imposed upon Charles by the Pope that all grants made by Conrad or by Manfred should be annulled, and that the fiefs of which the Papal adherents had been deprived should revert to the former owners. The court for decision in such questions was defined: it was to consist of three of the highest functionaries of the kingdom—of the Great Chamberlain, of the Procurator, and of the High Bailiff. But in making this provision the Pope had been careful to make also an exception; he had reserved for judgment by himself all claims referring to lands within a portion of the kingdom filled with ecclesiastical property; and as Monte Cassino was included within the limit, questions which regarded its fiefs were reserved from the royal cognizance. The method of procedure, a

simple and effective one, suggests the reason for the Papal reservation. The advocate of the monastery sat alone as judge. Had he been a noble of high station, independent of the abbot, and perhaps superior to him in power, his office of protector might not have been inconsistent with his judicial functions; but in this case he was at least insignificant, perhaps even himself a subject of Monte Cassino. It would be an accident, unfortunate for the reputation of monkish lords, if the insurrection already mentioned, and if the subsequent greatness of the abbey, which was conspicuous enough to excite the jealousy of the king, were in reality unconnected with the peculiar formation of the court by which was determined what services and rents were due from the feudatories to the monks.

The results of the inquisition were embodied in an instrument known as the "Register of Abbot Bernard." It consists of a digest of evidence, put together no doubt with due regard to the right choice of witnesses, as to what were the customs in the territory of Monte Cassino before the expulsion of 1239; and since, whatever its relation to prior right, it formed the standard of subsequent law, it may be taken, so far as it goes, without deduction, as an authoritative statement of the feudal renders of tenants of Church lands in Southern Italy during the end of the thirteenth century. Unfortunately, the part which has been printed refers only to a single commune, that of St. Elias, in which apparently the ground was parcelled out into small holdings, and the inhabitants were merely freemen, so that but faint light is thrown upon the relations between the abbey and its superior vassals. Were it not for the antiquated nature of the Cassinese government over the latter, some indication of which we have from another source, and for the defined military service, it might be supposed that the people of St. Elias were still villeins, but were just beginning to emerge into a nobler condition, like so many other serfs in Italy at the time. They seem, at any rate, whatever may have been their precise legal status, to have endured sufficiently onerous burdens. Each man was bound to give military service for three days at his own expense whenever called upon, and no limit was imposed upon the number of summons to which he might be subjected within a given time. He was besides compelled, on receiving payment from the abbey, to remain in arms for such additional period as might be necessary. Whoever possessed a yoke of oxen was required to contribute two days' work in harvest time, and two in sowing time; those who had no oxen were to give four days of their own labour—two to measure, and two to grind the corn. From every one two fowls, a seventh of all grain and beans, and a third of all wine, were exacted yearly; together with an indefinite render, to be commuted into money according to circumstances, the produce of which was applied to the offices of the mother church. But the liabilities of the tenant were far from being exhausted by

his duties towards the monks as a whole. The abbot might levy contributions towards the expenses of a visit to the Papal or the Royal Court; he might keep state at the cost of a village if he chose to go thither; and that it might not gain by his absence, an estimated equivalent in money was payable in the years when it was free from the unwelcome honour. To the cellarer was annually due the highway rate and a tithe of the lambs; to the clerical governor of each commune, the loin of every pig and the half of every ox or cow that might be killed. Finally, no water conduits might be formed without license; no one was to hunt in reserved grounds at all, or in any place without formal permission; and the same restriction applied to fishing in the rivers, except in times of inundation, and except on the occasion of a marriage and of childbirth.

The gaps left in our knowledge by this instrument are partly supplied by the provisions of a charter granted by Abbot Roffredo, in 1189. He hoped to secure by it the fidelity of his vassals during the troubles which he foresaw, but the expectation was vain, and the turn which events took, by confirming rather than weakening his power, released him from the necessity of putting his promises in operation. The charter remained a dead letter, but it lies still among the archives, serving now to indicate of what safeguards the tenants were destitute, and how entirely it depended upon the strength and the needs of the monastery whether their condition could be endured or not. From its terms it must be inferred that up to that time no pay was given, however long might be the period for which military service was rendered; that benefices were still held only for life, and that personal property could not be disposed of by will. It appears also, to descend from matters of law to matters of detail, that foreign monks were sometimes employed to administer justice, whose ignorance of Lombard law introduced the utmost confusion; and that agents of the abbey were in the habit of seizing goods, on pretence of debt, without the form of previous judgment. The oppression must have been extreme in a territory where there was no appeal to the king or to the royal courts; where hardly any mesne tenants stood between the vassal and the lord, who was practically his ultimate superior; where the feebleness of those who existed made them useless as protectors; where, in fact, on the one hand the right to property was recognised only to the most limited extent, and on the other the burdens which affected it were as heavy as the administration was irresponsible. It illustrates curiously the granulation of the particles of which Italy was composed during the middle ages, that no guarantee for the hereditary transmission of property was acquired at San Germano nearly twenty years after the middle-class guilds had become supreme in Florence by the Guelfic revolution of 1266.

It is not likely that the ancient customs were willingly relaxed

under Bernard. It is certain that he strained every nerve to reconstruct an independent state, and his permitted creation of nobles, of knights, and of a Constable of Pontecorvo, might almost seem to amount to a tacit recognition that his title was not unfounded. But whatever Charles conceded he merely conceded from fear. As he tightened his hold upon the kingdom, the grasp of the abbot upon his undue privileges grew proportionately loose; and before his death Bernard found himself reduced to the position of a simple baron, and despoiled not only of what he had assumed, but of some besides of the undoubted rights of the monastery. The sequestration of some of the castles was a blow which only acquired an unaccustomed force by coming from the hand of a Papal nominee; but the subjection of the domains to the payment of taxes in common with the rest of the kingdom was a grievance from its novelty, and a hardship in its effects. It was doubly a grievance and doubly a hardship that the old exemption was never revived. But it was their deprivation of supreme jurisdiction which roused the fiercest anger of the monks, and which, even at this distance of time, fills with gall the pen of the liberal Tosti. It was a measure which insulted the dignity of the abbey by bringing the instruments of secular authority within the patrimony of S. Benedict; and which touched to the quick its power of control over the vassals, by destroying the right of capital punishment, and by affording a refuge from injustice, or a support to usurpation. To the abbey the consequences were no doubt serious; to Charles it appears that they were terrible. The uncertainty which enshrouds many of the great events of history is proverbial; it is rarely that the occurrences which preceded and led up to them have been analysed and understood; of none can it be said in thorough strictness that the causes are all known. It should be a subject of reproach to the Cassinese that, knowing the true cause of the Sicilian Vespers, they should have so long refrained from enriching history with a unique instance of certainty. It was always believed that the massacre of the French in Palermo was a punishment sent by Heaven for the offences of the absent Charles; but in Monte Cassino the monks were satisfied that it was for one crime that the retribution came, for the crime of taking away their jurisdiction. If the opinion of so many holy men, gravely repeated by Tosti, be not enough to convince the modern sceptic, his unbelief must yield to the infallible authority of the Holy Father himself. It is impossible to question the deliberate affirmation of Pope Urban V.

If anything had been wanting to make the wickedness of the king heinous to the last degree, it would have been the saintly character of the men whom he wronged so deeply. It would seem that Monte Cassino, in the end of the thirteenth, and in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was distinguished by a sweet asceticism never

surpassed in its own history, and far beyond anything which contemporary monasteries cared to rival. Nothing can be more monastic, nothing more zealous, than the life depicted by Niccola della Frattura and Riccardo da S. Angelo. In their commentaries on the rule they assure us that "daily and nightly psalmody resounded incessantly in the church;" that stern silence, broken only at a few regulated hours, bridled the lips of the fathers; that wandering monks, accustomed to the better fare of other convents, were scared away by the frugal diet and the wine tempered with water which satisfied the Cassinese themselves; and that for fear of being drawn into profanity the Lives of the Hermits of the Desert and the Homilies of S. Efreim formed almost their only literature. If such were indeed the fashion of their life, they must be granted the praise which belongs to men who live according to their ideal; but it is hard to reconcile their own self-laudatory accounts with the few external facts which tend to throw light on the obscure domestic history of the convent. That Cælestine wished to turn the abbey into a home for his own order might only show that even a recluse, who had passed long years in a grated den and clothed with an cuirass, was not ignorant of the power of wealth, and not unwilling to expose his followers to temptation. A darker suspicion is raised by the confinement of an abbot in the horrible prison of Lake Bolsena, where only the worst of crimes were wont to be expiated. An interregnum of five years at another time might seem to indicate disorder. And if Dante had not intended to apply to the monks of Monte Cassino the scorching language which he uttered against the Benedictine order, he would have been careful to except in words the monastery of which he had just spoken by name. If the Cassinese imitated the hermits of the East, it must have been the ferocious solitaries of the Nitrian desert that they took for their examples; and if it could be declared that

"Le mura che soleano esser Badia  
Fatte sono spelonche, e le cocolle  
Sacca son piene di farina ria,"

the practical irony of incessant psalmody intoned within such walls, the contrast in the monks between professed observances and the license of fact must have given good reason for the disgust of the times. Of the Cassinese, as of the Capucins of Beranger, it might have been said that

"Ils' marchent tous couverts de cendre  
C'est ainsi qu'on couvre le feu."

We may be obliged to infer that the history of Monte Cassino during the early years of the fourteenth century was discreditable; in the period between 1321 and 1366 there is abundant confession

that the convent was involved in both misfortune and disgrace. The responsibility can be thrown upon the shoulders of others, and the historian can afford, while casting a haze of decency over motives, to speak with frankness of facts. The Popes at Avignon had learned to stoop from ambition to vulgar greed, and of the whole series John XXII. was the most insatiate. Among his expedients for getting money was the reservation to himself of the right of appointment to all bishoprics in Christendom; and not content with the number already existing he created more, that more purchase-money might flow into his treasury. A bull suddenly appeared at Monte Cassino by which the monks were elevated into canons, and the abbot was invested with the episcopal dignity. With it arrived a Frenchman, the bearer of the title; and a succession of eight intruders, chiefly of the same nation, dissipated the revenues and fostered the latent propensities of the monks. To talk of morality, of discipline, or religion, would be a mockery; the violence, the simony, and the looseness of the tenth century returned in all their former shamelessness, with the additional disgrace that they were called gratuitously into being. In the selfish voracity of the courtiers of Avignon, in the depravity of the monks, the vassals saw a provocation and an opportunity. They burst into frequent revolt, and at length a certain Jacopo da Pignataro, taking advantage of the distracted state of the country during the invasion of Louis of Hungary, seized the monastery, robbed the church of its jewels and its plate, and remained master of the territory for more than a year. For final disaster an earthquake, so severe that more than a thousand people were killed in San Germano alone, overthrew almost the whole buildings of the convent. For some years the place was almost deserted. A few monks lingered in wooden cabins on the spot, but no effort was made to restore what had been destroyed, or even to preserve what remained. It was at this time that Boccaccio paid the visit of which Benvenuto da Imola has preserved the story in language so fresh and so malignant that the tongue of his informant would seem itself to have dictated the words. The sullen monk, the doorless room, the windows filled with sprouting grass, the books hidden in accumulated dust, are all probable enough; and were it not that none of the MSS. at present in the library display the slightest token of mutilation, we might not be surprised to learn that the most precious of their number had been mangled by the monks, and that for the paltry gain of a few soldi their margins had been cut off to make old women's breviaries. As things are, Boccaccio must be supposed to have confused probability with fact. A while afterwards another visitor came, who left more solid if not more enduring traces of his passage. Many years previously Grimoald, Abbot of S. Victor, had been a guest in the parent monastery of his order; its actual

desolation moved him deeply, and he is said to have vowed upon the ruins of its church that if he ever attained the Papal throne he would raise it again to all its former splendour. In a few weeks he was Urban V., and he set himself at once to fulfil his promise. The levy of a sixtieth of their revenues from all Benedictine abbeys, and the release of Monte Cassino itself from the payment of tenths, provided funds for the restoration. The abrogation of the fatal bull of John XXII., an infusion of new blood from other monasteries, and the rigour of a Camaldolese abbot, sufficed for a time to maintain propriety among the fathers. But with the death of Urban the artificial improvement ceased, and their manners accommodated themselves to those prevalent in other societies of Campania. Such was the general depravity, that in 1369 a perambulating commission had been directed to remodel every monastery in the maritime provinces; and the measure of its success is afforded by what straightway befell the Abbot of Monte Cassino. In endeavouring to continue the reforms in a dependent society at Capua he was denied admission to the convent by its members. The barons of the neighbourhood armed to support the companions of their pleasure, and it was with the help of the royal soldiers that the monks were at last persuaded into temporary decency. There was not a single Benedictine monastery in Italy at this time, and for long afterwards there were scarcely any, in which even the principal observances of the rule were so much as known; there was not one, nor indeed were there any belonging to the elder orders, which had not fallen into the profoundest discredit. The mendicant friars might still be objects of veneration. But the proverb, "Chi dice religione dice ricchezza," had begun to be applied even to them; and the rest were only butts for the scoffing of the people, and milch-cows for the service of the king.

Until the middle of the fifteenth century the old corruption and the old alternation of unlovely prosperity and well-earned calamity disfigure the annals of Monte Cassino. Then, that it might experience every variety of fate to which an abbey could be subjected, it was granted in commendam for a space of fifty years. A Carrafa had insinuated himself into possession. The monks groaned under his tyranny, but his watchfulness prevented them from bearing the story of their miseries to Rome. Some passing cardinals were made the channels of complaint; Carrafa revenged himself by throwing the monks into prison, but he was himself expelled, and the monastery was provided with a commendatory abbot in the person of the Cardinal of S. Damaso. He bought his preferment for a sum of 80,000 ducats; and if implicit faith is to be accorded to Tosti, the years of his government were "doleful." But the historian of the abbey is sensitive on the subject of its privileges; an intruder may

sometimes meet with scant justice at his hands, and it is difficult on the reported facts to abstain from believing that in truth the condition of the abbey, when held in commendam, was vastly better morally, and not worse temporally, than it had been at any time since the death of Abbot Bernard. The cardinal began by recalling the monks who had been driven away by Carrafa; he set apart a sufficiency of the revenues for their comfortable livelihood, and he insisted on the maintenance of a discipline which passed in those days for severe. In spite of the wasting effects of Angevine and Arragonese wars, and in spite of the necessity of reimbursing himself for his own expenditure, the good management of his agents provided a surplus out of which the buildings were repaired and even ornamented, and from which an annual income was secured for the school, now at last revived after a sleep of more than two hundred years. The fathers had still less right to murmur at the conduct of the next commendatory, Pope Pascal II., who, granting the abbey to himself in order to administer it for the benefit of the society, left enlarged revenues and considerable accumulated wealth. Even its possession by a son of the king was not unfortunate; and the querulousness of the monks was calmed by their material prosperity, and by the magnificence of the presents with which their abbot and his father emphasised every visit to the convent. Nor was the institution of a secular school unwelcome; it was frequented by the sons of nobles, and its pupils afforded useful recruits for the order, and still more useful patrons for those who trod the cloister rather as a road than as a goal.

So far Monte Cassino had been treated with peculiar and intentional tenderness. It was lean, and it had been turned out to graze in pleasant pastures. But it suffered from the kindness as an animal suffers from the kindness of a butcher. The convent had become heavy with its own fatness; Papal jobbery subjected it at last to the same ruthless knife that had already sacrificed so many other societies. It was granted to the Cardinal Giov. dei Medici, and its condition at the end of twenty years proves at once the very exceptional rectitude of the Cardinal of S. Damaso, and the pitiless manner in which an ordinary commendatory used his benefice. The fury of recent wars had again destroyed a large portion of the buildings; a wretched handful of nine-and-twenty monks lived half-starved in wooden cells; the church was out of repair; the estates were burdened with mortgages; every tari wrung from discontented and mutinous vassals was carried at once to Rome; and finally Pontecorvo, which had been captured from the Angevins on behalf of Ferdinand by a Papal general, and which had never been restored to its owners, was sold to the Papacy on consideration of a payment to the separate account of the cardinal. Most of the Neapolitan monasteries remained into the eighteenth century the victims of like extortion, the chief



source from which the sudden fortunes of art-loving prelates were derived, the unfailing wells from which were drawn the money which raised the vast palaces of Rome. In such a fate also Monte Cassino might have lingered, but for the fortunate devotion of Gonsalvo of Cordova. By his exertions the retirement of the cardinal was negotiated at the price of an annuity of 4,000 scudi, and of the right of presentation for life to all benefices within the territory; and his foresight, more jealous for the ultimate good of the monastery than for the gratification of the actual monks, secured its independence and its respectability for the future by making it the condition of his interference that the convent should join the reformed congregation of S. Justina.

In the year 1409 the Benedictine monastery of S. Justina at Padua was the cause of more than common scandal. Its monks were ignominiously expelled, and the house and estates were given over to another order. There was however one righteous man among the fathers. He could not prevent the temporary suppression of his community, but for his sake it was spared from utter extinction. Barbo importuned till he was allowed to attempt the task of reformation; S. Justina became again Benedictine; and his success was so great, that in the course of eight years his modified rule had been adopted by several great societies, and the "Congregation," as the united body was called, had been solemnly recognised by the pontifical sanction of Martin V. In the new régime no change was introduced into the original code of S. Benedict, no attempt was made to impose greater rigour of life or harsher observances; Barbo had confined himself in his legislation to providing safeguards against relapse by means of a more elaborate administration. Every three years the superiors of all the associated monasteries, together with deputies elected by the monks, met in a general chapter. The abbots laid down their office, and the whole body, equalised to the position of simple brethren, proceeded to choose out of their number two committees, to the members of which all power was resigned. The "Definitors" were instructed to listen to any expression of opinion on the part of the chapter; they were bound to consult, but they were unrestricted in the exercise of their legislative functions, except by the second committee, named that of the "Conservators," whose duty it was to veto any proposed regulation which might be adverse to the fundamental laws of the congregation. The business of the chapter finished with the election by the "Definitors" of abbots for the next triennial period. Under this form of administration, which in essentials still remains the same, the congregation had grown a century in public esteem, and its lustre had been increased by the adherence at various times of the great monasteries of S. Paolo fuori le Mura at Rome, of San Giorgio Maggiore at Venice, and

S. Sisto at Placentia. The absorption of Monte Cassino was an event of public importance; the occasion was celebrated by great rejoicings, made brilliant by a large assemblage of barons at San Germano, and a great chapter was held in the monastery, at which the name of the congregation was altered from that of S. Justina to that of Monte Cassino. From thenceforth the history of the monastery assumed a new complexion. That its abbots should have ceased to be great barons, or warriors, or administrators of the kingdom, is only what must, under any circumstances, have taken place; the time for these things had passed away. But it might have escaped from its commendatories only to drop into the heavy sleep of sensuous sloth which weighed upon most of the rich convents of Italy during the next three centuries. If

“ Slumbering abbots, purple as their vines,”

had droned their life away in long succession, if the monks according to their education had possessed a delicate taste in Catullus, or had infused into their *Lacryma Christi* a more luscious flavour with stories of which they were themselves the heroes, Monte Cassino would not have been peculiar in the manner of its life. But from this it was saved by its adoption of the reformed rule. Benedictinism in its latter days had reverted to the characteristics of its early life. The vice which age brought with it, age also had taken away; and the hot blood of manhood has been succeeded by the simplicity of what it might be malicious to call a second childhood. Its monks have glided through the world, if not with great austerity, at least with blamelessness; they have had among them no men of genius, and hardly any of remarkable talent, but they have done good work, even in literature, in quarrying for the use of others dry records with minuteness and accuracy. Their virtues have at least been sufficient to induce men to forget, in the respectability of their actual life, and in the vague glories of their distant past, that long space, half of the time during which their order has existed, when society received from them nothing but injury, and religion little but disgrace.

An ideal monastery would, of necessity, be destitute of history, and the reform which has enabled Monte Cassino to demand respect has caused its annals to be almost bare of incident during the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth centuries. In a more peaceful way, but with pertinacity as great as ever, the abbots clung to antiquated feudal privileges long after they had been given up by the secular lords around them; and the lawsuits, which in the sixteenth century had become the equivalent of older and more trenchant means of getting redress for wrong, were a continual source of irritation between the monastery on the one hand, and its

vassals and its neighbours on the other. Always in arrear of the time, always holding to whatever was slipping from their grasp, the monks seem to have obstinately contested every stage in the emancipation of their tenants, and the French Revolution surprised them with questions still unsettled, with the estates laden by debts contracted in litigations, and by debts resulting from the accumulation of interest on their earlier burdens. But on these puny matters which supply the only external history of the convent, it would be useless to dwell; it is merely by the decoration of the buildings, and by a tinge of literature which, if not rich, was at least diffused, that three hundred years are redeemed from absolute colourlessness.

It is to the Abbot Squarcialupi that Monte Cassino owes nearly everything that is beautiful in its architecture. In three administrations, between 1510 and 1526, he built a cloister surrounded by dormitories from the designs of Bramante, and finished the great architectural series of porticos and of steps by which the platform of the church is approached, and which forms an introduction to the shrine admirable both in idea and in execution. On issuing from the long dark vault which pierces the old tower ascribed to S. Benedict, the visitor finds himself in a large quadrangle, surrounded on three sides by colonnades. The longer sides are open to small gardens formally laid out, and enclosed themselves by cloisters and by the buildings of the monastery; behind, a wall shuts in the third side of the colonnade, on the roof of which is a terrace, and in face, steps of the whole breadth of the court rise in successive stages to the higher ground on which the church stands, conspicuous above the buildings of mere temporal use. From its door the eye passes over the terrace, which from its exquisite prospect is called the Loggia del Paradiso, to the far-off western hills and to the white surface of the Mediterranean shimmering through their gaps; and the last impressions which the mind receives on the threshold of the church are given by the repose and the loveliness of the scene, and by the infinite remoteness of the lonely monastery from the world, both in spirit and in fact. The next great work was carried out by the Abbot Ignazio Vicani, in 1556. He made a tunnel-roofed crypt without pillars under the old church, placed in it stalls carved in pure cinque cento taste, and employed Marco da Siena to decorate its entire walls with frescoes from the life of Christ, and from the histories of SS. Maurus and Placidus. The pictures are thought to be the masterpieces of Marco; and by the thorough adaptation in their subdued movement and low-toned colour to the place which they occupy, by the unity of effect which results from their production by a single artist, they contribute greatly to the solemn simplicity which distinguishes the lower church, and which is already so rare an attribute in the buildings of its time. The upper church was unfortunately not refashioned till

the middle of the seventeenth century. Then, an abbot, with the inappropriate name of Simplicius, set himself to encrust it with gorgeous rococco work; he inlaid in florid patterns the pavement and the walls with the most costly and the most richly-coloured marbles, with lapis-lazuli, and even with mother of pearl; and he caused the vaults to be covered with frescoes by Corenzio and Luca Giordano. The monks to whom Monte Cassino at present belongs have the good taste to hurry their guests through the one church with an apology, but they show with pride the partial restoration which, with the meagre funds at their command, they have been able to effect in the other.

In literature, if faith is to be put in the testimony of Benedictines as to their own order, the sixteenth century was illustrious with a long train of men distinguished in poetry and oratory, in history, in philosophy, in jurisprudence, and in theology. But the ample Tiraboschi passes over their chiefest ornament, Benedetto dell' Uva, with a simple mention of his name among those of a host, who, as he says, gained some applause in their time, but in whom were already to be seen the commencements of a turgid style. His amatory sonnets, written while he was still a layman, may have had the easy merit of grace or of fervour; but the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins, which occupied his sanctified pen, is intolerant of mediocre treatment, and the poem, unknown as great, must of necessity be contemptible. Out of the more dreary tribe of

“ Graves auteurs,  
Froids Rhéteurs,  
Tristes predicateurs,”

who fill the larger part of the catalogue of notable Cassinese, one only need be mentioned. Gregory Sayer taught theology “with incredible celebrity,” but the main interest which attaches to him comes from his name being the most prominent among those of many Englishmen who at that time served to keep up frequent communication between their country and Monte Cassino. The seventeenth century is almost a blank; but in the eighteenth a certain number of names more or less distinguished again appear, and indicate, by the studies with which they are associated, the type of mind which was then the highest result of Cassinese culture. Gattola spent thirty-two years in reading diplomas; one of his chief titles to fame was the discovery of Leo Ostiensis; he wrote the annals of his convent; and he furnished Muratori, Mabillon, and Montfaucon with a vast proportion of their materials. To find the metal which others were to dig, and others again were to fashion, was enough for him; and his monastery is contented to bask in the few pale rays of glory which after triple reflection can struggle to it at last. Correale of

Sorrento has a better right to immortality. Among all the forgotten treatises of untold length, none can surpass, perhaps none can equal in overwhelming bulk, the "Hebrew-Chaldaic Biblical Lexicon and Perpetual Commentary on the Bible," in ninety-nine immense manuscript volumes, which still—for no publisher could be found—encumber the shelves of the Cassinese library.

It is easy to picture to oneself the type of a Cassinese monk at the end of last century. A kind-hearted, courteous gentleman, oscillating between his stall in church and his chair in the library, regarding his breviary and his diplomas as ends sufficient for his life, ignoring their possible functions as means; religious, so far as he could be religious by forms and by negative goodness; learned, so far as he could be learned by accumulation of isolated facts, significant only in their relation to one another; narrow, from living altogether in the past, and from ignorance of the moving world outside the sphere of convents; obstinate, as men mild and narrow are apt to be when their vanity and sense of traditionary right are touched at the same moment. He was a man, indeed, of no very lofty type, but perfectly harmless; not likely to be an active agent in retrogression, not more narrow than a common-place bourgeois, and narrow in a very much pleasanter way; not altogether without his use in the world provided his kind were not too numerous. It is not necessary to go far to seek his analogue. The old type of college don would have been much the same, with probably less blandness, if he had been required to take a vow of seclusion on admission to his fellowship; and the fellows who spent their life in residence might, as it was, have been often indistinguishable from him, unless by their greater love for the pleasures of the Common Room.

In 1805 the even tenour of Cassinese life was abruptly put an end to by the French. The religious orders were suppressed throughout the Neapolitan kingdom; and though the convents of Monte Cassino, of Monte Vergine, and of La Cava were to some extent excepted, almost the whole of their estates were sold, and so far as possible their organisation was changed. Fifty monks were allowed to remain in the first, twenty-five in each of the two latter, as guardians of the library and the archives; but the proprietorship of the actual buildings of the monastery and a single township were only reserved to them; they were forbidden to wear the dress of their order, they were subjected to State inspection, the convent was called an "establishment," and the abbot a "director." Of course, when the ecclesiastical policy of the French was reversed, they returned to their old way of life; but the land was irrecoverably gone, and the reserved township has been ever since the only source of corporate income. Yet if the revenues of the monastery have become small, its activity and usefulness seem to have become great in inverse proportion. The

school, which, twenty years ago, only gave instruction to eighty-five boys and young men, now numbers one hundred and fifty pupils. A small part are educated from their childhood for the monastic life; the great majority go through a course beginning with rudiments and ending with sufficiently high classical teaching, and with philosophy filtered through the disinfecting medium of the Church. Those who are intended for the secular priesthood can finish with canon law and theology. The ideas of the good fathers as to the intellectual part of education cannot be expected to coincide with those of Englishmen or of Italian statesmen; and the discipline of a conventual school is necessarily very different to that which to us at least seems to be the best. But opposition in these respects need not so jaundice opinion as to render the mind unable to acknowledge how admirably the Cassinese work out the system which commends itself to them; and especially it is pleasant to notice the indulgence which exists between them and the boys, and the anxiety which they display for the comfort of their pupils. The cheerful walks, well furnished and decorated with pictures, the unrepressed exercise in the garden, the bright fresh faces and the boyishness of the younger lads, speak warmly to the credit of the masters; and it is impossible not to contrast the appearance of the elder pupils with that of the seminarists in towns in a manner very favourable to the former.

The management of the school occupies almost wholly such among the twenty monks whom the society now embraces as are young enough to share the labour; but some at least find time for other pursuits. In the course of last year an edition of Dante, from a manuscript in the library, was issued from the convent press. The Abbot, the Principe di Vera, has some reputation in philosophy. Costi, besides his history of the convent, has produced several other historical books of more or less importance, and enjoys, in common with his brother Cassinese, a name for liberality of sentiment and for rational feeling unusual in religious orders. In his "S. Benedetto Parlamento Nazionale," while pleading passionately for the life of his monastery, he frankly admits that there is no intellectual and no educational work which cannot be better done by others than by monks; he acknowledges that society is perfectly able to forego their existence; and he only begs for reprieve on the grounds that some tenderness is due to a body which fostered the desire for unity from the first moment that it arose in the breasts of Italians, and that the moral example of men who live in the practice of usefulness without personal aim, and of charity and self-denial without ostentation, cannot but be valuable as a corrective in the midst of a civilisation ending, perhaps too hastily, to become more and more material. His liberality has grown with his years, and it would be vain to search

for it in his earlier writings ; but the intervening space of time is great, and there is no reason to believe that his conversion is merely affected.

Liberality is now a fact at Monte Cassino. Since the annexation of Naples to Italy, the exertions of Di Vera to assist in the suppression of brigandage have been notorious, and the monks speak with a freedom and have behaved towards their new government with a loyalty which have procured them scant liking at Rome. It is to be regretted that neither their political virtues nor their social innocence are likely to exempt them from the common fate which the other Italian monasteries are sooner or later doomed to undergo. It is of course to be granted at once that Benedictines, no less than monks of any other order, are anachronisms, that the imprisonment of a man's mind within their rule is a waste of power, that the holding of land in mortmain is a disadvantage to the state, and that, speaking generally, society would be well rid of them as a whole. But the Cassinese, since they wish to exist, may demand to be spared for special reasons. It is very easy to break too completely with the past ; and it must be allowed that monasticism, with all its former and all its present evils, was at one time, far distant it is true, a great power in civilisation ; that Italy was the country from which the idea spread over Western Christendom ; that Monte Cassino was the place within Italy where that idea was born ; and that Benedictinism is its embodiment in the only shape which in old age has recovered something of the beauty of its youth. The reasons which would preserve the foundation of S. Benedict from extinction are dictated almost entirely by sentiment ; but a sentiment and an association which had strength to hold back the arms of French conquerors can hardly be ignored by the Italian people—a people which has become a nation because its name had magic to rouse profound emotion among themselves, and vivid imagination in the rest of Europe. Yet, if the exception of Monte Cassino could be drawn into a precedent, or if it involved any danger, however remote, to the established order of things, the promptings of sentiment would rightly give way to considerations of a higher sort. But its associations are not only of a degree but of a kind which can attach to no other monastery ; and any slight inconvenience which the existence of a single religious body could cause might be guarded against by restrictions stringent enough to ensure its harmlessness. The monks might even, if it were necessary, be forbidden to admit their pupils to the order ; they might be left to recruit their number from the monasteries of other countries ; and when Benedictinism has expired in Germany, in Protestant America, and in Protestant England, it will be time enough to re-consider the question of its final suppression in Catholic Italy.

But there is also a reason of expediency for its preservation. The secular priesthood must have a professional training ; it is

t to see that better teachers could be found for them than would Cassinese, under inspection by the State; and the employment ks could hardly be otherwise than economical, since they would rithout salary, and since the revenue of the convent, inadequate double drain for repair of the buildings and for maintenance of ool, is already largely supplemented from their private funds. even this grace were thought too much, a smaller number surely still be left—mere guardians of the memories of the ceepers of the library, and custodians of the buildings; if their ; income were in excess of their wants it would be easy to set ome fragment for their sustenance and for the preservation of onastery, and the remainder would probably afford one more mo per annum to each of the parochial clergy. But if all tions are to be ignored, and Monte Cassino is to be con- d in the common death of the rest of the Italian monasteries, dings will at least be saved from conversion to uses which may ignity for the first time to other convents, but which in it be a desecration. It can never become a vast barrack, for no can be wanted there; it cannot be turned into municipal for the little town of San Germano, scarcely bigger than itself, der its hill a thousand feet below; it cannot be made into a use or a hospital, for no centre of population exists in its ourhood. A neglected church will soon be the centre of empty rs and decaying walls, and the traveller who cares to recall its tions will at least be able to indulge his thoughts in solitude

Loggia del Paradiso, with nothing before his eyes but the ace of nature, which from there shows no wrinkles made by nd presents, unconscious of the centuries which have passed, ie aspect as it bore to S. Benedict himself.

W. E. HALL.

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## VITTORIA.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### A NEW ORDEAL.

THE old city of Meran faces southward to the yellow hills of Italy, across a broad vale, between two mountain-walls and torrent waters. With one hand it takes the bounding green Passeyr, and with the other the brown-rolling Adige, and plunges them together in roaring foam under the shadow of the western wall. It stands on the spur of a lower central eminence crowned by a grey castle, and the sun has it from every aspect. The shape of a swan in water may describe its position, for the Vintschgau and the stony Passeyrthal make a strong curve on two sides as they descend upon it with their rivers, and the bosom of the city projects, while the head appears bending gracefully backward. Many castles are in view of it; the loud and tameless Passeyr girdles it with an emerald cincture; there is a sea of arched vineyard foliage at its feet.

Vittoria reached the castle of Sonnenberg about noon, and found empty courts and open doors. She sat in the hall like a supplicant, disregarded by the German domestics, who beheld a travel-stained, humble-faced, young Italian woman, and supposed that their duty was done in permitting her to rest; but the duchess's maid, Aennchen, happening to come by, questioned her in moderately intelligible Italian, and hearing her name, gave a cry, and said that all the company were out hunting, shooting, and riding, in the vale below or the mountain above. "Ah, dearest lady, what a fright we have all been in about you! Signora Piaveni has not slept a wink, and the English gentleman has made great excursions every day to find you. This morning the soldier Wilhelm arrived with news that his master was bringing you on.

Vittoria heard that Laura and her sister and the duchess had gone down to Meran. Countess Lena von Lenkenstein was riding to see her betrothed shoot on a neighbouring estate. Countess Anna had disappeared early, none knew where. Both these ladies, and their sister-in-law, were in mourning for the terrible death of their brother, Count Paul. Aennchen repeated what she knew of the tale concerning him.

The desire to see Laura first, and be embraced and counselled by her, and lie awhile in her arms to get a breath of home, made Vittoria refuse to go up to her chamber, and, notwithstanding Aennchen's persuasions, she left the castle, and went out and sat in the shaded cart-track. On the winding ascent she saw a lady in a black riding-

habit, leading her horse and talking to a soldier, who seemed to be receiving orders from her, and presently saluted and turned his steps downward. The lady came on, and passed her without a glance. After entering the court-yard, where she left her horse, she reappeared, and stood hesitating, but came up to Vittoria and said bluntly, in Italian:—

“Are you the signorina Campa, or Belloni, who is expected here?”

The Austrian character and colouring of her features told Vittoria that this must be the Countess Anna or her sister.

“I think I have been expected,” she replied.

“You come alone?”

“I am alone.”

“I am Countess Anna von Lenkenstein; one of the guests of the castle.”

“My message is to the Countess Anna.”

“You have a message?”

Vittoria lifted the embroidered cigar-case. Countess Anna snatched it from her hand.

“What does this mean? Is it insolence? Have the kindness, if you please, not to address me in enigmas. Do you”—Anna was deadly pale as she turned the cigar-case from side to side—“do you imagine that I smoke, *par hasard*?” She tried to laugh off her intemperate manner of speech; the laugh broke at sight of a blood-mark on one corner of the case; she started, and said earnestly, “I beg you to let me hear what the meaning of this may be?”

“He lies in the Ultenthal, wounded; and his wish was that I should deliver it to you.” Vittoria spoke as gently as the harsh tidings would allow.

“Wounded? My God! my God!” Anna cried in her own language. “Wounded?—in the breast, then! He carried it in his breast. Wounded by what? by what?”

“I can tell you no more.”

“Wounded by whom?”

“It was an honourable duel.”

“Are you afraid to tell me he has been assassinated?”

“It was an honourable duel.”

“None could match him with the sword!”

“His enemy had nothing but a dagger.”

“Who was his enemy?”

“It is no secret, but I must leave him to say.”

“You were a witness of the fight?”

“I saw it all.”

“The man was one of your party!”

“Ah!” exclaimed Vittoria, “lose no time with me, Countess

Anna; go to him at once, for though he lived when I left him, he was bleeding; I cannot say that he was not dying, and he has not friend near."

Anna murmured like one overborne by calamity; "My brother struck down one day—he the next!" She covered her face moment, and unclosed it to explain that she wept for her brother who had been murdered, stabbed in Bologna.

"Was it Count Ammiani who did this?" she asked passionately.

Vittoria shook her head; she was divining a dreadful thing in relation to the death of Count Paul:

"It was not?" said Anna. "They had a misunderstanding, I know. But you tell me the man fought with a dagger. It could not be Count Ammiani. The dagger is an assassin's weapon, and there are men of honour in Italy still."

She called to a servant in the castle-yard, and sent him down with orders to stop the soldier Wilhelm.

"We heard this morning that you were coming, and we thought it curious," she observed, and called again for her horse to be saddled. "How far is this place where he is lying? I have no knowledge of the Ultenthal. Has he a doctor attending him? When was he wounded? It is but common humanity to see that he is attended by an efficient doctor. My nerves are unstrung by the recent blow to our family; that is why—— Oh, my father! my holy father!" she turned to a grey priest's head that was rising up the ascent, "I thank God for you! Lena is away riding; she weeps constantly when she is within four walls. Come in and give me tears, if you can; I am half mad for the want of them. Tears first; teach me patience after."

The old priest fanned his face with his three-cornered hat, and raised one hand as he uttered a gentle chiding in reproof of curbless human sorrow. Anna said to Vittoria, coldly, "I thank you for your message;" she walked into the castle by his side, and said to him there: "The woman you saw outside has a guilty conscience. You will spend your time more profitably with her than with me. I am past all religious duties at this moment. You know, father, that I can open my heart. Probe this Italian woman; search her through and through. I believe her to be blood-stained and abominable. She hates us. She has sworn an oath against us. She is malignant."

It was not long before Anna issued forth and rode towards the vale. The priest beckoned to Vittoria from the gates. He really supposed her to have come to him with a burdened spirit.

"My daughter," he addressed her. The chapter on human error was opened:—"We are all of one family—all of us erring children—all of us bound to abnegate hatred: by love alone are we saved."

Behold the Image of Love—the Virgin and Child. Alas! and has it been visible to man these more than eighteen hundred years, and humankind are still blind to it? Are their ways the ways of comfort and blessedness? Their ways are the ways of blood; paths to eternal misery among howling fiends. Why have they not chosen the sweet ways of peace, which are strewn with flowers, which flow with milk?”—The priest spread his hand open for Vittoria’s, which she gave to his keeping, and he enclosed it softly, smoothing it with his palms, and retaining it as a worldly oyster between spiritual shells. “Why, my daughter, why, but because we do not bow to that image daily, nightly, hourly, momentarily! We do not worship it that its seed may be sown in us. We do not cling to it, that in return it may cling to us.”

He spoke with that sensuous resource of rich feeling which the contemplation of the image does inspire. And Vittoria was not led reluctantly into the oratory of the castle to pray with him; but she refused to confess. Thereupon followed a soft discussion that was as near acerb as nails are near velvet paws.

Vittoria perceived his drift, and also the dear good heart of the old man, who meant no harm to her, and believed that he was making use of his professional weapons for her ultimate good. The inquisitions and the kindness went musically together; she responded to the kindness, but rebutted the inquisitions; at which he permitted a shade of discontent to traverse his features, and asked her with immense tenderness whether she had not much on her mind; she expressing melodious gratitude for his endeavours to give her comfort. He could not forbear directing an admonishment to her stubborn spirit, and was obliged, for the sake of impressiveness, to speak it harshly; until he saw that, without sweetness of manner and unction of speech, he left her untouched; so he was driven back to the form of address better suited to his nature and habits; the end of which was that both were cooing.

Vittoria was ashamed to tell herself how much she liked him and his ghostly brethren, whose preaching was always of peace, while the world was full of lurid hatred, strife, and division. She begged the baffled old man to keep her hand in his. He talked in Latinised Italian, and only appeared to miss the exact meaning of her replies when his examination of the state of her soul was resumed. They sat in the soft colour of the consecrated place like two who were shut away from earth. Often he thought that her tears were about to start and bring her low; for she sighed heavily; at the mere indication of the displacement of her hand, she looked at him eagerly, as if entreating him not to let it drop.

"You are a German, father?" she said.

"I am of German birth, my daughter."

"That makes it better. Remain beside me. The silence is sweet music."

The silence was broken at intervals by his murmur of a call for patience! patience!

This strange scene concluded with the entry of the duchess, who retired partly as soon as she saw them. Vittoria smiled to the old man, and quitted his side; the duchess gave her a hushed welcome, and took her place. Vittoria was soon in Laura's arms, where, after a storm of grief, she related the events of the journey following her flight from Milan. Laura interrupted her but once to exclaim, "Angelo Guidascarpi!" Vittoria then heard from her briefly that Milan was quiet, Carlo Ammiani in prison. It had been for tidings of her lover that she had hastened over the mountains to Meran. She craved for all that could be told of him, but Laura repeated, as in a stupefaction, "Angelo Guidascarpi!" She answered Vittoria's question by saying, "You could not have had so fatal a companion."

"I could not have had so devoted a protector."

"There is such a thing as an evil star. We are all under it at present, to some degree; but he has been under it from his birth. My Sandra, my beloved, I think I have pardoned you, if I ever pardon any one! I doubt it; but it is certain that I love you. You have seen Countess Anna, or I would have told you to rest and get over your fatigue. The Lenkensteins are here—my poor sister among them. You must show yourself. I was provident enough to call at your mother's for a box of your clothes before I ran out of wretched Milan."

Further the signora stated that Carlo might have to remain in prison. She made no attempt to give dark or fair colour to the misery of the situation; telling Vittoria to lie on her bed and sleep, if sleep could be persuaded to visit her, she went out to consult with the duchess. Vittoria lay like a dead body on the bed, counting the throbs of her heart. It helped her to fall into a state of insensibility. When she awoke, the room was dark; she felt that some one had put a silken cushion across her limbs. The noise of a storm traversing the vale rang through the castle, and in the desolation of her soul, that stealthy act of kindness wrought in her so that she almost fashioned a vow upon her lips that she would leave the world to toss its wrecks, and dedicate her life to God.

For, O heaven! of what avail is human effort? She thought of the chief whose life was stainless, but who stood proscribed because his aim was too high to be attained within compass of a mortal's years. His error seemed that he had ever aimed at all. He seemed

less wise than the old priest of the oratory. She could not disentangle him from her own profound humiliation and sense of fallen power. Her lover's imprisonment accused her of some monstrous culpability, which she felt unrepentingly, not as we feel a truth, but as we submit to a terrible force of pressure.

The morning light made her realise Carlo's fate, to whom it would penetrate through a hideous barred loophole—a defaced and dreadful beam. She asked herself why she had fled from Milan. It must have been some cowardly instinct that had prompted her to fly. “Coward, coward! thing of vanity! you, a mere woman!” she cried out, and succeeded in despising herself sufficiently to think it possible that she had deserved to forfeit her lover's esteem.

It was still early when the duchess's maid came to her, bringing word that her mistress would be glad to visit her. From the duchess Vittoria heard of the charge against Angelo. Respecting Captain Weisspriess, Amalia said that she had perceived his object in wishing to bring the great cantatrice to the castle; and that it was a well-devised audacious scheme to subdue Countess Anna:—“We Austrians also can be jealous. The difference between us is, that it makes us tender, and you Italians savage.” She asked pointedly for an affirmative, that Vittoria was glad to reply with, when she said: “Captain Weisspriess was perfectly respectful to you?” She spoke comforting words of Carlo Ammiani, whom she hoped to see released as soon as the excitement had subsided. The chief comfort she gave was by saying that he had been originally arrested in mistake for his cousin Angelo.

“I will confide what is now my difficulty here frankly to you,” said the duchess. “The Lenkensteins are my guests; I thought it better to bring them here. Angelo Guidascarpì has slain their brother—a base deed! It does not affect you in my eyes; you can understand that in theirs it does. Your being present—Laura has told me everything—at the duel, or fight, between that young man and Captain Weisspriess, will make you appear as his accomplice—at least, to Anna it will; she is the most unreasoning, the most implacable of women. She returned from the Ultenthal last night, and goes there this morning, which is a sign that Captain Weisspriess lives. I should be sorry if we lost so good an officer. As she is going to take Father Bernardus with her, it is possible that the wound is serious. Do you know, you have mystified the worthy man exceedingly? What tempted you to inform him that your conscience was heavily burdened, at the same time that you refused to confess?”

“Surely he has been deluded about me,” said Vittoria.

“I do but tell you his state of mind in regard to you,” the duchess pursued. “Under all the circumstances, this is what I have to ask:

you are my Laura's guest, therefore the guest of my heart. There is another one here, an Englishman, a Mr. Powys; and also Lieutenant Pierson, whom, naughty rebel that you are, you have been the means of bringing into disgrace; naturally you would wish to see them: but my request is, that you should keep to these rooms for two or three days: the Lenkensteins will then be gone. They can hardly reproach me for retaining an invalid. If you go down among them, it will be a cruel meeting."

Vittoria thankfully consented to the arrangement. They agreed to act in accordance with it.

The signora was a late riser. The duchess had come on a second visit to Vittoria when Laura joined them, and hearing of the arrangement, spurned the notion of playing craven before the Lenkensteins, who, she said, might think as it pleased them to think, but were never to suppose that there was any fear of confronting them. "And now, at this very moment, when they have their triumph, and are laughing over Viennese squibs at her, she has an idea of hiding her head—she hangs out the white flag! It can't be. We go or we stay; but if we stay, the truth is that we are too poor to allow our enemies to think poorly of us. You, Amalia, are victorious, and you may snap your fingers at opinion. It is a luxury we cannot afford. Besides, I wish her to see my sister and make acquaintance with the Austrianised Italian—such a wonder as is nowhere to be seen out of the Serabiglione and in the Lenkenstein family. Marriage is, indeed a tremendous transformation. Bianca was once declared to be very like me."

The brow-beaten duchess replied to the outburst that she had considered it right to propose the scheme for Vittoria's seclusion on account of the Guidascarpi.

"Even if that were a good reason, there are better on the other side," said Laura; adding, with many little backward tosses of the head, "that story has to be related in full before I denounce Angelo and Rinaldo."

"It cannot be denied that they are assassins," returned the duchess.

"It cannot be denied that they have killed one man or more. For you, Justice drops from the bough: we have to climb and risk our necks for it. Angelo stood to defend my darling here. Shall she be ashamed of him?"

"You will never persuade me to tolerate assassination," said the duchess, colouring.

"Never, never; I shall never persuade you; never persuade—never attempt to persuade any foreigner that we can be driven to extremes where their laws do not apply to us—are not good for us—"

goad a subjected people till their madness is pardonable. Nor shall I dream of persuading you that Angelo did right in defending her from that man."

"I maintain that there are laws applicable to all human creatures," said the duchess. "You astonish me when you speak compassionately of such a criminal."

"No; not of such a criminal, of such an unfortunate youth, and my countryman, when every hand is turned against him, and all tongues are reviling him. But let Angelo pass; I pray to heaven he may escape. All who are worth anything in our country are strained in every fibre, and it's my trick to be half in love with any one of them when he is persecuted. I fancy he is worth more than the others, and is simply luckless. You must make allowances for us, Amalia—pity captive Judah!"

"I think, my Laura, you will never be satisfied till I have ceased to be Babylonian," said the duchess, smiling and fondling Vittoria, to whom she said, "Am I not a complaisant German?"

Vittoria replied gently, "If they were like you!"

"Yes, if they were like the duchess," said Laura, "nothing would be left for us then but to hate ourselves. Fortunately, we deal with brutes."

She was quite pitiless in prompting Vittoria to hasten down, and marvelled at the evident reluctance in doing this slight duty, of one whose courage she had recently seen rise so high. Vittoria was equally amazed by her want of sympathy, which was positive coldness, and her disregard for the sentiments of her hostess. She dressed hesitatingly, responding with forlorn eyes to Laura's imperious "Come." When at last she was ready to descend, Laura took her down, full of battle. The duchess had gone in advance to keep the peace.

The ladies of the Lenkenstein family were standing at one window of the morning room conversing. Apart from them, Merthyr Powys and Wilfrid were examining one of the cumbrous antique arms ranged along the wall. The former of these old English friends stepped up to Vittoria quickly and kissed her forehead. Wilfrid hung behind him; he made a poor show of indifference, stammered English and reddened; remembering that he was under observation he recovered wonderfully, and asked, like a patron, "How is the voice?" which would have been foolish enough to Vittoria's more attentive hearing. She thanked him for the service he had rendered her at La Scala. Countess Lena, who looked hard at both, saw nothing to waken one jealous throb.

"Bianca, you expressed a wish to give a salute to my eldest daughter," said Laura.



The Countess of Lenkenstein turned her head, "Have I done so?"

"It is my duty to introduce her," interposed the duchess, and conducted the ceremony with a show of its embracing these ladies, neither one of whom changed her cold gaze.

Careful that no pause should follow, she commenced chatting to the ladies and gentlemen alternately, keeping Vittoria under her peculiar charge. Merthyr alone seconded her efforts to weave the web of converse, which is an armistice if not a treaty on these occasions.

"Have you any fresh caricatures from Vienna?" Laura continued to address her sister.

"None have reached me," said the neutral countess.

"Have they finished laughing?"

"I cannot tell."

"At any rate, we sing still," Laura smiled to Vittoria. "You shall hear us after breakfast. I regret excessively that you were not in Milan on the Fifteenth. We will make amends to you as much as possible. You shall hear us after breakfast. You will sing to please my sister, Sandra mia, will you not?"

Vittoria shook her head. Like those who have become passive, she read faces—the duchess's imploring looks thrown from time to time to the Lenkenstein ladies—Wilfrid's oppressed forehead—the resolute neutrality of the countess—and she was not only incapable of seconding Laura's aggressive war, but shrank from the involvement and sickened at the indelicacy. Anna's eyes were fixed on her and filled her with dread lest she should be resolving to demand a private interview.

"You refuse to sing?" said Laura; and under her breath, "when I bid you not, you insist!"

"Can she possibly sing before she grows accustomed to the air of the place?" said the duchess.

Merthyr gravely prescribed a week's diet on grapes antecedent to the issuing of a note. "Have you never heard what a sustained grape-diet will do for the bullfinches?"

"Never," exclaimed the duchess. "Is that the secret of their German education?"

"Apparently, for we cannot raise them to the same pitch of perfection in England."

"I will try it upon mine. Every morning they shall have two big bunches."

"Fresh plucked, and with the first sunlight on them. Be careful of the rules."

Wilfrid remarked, "To make them exhibit the results, you withdraw the benefit suddenly, of course?"

"We imitate the general run of Fortune's gifts as much as we can," said Merthyr.

"That is the training for little shrill parrots: we have none in Italy," Laura sighed, mock dolefully; "I fear the system would fail among us."

"It certainly would not build Como villas," said Lena.

Laura cast sharp eyes on her pretty face.

"It is adapted for caged voices that are required to chirrup to tickle the ears of boors."

Anna said to the duchess: "I hope your little birds are all well this morning."

"Come to them presently with me and let our ears be tickled," the duchess laughed in answer; and the pale, spiked dialogue broke, not to revive.

The duchess had observed the constant direction of Anna's eyes upon Vittoria during the repast, and looked an interrogation at Anna, who replied to it firmly. "I must be present," the duchess whispered. She drew Vittoria away by the hand, telling Merthyr Powys that it was unkind to him, but that he should be permitted to claim his fair friend from noon to the dinner-bell.

Laura and Bianca were discussing the same subject as the one for which Anna desired an interview with Vittoria. It was to know the conditions and cause of the duel between Angelo Guidascarpì and Captain Weisspriess, and whither Angelo had fled. "In other words, you cry for vengeance under the name of justice," Laura phrased it, and put up a prayer for Angelo's escape.

The countess rebuked her. "It is men like Angelo who are a scandal to Italy."

"Proclaimed so; by what title judged?" Laura retorted. "I have heard that his duel with Count Paul was fair, and that the grounds for it were just. Deplore it; but to condemn an Italian gentleman without hearing his personal vindication, is infamous—nay, it is Austrian. I know next to nothing of the story. Countess Amniani has assured me that the brothers have a clear defence—not from your Vienna point of view: Italy and Vienna are different sides of the shield."

Vittoria spoke most humbly before Anna; her sole irritating remark was, that even if she were aware of the direction of Angelo's flight, she would not betray him.

The duchess did her utmost to induce her to see that he was a criminal, outlawed from common charity. "These Italians are really like the Jews," she said to Anna; "they appear to me to hold together by a bond of race; you cannot get them to understand that any act can be infamous when one of their blood is guilty of it."

Anna thought gloomily: "Then, why do you ally yourself to them?"

The duchess, with Anna, Lena, and Wilfrid, drove to the Ulenthal. Vittoria and Merthyr had a long afternoon of companionship. She had been shyer in meeting him than in meeting Wilfrid, whom she had once loved. The tie between herself and Wilfrid was broken; but Merthyr had remained true to his passionless affection, which ennobled him to her so that her heart fluttered, though she was heavily depressed. He relieved her by letting her perceive that Carlo Ammiani's merits were not unknown to him. Merthyr smiled at Carlo for abjuring his patrician birth. He said: "Count Ammiani will be cured in time of those little roughnesses of his adopted Republicanism. You must help to cure him. Women are never so foolish as men in these things."

When Merthyr had spoken thus, she felt that she might dare to press his hand. Sharing friendship with this steadfast nature and brotherly gentleman; who was in the ripe manhood of his years; who loved Italy and never despaired; who gave great affection, and took uncomplainingly the possible return for it;—seemed like entering on a great plain open to boundless heaven. She thought that friendship was sweeter than love. Merthyr soon left the castle to meet his sister at Coire. Laura and Vittoria drove some distance up the Vintschgau, on the way to the Engadine, with him. He affected not to be downcast by the failure of the last attempt at a rising in Milan. "Keep true to your art; and don't let it be subservient to anything," he said, and his final injunction to her was that she should get a *German* master and practise rigidly.

Vittoria could only look at Laura in reply.

"He is for us, but not of us," said Laura, as she kissed her fingers to him.

"If he had told me to weep and pray," Vittoria murmured, "I think I should by-and-by lift up my head."

"By-and-by! By-and-by I think I see a convent for me," said Laura.

Their faces drooped.

Vittoria cried: "Ah! did he mean that my singing at La Scala was below the mark?"

At this, Laura's laughter came out in a volume. "And that excellent Father Bernardus thinks he is gaining a convert!" she said.

Vittoria's depression was real, though her strong vitality appeared to mock it. Letters from Milan, enclosed to the duchess, spoke of Carlo Ammiani's imprisonment as a matter that might be indefinitely prolonged. His mother had been subjected to an examination;

she had not hesitated to confess that she had received her nephew in her house, but it could not be established against her that it was not Carlo whom she had passed off to the sbirri as her son. Countess Ammiani wrote to Laura, telling her she scarcely hoped that Carlo would obtain his liberty save upon the arrest of Angelo:—"Therefore, what I most desire, I dare not pray for!" That line of intense tragic grief haunted Vittoria like a veiled head thrusting itself between the sunlight. Countess Ammiani added that she must give her son what news she could gather:—"Concerning *you*," said Laura, interpreting the sentence, "bitter days do this good, they make a proud woman abjure the traditions of her caste." A guarded answer was addressed, according to the countess's directions, to Sarpo the bookseller, in Milan. For purposes of such a nature, Barto Rizzo turned the uneasy craven to account.

It happened that one of the maids at Sonnenberg was about to marry a peasant of Meran, part proprietor of a vineyard, and the nuptials were to be celebrated at the castle. Among those who thronged the courtyard on the afternoon of the ceremony, Vittoria beheld her faithful Beppo, who related the story of his pursuit of her, and the perfidy of Luigi;—a story so lengthy, that his voluble tongue running at full speed could barely give the outlines of it. He informed her, likewise, that he had been sent for, while lying in Trent, by Captain Weisspriess, whom he had seen at an inn of the Ultenthal, weak but improving. Beppo was the captain's propitiatory offering to Vittoria. Meanwhile the ladies sat on a terrace, overlooking the court, where a stout fellow in broad green braces and blue breeches lay half across a wooden table, thrumming a zither, which set the groups in motion. The zither is a melancholy little instrument; in range of expression it is to the harp what the winchat is to the thrush; or to the violin, what that bird is to the nightingale; yet few instruments are so exciting: here and there along these mountain valleys you may hear a Tyrolese maid set her voice to its plaintive thin tones; but when the strings are swept madly there is mad dancing; it catches at the nerves. "Andreas! Andreas!" the dancers shouted to encourage the player. Some danced with vine-poles; partners broke and wandered at will, taking fresh partners, and occasionally huddling in confusion, when the poles were levelled and tilted at them, and they dispersed. Beppo, dancing mightily to recover the use of his legs, met his acquaintance Jacob Baumwalder Feckelwitz, and the pair devoted themselves to a rivalry of capers; jump, stamp, shuffle, leg aloft, arms in air, yell and shriek: all took hands around them and streamed, tramping the measure, and the vine-poles guarded the ring. Then Andreas raised the song: "Our Lady is gracious," and immediately the whole assemblage were sing-

ing praise to the lady of the castle. Following which, wine being brought to Andreas, he drank to his lady, to his lady's guests, to the bride, to the bridegroom,—to everybody. He was now ready to improvise, and dashed thumb and finger on the zither, tossing up his face, swarthy-flushed: "There was a steinbock with a beard." Half-a-dozen voices repeated it, as to proclaim the theme.

"Alas! a beard, indeed, for there is no end to this animal. I know him;" said the duchess, dolefully.

"There was a steinbock with a beard;  
Of no gun was he afeard:  
Piff-paff left of him; piff-paff right of him:  
Piff-paff everywhere, where you get a sight of him."

The steinbock led through the whole course of a mountaineer's emotions and experiences, with piff-paff continually left of him and right of him, and nothing hitting him. The mountaineer is perplexed; an able man, a dead shot, who must undo the puzzle or lose faith in his skill, is a tremendous pursuer, and the mountaineer follows the steinbock ever. A sennnderin at a sennhütchen tells him that she admitted the steinbock last night, and her curled hair frizzled under the steinbock's eyes. The case is only too clear: my goodness! the steinbock is the ——. "*Der Teu . . . !*" said Andreas, with a comic stop of horror, the rhyme falling cleverly to "*ai*." Henceforth the mountaineer becomes transformed into a champion of humanity, hunting the wicked bearded steinbock in all corners; especially through the cabinet of those dark men who decree the taxes detested in Tyrol.

The song had as yet but fairly commenced, when a break in the "piff-paff" chorus warned Andreas that he was losing influence; women and men were handing on a paper and bending their heads over it; their responses hushed altogether, or were ludicrously inefficient.

"I really believe the poor brute has come to a Christian finish—this Ahasuerus of steinbocks!" said the duchess.

The transition to silence was so extraordinary and abrupt, that she called to her chasseur to know the meaning of it. Feckelwitz fetched the paper and handed it up. It exhibited a cross done in blood under the word "Meran," and bearing that day's date. One glance at it told Laura what it meant. The bride in the court below was shedding tears; the bridegroom was lighting his pipe and consoling her: women were chattering, men shrugging. Some said they had seen an old grey-haired hag (*heer*) stand at the gates and fling down a piece of paper. A little boy whose imagination was alive with the tale of the steinbock, declared that her face was awful, and that she had only the use of one foot. A man patted him on the shoulder.

and gave him a gulp of wine, saying with his shrewdest air: "One may laugh at the devil once too often, though!" and that sentiment was echoed; the women suggested in addition the possibility of the bride Lisa having something on her conscience, seeing that she had lived in a castle two years and more. The potential persuasions of Father Bernardus were required to get the bride to go away to her husband's roof that evening: when she did make her departure, the superstitious peasantry were not a merry party that followed at her heels.

Towards the break-up of the festivities, Wilfrid received an intimation that his sister had arrived in Meran from Bormio. He went down to see her, and returned at a late hour. The ladies had gone to rest. He wrote a few underlined words, entreating Vittoria to grant him an immediate interview in the library of the castle. The missive was entrusted to Aennchen. Vittoria came in alarm.

"My sister is perfectly well," said Wilfrid. "She has heard that Captain Gambier has been arrested in the mountains; she had some fears concerning you, which I quieted. What I have to tell you, does not relate to her. The man Angelo Guidascarpì is in Meran. I wish you to let the signora know that if he is not carried out of the city before sunset to-morrow, I must positively inform the superior officer of the district of his presence there."

This was their first private interview. Vittoria (for she knew him) had acceded to it, much fearing that it would lead to her having to put on her sex's armour. To collect her wits, she asked tremblingly how Wilfrid had chanced to see Angelo. An old Italian woman, he said, had accosted him at the foot of the mountain, and hearing that he was truly an Englishman—"I am out of my uniform," Wilfrid remarked with intentional bitterness—had conducted him to the house of an Italian in the city, where Angelo Guidascarpì was lying.

"Ill?" said Vittoria.

"Just recovering from a fever. After that duel, or whatever it may be called, with Weisspriess, he lay all night out on the mountains. He managed to get the help of a couple of fellows who led him at dusk into Meran, saw an Italian name over a shop, and—I will say for them, that the rascals hold together. There he is, at all events."

"Would you denounce a sick man, Wilfrid?"

"I certainly cannot forget my duty upon every point?"

"You are changed!"

"Changed! Am I the only one who is changed?"

"He must have supposed that it would be Merthyr. I remember speaking of Merthyr to him as our unchangeable friend. I told him Merthyr would be here."

"Instead of Merthyr, he had the misfortune to see your changeable friend, if you will have it so."

"But, how can it be your duty to denounce him, Wilfrid? You have quitted that army."

"Have I? I have forfeited my rank, perhaps."

"And Angelo is not guilty of a military offence."

"He has slain one of a family that I am bound to respect."

"Certainly, certainly," said Vittoria, hurriedly.

Her forehead showed distress of mind; she wanted Laura's counsel.

"Wilfrid, do you know the whole story?"

"I know that he inveigled Count Paul to his house and slew him: either he or his brother, or both."

"I have been with him for days, Wilfrid. I believe that he would do no dishonourable thing. He is related——"

"He is the cousin of Count Ammiani."

"Ah! would you plunge us in misery?"

"How?"

"Count Ammiani is my lover."

She uttered it unblushingly, and with tender eyes fixed on him.

"Your lover!" he exclaimed, with vile emphasis.

"He will be my husband," she murmured, while the mounting horror colour burned at her temples.

"Changed—who is changed?" he said, in a vehement underbreath. "For that reason I am to be false to her who does me the honour to care for me!"

"I would not have you false to her in thought or deed."

"You ask me to spare this man on account of his relationship to your lover, and though he has murdered the brother of the lady whom I esteem. What on earth is the meaning of the petition? Signorina, you amaze me."

"I appeal to your generosity, Wilfrid. I am Emilia."

"Are you?"

She gave him her hand. He took it, and felt at once the limit of all that he might claim. Dropping the hand, he said:—

"Will nothing less than my ruin satisfy you? Since that night at La Scala, I am in disgrace with my uncle; I expect at any moment to hear that I am cashiered from the army, if not a prisoner. What is it that you ask of me now? To conspire with you in shielding the man who has done a mortal injury to the family of which I am almost one. Your reason must perceive that you ask too much. I would willingly assist you in sparing the feelings of Count Ammiani; and, believe me, gratitude is the last thing I require to stimulate my services. You ask too much; you must see that you ask too much."

“I do,” said Vittoria. “Good night, Wilfrid.”

He was startled to find her going, and lost his equable voice in trying to detain her. She sought relief in Laura’s bosom, to whom she recapitulated the interview.

“Is it possible,” Laura said, looking at her intently, “that you do not recognise the folly of telling this Lieutenant Pierson that you were pleading to him on behalf of your lover? Could anything be so monstrous, when one can see that he is malleable to the twist of your little finger? Are you only half a woman, that you have no consciousness of your power? Probably you can allow yourself—enviable privilege!—to suppose that he called you down at this late hour simply to inform you that he is compelled to do something which will cause you unhappiness! I repeat, it is an enviable privilege. Now, when the real occasion has come for you to serve us, you have not a single weapon—except these tears, which you are wasting on my lap. Be sure that if he denounces Angelo, Angelo’s life cries out against you. You have but to quicken your brain to save him. Did he expose his life for you or not? I knew that he was in Meran,” the signora continued sadly. “The paper which frightened the silly peasants, revealed to me that he was there, needing help. I told you Angelo was under an evil star. I thought my day to-morrow would be a day of scheming. The task has become easy, if you will.”

“Be merciful; the task is dreadful,” said Vittoria.

“The task is simple. You have an instrument ready to your hands. You can do just what you like with him—make an Italian of him; make him renounce his engagement to this pert little Lena of Lenkenstein, break his sword, play Arlecchino, do what you please. He is not required for any outrageous performance. A week, and Angelo will have recovered his strength; you likewise may resume the statuesque demeanour which you have been exhibiting here. For the space of one week you are asked for some natural exercise of your wits and compliancy. Hitherto what have you accomplished, pray?” Laura struck spitefully at Vittoria’s degraded estimation of her worth as measured by events. “You have done nothing—worse than nothing. It gives me horrors to find it necessary to entreat you to look your duty in the face and do it, that even three or four Italian hearts—Carlo among them—may thank you. Not Carlo, you say?” (Vittoria had sobbed, “No, not Carlo.”) “How little you know men! How little do you reflect how the obligations of the hour should affect a creature deserving life! Do you fancy that Carlo wishes you to be for ever reading the line of a copy-book and shaping your conduct by it? Our Italian girls do this; he despises them. Listen to me: do not I know what is meant by the truth of love? I pass through fire, and keep constant to it; but you have some vile



Romance of Chivalry in your head; a modern sculptor's figure, 'MEDITATION;' that is the sort of bride you would give him in the stirring days of Italy. Do you think it is only a statue that can be true? Perceive—will you not—that this Lieutenant Pierson is your enemy. He tells you as much; surely the challenge is fair? Defeat him as you best can. Angelo shall not be abandoned."

"O me! it is unendurable; you are merciless," said Vittoria, shuddering.

She saw the vile figure of herself aping smirks and tender meanings to her old lover. It was a picture that she dared not let her mind rest on; how then could she personate it? All through her life she had been frank; as a young woman, she was clear of soul; she felt that her simplicity was already soiled by the bare comprehension of the abominable course indicated by Laura. Degradation seemed to have been a thing up to this moment only dreamed of; but now that it was demanded of her to play coquette and trick her womanhood with false allurements, she knew the sentiment of utter ruin; she was ashamed. No word is more lightly spoken than shame. Vittoria's early devotion to her art and subsequently to her Italy, had carried her through the term when she would otherwise have showed the natural mild attack of the disease. It came on her now in a rush, penetrating every chamber of her heart, overwhelming her; she could see no distinction between being ever so little false and altogether despicable. She had loathings of her body and her life. With grovelling difficulty of speech she endeavoured to convey the sense of her repugnance to Laura, who leaned her ear, wondering at such bluntness of wit in a woman, and said, "Are you quite deficient in the craft of your sex, child? You can, and you will, guard yourself ten times better when your aim is simply to subject him." But this was not reason to a spirit writhing in the serpent-coil of fiery blushes.

Vittoria said, "I shall pity him so."

She meant she would pity Wilfrid in deluding him. It was a taint of the hypocrisy which comes with shame.

The signora retorted: "I can't follow the action of your mind a bit."

Pity being a form of tenderness, Laura supposed that she would intuitively hate the man who compelled her to do what she abhorred.

They spent the greater portion of the night in this debate.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE scene has again shifted in home politics; the constantly-increasing majorities of the Government suddenly disappeared, and on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo the Ministry experienced a final defeat. It may be doubted whether many who then voted knew how important was the issue at stake, while many were sincerely in favour of a rating franchise over one founded on gross estimated rental. A great many members knew nothing about the subject, and the vote was arrived at after an unusually short discussion. The Opposition were only too glad of any opportunity of weakening or defeating the Government, and Sir Robert Peel spoke the feelings of many who pass as Liberals when he said that their votes that night were decided, not by the merits of the measure, but by personal pique against Mr. Gladstone, on account of some alleged personal discourtesy on his part, which seemed to have a wonderful effect in changing the public political opinions of some honourable members. Thus forty-four of the Liberal party were brought to vote against the Government, who with a nominal majority of seventy in the House, now found themselves beaten by eleven. They accordingly suspended all business, and adjourned the House for a week until her Majesty's pleasure could be taken upon the course they intended to pursue. As the Queen was at Balmoral, an unusually long interval occurred after the Ministerial defeat, but it may be doubted whether this has been of any real detriment to the public service. It has given time for maturely considering the position of affairs, and as the defeat was a surprise, all the parties who might hope to profit by a resignation of Ministers have had time to calculate their chances of success. Was it, however, necessary for Ministers to consider their defeat so serious, as to refuse after it to proceed with the Bill? We venture to think not. Their feeling, no doubt, was that some kind of confidence must be placed in a Government if it is to conduct with dignity the executive functions of the country, and in a great and harassing question like the Reform Bill if its supporters are to thwart it at every step it becomes impossible to carry on the government. On all hands, however, it must be admitted that the rating question is not vital, and regret was expressed at the time of the division by many Liberals, that the Government did not pass over the rating defeat, and stake their existence on the question which was immediately to follow, namely, that of the lowering of the borough franchise. This latter was really the crucial test of the whole Bill, and a decisive vote upon it would show if the House of Commons agreed in the supercilious contempt of Mr. Lowe for the working-classes, or was willing to trust them as they are trusted by their employers and friends throughout the country. There was no doubt that a rating franchise could be framed, although the rating must always be ultimately based on the gross estimated rental, which is the only fact into which a revising barrister can inquire without being led into endless details, and it would probably be necessary to enact that the rating should never vary more than a certain per-centage (say 15 per cent.) from the rental, to prevent the assessment committees or other authorities from admitting or excluding voters at their pleasure. The point to which all true Liberals look is the extension of the franchise to the *élite* of the working-classes; and this is the very subject, the discussion on which has been nipped in

the bud, so that the present Parliament has had no opportunity of expressing an opinion thereupon.

The reason of successive governments taking up the question of reform has always been the narrowness of our electoral basis. We have five millions of grown-up Englishmen, and only one million of them have votes. Is it for a moment to be believed that the addition of another half million, as the late Government proposed, could really shake the basis of our constitution, or that because we admit this half million whom we believe to be fit for the privilege, that therefore we must immediately afterwards admit the other three millions and a half, of agricultural labourers and others whom we do not believe to be fit? A line must be drawn somewhere, and always has been drawn from an early period of our history, between the enfranchised and the unenfranchised, and there is no reason to believe that the educated portion of the community will be feeble in the future than in the past, or less able to withstand the admission of persons to political rights who are unfitted to enjoy them. Lord Russell's Reform Bill, which we must now, we presume, consider a thing of the past, was principally advocated by those who have most to lose, and those who have thought most deeply on politics; and the persons whom it sought to enfranchise are principally those who already take a deep interest in politics, and have a kind of inarticulate voice in the choice of members, which in many boroughs is all potent. It is the artisans of the large towns who principally desire reform, and are anxious to have the privilege of voting extended to them, and nothing will admit the *élite* of them but a considerable lowering of the borough franchise. The extinction of some small boroughs, the grouping of others, and the redistribution of seats, are all questions consequent upon the great measure of the lowering of the borough franchise; and it is deeply to be regretted that four months of discussion have been wasted this session without a distinct opinion upon it being elicited. It may be that some parts of the country districts are not keen about reform at all, but the great towns are keen, and we must remember that the great towns have always led public opinion. They fought the battle of Christianity against paganism in the time of the Roman empire, and the very term of "pagan" is lasting proof of this. They made the Reformation triumph against mediæval Catholicism, and the city of London was foremost in the struggles of the country against the despotism of the Stuarts, and against the last efforts of George III. to retain unconstitutional power in the time of Wilkes. The feelings of the great towns must therefore be respected, as they declare boldly in favour of reform, while some of the little towns and the country districts have tried every method to evade giving a direct answer on the question. No vote of confidence in the ministry would have been satisfactory to the reformers of England unless this direct issue had been raised. Nor, indeed, was there any good reason why the Conservatives should wish for its postponement, which will probably only serve to swell the ranks of their opponents. It is their interest that the question should be definitely settled, for if they be not too violent in their opposition, they have nearly as good a chance of the votes of the enfranchised as the Liberals. The latter are apt to make great mistakes, as the history shows since 1832; and had the Conservatives consistently supported the late Sir Robert Peel, and submitted to be guided by his wise counsels, they could have had at least as long a tenure of power since the great Reform Bill as the Whigs. We say, therefore, that the question of the borough franchise ought to have been placed distinctly before this House of Commons in the interest of all parties. If the Ministry gained the vote, they might then, and

men only with credit, have postponed the Reform Bill for another year. If they had been beaten, the magnitude of the question would have justified their resignation in the eyes of all men; whereas there are now some who accuse them of throwing down the reins of power without sufficient reason at an epoch of great anxiety.

A dissolution was the proper course to advise under ordinary circumstances, but now, for various reasons, it would have been almost impossible; and the Ministry were right, on public grounds, to forego an advantage they had a right to claim. A dissolution would have given the matured opinion of their constituents as a guide to Members of Parliament. It is, no doubt, an expensive proceeding, far more expensive than it ought to be, and at this crisis particularly disagreeable and undesirable; but the settlement of our electoral system is a question of paramount importance; and if grave Continental complications oblige us to abandon the doctrine of non-intervention in foreign politics, to levy taxation for foreign wars, we ought to consult the judgment of the whole nation as far as can possibly be done, by giving a constitutional voice in public affairs to all who can appreciate the trust, and not leave decisions perhaps of infinite importance to every householder in the United Kingdom so much in the hands of large landowners and borough nominees.

The interregnum which has taken place last week has enabled the country to consider its position; and while there has been a great outcry against a dissolution expressed both publicly and privately by the Conservatives and their organs, the Liberals have almost unanimously advised the straightforward course we have sketched out above, and desired an appeal to the constituencies as the only legitimate way of solving our political difficulties. Lord Derby, no doubt, will be able to form a ministry, and gain an accession of strength from the Liberal side. There is no doubt that the front bench of the Opposition desire office, and there is some force in the argument they plaintively adduce, that it is not for the public benefit that there should be only one set of ministers acquainted with public affairs. But the answer is that this is entirely their own fault; and that if they always drive out the foremost men among them, as they did Peel and Gladstone, and as, a short time ago, they would have been glad to drive out Lord Stanley, they never can expect to be allowed to conduct the affairs of the country according to the views of a laggard minority.

On Tuesday, June 26th, there was a meeting of the Liberal party at twelve o'clock at the house of Mr. Foljambe, M.P., in Carlton Terrace, to discuss the possibility of agreeing upon some vote of confidence in the Government, which should enable them to continue in power. There were about 150 members present, and among them most of those who had voted against the Government on Lord Dunkellin's motion. Sir John Johnstone, M.P., was called to the chair; and Mr. Crawford, M.P., then explained the circumstances under which he had undertaken to prepare the motion which was to have been submitted to the House, and which was finally rejected by the Government. The motion was a very vague one, with no pledge on the Reform question. The consequence of carrying the motion would have been that the Reform Bill would have been at once postponed until next session, and the Conservatives and the Adullamites would have succeeded in their object, in stopping a Reform Bill, without the sense of the House being taken upon the lowering of the borough franchise; and when Mr. Crawford read it to the meeting, there were many expressions of dissent from members who then heard it for the first time, and it was evident that the Government were right in refusing to accept it.

Mr. Robertson, a Scotch member, then read a letter from Mr. Gladstone stating his views upon it as an individual member of the Government, without pledging his colleagues, and distinctly declaring that the Government could be bound by no vote that did not state specific views of reform as well as general confidence in the Ministry.

Mr. Ayrton then made an able speech, and concluded by proposing a motion of confidence in the Government, and approbation of their views on the Reform question, and this was well received by the meeting. Mr. H. Seymour supported Mr. Ayrton's general views, but considered that still more was wanted, and that a resolution should be proposed requesting the Government to accept the decision of the House on the question of the principle of rating, which was not a vital question, to reduce the borough franchise in proportion to the reduction necessary to be made on assessment of rating, and thus to proceed with the Reform Bill. The proposal to accept rating was ill received, and various Adullamites addressed the meeting, and candidly stated that they could not accept any vote of confidence which in any way pledged the Government to any measure of reform on their own principles, namely, rental and lowering the franchise. Mr. Laing, Lord Grosvenor, and Lord Dunkellin expressed themselves in this sense, and it then became obvious that no vote of confidence could command the universal assent of the Liberal party, and that it would, therefore, be unwise to propose it. It was therefore wisely determined that things should be left to take their natural course. The Queen, having returned from Balmoral that morning, had an interview with Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone at one o'clock, and at six o'clock in both Houses the resignation of Ministers was announced. It is remarkable that in the Commons the announcement was received without a word being said by any member, while in the Lords there was a considerable debate. What will be the issue of present changes no man can say, but Lord Derby may feel assured that if he succeeds in forming his ministry, of which there can be no doubt, he will meet with fair play from his opponents, although he will have a difficult task to retain office for a long period in the face of so large a majority against him in the House of Commons, and the general Liberal feeling throughout the country.

The war in Germany having begun without any real *casus belli*, it is perhaps only a natural consequence that hostilities should have preceded any regular declaration of war. When these declarations were issued, the Prussian troops already stood as enemies on the territories of Hanover and Saxony, the armies of those countries were already in full retreat, being unable to defend them against the overwhelming numbers of the invader, and the monarchs were in flight, without, so far as is known, any very great regret on the part of their subjects.

On the Prussian side the war was begun with such rapidity and such accurate calculation of time and space, that it is impossible to refuse one's admiration for the plan according to which the military operations were carried out. Who was the author of this plan?—whether it was General von Moltke, General Bayer, or some other General, will only be known later; but this much is certain, that it had already been drawn up for some time, for every one of the commandants who has hitherto been named in connection with the operations, had during the previous fortnight been at Berlin, where he received his instructions from the King in person. Before attempting a description of the military movements

which have hitherto taken place, we will cast a retrospective glance at the events which immediately preceded them.

The theatre of the last peaceful campaign, if we may so call it, was Frankfurt. What Austria ought to have done in the beginning, before she allied herself with Prussia for the conquest of the Duchies, she did at the end: she submitted the Schleswig-Holstein question to the decision of the Bund, and complained to it of the violation by Prussia of treaties, and her attempts to break the peace. She asked that the Federal States should arm in order to force Prussia to abandon her designs, and thereby demanded an "execution" against the largest of the Federal States of Germany, which she must have known would never submit to such a measure. Nay, more: disregarding the oaths to which the Bund is bound to adhere, and which would have admitted of an endless postponement of the matter, Austria proposed her motion in such a way as to make it necessary to take an immediate vote on the question. The result was unfavourable to Prussia, which obtained only six votes, while nine were given on the side of Austria. Upon this war was irretrievably decided upon at Berlin. The Prussian envoy to the Bund, Herr von Savigny, who had his instructions—which had been drawn up in expectation of such an event—in his pocket, immediately declared that the whole proceeding had been irregular, that Prussia consequently withdrew from the Bund, and that thenceforward she would no longer recognise its existence. Whether, as has been repeatedly asserted on the Prussian side, the vote of one of the curiæ was really forged, we have as yet been unable to discover, and it is really of little consequence. Even if Schaumburg-Lippe had also given its vote for Prussia, the question of peace or war would certainly not have been placed thereby on any different footing.

As for the motives which induced the majority to vote for Austria, they are easily described in a few words. The chief of them was the conviction that Prussia aimed at the abolition and absorption of the smaller States. All that Count Bismark had done during the last two years, and had either betrayed in familiar conversation or had purposely allowed to transpire by the medium of his organs in the press, evidently tended to that end. The diplomacy of Austria naturally did its part in proving to the small States that Prussia was plotting against their very existence, and that they would be lost beyond all hope of redemption if they did not ally themselves with Austria, who had never coveted their sovereign rights. Thus it happened that all the Middle and small States that are not, in consequence of their geographical position, absolutely in the power of Prussia, voted with Austria, including even Hanover and Saxony, which, as afterwards appeared, were to perish at the first invasion of a Prussian army. The whole of the Northern States, except these two, took the side of Prussia simply because they were in her power, and the Southern that of Austria, believing that they would succeed in saving their separate existence by her aid. Baden alone made her reservations, which, however, will not serve her much.

The result of the voting caused a good deal of surprise even in Vienna (where the general feeling on all matters is just now very sanguine), for the Austrian Government had never been quite sure of the vote of Bavaria, and that the King of Hanover would venture on a step which exposed his crown to the most obvious danger, had hardly been hoped for in Austria even at the last moment. But when Prussia came forward with her new federal project all doubts were removed, for that project expressly demands the exclusion of Austria from the

confederation of German States, and the unconditional subjection of the greater half of Germany to the military and diplomatic direction of Prussia. Rather than submit to such a pretension, the King of Hanover, who, as a Guelph, has always looked down with contempt on the younger family of the Hohenzollerns, determined to brave the worst, and left to the despised Hohenzollern his country, his wife, and his capital, only saving his treasures, which are now secured against Prussian rapacity in the Bank of England. This federal project of Prussia's was, as we have said, decisive, and Count Bismark took very good care to let it be known in time before Herr von Savigny could announce it officially at Frankfort. In this particular case it was evidently the object of the Prussian Premier to leave no ground for diplomatic finessing. With his usual courage and decision, he determined that there should be no secret friendships or enmities in the matter. "Who does not go with us in everything is against us;" such is the principle which he has unceasingly been urging of late on his King, and which he has prominently put forward in all the summonses which the Prussian commanders have since issued. This decided policy is not really attributable to mere over-estimation of the power of Prussia, but is the result of his profound and well-grounded conviction that the heterogeneous armies of the small states of Germany are far from being so dangerous as the intrigues of their courts. The latter might perhaps afterwards succeed in persuading the King to abandon his far-seeing designs; and Bismark's efforts were therefore directed to stamping them at once as declared enemies of Prussia. This was the real reason why he published to the world his bold project for reforming the Bund, whose disclosure is to this day an enigma to many diplomatists.

The last step having been taken at Frankfort, blow now followed blow. In the Duchies the atmosphere was clear now that the last Austrian soldier had departed homewards, and the troops that had hitherto been stationed there could be easily used for other purposes. For that Denmark could dream of taking advantage of a second conquest of Silesia was out of the question; and the best guarantee for the quietness of the inhabitants of the Duchies is the known character of their governor, Scheel-Plessen, to say nothing of their broken courage and their isolated position. They will now have the questionable honour of being forced to fight for Prussia in a war of which they have been the indirect cause, and for a Government which they hate, but which now holds their lives and properties at its disposal. We are told by recent reports that Prussia demands a contingent of 40,000 men from the Duchies; this number is in all probability exaggerated, for such a measure would be equivalent to calling the whole of the able-bodied male population at once into the field; but on the other hand, every act of the Prussian Government shows that both in its own country, and in the whole of Northern Germany, it has decided to go to every extremity in order to be enabled to conduct the war with the greatest possible energy. In this matter it makes but little distinction between its declared enemies and the States who voted on its side at Frankfort. Hamburg, for instance, which declared for Prussia, is already being treated as if it were conquered territory, or as if it had been incorporated with Prussia for the last half century. The army of this small free State, 3,000 strong, has received orders to go into the Duchies, the town provides quarters for the Prussian troops, which cost a considerable sum of money, the press has been given a friendly warning not to print anything that is opposed to Prussian interests, and the Hamburgers are already beginning to grow accustomed to the idea of an incorporation with Prussia, which would deprive them of the rights of a free town, and

inflict a severe blow on their prosperity. The same fate is in prospect for the two other old Hanse towns, Bremen and Lübeck. These two can never be compensated for the loss of the privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed as free ports, and of which their accession to the Prussian customs union would deprive them. The friendship of Prussia may cost these old towns dear. And yet, although they knew this beforehand, they could not possibly have acted otherwise than they did. For if they had voted against Prussia, they would have been treated as enemies, and, to say nothing of other disasters, would have been punished with heavy contributions.

If we turn from Holstein and Hamburg farther southward, Hanover is the first country that attracts our attention. If things had gone according to the views of the Liberal party in that country, which has a most intelligent leader in Herr von Benningsen, the country would have accepted what was inevitable, and united with Prussia, against which its position must always prevent it from defending itself. But the Guelphic pride of the royal house overcame all considerations of reason. The King seems to have hoped that a strong Federal army coming from the south would enable him to make a stand against the enemy, and in so doing calculated upon two things that never had any existence—the rapidity of the movements of Federal troops, and the loyal self-sacrifice of his subjects; while he left out of calculation the very thing that did exist—namely, the determination of the Berlin Government, and the readiness of the Prussian army for war. It thus came about that before he could look round him, two Prussian armies, one coming from the north, and the other from the south, were knocking at the gates of his country, and that the two together were strong enough to surround his army, which consists of about 17,000 men. Once more he was called upon to join Prussia, and on his again refusing, the Prussians rushed across the frontier, laid siege to the defenceless capital, and, what was most important, prevented the great line of railway which unites the rest of Prussia with its Rhenish provinces from being in hostile or doubtful hands. In four-and-twenty hours a kingdom and a crown were, in all probability, lost for ever. The King and his army withdrew to Göttingen, in order to proceed southwards and meet the Federal troops. His country he will probably never see again as king, and well is it for England that she is in no way bound to restore it to him.

Farther south, near Frankfort and Mayence, is assembling that portion of the Federal army whose object is declared to be to recover from the Prussians what they have hitherto conquered in the north without drawing the sword. These troops are to be recruited by 12,000 Austrians from Salzburg and a strong Bavarian contingent, whose task it will be to operate against Hanover, Cassel, and Holstein—to perform, in fact, all kinds of heroic deeds against Prussia; but as usual, they are an immense time coming together, and it will take them even more time to set themselves in motion. In the end they will probably be satisfied with protecting the line of the Maine, if the Prussians should threaten it, which is not likely. It is a striking picture of the weakness of the now defunct German bund, this army composed of Hessians, Darmstadtters, and Wurtembergers, whose strength is estimated at 60,000 men, but who have as yet not been able to move quickly enough to offer a helping hand to the surrounded Hanoverians. This contingent wants everything that makes an army formidable; it wants effective equipment, an able commander, modern artillery, and above all self-confidence; without which no soldier is worth his pay. Nothing great is to



be looked for from these troops, unless they are soon amalgamated into a homogeneous body, under a good Austrian general.

Between the portions of the Federal army which are assembling in the vicinity of Frankfort, and the armies of Austria stand the Bavarian troops, whose present effective strength does not greatly exceed 60,000 men, and who act as a connecting link between the two armies. Whether they will proceed eastward or westward cannot as yet be determined; this depends on the plans and successes of the Imperial generals. Even this contingent, however, formidable as it is in numbers and *matériel*, will do less than from its character it could and ought to do, if it is not placed, together with the Austrian army, under a single commander, and the old jealousies which have always, and never more than in Germany, been the curse of all allied armies are put to silence.

From the above description it will be seen that Austria with her allies protects Southern Germany in a semicircle, the westerly extreme of which is at Frankfort, and which thence extends to Cracow. Opposite to this is the semicircle occupied by the Prussians, which, since the occupation of Hanover, has become somewhat broken. The territory lying between the two may in time furnish the battle-field, which will thus be more extensive than any that has been seen in Europe since the days of Napoleon. At the present moment, however, the two adversaries are so placed that the first collision can only take place at two points: in the Maine district on the south-west, and in the basins of the Elbe and the Oder in the north. The latter especially deserves attention, as it is there that the decisive battles will be fought.

What we have remarked above regarding the rapidity with which the Prussians occupied Hanover applies in an even greater degree to their operations against Saxony. The plan of operations which had been drawn up weeks ago at Berlin has been carried out there with wonderful precision by the Prussian generals, who entered the country simultaneously from the west, north, and east. In three days they were masters of the whole of Saxony, from which the Austrians, if they had arrived before them, might have commenced operations against the Prussian plains with enormous advantages. They missed the opportunity, not (for this is now no secret) for strategical reasons, but because the Austrian Government was not prepared for so decisive a step on the part of Prussia, because it believed it had at least eight days before it, because, in a word, it made exactly the same mistake in the beginning as it has done in all former wars, and which is scarcely to be repaired by the greatest bravery on the part of its army. Saxony is lost without a battle, solely on account of the slowness and vacillation of Austria, and not because of strategical grounds, or through the fault of the Saxon army, which sensibly refused to expose itself to a certain defeat from its far more numerous enemy. The Austrians are now assembled in Bohemia, separated from their homes by chains of hills, which they will perhaps never again cross as an army. With the occupation on the 18th of Dresden, where the Saxon arms were immediately replaced by the Prussian—with the retreat of the army to Austrian territory and the flight of the royal family, Saxony is perhaps removed for ever from the list of independent European kingdoms, as has been the case with Hanover, and will be with other small German States. Never yet have crowns been destroyed with such rapidity and so little compunction. Even their subjects see them fall without any great sorrow, and there is really no reason why either England or any other Power should grieve at their extinction. Whatever may be the end of this terrible

war, the small states of Germany can never again be revived in their present petty shape. The rest will depend on the result of battles which must be fought on Silesian, Saxon, perhaps even on Bohemian ground. We shall not attempt any predictions regarding them, for there is not at present any solid basis on which to found such speculations.

While giving all due credit to Count Bismark for his ability and energy, it must not be forgotten that he has a powerful, though as yet undeclared, friend at his back. Much of our surprise at the apparent recklessness with which he has absorbed two monarchies and violently broken up the arrangement to which Europe gave her solemn sanction in 1815 will disappear if we reflect that the silent connivance of France enables him to do all this with comparative impunity. The report that there is a secret treaty between Napoleon and Bismark is, we have every reason to believe, as unfounded as that of a military convention between Austria and Russia; but it is none the less true that there is a decided *rapprochement* in both cases, which is significantly illustrated by the withdrawal of the Prussian troops from the Rhine, and of the Austrian from Galicia and Transylvania. There can be now but little doubt that an understanding exists between Napoleon and Bismark, in virtue of which the Emperor has agreed to make no opposition to the occupation by Prussia of the whole of Northern Germany, provided Bismark will offer no obstacle to the fulfilment of the French designs on Belgium and the Rhine. This understanding was disclosed only too plainly in the Emperor's letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, which was read in the French legislative body by M. Rouher on the 12th, and which, as Count Bismark, who is not himself remarkable for his reticence, has confidentially observed to M. Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, was so incautiously worded as to "compromise" him.

This now famous letter is, it must be confessed, a significant commentary on the despatch in which Austria refused the Conference. "Had the Conference assembled," says the Emperor, "my government would have declared that France repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandisement so long as the European equilibrium remained undisturbed. France could only think of an extension of her frontiers in the event of the map of Europe being altered to the profit of a great Power. . . . We should have desired for the Germanic Confederation a position more worthy of its importance; for Prussia better geographical boundaries; for Austria the maintenance of her great position in Europe after the cession of Venetia to Italy in exchange for territorial compensation." Here we see some of the solutions which France, backed by all her tremendous power and influence, would have proposed for the questions which would have been discussed at the Conference if it had met. The Schleswig-Holstein question would have to be settled by the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia; the question of the reform of the Bund by the aggrandisement of Prussia; the question of Venetia by the subserviency of Austria in the Confederation to the overwhelming power of Prussia. For what can be the meaning of "better geographical boundaries" for Prussia except the annexation of the Elbe duchies, of Hanover, and perhaps of Saxony? That the Germanic Confederation, if its existence were possible under the supremacy of an ambitious and aggressive Power like Prussia, would have "a position more worthy of its importance" in such an arrangement, few will doubt; and Austria, though she would lose her position in Germany, might still perhaps "maintain her great position in Europe" if she obtained some territory on her eastern frontier in exchange for Venetia.

When such far-reaching projects, entirely subversive of the old European arrangements to which Austria clings with desperate fondness, were seriously entertained by the strongest Power in Europe, we can hardly wonder that Austria should have made her acceptance of the Conference conditional upon its being "agreed beforehand to exclude from deliberation everything that could tend to give one of the states invited to the Congress any territorial aggrandisement or increase of power."

As regards the conditional declaration that France repudiates "all idea of aggrandisement so long as the European equilibrium remains undisturbed," which has since been explained by the *Constitutionnel* as meaning that such aggrandisement would only be attempted "if either Austria or Prussia succeeded in absorbing the whole of Germany," it is unfortunately only too notorious what value is to be attached to such official and semi-official declarations, even when made by the Emperor himself and printed in the *Moniteur*. On the 12th of June, 1859, a proclamation from Napoleon to the Italians was published by the *Moniteur*, in which he thus magnanimously repudiated all idea of aggrandisement:—"Your enemies, who are also mine, have endeavoured to diminish the sympathies of Europe for your cause by making it believed that I am making war solely from personal ambition, or in order to increase the territory of France. If there are men who do not understand the spirit of the age, I am not one of them." We all know how soon this vision of a political philanthropist, lavishing the money and blood of his subjects for the benefit of an aspiring neighbour, was dispelled; and how the annexation of Savoy and Nice proved that Napoleon III. understood "the spirit of the age" in much the same way as ordinary mortals did.

The Emperor's letter, like his speech at Auxerre, of which it was, so to say, the complement, has been the subject of numberless explanatory comments in the French semi-official journals, which have laboured hard to give it a pacific meaning. Napoleon, we are told, has declared that he thinks France will not be called upon to draw the sword. We think so, too; but only because she hopes to achieve her designs without finding it necessary to fight. Public opinion in France is strongly opposed both to war and to the Prussian cause, and no one knows this better than the Emperor. On the other hand, there are few things that would please the French more than a "rectification of boundaries." If Prussia absorbs the whole of Northern Germany, or if Austria reconquers Silesia, the "equilibrium of Europe" will in either event be disturbed; and if the Emperor should then claim the Rhine or a portion of Belgium on the principle of compensation and the "consent of the populations," who shall say him nay? Not Bismark, who in the former case would have been richly rewarded for his complaisance, and in the latter would be too weak to attempt any opposition; not Austria, whose interests would be too remotely affected to induce her to step out of her traditional attitude of neutrality in all European complications; nor, we think, would even England in such a case have recourse to arms. There remains only Russia, who, however, is at present too weak to take a prominent part in a European war, and whose attention will by that time probably be absorbed in the Eastern question.

The state of affairs on the banks of the lower Danube is daily growing more threatening. Omar Pasha, at the head of 70,000 men, is preparing to occupy the Principalities; and their new hospodar, Prince Charles, has gone to Kaliguren with 60,000 Roumans to oppose him. It was at Kaliguren, half-way between

Bucharest and Giurgevo, that Stephen the Brave, Prince of Wallachia, once conquered, at the head of his warriors, a large Turkish army; and it is probable that before this goes to press another battle will be fought on the same field—whether with the same success is more than doubtful. The Wallachians, or Roumans, as they now call themselves, have greatly degenerated from the virtues of their forefathers; and their soldiers, in particular, are lamentably deficient in the most necessary military qualities, being insubordinate, unsteady, and only too apt to turn their backs on a determined enemy. Their military weakness is only exceeded by their political disorganisation. When Prince Charles arrived in Roumania, it seemed as if all parties had united to put an end to the anarchy which was ruining their country, and that they would, now that they had their wish of obtaining a foreign prince, seriously set themselves to the work of giving permanence to his dynasty by forgetting old quarrels and placing the administration of the country on an orderly and efficient footing. Scarcely, however, had the new Hospodar's rule commenced than the Rouman politicians again split up into factions; political intrigue became more rife than ever; and the unfortunate Prince, who knows neither the country nor even its language, found himself in the midst of a perfect pandemonium of hostile parties and opposing counsels. The strife of parties penetrated even to the army, which divided into two hostile political camps; and in the provinces the peasants rose against the Jews, whom they accuse of having caused the famine which is desolating the country, and would have begun a general massacre if their plans had not been discovered in time by the authorities. Such a nation of course presents abundant material for the intrigues of foreign States, who have not neglected to avail themselves of it. We shall endeavour briefly to describe the recent action of the Great Powers in regard to Roumania, and to explain their present attitude towards that unfortunate country.

In our last number we had occasion to trace the origin of the refusal of Austria to join the Conference to the instrumentality of a Russian princess, Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, sister of the present Czar. The last combination which has taken place in regard to the affairs of the Principalities is also mainly due to the influence of a Russian princess. Since the fall of Prince Couza, Austria has consistently supported Turkey in the Rouman question. Immediately after that event, M. de Grammont, the French ambassador, proposed at Vienna that Austria should occupy the Principalities as a compensation for her ceding her rights to Prussia in Schleswig-Holstein, Russia being bought off with the portion of Bessarabia which she lost in 1856. Austria, however, refused to weaken Turkey; and Russia, who wanted the whole of the Principalities for herself, supported Austria and the Porte in their resistance to this plan. When Prince Charles was elected Hospodar of Roumania, Russia again joined Austria and Turkey in opposing the election. Personally the Emperor, who as a potentate preserves a traditional friendship with the Hohenzollerns, and who hoped to make Prince Charles, who began to show strong Russian proclivities immediately after assuming the direction of affairs, the instrument of his designs, was inclined to favour the Prince; but the old Russian party, represented by M. Katkoff and Milutine, who at that time possessed great influence over the mind of the Czar, were strongly opposed to the introduction of the German element in a country which they hoped would at no distant period belong to Russia. Since that time great changes have taken place in the distribution of political parties in Russia; the old Russian party is in disgrace, and the Czar is now more disposed to follow his dynastic leanings than before. What most

contributed, however, to alter his first decision regarding Prince Charles, were certain projects which the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the Czar's eldest sister, has during the last fortnight been urging with characteristic ingenuity and tenacity at Paris. Her sister, Queen Olga, had already touched upon these plans at Vienna, where they were not unfavourably received, and the Grand Duchess is now doing her utmost to obtain the concurrence of France in them. The chief of these plans is that of a marriage between Prince Charles and his daughter, which would secure the Prince as the ally, if not the tool, of the Czar. The other projects of the Grand Duchess are, to say the least, somewhat extravagant; but they deserve mention as having been actually proposed and to a certain extent favourably received both by Russia and Austria. Their main features are an extension of Roumania southward at the expense of Turkey, and a reconstruction of Italy on the basis of the Treaty of Zurich, namely, as a confederation. The first of these plans would be agreeable to Russia, and the second to Austria, besides which, it would give the Grand Duchess an opportunity of revenging herself on King Victor Emmanuel for having broken off the matrimonial alliance which was once on the tapis between her daughter and Prince Humbert. The Emperor Napoleon, although of course totally averse to these plans, does not quite set his face against them, being desirous above all things to break up the *rapprochement* between Russia, Austria, and Turkey in the east of Europe. This object has now been partly attained. Russia, together with France and England, has declared her willingness to acknowledge Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as Hospodar of Roumania, and the three Powers have protested against any attempt on the part of Turkey to enter the Principalities. Whether Turkey will pay any attention to this protest remains to be seen. This, however, is certain, that the news of Russia's abandonment of her opposition to the election of Prince Charles has produced a most painful impression on the Sultan, and is said to have caused the fall of his Grand Vizier, Fnad Pasha, who has hitherto only succeeded by his great personal influence with his Majesty in dissuading him from taking up arms in defence of his suzerain rights, and it is probable that the appearance of a Turkish army in Wallachia will be followed by an armed intervention on the part of Russia, who will gladly seize the opportunity of establishing a footing in the country.

The defeat of the Italians at Custozza can hardly be regarded as a test of the relative military capabilities of the hostile armies, or as affording any ground for predicting the results of the Venetian campaign. Its effects on the *morale* of the two armies will be doubtless very great, but beyond this it can hardly alter in any considerable degree the course of events. The Italians failed, not because they did not fight well, or because of the overwhelming forces of the enemy as compared with their own, but simply because their plans were ill-laid—a fault which has ere this been fatal to some of the best armies in the world. At the same time it must be admitted that the way in which they have begun the campaign—by marching straight on the formidable fortresses which arrested the victorious career of Napoleon in 1859—has been more daring than wise. Their reverses will perhaps now teach them more caution; and although the army will of course be eager to wipe away the stain of its first defeat, Victor Emmanuel and his generals will doubtless know how to restrain them until the successes of Garibaldi and Admiral Persano in the enemy's rear enables him to open fire on the fortresses of the Quadrilateral with more chance of victory.

June 28th.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**THE HOMES OF THE WORKING CLASSES; WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR IMPROVEMENT.** By JAMES HOLE. Published under the sanction of the Society of Arts. Longmans and Co.

DURING the last twelve months few subjects have occupied more attention, especially in the metropolis, than the pressing necessity for providing improved dwellings for the poor. How to put within the reach of the workman a habitation satisfying sanitary requirements, not too far from his work, at a moderate rent, and yet affording the owner the usual return on his investment, is a problem which many able and benevolent men have set themselves to solve not only by reflection but by experiment. The question has already been before the new Parliament, and though nothing has yet been done, there can be no doubt that it will soon be the subject of legislation. At such a moment a book like Mr. Hole's is most opportune. Few men are so well qualified to select the facts from which a sound judgment can be formed as Mr. Hole of Leeds. Inspired by strong social sympathies, gifted with an eminently practical understanding, thoroughly familiar through the labours of many years with the condition, habits, and wants of working men, he speaks with an authority which will be recognised, not only by every one in the north of England who takes an interest in such matters, but by many in London and even on the Continent to whom his name is well known. His book exhibits in a compact and luminous form the conditions of this difficult problem, and abounds with useful suggestions towards its solution. The volume is embellished with twenty-two sketches and plans of model cottages and villages, such as Akroydon, Copley, and Saltaire. No one who studies the subject or meditates an experiment on ever so small a scale ought to be without this useful treatise. It would be impossible here to give anything like an abstract of its contents. But one or two points may be noticed.

One of the commonest arguments against prohibiting the erection of houses below a certain standard of comfort is that the poor cannot afford to pay a higher rent. Mr. Hole, who is a strong advocate for uniform regulations to be fixed by the legislature, answers that they must and will pay for the dearer house if a cheaper is not to be had; and he instances Manchester, where the operatives, with more precarious earnings than those of Leeds, pay higher rents because the municipal regulations of Manchester compel the erection of better houses. But this is not all. If the workman's necessary expenses increase, his wages must increase in proportion. "Reduce the beef-fed workman to a diet of potatoes, and his wages will gradually fall to the standard which will barely maintain him on that diet. It is, in fact, an element of competition. Introduce the labour of his wife and children into his occupation, and his wages will be reduced, not merely through their competition, but also as a consequence of the additional assistance derived from their earnings. It has the effect of lowering the necessity for a certain sum. Reduce the amount required for rent by transferring him from a comfortable dwelling to a lodging-house or inferior cottage, and, though he may appear to get a temporary advantage in the saving, the probability is that his wages will fall to the point needed to maintain him in the

lower condition" (p. 41). On the same principle rating exemptions are to be condemned as encouraging the erection of a low class of dwellings.

Mr. Hole compares the model villages in the outskirts of some manufacturing towns with the large blocks of buildings erected by Mr. Waterlow, and comes to the conclusion that in so enormous a city as London the latter plan alone can be employed with success. He approves Mr. Waterlow's suggestion that the Public Works Loan Commissioners should be empowered to lend money at 5 per cent. to societies erecting such buildings, principal and interest being secured till repayment, by a mortgage on the property. But he justly objects to the provision that the maximum profit in such cases shall not exceed 5 per cent., because that rate of interest will not be a sufficient remuneration for the trouble and uncertainty involved in the collection of small rents. The objection of those economists who protest against any interposition of Government in such matters, he very properly declines to notice otherwise than by the remark that logically carried out it leads to anarchy.

Like many other sensible men, Mr. Hole is so impressed with the evils of intemperance, that he would greatly reduce the number of public-houses and beer-shops, and prohibit the sale of liquor "to be drunk on the premises." He overlooks the fact that the public-house is essential to the social intercourse of working men. It is not at all desirable (except to the clergy and the employers) that the workman should rigorously divide his time between his work and his home. I quite admit that well-organised clubs, where there would be no pressure or temptation to drink more than a man wants, would be preferable to the public-house. But until these institutions become general and popular the public-house is indispensable for the cultivation of social sympathy and the discouragement of the money-getting spirit with which our working men are happily as yet little tainted.

Although in a more perfect state of society, when the dignity of labour will be recognised and the opportunities for happiness will not be so unequally distributed as at present, the working man will, as a rule, see the propriety and advantage of not struggling to accumulate money with a view of raising himself out of his class, the ownership, or at least a lease, of the house he inhabits will appear to him indispensable to his independence and dignity. The cruel evictions of colliers and iron-workers within the last two or three years have shown how impossible it is that the workman should make a fair bargain with a master of whom he is the tenant-at-will. In blocks in large towns tenancy might perhaps be inevitable. But it might always be protected by a lease. Permanence of domicile and employment are essential to the well-being of the proletariat.

E. S. BEESLY.

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THE MYSTERY OF PAIN: A BOOK FOR THE SORROWFUL. Smith, Elder, & Co. A SMALL and anonymous book is apt, in the crowd of more pretentious works, to be overlooked, both by readers and critics. We have most of us a tendency to bow down before great names, or to estimate the worth of a volume by its bulk. When we reason on the matter, we allow, of course, that this is mere folly, since the writings, inspired or uninspired, which have chiefly influenced us are as notable for brevity as for spiritual power.

Here is a wise, suggestive, large-minded treatise, written for the sorrowful

and the thoughtful. It is the experience of a mind highly cultivated and original, appealing to the experience of other minds, the medium between author and reader being a common fellowship in suffering. The writer's view of life, and of pain as an inseparable portion of it, does not always "find" me, to use Coleridge's expressive term, but it does always open fresh lines of thought breaking new ground, and forcing me to acknowledge the weight of the argument, even when I cannot go along with it. And those statements in the volume which seem at the first glance the least satisfactory, are just those to which I find myself recurring again and again, unable to accept them, but unable also to confute them. The book, indeed, is rich in thought, and, like all books with mind in them, cannot fail to stimulate thought in the reader.

The writer maintains that no adequate explanation of pain can be found in the uses of it which are generally recognised; that they neither conduct us to its source, nor reveal to us its meaning. Bodily pain, for example, warns us from what is hurtful, but "in almost all cases it is liable to exceed in an immense degree the amount which is needful to secure its beneficial influence." Again, it is often regarded as the punishment of sin, but this, he observes, can be only partially true. "Nights spent in dissipation bring ruined health, nights spent in fond watchings by beds of pain bring a like and equal ruin. To what sufferings children are subject, and, indeed, all who are not able to protect themselves! We might almost ask whether it is not weakness rather than wrong that is punished in this world." Then it is argued that pain is useful as discipline, that we are made, in Scripture language, "perfect through suffering," and oftentimes gain by means of it the true wisdom. But this, again, we are told is only partially true. "Often it hardens or perverts. Pain is used for a discipline, but can we say that it exists solely for that end when those to whom it is no blessing, but a curse—whom it rouses only to bitterness, or sinks merely into despair—have no exemption, and seem to plead in vain for pity? Most often in this sad world pain works, to our eyes, evil, and not good; and where it works no good it often falls most heavily." These, then, are but secondary purposes served by suffering. To lighten the mystery of pain we must seek elsewhere. The author of this essay commences his starting-point from two familiar thoughts, the one being the felt necessity of a change in human nature, the other, "the belief that there is an unseen fact beneath all that we are conscious of—that there is something unperceived by us which gives rise to all our experience." The freshness with which these customary thoughts appeared to him enabled him, he says, to see in them a relation which he had not perceived before. "That which suggested itself to me was this: If man's nature needs a change, and there is some fact we are not conscious of causing our experience, then may not this fact be the working of that very change in man?" Our experience, he adds, is the carrying out of man's redemption. Something is accomplished in it which is unseen by us, and this unseen work that is done through us is something done for others. Thus, what we suffer is for the good of others if not for our own, and in serving others' good we may find our highest joy. The prominent idea of the Gospel is sacrifice. The prominent use of our lives is sacrifice also.

"To know the secret of our pains we must look beyond ourselves. . . . Those uses of pain which concern the one who suffers only must fail and be found insufficient; they ought not to be enough, for they do not embrace that which is unseen. Confining ourselves to that which is visible to us, we ought to find ourselves in darkness, unable to



answer irrepressible questions. But when we extend our thought, and recognise not only that there are in pain ends unseen by us, but that these ends may not be confined within the circle of our own interests, surely a light begins to glimmer through the darkness. While we look only at that which directly concerns the individual who suffers, no real explanation of suffering, no satisfaction that truly satisfies, can be found. But if we may look beyond, and see in our own sufferings, and in the sufferings of all, something in which mankind also has a stake, then they are brought into a region in which the heart can deal with them and find them good. And if the heart, the reason also. For here it is the soul that is the judge; and if the heart is satisfied, the reason also is content."

This idea, expressed in felicitous language, and strengthened by a variety of illustrations, pervades the entire essay. Love and sacrifice, we are told, are the elements of our best happiness, and it is an utter error which prompts us to exclude the painful elements of life instead of laying hold upon them as the fundamental conditions of its joy.

This argument appears to fail when we attempt practically to apply it. Man is, I fear, too selfish and too sensitive to bear pain more heroically from the belief that by this consciousness and endurance he is assisting in working out the redemption of the world. A good and brave man will bear severe pain without flinching, if by so doing he can ease the burden of one dear to him, or he will bear it with absolute submission, believing that it is sent by the Supreme Being for a wise purpose. In the immediate presence of some direful torture he will be calm, in the prospect even of a painful death he will often be joyful, and for being thus calm and joyful he has the best of possible reasons; but it is difficult to imagine that at such times the sense that he is accomplishing a universal law, or even the belief that "our pains serve others' good, and are the fact of man's redemption"—in other words, that the restoration of humanity is carried out through this his terrible experience—can transform his pain into joy, or even materially lessen the burden he has to bear. True, it may be that "without sacrifice no permanent satisfaction or truly good result is suffered to be attained," and that it argues a lack of moral health if we cannot find in it our chief joy; but even if a man accepts this argument, it may still be doubted whether his belief of a statement so broad and general will have a direct influence on his conduct. Humanity may be very dear to us, but the little plot on which are centred our home affections and care, the house and village in which we live, the people we meet day by day, the children or friends we love, the wife or husband whose existence doubles the enjoyment of our own—these form, for most of us, the point on which the interest of our lives depends. For the sake of these, we honour and would benefit our race, and for these, if need be, we are willing to make sacrifices, to endure great hardships, and, if God require it of us, to suffer pain. These motives, indeed, are not very elevated, but they are very human, and when united with love to God, call forth the nobler virtues which adorn society and at the same time regenerate it.

There are many salient points in this essay on which I should like to dwell several noble passages I would willingly quote. The writer does not solve the mystery of pain, but he does lessen the burden of the mystery, and every reader who prefers manly Christian thought, to the pious but dreary platitudes which are intended to alleviate suffering but add so heavily to its burden, will thank me for calling his attention to this little volume.

JOHN DENNIS.

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LES APOTRES.<sup>1</sup>

THIS work will produce, I apprehend, much the same impression as the "Vie de Jésus." The reader will willingly concede to M. Renan learning, taste, genius, an active fancy (only too active, indeed), and elegance of style; but he will feel, as before, that the author seems hopelessly ignorant of one simple fact,—that it is impossible to build fabrics without materials, to burn down a house and reconstruct it out of the smoke and ashes; hopelessly ignorant of the limits which divide history from fiction.

If a man be allowed to treat his only documents as M. Renan does, it is simply impossible to construct any authentic history at all. This the immense majority of his critics felt in dealing with his "Vie de Jésus," and they will feel much the same in dealing with "Les Apotres."

It is, no doubt, quite possible to eliminate some few incidents, some unimportant details, from any professedly historical documents, and yet, granting the rest to be authentic and genuine, to compose a history out of them. But how, if we reject the greater part as legendary or false? and not only the greater part, measured by mere bulk, but by quality also; all that is most important and characteristic, all for which the world has ever valued the documents, and without which it would regard the residuum of pretended history as fit only for Dr. Dryasdust, or the Antiquary's incomparable "Essay on the hill-fort of Quicken's-bog?" How, if in order to clinch the proof that five-eighths of the whole are to be rejected *per se* incredible, we load the author with suspicion, even where he is dealing with ordinary matters, or charge him with downright tampering with his materials, as M. Renan supposed the rédacteurs of the "Gospels," and now supposes the author of the "Acts," to have done? How, if even the last poor fraction of a dividend—mere dry details—*scoriæ* left at the bottom of the critical furnace—be suspected; if even these remains are so full of error that M. Renan is compelled to read them upside down, or, like his Hebrew,

(1) LES APOTRES. PAR ERNEST RENAN. Michel Lévy Frères. Paris, 1866.

backwards? to re-arrange the dates, or re-adjust the circumstances? What if all this be the case? Why then it will be said, that though a man may (as M. Renan has done) give us a romance, he cannot give us a history; his work must, in the nature of things, be the product of guess-work and fancy. It were as feasible to write a history of the Trojan war out of the Iliad; nay, the task would be much the same. *This* too is founded on fact, as are all the greatest epics and dramas ever produced by human genius. But on how much that is knowable? So little that, except on M. Renan's plan, the history would be very brief. After getting rid of all the superhuman machinery,—of old Chryses and his prayers, of the gods and their transformations, of miracles and prodigies, of the exaggerated achievements of Achilles, and very probably of Hector's death, as but one myth the more where there were so many, and a suspected embellishment of the "self-glorifying" Grecian legend,—the history would be reduced to about as much as this: "Once upon a time there was a city called Troy. The Greeks made war against it, at what date exactly is unknown, as also how many sailed thither, and who were their leaders. The quarrel is said to have been about a woman; and this may be intrinsically probable, inasmuch as a great Roman satirist says that most quarrels have a similar origin. It is said that after a siege reported to be long, but we know not how long, Troy was destroyed; which brings us to the end of this brief eventful history." There is really little difference in the two cases, except that the Iliad has always been accepted as fiction, and therefore no one ever thought how much he must reject if he wished to make an authentic history out of it. The Gospels, on the other hand, have been regarded as authentic history; but if M. Renan's principles of criticism be applied to them they will equally shrink in bulk. We shall reject as much in proportion, and *all* that is most significant. The historical element that is left will be just as infinitesimal both in bulk and importance.

If such a book, purporting to be a history, is only of equal bulk with the rejected documents, it must be, *a fortiori*, as purely fanciful as the original was presumed to be. Yet such history has M. Renan proffered us; nay, he has done much more. It is as if he had not only first reduced the Iliad to nothing by rejecting all its fiction, and then given us the history of Troy out of it, but in a bulk equal to the Iliad and Odyssey together! For the four Gospels are transformed into a volume of no less than five hundred pages, and the Acts of the Apostles into another of four. Before the theory of M. Renan's fictitious Christianity can be fairly launched, it will require ten times as much written matter as was required to make the original Christianity a great fact in the world.

His readers, however, will simply say that they cannot receive *his* history on such conditions, except by his proving a claim to inspira-

tion or divination ; a retro-phetic if not prophetic faculty. Now, as he denies all possibility of men's possessing any such endowments, they also will deny that it is possible to destroy the documents of history, and yet to reproduce it ; to reject more than half a document as *per se* incredible, reject half the remainder by the necessity of getting rid of that, throw endless doubt on the rest by damaging suspicions of the authors, and yet, by drawing on conjecture *ad libitum*, resuscitate the history which has been preliminarily destroyed.

Should M. Renan say, in apology for writing history on such conditions, that we see that many books—as Livy's history, for example—contain prodigies and legends which we throw aside, and yet take the history notwithstanding, I reply just as Bolingbroke did (who saw this point as clearly as any Christian can do), that everything depends on the relative value of what is retained and what is rejected. You may omit every legend, argued he, in Livy, and yet the history goes on just as well as before ; not to say better. But if you reject all that is miraculous and superhuman in the history of the Bible, all that is necessarily implicated with it, grows out of it, and has no meaning apart from it, you have nothing left ;—what you reject *is* the history. The difference is as between cutting out a corn and cutting off the head. A man may get along quite as well, and indeed a good deal better, without his corn ; but what if he has lost his head ?

My object in the present article will be simply to show—

I. That a history of the first days of Christianity, if M. Renan's view of his materials be correct, is impossible. And, II. That if such a history were possible, it is still incredible that his history should be the true.

I. In order to see how nearly M. Renan annihilates the materials of his history before he begins to compose it ; how little is left which he does not summarily reject in virtue of his (I must so call it) fanatical view of the supernatural, and how uncertain he further makes that little, by necessary implication with such legendary matter, or by a general depreciation of his authorities, in order to reconcile us to such wholesale confiscations, let us look at the poor relics of the Acts after his successive rejections. We shall then be filled with wonder, that so portly a volume of four hundred pages has grown, not out of such a literary "mustard-seed" as the Acts, but out of less than a third of it.

M. Renan acknowledges that the Acts form the principal part of our sources of the knowledge of the first days of the Christian Church ; he agrees that they are the genuine work of Luke, the author of the third Gospel, a disciple of Paul and his fellow-traveller, wherever he so represents himself (and here, we think, M. Renan argues with great candour and acuteness, though, as we think, ruinously for his thesis) ; and that they were composed in all

probability before A.D. 80. Most people, indeed, think earlier; but M. Renan, arguing upon his favourite assumption that there neither is nor can be such a thing as prophecy, has an easy way of showing that the date could not have been earlier. The Acts, he urges, not unreasonably, were composed after the third Gospel; and the third Gospel contains an express prediction of the destruction of Jerusalem, which must therefore have been written after that event! Now that event did not occur till A.D. 70, therefore the third Gospel could not have been composed till after that date, and the Acts later still.

Our author, then, admits that Luke was the writer of the "Acts," and that they were written not later than A.D. 80. Such is his grand authority, his *fons gestorum*. Now, how much of him does he summarily reject? How much of the little that remains is rendered utterly untrustworthy by the hard conditions which compel him to damage his author in order to give greater plausibility to the enormous excisions of the supernatural? We shall soon see.

The book would appear not to be capable of enduring much depletion without vanishing into thin air. Luke is not, like M. Renan, a voluminous writer; the whole of this wonderful book, the very ashes of which, after M. Renan's critical incrimination, have mainly enabled him to write so goodly a volume, is contained in about thirty pages of our quarto Bibles! It is not, therefore, a corpulent folio, which may be bled and bled and bled again: it must, if much be taken away, give up the ghost altogether.

Well, then, in the first place, M. Renan utterly discredits the first twelve chapters—*i.e.* nearly half; and plainly it is a necessity, for they are full of "legendary matter,"—of miracles, and alleged fulfilment of prophecy; in fact, the supernatural. They are no less legendary than the Gospels themselves. But is there not much of the legendary, also, in the subsequent chapters? Plenty, of course; and it must be ejected by the same summary method. In chap. xiii you must sponge out the story of Sergius Paulus, and Elymas the sorcerer; in chap. xiv. Paul's healing the cripple, and the consequent apotheosis offered him and Barnabas at Lystra. Chap. xv., though it contains nothing miraculous, is, as we shall see by-and-by, quite untrustworthy on *other* grounds. Chap. xvi. is almost wholly to be rejected, for we have Paul casting out the spirit of divination, and the miraculous deliverance of Paul and Silas from prison. In chap. xviii. we have one of Paul's visions, which, though not miraculous, but an "hallucination," is not what it purports to be, and is therefore not historic in the sense in which it is related. In fact, all Paul's visions—the result, in plain language, of Paul's being out of his senses—vanish on the same ground. In chap. xix. you must sponge out the legend of the gift of tongues, imparted to those who, having been only baptised with John's baptism, are now baptised in the name of Jesus; the "special miracles wrought by the hands of

Paul, and by handkerchiefs brought from his body ;” and the Devil’s discomfiture of the sons of Sceva the Jew, who attempted to conjure in the name of Jesus.<sup>1</sup>

Chap. xx. contains the raising of Eutychus from his sleep of death : and chap. xxi. certain supernatural warnings against Paul’s going to Jerusalem, the asserted prophetic gifts of Philip’s four daughters, a prophecy of Agabus, and a vision of Paul. Chap. xxii. contains the account of Paul’s miraculous conversion, already rejected in Acts ix. ; and to what M. Renan reduces that, will be seen by-and-by. In chap. xxiii. you must reject—another “vision” of Paul’s ; that is, another “illusion,” which Paul mistook for a supernatural revelation, altogether unhistoric therefore as it stands. In chap. xxvi. we have the narrative of Paul’s miraculous conversion again. In chap. xxvii. we have another “vision” on the occurrence of the shipwreck. From chap. xxviii. you must reject Paul’s escape from the “venomous serpent,” and the miraculous cure of the “father of Publius,” and “many others” in the island. Thus, there is scarcely a chapter in which the sponge is not to be liberally used, and in many nearly the whole is to be erased. The matters retained, and which are insignificant except in connection with the presumed supernatural substratum, would occupy, as near as we can make out, about half the thirty quarto pages.

But is the whole of even this to be received ? By no means. In order to show that Luke may have incorporated into his book all these “legendary matters,” he invests him with all those infirmities which he has found it necessary to ascribe to him as the author of the third Gospel, and adds others which, almost *totidem verbis*, but certainly by necessary logic, prove that he was also a knave. All this M. Renan does without seeming to recollect that he is thereby annihilating his historic materials, and sawing away vigorously at the bough on which his own feet are planted.

In virtue of his view of Luke’s character, the whole of chap. xv., and the entire story of St. Paul’s first interview with the Church at Jerusalem,—of the council, of the decree, of its publication and circulation, the cordial understanding between the “twelve” and the Apostle of the Gentiles,—is all a politic fetch of Luke, to conceal the fierce antagonism and hopeless incompatibilities which really divided the Petrine and the Pauline factions. We must, therefore, get rid of

(1) “And this was known,” says Luke, “to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus, and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.” Such solemn assurances as these, when it is impossible that Luke should not know what rubbish he was filling his book with, prove that he must have been wholly untrustworthy, and make one wonder that M. Renan should not see that, on his hypothesis, his documents are no better “than old wives’ fables.” It is impossible to tell on what to rely, and what not. It is clear also that that whole generation must have been demented, to hear, unchallenged, appeals to the notoriety of facts which, if they were not true, must have been known to be egregiously false.

nearly the whole of chap. xv., and a part of chap. xxi., for the same reason. In this last case it is impossible not to infer that Luke is deliberately playing the rogue, for he avouches himself to be an eyewitness of the facts, thus identifying himself with that very "we," the use of which M. Renan justly takes for so strong an argument that Luke is really the author. Luke says, "When we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly, and the day following Paul went in with us to James, and all the elders were present." In like manner Luke is made to pervert or tamper with the facts in numberless other cases. If the following portrait be true, it is wholly impossible to depend on a syllable he says:—

"In two or three circumstances, his wish to make things smooth—*ses principes de conciliation*—has made him seriously falsify the biography of Paul; he is inexact; and makes omissions very strange in a disciple of Paul" (p. xiv.) — "He was ill-informed about Judaism and as to the affairs of Palestine; he scarcely knew anything of Hebrew" (p. xviii.). "The author seems to avoid saying anything that might wound the Romans. . . He played much such a part as an Ultramontane historian of Clement XIV. . . He was the first of those accommodating historians, happily self-satisfied, who are determined to find that everything in the Church is going on after the Evangelical model" (p. xxiv.) — "Historical fidelity is for him a thing indifferent—edification is everything" (*ibid*) —

Most amusingly does M. Renan infer Luke's strong Roman sympathies from such facts as Paul's pleading his Roman citizenship at Philippi, and the protection sometimes afforded by the imperial magistrates against the persecuting spirit of the Jews. But does not M. Renan see how all this bears on his argument? If these facts really occurred in the history of Paul, how could poor Luke help narrating them just as they were? and how is it to be hence inferred that he was partial to the Romans? If they did *not* occur, or *so* occur, does not M. Renan see that he compels us to reject a further indeterminate, but large, portion of what little remains of his history, already exhaling in smoke?

Further: our author says that Luke, having in his Gospel apparently placed the Ascension on the same day as the Resurrection (though he really does nothing of the sort),<sup>1</sup> deliberately alters his story in the first chapter of the Acts. The latter statement shows he says, "a more advanced stage of the legend," and makes the

(1) It is astonishing to see how completely M. Renan finds in his documents anything he likes, and how completely he loses sight of all that is opposed to a present statement. It is clear that though the verse in Luke recording the ascension comes immediately after the account of the resurrection, no note of time connects them; and it is plain that Luke could not have meant that the ascension took place on that day, for he has described the appearance of Christ to the disciples after the return of the two from Emmaus, and when it was already night. It is curious that M. Renan can see clearly, when it answers his purpose, that the Evangelists do not intend to imply that consecutive incidents are to be always taken as immediately following one another in point of time. See p. 33, where, strange to say, this very case is brought forward (when our author wishes to disintegrate the recitals in John xxi.) as an example of the practice of the Evangelists of giving, as consecutive, facts separated by months or weeks!

Ascension take place at the end of "forty days." M. Renan forgets (who else can forget?) that if it be so, Luke is clearly so hopeless a bungler, or so thorough a rogue, as to make it utterly impossible to receive any statement of his as trustworthy. Suspicion must taint everything.

Even M. Renan finds it somewhat surprising that Luke should have left such a glaring discrepancy (entirely, however, of M. Renan's own making) between the last verses of his Gospel and the first verses of the Acts, and when he might so easily have removed it. Strange enough, he thinks it sufficient to say that the authors of the Gospels and the Acts troubled themselves but little about accuracy; and, still more strangely, thinks such shameless *inaccuracy* not at all wonderful in an author who, nevertheless (according to M. Renan's own admission), shows himself, in the latter part of the Acts, "astonishingly accurate!"

Of these charges against Luke, no doubt many of M. Renan's critics will give—what is very easy—abundant refutation. But for me, I simply take him at his word. Let all he says about Luke be true, and he has nothing on which to rely for his history of the "origin of Christianity." He is simply without materials, and he has (as in his former work) been creating history, and not writing it. He has given us a sufficient *caveat* against relying on anything from such an author as Luke, if only on account of his negligence and blunders; but these, taken in conjunction with the solemn professions at the commencement both of the Acts and of his Gospel, of conscientious research and scrupulous sifting of evidence, prove that he can be no less than an incorrigible knave.

And yet it is from such a document, the materials of which are to be rejected by wholesale, and on whose remaining statements the greatest possible amount of suspicion must rest (as the necessary result of M. Renan's view of Luke's character), that our author tells us the history of the origin of Christianity must be chiefly constructed! What value can attach to his construction, unless M. Renan be inspired, though Luke was not; and unless he has a real power of divining the past, analogous to what he considers the fictitious power claimed by the ancient prophets, of divining the future!

II. I proceed to show that if it were possible to write a history of Christianity on M. Renan's principles, the history he has given cannot be the true.

Strauss regarded M. Renan's "Vic de Jésus" with something of Malvolio's "austere smile" of regard; complimented him, indeed, on his popularity, but at the same time expressed his entire dissent from some very vital parts of his system. In truth it was much as if one heard Ptolemy congratulating Copernicus on the success of his philosophy; for if Strauss was right in those points, it is certain



that Renan was egregiously wrong, and if Renan was right, Strauss was egregiously wrong. What the latter will say now, I know not; but if he has any of an author's love of his offspring, it is to be apprehended that though he may still "smile," it will be with tenfold "austerity;" for he will see that in many places throughout this volume M. Renan's system is little better than a resuscitation of that of Paulus of Heidelberg, and the other naturalistic interpreters, to which it was imagined that Strauss himself had given the *coup de grâce*, and which had by its Talmud of absurdities wearied out the patience of all mortal men. Strauss's work really did excellent service in this respect; and though a triumph over such a phantom may be supposed as small an achievement as Don Quixote's victory over the wine skins, the work was done *con amore*, and with entire success. He will be petrified to see the monster, so often pierced by his critical sword, coming to life again, like one of those champions in the Valhalla, who was no sooner slain than he rose to his feet, ever ready to renew the contest. Yet so it is. M. Renan might have been a sort of Rip Van Winkle, and slept through the din of the critical strife of the last forty years, for any effect that the innumerable refutations of Paulus and his school have produced upon him. As that school resolved every miraculous occurrence of the New Testament into some misinterpreted natural phenomenon or ordinary incident, transformed by the simplicity or zeal or morbidly excited fancy of Christ's disciples into the supernatural; as these men were constantly and often simultaneously (wonder of wonders!) making these blunders; taking flaming flambeaux for stars, white graveclothes for living and speaking men, Roman soldiers for angels, electric phenomena for the Transfiguration or the Descent of the Spirit, and a thunderstorm for half a hundred things; so M. Renan is perpetually working out his intractable problems by essentially the same machinery. The difference is mainly this; the phlegmatic German would perhaps attribute more to the stolidity—not to say stupidity—of the good folks who thus took "wind-mills for giants;" M. Renan, with a more mercurial temperament, would chiefly attribute their eccentric transformed "sensations" to a dis-tempered imagination, or rather to downright maniacal illusions. Both theories suppose the hallucinations to be frequent, and often simultaneous in many different individuals; so that all at the very same time see the same visions, and dream the same dreams, and ever after obstinately take them for sober realities!

It is hardly worth while at this time of day, and after Strauss's demolition of all the idle fancies of the elder naturalism, to ask how the wonderful men, who have left us a religion which M. Renan acknowledges to be "a new religious code for humanity," and consigned it to such documents as have ever since kept the world spell-bound in enchanted error, could be such "moon-calves." I shall

content myself with laying before the reader some of the examples of M. Renan's application of his principles, perfectly convinced that most people—even the majority of sceptics themselves—will say, "In whatever way the original transactions for which it is sought to account took place, sure we are it was not in this way;—it is impossible to believe that a number of persons should go suddenly, simultaneously, harmoniously, and unalterably mad, unless we become as mad as they; and if it were so, it is just as easy to believe a miracle in the ordinary sense." To suppose that such a system can be any defence to the sceptic, is to mistake a sieve for a shield. And, first, let us trace the genesis of the Resurrection, as to which, whether the Apostles "dreamed dreams," or not, Paulus and M. Renan certainly do.

It is, I know, a difficult point to manage. Even Strauss (who acknowledges that the revolution which took place in the character and bearing of the Apostles seems to indicate that something extraordinary had transpired in the interval between the death of Christ and the day of Pentecost) evidently finds it hard to account for the facts on his much-enduring system of myths.<sup>1</sup> Events, in truth, were too quick for their slow growth. No forcing-frames could produce such prodigious mythical mushrooms in so short a time. Even he, therefore, without adopting it, seemingly relents a little towards the "natural system" which he had so often transfixed with his critical arrows. He takes care, it is true, not to commit himself to it, nor attempts to justify it as applied in detail. On the contrary, he is too cautious for that, and admits that if it be resorted to as a general solvent of the facts related in the Gospels, it must break down.<sup>2</sup> Here he shows his judgment. I suspect he will hardly thank M. Renan for attempting to approach the facts too nearly, and pretending to disclose the very psychological springs, wheels, and wires by which the automaton seemed endowed with a preternatural life. M. Renan appears to have a consciousness, after

(1) M. Renan also admits that at the entombment of Christ his disciples were, as they naturally would be, plunged into profound despair of their Master's cause. If it be supposed, as it well may, difficult to conceive how they should so easily be duped by their own morbid illusions, M. Renan meets this antecedent improbability by feigning (what is not very consonant to human experience when once death has set its seal on our hopes) that "Death is a thing so absurd when it strikes down the man of genius or the hero that the common people believe not in the possibility of such an error of nature. Heroes never die." (p. 3.) M. Renan cites, as an instance of a like enthusiasm, a somewhat unlucky example: "At the moment of Mahomet's death Omar rushed out of the tent sabre in hand, and declared that he would strike off the head of whoever should say that the prophet was dead." Nevertheless, neither Omar nor any one else believed otherwise. In striking contrast with our author's rhetorical flourish is the express and reiterated declaration of the Evangelists (of which, however, he takes little notice) as to the persistent incredulity with which the Apostles received the tidings of their master's resurrection; none (if we are to believe them) receiving the fact on any other evidence than his personally appearing to them.

(2) See vol. iii., p. 369, 4 ed., En. Tr. In the recent edition he seems to approach M. Renan's position in the stress he lays on the "illusions" of Mary Magdalene, as the initial step in the development of the Resurrection.

some essays of this kind, that his efforts will not prove perfectly successful, for he concludes his second chapter by saying, "Let us draw the veil over these mysteries. In a religious crisis, everything being considered Divine, the greatest effects may be produced by the most contemptible causes (*des causes les plus mesquines*)." This does not seem very satisfactory; and as M. Renan has *not* "drawn a veil over these mysteries," but given us a conjectural history of them, the reader must be admitted to see a little of the machinery and more remarkable properties of his little theatre. If I mistake not, even those who are inclined to sympathise with M. Renan's conclusions will feel that he is not prudent in attempting to resolve the grand phenomena of Christianity into such *causes mesquines*, and that it is wiser to speak of possible "myths," or possible "blunders" of heated enthusiasts, without special application to details; in short, that prudence should lead the sceptic to throw almost as deep a veil over these mysteries as that with which the veneration of Christians clothes them. But the reader shall judge for himself, by seeing how, in the absence of historical vouchers, M. Renan can give the true *rationale* of the "apparitions" of Christ to Mary Magdalene, to the two disciples going to Emmaus, to the assembled apostles at Jerusalem, to the disciples at the lake of Tiberias, and to the crowd at his Ascension.—In the extracts the italics are our own.

Our author considers the real author of the Resurrection to be Mary of Magdala. He tells us (as usual, varying and supplementing the Gospel narrative with discoveries of his own), that when Mary "found the body gone," the "idea of its *profanation* presented itself to her, and *revolted her*; perhaps a gleam of hope"—M. Renan cautiously prepares his way—"darted across her mind." She hastens (as the Evangelists also say) to tell Peter and John. When they have paid their visit and departed, "Mary remained alone, by the side of the tomb. She wept abundantly. One thought alone pre-occupied her: 'Where have they laid the body?' Her woman's heart went no farther than a longing once more to embrace the well-beloved remains." The exquisite simplicity of the Gospel narrative is not improved by M. Renan's sentimental rhetoric; but we may pardon that. He then proceeds to the decisive moment, in which the dogma of the Resurrection was born. "All at once she hears a slight noise behind her. A man stands there.<sup>1</sup> She thinks at first it is the gardener. 'Ah!' she exclaims, 'if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.' In reply, all she hears is that she is called by her own name. It was the voice" (*i.e.* it was *not* the voice, but Mary's "idealism" *thought* it was the voice) "which had so often made her heart leap. It was the accent of

(1) M. Renan is, of course, obliged to omit as well as to insert. *Other and previous hallucinations* are to be accounted for if the narrative is to be taken at all. Mary had already had the vision of the angels, and had *fancied* that they spoke to her and she to them in a most intelligible way.

Jesus. 'O my master,' she cries. She would fain touch him. A sort of instinctive movement carries her to kiss his feet. The light *vision* recedes, and *says* to her, 'Touch me not.' *Little by little the shade vanishes.* But the miracle of love is accomplished. What Cephas could not do, Mary has done" (pp. 10, 11). . . . "Peter saw only the empty tomb; Mary loved enough to transcend the bounds of nature, and to give life to the phantom of the exquisite Master" (p. 12). "In these sorts of marvellous crises" (M. Renan vaguely says) "it is nothing to see, when *others* have seen. The glory of the Resurrection, then, appertains to Mary Magdalene. *After* Jesus, it is *Mary* who has done most for the foundation of Christianity" (p. 13). Pardon us, M. Renan, she did much *more* than Jesus, if your former statement (p. 10) be correct: that with the conception of the Resurrection, "le dogme générateur du christianisme était déjà fondé." "Queen and Patron of Idealists" (our rhapsodist runs on), "Mary **knew** better than anybody to give reality to her dream, and to impose on every one the holy vision of her passionate soul. Her sublime woman's affirmation (*affirmation de femme*), 'He is risen,' was the basis of the faith of humanity. Avaunt! impotent reason. Dare not to apply a cold analysis to this masterpiece of idealism and love. If Wisdom refuse to console our poor human race, betrayed by fate, let Folly try the adventure. Where is the sage who has given the world as much joy as the possessed Mary of Magdala?" *If* she gave it, no "sage," it must be admitted, has given half as much; but M. Renan is at least a proof that if no "sage" can give the world such joy, it is at least possible to find a "sage" who does his utmost to take exactly as much away!

To make out this story, it is necessary, of course, to re-write the history. But even granting that Mary *might* be a maniac, and be the sport of these maniacal illusions, it might still be difficult to explain how she prevailed upon the world—which is daily favoured with plenty of maniacal revelations, of which it is not very tolerant—to receive her recital as fact.

The answer is, that all the disciples became mad together! And so now for the case of the two disciples going to Emmaus;—which, however, presents greater difficulty. For though poor crazy Mary (who, bedizened with so much rhetorical millinery as M. Renan has loaded her with, looks a good deal like Madge Wildfire in her Sunday finery) may mistake a gardener—or somebody—or anybody, for her "well-beloved" and "exquisite Master," and anybody's accent and voice for his accent and voice, it may be not so easy to get two people, and especially in company, to do the like. Nothing more easy, thinks M. Renan; any of the disciples—singly, by twos, by threes, and altogether—may be thus befooled.

"The two disciples talked together of the late events, and they were full of sadness. On the road a stranger joins them, and asks them the cause of their

sorrow. . . . He was a pious man, versed in the Scriptures, and ready in citing Moses and the prophets. These three good folks got intimate with one another. On the approach to Emmaus, as the stranger was about to continue his route, the two disciples begged him to take his evening meal with them. The day was declining; the remembrances of the two disciples became more poignant; that hour of the evening meal they all recalled '*avec plus de charme et de mélancolie!*' How often had they seen, at that very hour, the well-beloved master forget the cares of the day in the *abandon* of gay conversation, and animated by some drops of generous wine, speak of the wine he would drink new with them in his Father's kingdom. . . . The gesture with which he used to break the bread and offer it to them, after the manner of the master of the house among the Jews, was profoundly engraven on their memory. Full of a sweet sadness, they *forgot* the stranger;" (how he comes to break the bread as master of the house, M. Renan does not explain); "it is *Jesus* they see holding the bread, then breaking and offering it. These *souvenirs* so pre-occupied them that they did not perceive that their companion, pressed to continue his journey, had left them. . . . The conviction of the two disciples was that they had *seen* Jesus. They went back in all haste to Jerusalem" (pp. 20, 21).

Hereupon a similar "hallucination" takes possession of all the assembled disciples. "They were greatly perplexed;" and M. Renan, who is, as usual, on some points better informed, or at least *otherwise* informed, than were the Evangelists, tells us how they were engaged. "Each told his impressions, and the reports he had heard. The general belief,"—contrary to the express declaration of the Gospels,— "already willed that Jesus had risen. . . . The two disciples recounted what had happened to them. . . . The imagination of all was vividly excited. The doors were shut for fear of the Jews. Cities in the East are dumb after sunset. The silence then, within, was very profound; all the little noises produced by chance were interpreted in the sense of the universal expectation. Expectation ordinarily creates its object. In an interval of silence, a light breath passed over the faces of the assembly. In those decisive moments," M. Renan goes on, "a current of air, a creaking window, a chance murmur, fix the belief of a people for ages. At the same time that the breathing was felt, they *thought* they heard sounds. Some said they had distinguished the word *Schalom*, 'Peace.' It was the ordinary salutation of Jesus, and the word by which he signified his presence. It is impossible to doubt any longer; *Jesus is there*;—there, in the midst of them. It is *his* voice; each recognises it" (pp. 21, 22). A pure fancy-piece, of course, and *per se* a tissue of improbabilities. Meantime the Evangelists know nothing of the business, though they say more in half the compass: they know nothing about "little noises," or that the disciples fancied they heard something; but they make clear, positive averment that Jesus appeared in the midst of them and spoke to them. "Some pretended," adds M. Renan, arbitrarily transposing, as is his wont, the incidents of the Evangelists, and shifting the time and circumstances; "some pretended that they had seen the mark of the nails in his feet and hands."

Then come, in another chapter, the scenes by the lake of Tiberias, with more wonders of simultaneous hallucination still. "Once the disciples had fished all night and caught nothing. All at once their nets are filled. It was a miracle. It *seemed* to them that one had said to them from the shore, 'Cast your nets on the right side.' Peter and John looked at one another. 'It is the Lord,' said John. Peter, who was naked, hastily threw his fisher's coat about him, and threw himself into the sea to rejoin the *invisible* adviser" (p. 32). I say nothing of the perfectly arbitrary version here, as everywhere, given of the narrative. Suffice it to say that, apparently, in order to keep the "invisible adviser" invisible still, M. Renan supposes this incident occurring at a quite different time from that which John has immediately connected with it,—*i.e.* the scene by the fire which they find kindled on the shore; for it is our author's prerogative to separate incidents which he finds conjoined, as well as to join incidents which he finds separated. And so M. Renan, with his usual formula (which reminds one irresistibly of the nursery-story style), begins again: "One day, at the close of their fishing, they were surprised to find a fire of coals, fish placed thereon, and bread by the side." As usual, a vivid *souvenir* of the repasts of "auld lang syne" came over their minds, and as usual with these thrice crazy enthusiasts, a "memory" of the past becomes a fact of the present. "Bread and fish always made an essential part of those feasts. Jesus was in the habit of offering them. After the repast, the disciples were persuaded that Jesus was seated at their side, and had presented these viands to them" (p. 33). Here again the narrative of the only document we have is altered to a degree which makes it perfectly ludicrous in anybody to accept the new version as the true history; and if it were otherwise, the psychological miracle is quite as hard to swallow as a physical one.—But it is all in the same style. "One day Peter (perhaps in a dream) *thought* he heard Jesus three times ask him, 'Lovest thou me?' and Peter, all possessed with a sentiment tender and sad, *imagined* himself replying each time, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;' and at each time the apparition said, 'Feed my sheep'" (p. 53). The remaining incident in the chapter, respecting the fate of John, still makes another dream, which the stupid Peter mistook for reality (p. 34).

But the crowning feat of simultaneous hallucination is enacted on the occasion of the Ascension. "One day," says M. Renan, "when, under the guidance of their spiritual chiefs, the faithful Galilæans were standing on one of those mountains to which Jesus had often conducted them, they thought they saw him again. The air upon these heights is full of strange *miroitements*." (A convenient optical property of these mountains, but warranted to produce such effects only on this one occasion.) "The same *illusion* which at a former time<sup>1</sup> had seized even the most intimate of the

(1) Here M. Renan *confirms* his statement by a reference to the Transfiguration.

disciples, was once more produced. The assembled crowd imagined they saw the divine spectre figure itself in the ether; all fell upon their faces and adored" (p. 35). "The sentiment," mysteriously adds M. Renan, "which the clear horizon of these mountains inspires, is the amplitude of the world, with the desire of conquering it." And so the disciples went forth on their presumed commission to "teach all nations." Whether the "mountains," which M. Renan knows so much about, "inspired" him also with any similar desire of "conquering the world," at least all Christendom, it is hard to say; but if so, it was certainly a "miroitement" that deceived him.

By the day of Pentecost, the tendency of the disciples, thus on all occasions simultaneously to transform almost anybody they met with into their lost Master, was considerably abated; but the "hallucinations" merely took a new form, due to their fanatical expectations of "the descent of the divine Spirit." "These feelings and expectations," says M. Renan, with wonderful precision and courage, "are daily reproduced (in part by reading the Acts of the Apostles) in English or American sects of the Quakers, Jumpers, and Irvingians; among the Mormons; in the camp-meetings and revivals of America. We have seen them reappear among ourselves in the sect called 'Spirites'" (pp. 61-2). But he adds, "An immense difference must be made between aberrations without significance and without a future, and the illusions which accompanied the establishment of a new religious code for humanity" (*ibid*). Everybody must grant that; but what people ask is, "How shall we know that 'aberrations' which it seems change the face of the world and establish 'a new religious code for humanity,' are identical with such as have no 'significance and no future;' such as make the subjects of them the laughing-stock or the pity of the world, or get them shut up in Bedlam? And if these illusions of insanity ever did thus succeed—how is it they did so, except on the supposition that the world was as mad as the victims of them? On the other hand, if madness really originated and published "the religious code of humanity," how came it in this one case to do more than all the "sages" did? It is enough to make one wish that all the world were mad too.

However, let us hear the mechanical *rationale* of Pentecostal illusions. "Among all the 'descents of the spirit,'—which appear to have been tolerably frequent,—there was one which left on the infant Church a profound impression" (p. 62). "One day, when the brethren were assembled, a storm broke out." (Nothing, as already said, like a storm for the naturalists). "A violent blast blew open the windows; the heaven was on fire. Storms in these countries are accompanied by a prodigious disengagement of light; the atmosphere is, as it were, furrowed on all sides with sheaves of flame; whether the electric fluid had penetrated into the chamber itself, or whether a dazzling flash had suddenly illuminated the faces of all, they were

onvinced that the Holy Spirit had entered, and that it had rested on the head of each under the form of tongues of fire. . . . That sea gave rise to a series of singular ideas, which held a grand place on the *imaginings* of the time" (pp. 62-3).

I will take another striking example of M. Renan's unlimited licence of substituting his own fancies for the documents he has destroyed, and his fearless adoption of much of the strained naturalism of old Paulus and his *confères*, in the attempt to give plausibility to his theory. That example is the conversion of St. Paul.<sup>1</sup>

The Acts say that Paul was a willing party to Stephen's death, and 'made havoc of the Church, entering into every house, and taking men and women, committed them to prison;' and in so saying, say nothing but what Paul in his Epistles says of himself. Meantime, it is revealed to M. Renan (shocked at the sudden change afterwards produced in this furious homicide) that "often the resignation of his victims astonished him, and he felt, as it were, remorse; he imagined that he heard those pious women who 'waited for the kingdom of God,' and whom he had cast into prison, saying to him during the night, with a sweet voice, 'Wherefore do you persecute us?' The blood of Stephen, which had almost spirted upon him, sometimes presented itself to his troubled eyes. Many of the things he had heard of Jesus *went to his heart*. That superhuman being, who sometimes broke from his ethereal life to reveal himself in brief *apparitions*, *haunted him like a spectre*. But Saul repelled such thoughts with horror" (pp. 148-9). The history tells us nothing of all this: it tells us that "Saul, still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, procured letters, commissioning him" to harry and worry the inoffensive Christians, "even unto strange cities," and amongst others, Damascus. It does not tell us by ~~what~~ route he went; but M. Renan is equal to all emergencies, and says "that *without doubt* he crossed the Jordan *au Pont des filles de Jacob*." But other and far more important *hiatus* are also filled up. The history says nothing of what was passing in St. Paul's mind any more than about the route he took; but M. Renan does. "The exaltation of his brain was at its height. He was at times troubled and confounded. . . . Was he sure, after all, that he was not opposing the work of God? . . . He sank under the *charm* of those he persecuted. The more one knew of them,—those good sectaries,—the more one loved them. Now, *nobody could know them so well as their persecutor*."<sup>2</sup> At times he

(1) If the reader will look into Kuinoel's account of Paul's conversion—*itself a sfacimento* of the comments of several of the naturalistic school—he will see an *anti-ipation* of nearly all M. Renan has said, and sometimes almost in the very words.

(2) This is at least undeniable. No one knows lambs so well as the butcher. M. Renan's *naïveté* reminds us of a story told of a New Zealand savage. Some Englishmen had been talking of a friend they had long missed. "He was a *nice* man," said one of them. "Yes," said the New Zealander, who had been listening, "he *was* a nice man." "How!" said one of the Englishmen, "did you know him?" "Know him!" said the



thought he saw the sweet face of the Master who inspired his disciples with so much patience regarding him with an eye of pity and tender reproach. What they had told of the apparitions of Jesus, as of an aerial being, and sometimes visible, struck him exceedingly" (pp. 175-6). Then comes a brief, and as usual (for here M. Renan is quite at home), a lively description of the scenery. The neighbourhood of Damascus, he says, is a paradisaical contrast to the scenery of Iturea and Gaulonitis. "If Paul met with terrible visions there, it is because he carried them in his own soul." The history indeed is wholly silent as to the apostle's cogitations, and gives only five or six verses to the recital even of the miracle itself. But M. Renan is far more communicative. His historic muse is an effective prompter: like Flibbertigibbet behind the dull giant at the gate of Kenilworth, she sticks a pin into him, and he starts up, and, with like volubility, pours forth a flood of rhetorical declamation. "Each step that the apostle took towards Damascus awakened in him urgent perplexities. The odious part of a butcher, which he was about to play, became insupportable to him. The houses he begins to catch sight of are, perhaps, those of some of his victims. That *thought besieges* him; he slackens his pace; he would fain not go on. He imagines that he is *resisting a goad which pricks him*" (p. 179). Here M. Renan refers us for confirmation to Acts xxvi. 8, where, however, Paul says that Christ said to him, "It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." Other information M. Renan has to give respecting Paul's body as well as his mind: "The fatigue of the journey, joined to this pre-occupation of mind, upsets him. He, from what appears" (for confirmation M. Renan in his foot-note refers to Acts xx. 8), "was suffering from inflamed eyes, perhaps the commencement of ophthalmia. In these prolonged journeys the last hours are the most dangerous. All the debilitating tendencies of the past days accumulate; the nervous forces relax; a reaction takes place perhaps also the sudden passage from the plain, scorched by the sun to the fresh shade of the garden suburbs, brought on a fit in the sickly organisation, greatly shaken, of the fanatic traveller" (p. 179). Poor Paul! light or shade, or the passage from the one to the other, are equally fatal to him! "Pernicious fevers, accompanied by delirium, are, *dans ces parages*, altogether sudden. In a few minutes one is, as it were, blasted. When the fit has passed, the patient retains the sensation of profound night, traversed by lightnings, in which he sees images depicted (*se dessiner*) upon a black ground" (pp. 179-80).

M. Renan thinks that, from the recitals we possess, it is impossible to say whether any "external event led on to the crisis which gained for Christianity its most zealous apostle:" that is, as usual, he contra-

savage; "I eat him." It was the same sort of intimate knowlege, if we may trust the Acts, or if we may trust St. Paul himself, that the future Apostle had of these "good soctaries."

dicts the most express statement of his ruined document, and re-writes the history.—But this, he says, is of little consequence. He thinks the remorse, of which the history says not a syllable, was the true cause of Paul's conversion, not to mention the other natural causes he has suggested—inflamed eyes, incipient ophthalmia, brain fever and delirium, the heat of the sun, the coolness of the shade, and the passage from the one to the other. But M. Renan's revelation, though not distinct as to whether there was any external concurrent or not, does not leave us wholly in the dark. That same thunderstorm which has so often befriended the naturalistic interpreters, which did M. Renan such service on the Day of Pentecost, and which old Paulus particularly invoked on this trying occasion of Paul's conversion, M. Renan thinks may have occurred, and had some share in the effect. "It is not improbable that a thunderstorm may have occurred all of a sudden" (and here he refers with admirable precision in his footnote to Acts ix. 3, 7). "The flanks of Hermon are the point of formation of thunderstorms which nothing can equal in violence. The coolest courage cannot traverse these frightful torrents of fire without emotion. It is necessary to bear in mind that, in the estimate of antiquity, accidents of this kind were Divine revelations; that, with the ideas they then had of Providence, nothing was fortuitous; each man had the habit of referring to himself the natural phenomena which passed around him" (p. 181.) But M. Renan will not be quite sure of anything except the "*remorse*." Whether the delirium of a fever or ophthalmia had upset Paul, whether a *coup de soleil* had given him the *coup de grâce*, whether lightning had smitten him with blindness, or whether a thunder-storm had toppled him over and produced a cerebral concussion which obliterated for a time his sense of sight and his common sense too, he leaves uncertain. But one thing is certain: "the *souvenirs* of the Apostle in this matter appear to have been sufficiently confused." Here, again, it is true, the unfortunate document expressly asserts the contrary; for St. Paul declares that he spoke "the words of truth and soberness" when he gave an account of his conversion to Agrippa.

But though not quite clear about the thunderstorm, M. Renan soon resumes the wonted precision of his revelation. "What did the Apostle see? He saw the figure which had *pursued him some days past*; he saw the *phantom* which had been the subject of so many popular rumours" (p. 182). "The intensity of his blindness and delirium did not diminish during three days; a prey to fever, Paul neither eat nor drank. What passed during that crisis in his burning brain, doting under strong commotion, may be easily *divined*" (p. 184). And M. Renan begins to divine it indeed, in a style which shows once more how he can not only write history without documents, but in the very teeth of them. "They spoke to Paul of the Christians of Damascus, and *in particular* of a certain Ananias, who

seemed to be the chief of the community. Paul had *often heard* their miraculous powers of healing boasted of; the *idea* that the imposition of their hands might rescue him from the state in which he was, seized him. His eyes were still very much inflamed. Amongst the illusions which chased one another through his brain, he *fancied* he saw Ananias enter and make the gesture of salutation common with the Christians. From that moment he was persuaded that his cure must come from Ananias. Ananias was duly advertised of this; he came, spake *doucement* to the patient, called him 'brother,' laid his hands on him," and the thing of course is done. Paul "*thought* himself cured, and the malady being specially a nervous one, he was so" (p. 185).

It were a sufficient reason for rejecting M. Renan's account of Paul's conversion, that—as we have so often insisted—it is pure fancy, written in simple defiance, or rather, after utter demolition, of the only ancient documents that tell us anything about the matter, and substituting his own mere conjectures for the facts which he has discarded.

But few will hesitate to say that the theory itself is—not only beset with enormous improbabilities—but full of "psychological miracles;" at utter variance with all the traits of Paul's character, as read by his undoubted achievements, his still extant writings, and the veneration of the world.

Lord Lyttelton, one of the most diffuse and also one of the most concise of English writers (for it took him six volumes octavo to write the history of Henry II., and about one hundred pages to demonstrate the truth of Christianity from the life of the Apostle Paul), long ago showed the gross inconsistency of supposing Paul to be either impostor or fanatic, and that nothing but the truth of the history would account for the absolute and sudden revolution of his whole nature, and his thirty years' career of immeasurable labours, toils, and sufferings, in behalf of the "faith which he had once destroyed." On this narrow field alone, and putting out of sight all the great masses of argument in behalf of the truth of Christianity derived from other sources,—moving within this little cycle of events, and on this contracted line of proof,—this author undertook to show that the truth of Christianity was impregnable. And if he has not demonstrated it, at all events the book, as Dr. Johnson said in his time, and as we may say in ours, has never been refuted; like Butler's "Analogy" and Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ," it still awaits the confutation of some adventurous sceptic.

One half of his argument, namely, that in which he proves that Paul could not be an impostor, would now probably be conceded by all Christendom, and would certainly be affirmed by M. Renan himself. Probably no one would dare to speak of the Apostle in terms in which the coarse Deism of the last century often spoke of him.

It is a proof that controversy is not altogether in vain ; and that though progress is slow, yet there is progress. Nor is there ground for despair that, after the sifting investigations of these days, men will feel as little disposition to consider the Apostle a fool or fanatic, as they now feel to brand him as impostor or knave. But it were almost as easy to regard him as a knave, as to take the view which M. Renan does of him. It is impossible to recognise in the weak, lolling dreamer depicted by our author, the masculine lineaments of the Apostle, whether viewed before or after his conversion ; nor is any reason given for the stupendous revolution which *did* take place in him. In whatever point of view we look at him, he becomes on this theory a monster of incongruities, and his whole subsequent character, achievements, and influence in the world, incomprehensible.

1. As to the purely fanciful spontaneous remorse ascribed to him, we have not only his positive declaration that he felt none up to the moment of his conversion, but that he heartily approved of what he had done and was *then* doing, and thought that he was doing "God service" in it. And as he says this, so what he says is profoundly true to the philosophy of human nature. He was a fiery zealot for the Law, and impatient to sweep from the earth, by a sharp and consuming persecution, those whom he regarded as its impious enemies. Such characters, once familiar with persecution (and Paul, as he himself tells us, was deep in blood,) <sup>1</sup> do not suddenly change their iron purpose, nor listen to the faint whispers of remorseful compassion. Like Lord Strafford, they are "thorough ;" and it would be as reasonable to suppose a De Montfort, or a Spanish Inquisitor, or a Bonner, suddenly arrested by spontaneous remorse, as to imagine St. Paul being so.

2. His whole previous religious character is at war with such a revolution. He was self-righteous in grain : to exhibit the perfect ideal of the then Jewish sanctity—to be the pink of Pharisaism—was, he tells us, the ambition of his life ; he was not only "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," as he himself says, but a "Pharisee of the Pharisees ;" and of these characters Christ himself had foretold, what was true to human nature in that day, and will be so through all time, that the openly vicious and profane might be sooner touched by the spirit of Christianity than they : "The publicans and the harlots enter the kingdom of heaven before *you*."

3. It is impossible to account by any such theory for that instant and complete extinction of the pride of soul, the imperious will, the fiery ambition, which, by St. Paul's own portraiture of himself, distinguished him when a persecutor ; and the display, throughout his whole after-life, of a more absolute prostration of soul before another, and a more complete absorption in the being of another (and that other but the moment before regarded as a justly crucified malefactor),

(1) "I persecuted this way unto the death."

than the world has ever witnessed. M. Renan may perhaps say that Paul still had a strong will, still had fiery ambition; and in one sense he had: but it was the ambition of being nothing, that Christ might be all; it was the will to be lost, forgotten, in the glory of his Master. Such was his unconquerable devotedness, from the very moment of his conversion, to the Master whose cause he had so bitterly opposed, that for Him he was willing "to endure the loss of all things;" in his estimate "all things were dross, that he might win Christ." The allegiance of soul, the surrender of his whole nature to the abhorred malefactor he had the instant before deemed Christ to be, was absolute and for ever.

Now the intensity of that love with which the Jewish zealot glowed towards his Master, is not only (as it ought to be) plenary proof of the earnestness and honesty of his convictions, but that those convictions in such a character as his could be produced only by the most overmastering evidence. There is something unspeakably sublime and affecting in the self-oblivion of the Apostle. Not only can none accuse him of any oblique ends or sordid designs, but he is so anxious to exhibit his Master to men's admiration, that himself, his interests, his prejudices, nay, his estimation in the very churches he planted after his conversion,—everything gave way—to this one feeling. All went without a sigh or a murmur in the gratification of this intense passion. No extremity of toil or suffering intimidated him; he is ready to submit to any ignominy rather than that one loved Name should be evil spoken of, or offence given to the meanest subject of his Master's kingdom. He is willing not only to be defrauded of the honour of his labours, and superseded in the affections of his converts, but to be absolutely nothing, provided he can get men to make neither him nor others the rivals of his Master; willing to lose alike himself and all, in single-minded admiration of the only Excellence: he wishes them to think "Paul nothing, and Apollos and Cephas nothing, but ministers by whom they believed." In a word, this single feeling was the pulse of his whole life; as no other man ever did, he lived in self-oblivion, and might say with truth, "To me, to live is Christ." No matter what his theme, he is sure to come back to Him as the centre of every thought and affection. Like the star which "opens the day," and "shuts in the night," he is never seen more than a few degrees from the luminary about which he revolves, and, as that usually is, is absolutely lost in his beams.

4. If it be said that St. Paul exhibits in many respects the same basis of character after his conversion as before it, the same impetuosity and energy, this, no doubt, is in part true. But it is not the whole truth, nor the half of it. We have not, as M. Renan seems to suppose, a change of *object* merely. Paul became in many respects the antipodes of himself; his narrow bigotry was exchanged for that all-embracing charity which he has so wonderfully described,

and alone, perhaps, fully practised; "which hopeth all things, believeth all things, beareth all things, endureth all things." His native pride, again, was exchanged for the most perfect humility; and his fiery impatience of opposition (which, as Lord Lyttelton and Graves have truly remarked, is an all but inseparable concomitant of fanaticism, and which flamed out every moment when Paul was a fanatic indeed) was exchanged for the most wonderful meekness and gentleness, and willingness "to be all things to all men."

Such a thorough and sudden revolution of character is hard to be accounted for by a pang of remorse, even if we had any proof that it was felt, and even though we add a *coup de soleil* and a thunder-storm into the bargain.

5. Is it possible for a moment to imagine the doting and dreaming victim of hallucinations (which M. Renan's theory represents Paul) to be the man whose masculine sense, strong logic, practical prudence, and high administrative talent, appear in the achievements of his life, and in the epistles he has left behind him? Is it such a man, as M. Renan's account of his conversion makes him, who has received so immense a homage from the world?

6. If, as Lord Lyttelton observes, St. Paul had had any "visions," or had interpreted any external incidents, in the sense of divine approbation of his Jewish zealotry and his resolute mood of persecution, it would be all in harmony with the ordinary laws of fanaticism; but that his nature should, in the very act of pursuing with fire and faggot the enemies, as he deems them, of God and man, spontaneously generate visions which turned him into a flaming zealot of the ignominious cause he had oppressed, is a paradox in human nature; it is as though a river, rushing with fury through a rocky gorge, was all at once magically arrested, and began to flow backwards. "Here," says the ordinary Christian, "if you will not allow miracles in the world of matter, you compel us to admit them in the world of mind."

If it be said that maniacal illusions will account for anything—I answer, Certainly, for anything except good sense, tact, and prudence (of which Paul's history and writings show he had plenty), and success in persuading the world to listen to them—a success which Paul also had in enormous measure. Unless there had been something more than his assertions to back his visions, he would have been as little believed or attended to as other madmen. If it be said that doubtless he did not remain mad, but soon recovered his reason, though the hallucination of his mad hour appeared to him a reality for life:—I answer, in the first place, this was not akin to ordinary madness, or rather it was permanent madness *quoad hoc*. Secondly, it would not account any the more for people's believing him if he had nothing else to show; they would, as in other like cases, have touched their heads significantly and talked of the "bee in the bonnet." Nor is Paul, as a recent author has well said, "willing to accept a compliment to his

integrity at the expense of his understanding ; he will not have it said that he is very sincere but very mistaken. He says, ' I testify to a fact ; I talk not of opinions. I am not mad ; I speak the words of truth and soberness.' ”

There is indeed a key which at once and naturally solves all these perplexities and contradictions, a thread which leads us securely through all this labyrinth ; and that is the truth of the facts as recorded in the only history we have of them.

If M. Renan sincerely believes that he has accounted for the belief in the Resurrection, the phenomena of the Pentecost, the conversion of Paul, by maniacal illusion, helped by a thunderstorm or two, he must not be surprised if the world should suppose *him* the subject of "hallucinations" which, though of different kind, are quite as wonderful. They will say, "The apostles wrote what they thought history out of phenomena which they thought they had really witnessed: this good man writes a history of the same transactions with no materials at all. They, at least, assigned causes, which, if real, sufficiently account for all the phenomena. M. Renan assigns causes which account for nothing, except the ridicule they will undoubtedly excite." Any one knowing what the temptations to scepticism are, will comprehend the disdain with which many a sceptic, really anxious to have his doubts solved one way or other, will read M. Renan's strange "hallucinations" of historical second-sight. They will say, "We do not believe the Evangelists because they relate physical miracles ; we do not believe M. Renan because he gives us no end of psychological miracles."

The great bulk of readers will prefer believing the first, until the modern dogma of the impossibility of "miracles" is demonstrated, and not assumed. On this dogma—the "question of questions" in this controversy—that which makes M. Renan and so many others construct such strange hypotheses as to the origin of Christianity, our author said little in his former volume ; he quietly assumed it. In the present volume he has in like manner abstained from any general discussion of the subject. He has, however, so far entered into it as to offer a reply to one of the objections brought against his dogma, as an unlimited conclusion from what must be a limited and partial experience.<sup>3</sup> Now in doing so he shows (as it seems to us) how difficult it is for M. Renan and his adversaries to discuss this point at all ; for he either does not see, or ignores, the very object for which the argument he endeavours to rebut is adduced.

The case stands simply thus. Those who hold M. Renan's scientific dogma as to the incredibility of miracles, appeal to the uniformity of all their experience, and the experience of all whose experience they can put to the test, in proof of it. "Very well," an opponent replies,

(1) Binney's Lectures on St. Paul. (2) Introd. pp. 45—50.

“if the inference is to be extended without limit, it will do for last year, for last century, or the last thousand centuries, or for any multiple of them. If not, your argument breaks down. If it is without limit in its application, then there never have been events in the universe transcendental to all present experience; nothing like absolute creation or origination of anything, or transmutation of species, or a gradual development of the world out of altogether different previous states. In consistency, you must be an Atheist of the old stamp; believe that the world has been eternally as it is, with the same succession of antecedents and consequents, never transcending the *present* limits of our experience.” “No,” says the other, “I cannot deny there have been such events, but these are not *miracles*.” “Very well,” says his opponent; “call them miracles or not, as you please; we won’t quarrel about a name; they resemble miracles in this one point (which is all I adduce them for): they show that your retrospective application of your inference from a given very transient experience has a limit; they point to a period when all things, and among others your experience itself, began to be; for you admit that there have been manifold phenomena to which that experience, which you make the criterion of the possible in the past, cannot apply. Now show us how you reconcile your unlimited inference from your experience with your admission of such facts. For if such events have occurred, all present experience notwithstanding, the events (not more transcendental) called miracles may have occurred, for anything your principle of experience can assure us; for it seems that there was certainly a period when it altogether breaks down with us.” But here comes in the most singular *tour de force* of M. Renan’s logic: “To seek the supernatural before the creation of man, in order to dispense with establishing historic miracles,—to fly beyond history,—is impossible; it is to take refuge behind a cloud, to prove what is obscure by what is more obscure. . . . We ask for the proof of an historic miracle, and they reply there must have been such things before history.” Pardon us, M. Renan, you utterly mistake the whole purport of the objection. Its object is, not to establish miracles, but to effect a *reductio ad absurdum* of your assumption that they cannot be; to give a proof of the lame and halting character of your principle, which you apply without limit, and yet will *not* apply without limit. Miracles must, of course, be proved (if proved at all) by the appropriate evidence of any other remote fact,—as by adequate testimony; evidence such in amount as shall overbalance the admitted *a priori* improbability of these occurrences; which last again will be diminished in proportion as it can be shown that sufficient reasons,—a *nodus vindicæ dignus*,—can be assigned for their performance. The sole object of the argument which M. Renan has so strangely misconceived is to show that the argument from uniform experience, applied to the past without limit, “breaks down.”



It may, perhaps, be asked how it is that M. Renan, even with the license of conjecture in which he has indulged himself, has managed to spin out the meagre fragments of the original documents, which his principles of criticism allow him to retain, into so large a volume? Partly, no doubt, because it requires much more space to invent a history than to transcribe it; but partly, and principally, because a large portion of the volume (and by far the most interesting part of it) really has no special bearing on the subject at all, and might as well have been introduced in a history of the Caliphs as of the Apostles. Such are the digressions on the early sects; such, again, the graphic descriptions of oriental scenery. In the former class of subjects, M. Renan's undoubted Jewish learning is often seen to advantage; in the latter, his graceful imagination, and susceptibility to what is beautiful in nature and art. Thus, the chapter on the founding of the Church of Antioch has hardly a sentence bearing on M. Renan's professed subject. But it is a very picturesque and interesting piece of antiquarian and topographical description. In truth, M. Renan's talents in this direction are so very striking, that I, for one, heartily wish, both for the sake of literature and his own fame, that he had given us books of eastern travel, and left the "originés du Christianisme" alone.

If I have not had space to do justice to these merits, and others of a literary kind, it is not because I am insensible to them, or grudge to admit them. None can read M. Renan, when he gets on such neutral topics, without vivid pleasure. But to take up much of the little space allotted to me in descanting on these points, while dealing with a book on which such issues are at stake, would be to imitate Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning.

There is another point in which M. Renan's book gives unfeigned satisfaction. It is evident that, however he may consider science and theology as at present incompatible, and however dire the sacrifices which he erroneously thinks the former may exact of the latter, he does not sympathise with those who think that the progress of science must be the destruction of religion; he holds, on the contrary, that not only is the religious instinct of humanity indestructible, but that the higher the intellectual and moral nature of any beings, the higher will be their religious development.

"Rien n'est plus faux que le rêve de certaines personnes qui, cherchant à concevoir l'humanité parfaite, la conçoivent sans religion. C'est l'inverse qu'il faut dire. La Chine, qui est une humanité inférieure, n'a presque pas de religion. Au contraire, supposons une planète habitée par une humanité dont la puissance intellectuelle, morale, physique, soit double de celle de l'humanité terrestre, cette humanité-là, serait au moins deux fois plus religieuse que la nôtre. Je dis "au moins;" car il est probable que l'augmentation des facultés religieuses aurait lieu dans une progression plus rapide que l'augmentation de la capacité intellectuelle, et ne se ferait pas selon la simple proportion directe" (pp. 384, 5).

HENRY ROGERS.

## THE OXFORD REFORMERS OF 1498.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### 1. ERASMUS VISITS ITALY AND RETURNS TO ENGLAND (1507—1509).

AT length Erasmus really was on his way to Italy, trudging along on horseback, day after day, through the dirt of continental roads, accompanied by the two sons of Dr. Baptista, their tutor, and a Royal courier, commissioned to escort them as far as Bologna.

It is not easy to realise the toil of such a journey to a jaded delicate scholar, already complaining of the infirmities of age, though as yet not forty. Strange places, too, for a fastidious student were the roadside inns of Germany, of which Erasmus has left so vivid a picture, and into which he turned his weary head each successive night, after grooming his own horse in the stable. One room serves for all comers, and in this one room, heated like a stove, some eighty or ninety guests have already stowed themselves—boots, baggage, dirt and all. Their wet clothes hang on the stove iron to dry, while they wait for their supper. There are footmen and horsemen, merchants, sailors, waggoners, husbandmen, children, and women—sound and sick—combing their heads, wiping their brows, cleaning their boots, stinking of garlic, and making as great a confusion of tongues as there was at the building of Babel! At length, in the midst of the din and stifling closeness of this heated room, supper is spread—a coarse and ill-cooked meal—which our scholar scarcely dares to touch, and yet is obliged to sit out to the end for courtesy's sake. And when past midnight Erasmus is shown to his bedchamber, he finds it to be rightly named—there is nothing in it but a *bed*; and the last and hardest task of the day is now to find between its rough unwashed sheets some chance hours of repose.

So, almost in his own words,<sup>1</sup> did Erasmus fare on his way to Italy. Nor did comforts increase as Germany was left behind. For as the party crossed the Alps, the courier quarrelled with the tutor, and they even came to blows. After this, Erasmus was too angry with both to enjoy the company of either, and so rode apart, composing verses on those infirmities of age which he felt so rapidly encroaching upon his own frail constitution.<sup>2</sup> At length the Italian frontier was reached, and Erasmus, as Luther did three or four years after,<sup>3</sup> began the painful task of realising what that Italy was, about which he had so long and so ardently dreamed.

(1) See his Colloquy "Diversoria."

(2) Jortin., App. 417. Eras. op. iv. 755.

(3) Luther visited Rome in 1510, or a year or two later. Luther's Briefe. De Wette, 1, xxi.

It is not needful here to trace Erasmus through all his Italian experience. It presents a catalogue of disappointments and discomforts upon which we need not dwell. How his arrangement with the sons of Baptista, having lasted a year, came to an end, and with it the most unpleasant year of his life;<sup>1</sup> how he took his doctor's degree at Turin; how he removed to Bologna, to find the city besieged by Roman armies, headed by Pope Julius himself; how he visited Florence and Rome; how he went to Venice to superintend a new edition of the "Adages;" how he was flattered, and how many honours he was promised, and how many of these promises he found to be, as injuries ought to be, written on sand;—these and other particulars of his Italian experience may be left to the biographer of Erasmus. For our present purpose it were better to see him safely on his horse again, toiling back on the same pack-horse roads, lodging at the same roadside inns, and meeting the same kind of people as before, but his face now, after four or five years' absence, set towards England, where there are hearts he can trust, whether he can or cannot those in Rome, and where once again, safely housed with More, he can write and talk to Colet as he pleases, and forget in the pleasures of the present the toils and disappointments of the past.

For what most concerns the history of the Oxford Reformers is this—that it was to beguile these journeys that Erasmus conceived the idea of his "Praise of Folly," a satire upon the follies of the times, which had grown up within him at these roadside inns, as he met in them men of all classes and modes of life, and the keen edge of which was whetted by his recent visit to Italy and Rome. What most concerns the subject of these papers is the mental result of the Italian journey, and it was not long before it was known in almost every roadside inn in Europe.

## 2. MORE MARRIES AND RETURNS TO PUBLIC LIFE (1507—1510).

When Erasmus, after four or five years' absence, again arrived in England, he took up his abode, it would seem, with More, until his future plans were matured.

More's circumstances now, in 1510, contrasted very widely with those in which Erasmus had left him in 1506. No longer in secluded chambers, half dreaming of some wild plunge into Carthusian vows, he was now a busy public man, boldly taking his share of the world's cares and burdens, rising steadily in practice at the bar, the husband of a young wife, and father of three little daughters withal, able to offer to Erasmus the hospitable shelter of a hearth and home in Bucklersbury.

(1) "Nullum enim annum vixi insuavius!" (*Erasmus Botzeno*, Jortin, App. 417.)

As hinted even before the departure of Erasmus for Italy, More had seen enough of the evil side of the "religious life" to know that in reality it did not offer that calm retreat from the world which in theory it ought to have done. He had cautiously abstained from rushing into vows before he had learned well what they meant; and his three or four years' experience of ascetic practices had far too ruthlessly destroyed any pleasant pictures of monastic life in which he may have indulged at first, to admit of his ever becoming a Carthusian monk.

Still we may not doubt that in truth he had a real and natural yearning for the pure ideal of cloister holiness. Early disappointed love possibly,<sup>1</sup> added to the rude shipwreck made of his worldly fortunes on the rock of royal displeasure, had we may well believe effectually taught to him the lesson not to trust in those "gay golden dreams" of worldly greatness, from which, he was often wont to say, "we cannot help awaking when we die;" and even the penances and scourgings inflicted by way of preparatory discipline upon his "wanton flesh," though soon proved to be of no great efficacy, were not the less without some deep root in his nature; else why should he wear secretly his whole life long the "*sharp shirt of hair*" which we hear about at last?

So much as this must be conceded to More's Catholic biographers, who naturally incline to make the most of this ascetic phase of his life.

But that, on the other hand, he did turn, in disgust from the impurity of the cloister, to the better chances which, he thought, the world offered of living a chaste and useful life, we know from Erasmus; and this his Catholic biographers have, in their turn, acknowledged.<sup>2</sup> More appears to have been influenced in this direction mainly by two things:—first, a sort of hero-worship for the great Italian, Pico de la Mirandula; and secondly, his continued reverence for Colet.

The "Life of Pico, with divers epistles and other works" of his, had come into More's hands, and he had taken the pains to translate them into English. He had doubtless heard all about Pico's outward life from those of his friends who had known Pico personally when in Italy. But here was the record of Pico's inner history, for the most part in his own words; and reading this in More's translation, it is not hard to see how strong an influence it may have exercised upon him. It told how, suddenly checked, as More himself had been,

(1) See Epigram entitled "*Gratulatur quod eam Repererit. Incolumen quam olim ferne puer amaverat.*" Epigrammata (Basle 1520), p. 108; and *Philomorus*, p. 37-39.

(2) "*Maluit igitur maritus esse castus quam sacerdos impurus.*"—*Erasmus to Hutton*, *Eras.* op. iii. 475, c. Stapleton's *Tres Thomæ*, pp. 161-2.—*Cresacre More's Life of More*, pp. 25-6.

in a career of worldly honour and ambition, the proud vaunter of universal knowledge had been transformed into the humble student of the Bible; how he had learned to abhor scholastic disputations, of which he had been so great a master, and to search for truth instead of fame. It told how, "giving no great force to outward observances," "he cleaved to God in very fervent love," so that, "on a time as he walked with his nephew in an orchard at Ferrara, in talking of the love of Christ, he told him of his secret purpose to give away his goods to the poor, and fencing himself with the crucifix, barefoot, walking about the world, in every town and castle to preach of Christ." It told how he, too, "scourged his own flesh in remembrance of the passion and death that Christ suffered for our sake;" and urged others also ever to bear in mind two things, "that the Son of God died for thee, and that thou thyself shalt die shortly;" and how, finally, in spite of the urgent warnings of the great Savonarola, he remained a layman to the end, and in the midst of indefatigable study of the oriental languages, and, above all, the Scriptures, through their means, he died at length at the early age of twenty-five, leaving the world to wonder at his genius, and Savonarola to preach his funeral oration.<sup>1</sup>

That the life and writings of such a man should have awakened in More something of hero-worship<sup>2</sup> is not surprising. That More should have published his translation of them just before the return of Erasmus to England is significant proof how fully he had caught from Colet that spirit which Colet himself had caught in Italy ten years before; for here was a book issued in England in More's name, not only in its drift and spirit boldly taking Colet's side against the Schoolmen, and in favour of the study of Scripture and the oriental languages, but as boldly holding up Savonarola as "a preacher, as well in cunning as in holiness of living, most famous"—"a holy man"—"a man of God"<sup>3</sup>—in the teeth of the fact that he had been denounced by the Pope as a "son of blasphemy and perdition," excommunicated, tortured, and, refusing to abjure, hung and burned as a heretic!

And if the fire of hero-worship for Pico had lit up something of heroism in More's heart, so the living example of Colet had fed the flame into strength and steadiness. More was a diligent attender of Colet's sermons, and Stapleton has preserved a letter<sup>4</sup> from him to Colet, which describes the relation between them too clearly to pass without mention here.

Colet had been for some time absent from his pulpit at St. Paul's.

(1) Sir Thomas More's Works, pp. 1—34.

(2) Stapleton's Tres Thomæ, 162. Cresacre More's Life of Sir T. More, p. 27.

(3) Sir Thos. More's Works, p. 9.

(4) Tres Thomæ, p. 163.

As More was one day walking up and down Westminster Hall, waiting while other people's suits were being tried, he chanced to meet Colet's servant. Learning from him that his master had not yet returned to town, More wrote to Colet this letter, to tell him how much he missed his wonted delightful intercourse with him. He told him how he had ever prized his wise counsel; how by his sweetest fellowship he had often been refreshed; how by his weighty sermons he had been roused, and by his example helped on his way. He reminded him how fully he relied upon his guidance—how he had been wont to hang upon his very beck and nod. He told him further, that, amid all the temptations of city life and the noisy wrangling of the law courts, he felt himself losing ground without his help. No doubt the country might be much more pleasant to Colet than the city, but the city, with all its vice, and follies, and temptations, had far more need of his skill than simple country folk! "There sometimes come," he added, "into your pulpit at St. Paul's, men who promise well to heal the diseases of the people. But, though they preach plausibly enough, their lives so jar with their words that they stir up men's wounds, rather than heal them." But, he said, his fellow-citizens had confidence in Colet, and all longed for his return. He urged him, therefore, to return speedily, for their sake and for his, reminding Colet again that he had submitted himself in all things to his guidance. "Meanwhile," he concluded, "I spend my time with Grocine, Linacre, and Lilly,—the first, as you know, is the director of my life in your absence; the second, the master of my studies; the third, my most dear companion. Farewell, and, as you do, ever love me."

Here, then, was More in close companionship with the very men who had themselves known Pico and Savonarola in Italy, translating Pico's life and writings into English, and, while holding Pico up as a kind of pattern hero for himself to strive to follow, declaring himself the disciple and follower of Colet, upon whom it may be said emphatically that the mantle of Pico and Savonarola had fallen.

It would seem from this letter that More was already warily returning to his practice at the Bar, time having probably somewhat softened the king's displeasure.

In 1507, in spite of early disappointments, and, it is said, under Colet's "advice and direction,"<sup>1</sup> More married Jane Colt, of New Hall, in Essex; and as each year as it passed brought a little daughter with it, close application to his profession became needful to supply the increasing expenses of his household.

At length, with the death of Henry VII., the last fears of royal resentment were removed, and young More once again found himself on the high road to success and honour.

(1) Cresacre More's Life of Sir T. More, p. 39.]

He was personally known to the new king, and presented to him on his accession a richly illuminated vellum book, containing verses of congratulation.<sup>1</sup> These verses have been disparaged as too adulatory in their tone. And no doubt they were so; but More has written them evidently with far more honest and enthusiastic loyalty than Erasmus was able to command when he wrote a welcome to Philip of Spain on his return to the Netherlands. More honestly did rejoice, and with good reason, on the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne. It not only assured him of his own personal safety; it was in measure like the rise of his own little party into power. For Prince Henry had been himself educated to some extent in the new learning, and would at least keep its enemies in check and give it fair play. He and his friends had never concealed from the young Prince their love of freedom and hatred of his father's tyranny. Even these congratulatory verses, however flattering in their tone, were plain and outspoken upon this point as words well could be. With the *suaviter in modo* was united, in no small proportion, the *fortiter in re*. And it would be the king's own fault if, knowing, as he must have done, More's recent history, he should fancy that these words were idle words, or that he could make the man whose first public act was resistance to the unjust exactions of his father into a pliant tool of his own! If he should ever try to make More into a courtier, he would do so at least with his royal eyes open.

So when Erasmus, called back to England to share the sunshine of the good times in prospect for literature and the new learning, weary with travel and knocked up, as usual, with his voyage, turned in upon his young friend and the wife of his youth, and became their guest in their home in Bucklersbury, he found More's wonted joyousness restored, and everything sunny and buoyant with him as in olden times.

### 3. ERASMUS WRITES THE "PRAISE OF FOLLY" WHILE RESTING AT MORE'S HOUSE (1509).

For some days Erasmus was chained indoors by an attack of a painful disease to which he had for long been subject. His books had not yet arrived, and he was too ill to admit of close application of any kind.

To beguile his time he took pen and paper and began to write down at his leisure satirical reflections on men and things, as he had seen them in his recent travels. It was not done with any grave design, or any view of publication, but he knew his friend More was fond of a joke, and he wanted something to do to take his attention from the weariness of the pain which he was suffering.

(1) *Epigrammata Mori*. Basil, 1520, p. 17.

So he worked away at his manuscript. One day when More came home from business, bringing a friend or two with him, Erasmus brought it out for their amusement. The fun would be so much the greater, he thought, when shared by several together. He had fancied Folly putting on her cap and bells, mounting her rostrum, and delivering an address to her votaries on the affairs of mankind. Having one day read to a few select friends what he had already written, they were so delighted with it that they insisted on its being completed. In about a week the whole was finished, and afforded a fund of amusement to More and his friends.<sup>1</sup>

It was a satire upon follies of all kinds. The bookworm was smiled at for his lantern-jaws and sickly look; the sportsman for his love of butchery; the superstitious were sneered at for attributing strange virtues to images and shrines, for worshipping another Hercules under the name of St. George, for going on pilgrimage when their proper duty was at home. The wickedness of fictitious pardons and the sale of indulgencies, the folly of prayers to the Virgin in shipwreck or distress, received each a passing censure.

Grammarians were singled out of the regiment of fools as the most servile votaries of folly. They were described as—

“A race of men the most miserable, who grow old in penury and filth in their schools—*schools*, did I say! *prisons!*—*dungeons!* I should have said—among their boys, deafened with din, poisoned by a fœtid atmosphere, but, thanks to their folly, perfectly self-satisfied, so long as they can bawl and shout to their terrified boys, and box, and beat, and flog them, and so indulge in all kinds of ways their cruel disposition.”

After criticising with less severity poets and authors, rhetoricians and lawyers, logicians, philosophers, and astrologers, Folly proceeded to comment in her severest fashion on a class whom she observes it might have been safest to pass over in silence—divines. “Their pride and irritability are such (she said) that unless I could swallow all their six hundred conclusions, they would compel me to recant; and if I were to refuse, declare me a heretic forthwith.” She pictures them looking down in contempt from the third heaven upon the rest of mankind, and after bringing forward a number of examples of their subtle distinctions and absurd definitions, declares that St. Paul himself would be unable without the aid of quite another spirit to cope with these new divines. They were censured for just those faults to which the eyes of Erasmus had been opened by his intercourse with Colet at Oxford, and words of more bitter satire could hardly have been used than those now chosen.

Monks came in for at least as rough a handling. There is, perhaps, no more severe and powerful passage anywhere in the whole book

(1) Eras. Epistle to Dorpius from Antwerp in 1515, and also Eras. to Botzheim, Jortin, App. 428.



than that in which Folly is made to draw a picture of their appearance on the Judgment Day, finding themselves with the goats on the left hand of the Judge, pleading hard their rigorous observance of the rules and ceremonies of their respective orders, but interrupted by the solemn question from the Judge, "Whence this race of new Jews? I know only of one law which is really mine; but of that I hear nothing at all. When on earth, without mystery or parable, I openly promised my Father's inheritance, not to cowls, matins, or fastings, but to the practice of charity. I know you not, ye who know nothing but of your own works. Let those who wish me to think they are saints inhabit their newly discovered heavens; and let those who prefer their own traditions, to my precepts order new ones to be built for them. When they shall hear this," continues Folly, "and see sailors and waggoners preferred to themselves, how do you think they will look?"

Kings, princes, and courtiers next pass under review, and here again may be traced that firm attitude of resistance to royal tyranny which has already been marked in the conduct of More. If More in his congratulatory verses took the opportunity of publicly asserting his love of freedom and hatred of tyranny in the ears of the new king, his own personal friend, as he mounted the throne, so Erasmus also, although come back to England full of hope that in Henry VIII. he might find a patron, not only of learning in general, but of himself in particular, took this opportunity of putting into the mouth of Folly a similar assertion of the sacred rights of the people and the duties of a king:—

"It is the duty (she suggests) of a true prince to seek the public and not his own private advantage. From the laws, of which he is the fountain and chief magistrate, he must not himself deviate by a finger's breadth. He is responsible for the integrity of his officials and magistrates. But (continues Folly) by my aid princes cast such cares as these to the winds, and care only for their own pleasure. They think they fill their position if they hunt with diligence, if they breed good horses, if they can make gain to themselves by the sale of offices and places, if they can daily devise new means of undermining the wealth of citizens, and raking it into their own exchequer, disguising the iniquity of such proceedings by some specious pretence and show of legality."

If the memory of Henry VII. was fresh in the minds of More and Erasmus, so also his courtiers and tools, of whom Empson and Dudley were the recognised types, were not forgotten. The cringing, servile, abject, and luxurious habits of courtiers were fair game for Folly.

From this cutting review of kings, princes, and courtiers, his satire, taking a still bolder flight, at length swooped down to fix its talons in the very flesh of the Pope himself.

The Oxford friends had some personal knowledge of Rome and her pontiffs. When Colet was in Italy, the notoriously wicked Alexander VI. was Pope. But he dying of the poison prepared by

himself for another, Julius II. had succeeded to the Papal chair in 1503.

Julius II., in the words of Ranke, "devoted himself to the gratification of that innate love of war and conquest which was indeed the ruling passion of his life. . . . It was the ambition of Julius to extend the dominions of the Church. He must therefore be regarded as the founder of the Papal States."<sup>1</sup> Erasmus, during his recent visit, had himself been driven from Bologna when it was besieged by the Roman army, led by Julius in person. Mark how aptly and boldly he now hits off his character in strict accordance with this verdict of history, when in the course of his satire he came to speak of popes. Folly drily observes that—

"Although in the Gospel Peter is said to have declared '*Lo, we have left all and followed thee,*' yet these Popes speak of '*St. Peter's patrimony*' as consisting of lands, towns, tributes, customs, lordships; for which, when their zeal for Christ is stirred, they fight with fire and sword at the expense of much Christian blood, thinking that in so doing they are apostolical defenders of Christ's spouse, the Church, from her enemies. As though indeed there were any enemies of the Church more pernicious than impious Popes. . . . Further, as the Christian Church was founded in blood, and confirmed by blood, and advanced by blood, now in like manner, as though Christ were perished and could no longer defend his own, they take to the sword. And although war be a thing so savage that it becomes wild beasts rather than men, so frantic that the poets feigned it to be the work of the Furies, so pestilent that it blights at once all morality, so unjust that it can be best waged by the worst ruffians, so impious that it has nothing in common with Christ, yet to the neglect of everything else they devote themselves to it alone."<sup>2</sup>

And this bold satire upon the warlike passions of the Pope was made still more direct and personal by what followed. To quote Ranke once more:—"Old as Julius now was, worn by the many vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, and most of all by the consequences of intemperance and licentious excess, in the extremity of age he still retained an indomitable spirit. It was from the tumults of a general war that he hoped to gain his objects. He desired to be the lord and master of the game of the world. In furtherance of his grand aim he engaged in the boldest operations, risking all to obtain all."<sup>3</sup> Compare with this picture of the old age of the warlike Pope the following words put by Erasmus into the mouth of Folly, and printed and read all over Europe in the lifetime of Julius himself!

"Thus you may see even decrepid old men display all the vigour of youth, sparing no cost, shrinking from no toil, stopped by nothing, if only they can throw law, religion, peace, and all human affairs upside-down."<sup>4</sup>

In conclusion, Folly, after pushing her satire in other directions,

(1) Ranke, *Hist. of the Popes*. Chap. ii., s. 1.

(2) *Moriae Encomium*, Basle, 1676, pp. 186-7.

(3) Ranke, *Hist. of the Popes*. Chap. ii., s. 1 (abridged quotation).

(4) *Moriae*, pp. 187-8.

was made to apologise for the bold flight she had taken. If anything she had said seemed to be spoken with too much loquacity or petulance, she begged that it might be remembered that it was spoken by *Folly*. But let it be remembered, also, she added, that

“A fool oft speaks a seasonable truth.”

She then made her bow, and descended the steps of her rostrum, bidding her most illustrious votaries farewell—*valet, plaudite, vivite, bibite!*

Such was the “Praise of Folly,” the manuscript of which, all rough and unrevised, was snatched from Erasmus by More or one of his friends, and surreptitiously sent over to Paris to be printed there, and to pass within a few months through no less than seven editions.

Meanwhile, after recruiting his shattered health under More’s roof, Erasmus, aided and encouraged by his friends, betook himself to Cambridge to pursue his studies, and hoping in addition to be able to make a living for himself by giving lessons in the Greek language to such pupils as might be found amongst the University students willing to learn,—the chance fees of students being supplemented by the promise of a small stipend from the University.

It seems to have been taken for granted that the “new learning” was now to make rapid progress, having Henry VIII. for its royal patron, and Erasmus for its Professor of Greek at Cambridge.

#### 4. COLET FOUNDS ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL (1509-10).

Fully as Colet joined his friends in rejoicing at the accession to the throne of a king known to be favourable to himself and his party, he had drunk by far too deeply of the spirit of self-sacrifice to admit of his rejoicing with a mere courtier’s joy.

Fortune had indeed been lavish to him. His elevation unasked to the dignity of doctor and dean; the popular success of his preaching; the accession of a friendly king, from whom probably further promotion was to be had for the asking; and, lastly, the sudden acquisition on his father’s death of a large independent fortune in addition to the revenues of the deanery;—here was a concurrence of circumstances far more likely to foster habits of selfish ease and indulgence than to draw Colet into paths of self-denial and self-sacrificing labour. Had he enlisted in the ranks of a great cause in the hasty zeal of enthusiasm, it had had time now to cool, and here was the triumphal arch through which the abjured hero might gracefully retire from work amidst the world’s applause.

But Colet, in his lectures at Oxford, had laid great stress upon the necessity of that living sacrifice of men’s hearts and lives without

which all other sacrifices were empty things, and it seems that after he was called to the deanery he gave forth "A right fruitful admonition concerning the order of a good Christian man's life," which passed through many editions during the sixteenth century, and in which he made use of the following language:—

"Thou must know that thou hast nothing that good is of thyself, but of God. For the gift of nature and all other temporal gifts of this world . . . well considered have come to thee by the infinite goodness and grace of God, and not of thyself. . . . But in especial is it necessary for thee to know that God of his great grace has made thee his image, having regard to thy memory, understanding, and free will, and that God is thy maker, and thou his wretched creature, and that thou art redeemed of God by the passion of Jesus Christ, and that God is thy helper, thy refuge, and thy deliverance from all evil. . . . And, therefore, think, and thank God, and utterly despise thyself, . . . in that God hath done so much for thee, and thou hast so often offended his highness, and also done him so little service. And therefore, by his infinite mercy and grace, call unto thy remembrance the degree of dignity which Almighty God hath called thee unto, and according thereunto yield thy debt, and do thy duty."<sup>1</sup>

Colet was not the man to preach one thing and practise another. No sooner had he been appointed to the deanery of St. Paul's, than he had at once resigned the rich living of Stepney,<sup>2</sup> the residence of his father, and now of his widowed mother. And no sooner had his father's fortune come into his hands, than he earnestly considered how most effectually to devote it to the cause in which he had laboured so unceasingly at Oxford and St. Paul's.

After mature deliberation he resolved, whilst living and in health, to devote his patrimony<sup>3</sup> to the foundation of a school in St. Paul's Churchyard, wherein 153 children, without any restriction as to nation or country, who could already read and write, and "were of good parts and capacities," should receive a sound Christian education. The "corrupt Latin which ignorant blind fools brought into this world, poisoning thereby the old Latin speech, and the very Roman tongue used in the time of Tully and Sallust and Virgil and Terence, and learned by St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine,"—all that "abusion which the later blind world brought in, and which may rather be called Blotterature than Literature,"—should be "utterly banished and excluded" out of this school. The children should be taught good literature, both Latin and Greek, "such authors that

(1) "A right fruitfull admonition concerning the order of a good Christian man's life, very profitable for all maner of Estates, &c., made by the famous Doctour Colet, sometime Deane of Paules. Imprinted at London for Gabriell Cawood, 1577." Brit. Museum Library.

(2) In Sept., 1505. Knight's Life of Colet, 265, and n. a.

(3) *Colet to Lilly*. "Insumpto patrimonio universo vivus etiam ac superstes solidam hereditatem cessi, &c." Knight's Life of Colet, 114, from letter prefixed to Colet's tract "On the construction of the eight parts of speech."

have with wisdom joined pure chaste eloquence;" "specially Christian authors who wrote their wisdom in clean and chaste Latin, whether in prose or verse; for," said Colet, "*my intent is by this school specially to increase knowledge, and worshipping of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and good Christian life and manners, in the children.*"<sup>1</sup>

And, as if to keep this end always prominently in view, he placed an image of the "child Jesus," to whom the school was dedicated, standing over the master's chair in the attitude of teaching, with the motto, "Hear ye him;"<sup>2</sup> and upon the front of the building, next to the cathedral, the following inscription:—"Schola catechizationis puerorum in Christi Opt. Max. fide et bonis Literis. Anno Christi, MDX."<sup>3</sup>

The building consisted of one large room, divided into an upper and a lower school by a curtain, which could be drawn at pleasure; and the charge of the two schools devolved upon a head master and a sub-master respectively.

The forms were arranged so as each to seat sixteen boys, and were provided each with a raised desk, at which the head boy sat as president. The building also embraced an entrance-porch and a little chapel for Divine service. Dwelling-houses were erected adjoining the school for the two masters' residence; and for their support, Colet obtained, in the spring of 1510, a royal license to transfer to the wardens and guild of Mercers in London, real property to the value of £53 per annum<sup>4</sup> (equivalent to at least £530 of present money). Of this the head-master was to receive as his salary £35 (say £350) and the under-master £18 (say £180) per annum. Three or four years after, Colet made provision for a chaplain to conduct Divine service in the chapel, and to instruct the children in the Catechism, the Articles of the Faith, and the Ten Commandments,—in *English*; and ultimately, before his death, he appears to have increased the amount of the whole endowment to £122 (say £1200) per annum. So that it may be considered roughly that the whole endowment, including the buildings, cannot have represented a less sum than £30,000 or £40,000 of present money.<sup>5</sup>

(1) Statutes of St Paul's School, Knight's Life of Colet, p. 364. See also the letter from Colet to Lilly prefixed to the "Rudiments of Grammar," 1510. Knight's Life of Colet, 124, n. r.

(2) Eras. Justo. Jono, op. iii., pt. 1,457, c.

(3) Knight's Life of Colet, p. 109.

(4) Calendars of State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. i., No. 1076, under date 6th June, 1510.

(5) Compare licenses mentioned in Brewer's Calendar of State Papers of Henry VIII., vol. i., Nos. 1076, 3900, and 4659, with documents given in Knight's Life of Colet, Miscellanies, No. v. and No. iii.

And if Colet thus sacrificed so much of his private fortune to secure a liberal (and it must be conceded his was a liberal) provision for the remuneration of the masters who should educate his 153 boys, he must surely have had deeply at heart the welfare of the boys themselves. And in truth it was so. Colet was like a father to his schoolboys. It has indeed been assumed that a story related by Erasmus to exhibit the low state of education and the cruel severity exercised in the common run of schools, was intended by him to describe the severe discipline maintained by Colet and his masters; but I submit that this is a pure assumption, without the least shadow of proof, and contrary to every kind of probability. The story itself is dark enough truly, and, in order that Colet's name may be cleared for ever from this odium, may as well be given to the reader as it is found in Erasmus's work on the education of boys.

After saying that no masters were more cruel to their boys than those who, from ignorance, can teach them least—a remark which certainly could not be intended to refer to his friend Colet's school—he thus proceeded:—

“What can such masters do in their schools but get through the day by flogging and scolding? I once knew a divine, and intimately too—a man of reputation—who seemed to think that no cruelty to scholars could be enough since he would not have any but flogging masters. He thought this was the only way both to crush the boys' unruly spirits and to subdue the wantonness of their age. Never did he take a meal with his flock without making the comedy end in a tragedy. So at the end of the meal one or another boy was dragged out to be flogged. . . . I myself once was by when after dinner as usual he called out a boy—I should think about ten years old. He had only just come fresh from his mother to school. His mother, it should be said, was a pious woman, and had especially commended the boy to him. But he at once began to charge the boy with unheard-of crimes, since he could think of nothing else, and must find something to flog him for, and made signs to the proper official to flog him. Whereupon the poor boy was forthwith floored then and there, and flogged as though he had committed sacrilege. The divine again and again interposed, ‘That will do, that will do;’ but the inexorable executioner continued his cruelty till the boy almost fainted. By-and-by the divine turned round to me and said, ‘He did nothing to deserve it, but the boys' spirits must be subdued.’”

This is the story which we are told it would be difficult to apply to any one but Colet,<sup>2</sup> as though Colet were the only “divine of reputation” ever intimately known to Erasmus! or as though Erasmus would thus hold up his friend Colet to the scorn of the world!

The fact is, that no one could peruse the “precepts of living” laid down by Colet for his school, without seeing not only how practical and sound were his views on the education of the heart, mind, and

(1) “De pueris statim, ac liberaliter instituendus.” *Eras.*, op. 1, 505.

(2) *Knight's Life of Colet*, p. 175.

body of his boys, but also how at the root of them lay a strong under-current of warm and gentle feelings, a real love of youth.<sup>1</sup>

In truth Colet was fond of children, even to tenderness. Erasmus relates that he would often remind his guests and his friends how that Christ had made children the examples for men, and that he was wont to compare them to the angels above. And Colet surely showed even a touching tenderness of affection for children by putting at the end of the preface to his Latin grammar, written expressly for his school, a few kind and encouraging words to his little beginners, telling them that they may some day become "great clerks;" that in the mean time he shall think of them in his prayers, and ending by asking them to "lift up their little white hands for him."

##### 5. HIS CHOICE OF SCHOOLBOOKS AND SCHOOLMASTERS (1509—1510)

The mention of Colet's "Latin Grammar" suggests other difficulties in the way of the carrying out his projected school, his mode of surmounting which was characteristic of the spirit in which he worked. It was not to be expected that he should find the schoolbooks of the old grammarians in any way adapted to his purpose. So at once he set his learned friends to work to provide him with new ones. The first thing wanted was a Latin grammar for beginners. Linaere undertook to provide this want, and wrote with great pains and labour a work in six books, which afterwards came into general use. But when Colet saw it, at the risk of displeasing his friend, he put it altogether aside. It was too long and too learned for his "little beginners." So he condensed within the compass of a few pages the little treatise "On the Construction of the Eight Parts of Speech," in the English preface to which occur the gentle words quoted above.<sup>3</sup>

This rejection of his grammar seems to have been a sore point with Linaere; but Erasmus told Colet not to be too much concerned about it; he would, he said, get over it in time,<sup>4</sup> which probably

(1) "Take the following examples:—'Revere thy elders. Obey thy superiors. Be a fellow to thine equals. Be benign and loving to thy inferiors. Be always well occupied. Lose no time. Wash clean. Be no sluggard. Learn diligently. Teach what thou hast learned lovingly.'—Colet's "Institution of a Christian man for the use of his school." Knight's Life of Colet, Miscellanies, No. xi.

(2) Knight's Life of Colet, p. 452. London, 1724.

(3) See the characteristic letter from Colet to Lilly prefixed to the book. The English preface is given in Knight's Life of Colet, p. 451. The continental editions of 1517 and 1524 do not contain it.

(4) Eras. Epist. cxlix.—*Erasmus to Colet*, 13 Sept., 1513, according to Brower's Calendar of Henry VIII., 1, 4447, but should be 1511. See 4528 (Eras. Epist. cl.), which mentions the "De Copia" being in hand, which was printed May, 1512.

did much sooner than Colet's school would have got over the loss which would have been inflicted by the adoption of a schoolbook beyond the capacity of the boys.

Erasmus, in the same letter in which he spoke of Linacre's rejected grammar, told Colet that he was working at his "De Copia Verborum," which he was writing expressly for Colet's school. He told him, too, that he had sometimes to take up the cudgels for him against "the Thomists and Scotists of Cambridge;" that he was looking out for an under schoolmaster, but had not yet succeeded in finding one. Meanwhile he enclosed a letter in which he had put on paper his notions of what a schoolmaster ought to be, and the best method of teaching boys, which he fancied Colet might not altogether approve, as he was wont somewhat more to despise rhetoric than Erasmus did.

"In order that the teacher might be thoroughly up to his work, he should not merely be master of one particular branch of study. He should himself have travelled through the whole circle of knowledge. In philosophy he should have studied Plato and Aristotle, Theophrastus and Plotinus. In theology the sacred Scriptures; and after them Origen, Chrisostome, and Basil among the Greek fathers, and Ambrose and Jerome among the Latin fathers. Among the poets, Homer and Ovid. In geography, which is very important in the study of history, Pomponius Mela, Ptolemy, Pliny, Strabo. He should know what ancient names of rivers, mountains, countries, cities, answer to the modern ones; and the same of trees, animals, instruments, clothes, and gems, with regard to which it is incredible how ignorant even educated men are. He should take note of little facts about agriculture, architecture, military and culinary arts mentioned by different authors. He should be able to trace the origin of words, their gradual corruption in the language of Constantinople, Italy, Spain, and France. Nothing should be beneath his observation which can illustrate history or the meaning of the poets. But you will say what a load you are putting on the back of the poor teacher. It is so, but I burden the one to relieve the many. I want the teacher to have traversed the whole range of knowledge, that it may spare each of his scholars doing it. A diligent and thoroughly competent master might (he felt sure) give boys a fair proficiency in both Latin and Greek in a shorter time and with less labour than the common run of pedagogues take to teach their babble."<sup>1</sup>

On receipt of this letter and enclosure, Colet wrote to Erasmus:—

*"Colet to Erasmus. London (1511)."*<sup>2</sup>

"'What! I shall not approve!' So you say! What is there of Erasmus's that I do not approve? I have read your letter 'de studiis' hastily, for as yet I have been too busy to read it carefully. Glancing through it, not only do I approve everything, but also greatly admire your genius, skill, learning, fulness, and eloquence. I have often longed that the boys of my school should be taught in the way in which you say they should be. And often also have I

(1) Des. Erasmus Roterodamus Petro Viterio. De Ratione Studii Commentariolus. Added to the "*De Copia*." Basle, 1521. The above translation is greatly abridged.

(2) Eras. Epist., App. iv.



longed that I could get such teachers as you have so well described. When I came to that point at the end of the letter where you say that you could educate boys up to a fair proficiency in both tongues in fewer years than it takes those pedagogues to teach their babble, oh, Erasmus, how I longed that I could make you the master of my school! I have indeed some hope that you will give us a helping hand in teaching our teachers when you leave those 'Cantabrigians.'

"With respect to our friend Linacre I will follow your advice so kindly and prudently given.

"Do not give up looking for an under-master if there should be any one at Cambridge who would not think it beneath his dignity to be under the head-master.

"As to what you say about your occasional skirmishes with the ranks of the Scotists on my behalf, I am glad to have such a champion to defend me. But it is an unequal and inglorious contest for you; for what glory is it to you to put to rout a cloud of flies? What thanks do you deserve from me for cutting down reeds? It is a contest more necessary than glorious or difficult!"

While Colet acquiesced in the view expressed by Erasmus as to the high qualities required in a schoolmaster, he gave practical proof of his sense of the dignity of the calling by the liberal remuneration he offered to secure one.

At a time when the Lord Chancellor of England received as his salary one hundred marks, with a similar sum for the commons of himself and his clerk, making in all £133 per annum,<sup>1</sup> Colet offered to the head-master of his school £35 per annum and a house to live in besides. This was practical proof that Colet meant to secure the services of more than a mere common grammarian. He had in view for his head-master, Lilly, the friend and fellow-student of More, who had mastered the Latin language in Italy, and even travelled farther East to perfect his knowledge of Greek. He was well versed not only in the Greek authors, but in the manners and customs of the people, having lived some years on the island of Rhodes.<sup>2</sup> He had returned home by way of Jerusalem, and had recently opened a private school in London.<sup>3</sup> He was, moreover, the godson of Grocyn, and himself an Oxford student. He had at one time shared with More some ascetic tendencies, but like his friend had wisely stopped short of Carthusian vows. He was, in truth, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Colet and his friends, and in the opinion of Erasmus, "a thorough master in the art of educating youth."<sup>4</sup> Thus Colet had found a head-master ready to be fully installed in his office, as soon as the building was completed. But an under-master was not so easy to find. Colet had written

(1) In 4 Henry VIII. (1513) Lord Chancellor Warham received 100 marks salary, and 100 marks for commons of himself and clerk = 200 marks, or £133. Brewer's Letters, &c., of Henry VIII., cviii., note (3).

(2) Prefatory Letter of Beatus Rhenanus prefixed to the edition of More's *Epigrammata*, printed at Basle, 1518 and 1520.

(3) Knight's Life of Colet, p. 370, *Miscellanies*, No. vi.

(4) "Recte instituendæ pubis artifex."

to Erasmus in September, 1511, wishing him to look one out for him,<sup>1</sup> and in the letter last quoted had again repeated his request. Erasmus wrote again in October, and informed him that he had mentioned his want to some of the college dons. One of them had replied by sneeringly asking, "Who would put up with the life of a schoolmaster who could get a living in any other way?" Whereupon Erasmus modestly urged that he thought the education of youth was the most honourable of all callings, and that there could be no labour more pleasing to God than the Christian training of boys. At which the Cambridge master turned up his nose in contempt, and scornfully replied, "If any one wants to give himself up entirely to the service of Christ, let him enter a monastery!" Erasmus ventured to question whether St. Paul did not place true religion rather in works of charity—in doing as much good as possible to our neighbours? The other rejected altogether so crude a notion. "Behold," said he, "we must leave all; in that is perfection." "He scarcely can be said to leave all," promptly returned Erasmus, "who, when he has a chance of doing good to others, refuses the task because it is too humble in the eyes of the world." "And then," wrote Erasmus, "lest I should get into a quarrel I bade the man good-bye."<sup>2</sup>

This, he said, was an example of "Scotistical wisdom," and he told Colet that he did not care often to meddle with these self-satisfied Scotists; well knowing that no good would come of it.

It would seem that after all a worthy under-master did turn up at Cambridge, willing to work under Lilly, and hereafter to become his son-in-law; so that with schoolmasters already secured, and schoolbooks in course of preparation, Colet's enterprise seemed likely fairly to get under weigh so soon as the building should be completed in St. Paul's Churchyard.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

(1) *Colet to Erasmus*, Sept. 1511, not as Brewer dates it (No. 4448) 1513, for the same reason as Nos. 4447 and 4528.

(2) *Eras. Epist. cl.*—Brewer, 4528. Dated 29 October, 1513, but as it mentions the "*De Copia*" being in hand, it must have been written in 1511.

## WHAT IS AN OATH?

THE much-talked-of Royal Commission on Oath-taking is at length appointed, and the most painful efforts at understanding what it is that the Commissioners are expected to inquire into will leave the reader of the document which names them utterly in the dark. The first step of the peers, the privy-councillors, and the other gentlemen who are summoned to this important duty must be to apply to the Government for an explanation as to what is expected of them. They are appointed "to inquire what oaths, affirmations, and declarations are required to be taken or made in the United Kingdom, *other than those* required to be taken or made by members of either House of Parliament, *or* by prelates or clergy of the Established Church, *or* by any person examined as a witness in any court of justice, *or* in any criminal or other proceeding before justices, *or* otherwise of a judicial nature; and to report their opinion whether any, and which of such oaths, affirmations, and declarations may be dispensed with, and whether any, or what, alteration may be made in the terms of such as it may be necessary to retain." Taken as they stand, these directions imply that every species of existing oath is to be excluded from the deliberations of the Commissioners, and we are driven to guess by what special grammatical blunder the absurd result is attained. Probably the blunder is the substitution of the word "or" for the word "either" after the words "members of either House of Parliament;" and if this be the interpretation of the mystery, we may conclude that it is intended that the whole range of extra-parliamentary swearing is to undergo a thorough revision.

That the Commissioners, in undertaking such a work, will boldly look the whole matter in the face, and as a preliminary inquiry ask themselves what are their own views as to the essential nature of an oath, is hardly to be expected. It is not in the nature of Commissions, especially of the very heterogeneous nature of the Commission in question, to trouble themselves very much about first principles. Anything like an agreement on such a matter between such men as the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Lowe, Judge Shee, and Dean Milman, who are among the ablest members of the Commission, can scarcely be looked for by the most sanguine of optimists. The utmost, therefore, that is to be hoped for is some practical recommendation for the diminution of the number of oaths, and possibly some such toning down, so to say, of the startling phrasology of the oath as at present administered in courts of justice, as may pave the way for the introduction of a more philosophical and more religious practice than that which has been handed down to us from the past. At the same time, it may be well to ask those who are indisposed to any more weeping change, what they really intend when they uphold a law

which compels every witness in a court of justice to add the words "So help me, God" to his promise that he will tell the truth. What is it, in other words, that a person who takes an oath is intended to mean when he uses these awful words ?

There is but one possible explanation of them. They are employed by the law to terrify a heedless or partially unprincipled person into telling the truth ; but their actual signification, if they have any intelligible meaning at all, is so frightful that nothing but the force of habit and long-standing tradition could reconcile us to their adoption. When a man says, "I am telling the truth, so help me, God," he is expressing a desire that if he is not telling the truth, he may be cast off for ever by the Creator of heaven and earth, and condemned to eternal misery. He is deliberately staking eternity upon the courage and honesty with which he may lay bare the secrets of his thoughts under the searching probe of an examination in which no mercy will be shown him in the process of extorting his unwilling admissions. The system of requiring this oath is based upon a threefold hypothesis. It assumes, in the first place, the truth of the theological dogma which divides sins into "mortal" and "venial ;" in the second place, the capacity of any individual person to classify acts under one or other of these divisions according to his own judgment or caprice ; and thirdly, the right of the State to force a man to do that which it desires, under the penalty of his committing an act which in his conscience he holds to be a "mortal sin," and deserving of eternal damnation. On each of these three assumptions I shall venture upon a few brief remarks, partly in the way of explanation, and partly in the way of argument.

First, as to the theological distinction between the two classes of offences. Upon the truth or mistake of the distinction nothing need now be said. Like every one else who has examined the subject, I have my own opinion upon it ; but all that is necessary for my argument is to explain to those who are less familiar with it what these two words are technically meant to imply. This distinction rests on the hypothesis that the Divine Lawgiver has enforced obedience to his will by two distinct penalties, attached respectively to two classes of offences. It is held that one class of offences is visited with a low degree of punishment, and the other (unless repented of) by eternal damnation. The commission of the former class is, therefore, not held to imply a distinct and deliberate rejection of the Divine authority as such, but to be compatible with a sincere, though imperfect, religious life. The commission of the second, on the contrary, implies nothing less than the repudiation of the right of the Creator to control the acts of his creatures. Of course, in every case it is presupposed that the offender is aware of the law he is breaking, and of the penalty by which it is sanctioned ; so that in reality, through a deficiency in knowledge, a man may be morally guilty of a mortal offence, though by the

objective Divine enactment the act itself may be of the venial kind; and so conversely, the commission of a technically mortal sin may imply nothing more than venial sinfulness. This theoretical classification is maintained with more or less definitiveness by all the divisions of Christendom called "orthodox," and it underlies a vast amount of the vague floating popular opinion of people who can hardly be said to have any very accurate views of religious subjects altogether. In the Greek and Roman Churches the commission of venial sins is held to lead to purgatory, and the commission of mortal sins to hell-fire.

Now the solemn taking of an oath as required in our courts of justice is nothing less than a recognition of perjury as a mortal sin. When a man says, "So help me, God," and intends to give false evidence, he is deliberately saying, "If I do not speak the truth, may God reject me and punish me as an outcast from His presence, as one who has repudiated all allegiance to Him." If the words mean less than this, they mean nothing at all in the way of creating an obligation upon the conscience of the swearer. And that they do mean this, is the universal opinion among all respectable classes of society, both in England and elsewhere. There exists everywhere a distinct horror of perjury as a sin altogether *sui generis*, vague enough, no doubt, but still such as can be traced to no other source than a belief that a man who tells a lie and then exclaims "It is true, so help me, God," thereby repudiates the favour and assistance of the Creator. Knowing that this belief exists, it is the constant practice of barristers, when cross-examining unwilling or half-disreputable witnesses, again and again to remind them that they are on their oath, and not merely called on to tell the truth in an ordinary way. They know that there are innumerable persons capable of being thus influenced by a moral pressure, and who, though they would add lie to lie with little scruple, treating them as "venial" offences, would shrink from what they hold to be the daring impiety of a false oath.

Here, then, we encounter the second objection to the existing system. The opinion that perjury is a mortal sin must be supplemented by the opinion that in the one particular case in hand, the court is a lawful authority, such as to bind the conscience of the witness. We, living in this present day in England, are happily not troubled practically with difficulties of this kind. When oaths are administered in our courts of law, they are encountered by no puzzling questions as to the legitimate position of the reigning dynasty, or by any conflict between one authority and another in the domain of conscience. But there have been times, and there may be times again, as there certainly now are certain countries abroad, in which the rights of existing courts of law are utterly denied by more or less numerous sections of the people. The Neapolitan Bourbonists are as far as possible from recognising the legal authority of the South Italian tribunals to try persons accused of any sort of political

offences. They now repudiate their claim to administer oaths in such cases, just as under the Stuarts, under the Commonwealth, and long after the Stuart dynasty was ended, vast numbers of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen repudiated all similar claims in Great Britain and Ireland. See, then, the complications of casuistry introduced by such a conflict between force and conscience. English law, and in fact all law, holds that contracts made under duress and through bodily terror are *ipso facto* void. An oath enforced by terror in such cases would therefore be held to be *ipso facto* void by a witness who in his conscience rejected the legal authority of a court.

I am not, I may remind the reader, arguing what is actually right or wrong; I am only calling attention to the perplexities of a scrupulous conscience which would, as a matter of fact, be created in such cases. Surely it requires no words to prove that very many most conscientious minds would hold that an oath thus forced upon them was no oath at all. So far as it would be possible to do it with safety, they would deny or assert whatever they chose to deny or assert, without the smallest reference to the words of the oath they had uttered, and which they would regard as mere unmeaning sounds, formed by their bodily lips. And just such casuistical difficulties as these, which have perplexed the noblest minds, are those which in their basest form are present in the thoughts of a large number of those persons who are examined either as witnesses or principals in our courts of law at this very day. Such persons are not without consciences altogether, and they are impressed with a certain amount of dread of the abstract guilt of perjury. But as to the rights of law and its administrators, their notions are just of that hazy kind which lays them open to the belief that all is fair against a judge and jury. In the present disorganised condition of the lower orders, there are few more lamentable features than the supposed antagonism existing between their interests and the law of the land. They view it, not as we do, in the light of a protector, but as a restraint to be evaded, or as an enemy to be beaten. Accordingly, their vague notions about oaths are rendered still more vague by doubts as to the rights of the authority that imposes them. And hence that singular hovering between truth-telling and perjury which is so frequent in our courts, in which the only fact that is clear is the hopelessness of getting at the real truth by any amount of examination on the part of judge, counsel, or jury. I do not pretend, of course, that these theoretical difficulties are present in any distinct shape in the minds of criminals or witnesses. But nevertheless they do exist in such vitality as materially to influence the practical conduct; just as in all private questions of right and wrong people act without hesitation, though the number of those who have formed clear ideas on rights and motives, and the reconciliation of apparently conflicting duties, is few indeed. How utterly

worthless, then, is a system which, on its application, is incessantly breaking down, from the sheer ignorance and incapacity of ordinary human nature! How absurd it is to expect the semi-cultivated or nearly barbarous multitude to be adepts in casuistry and tender in conscience, and then to marvel at the failure of the hideously irreverent administration of an awful formula in extracting the truths which they desire to conceal!

Such being the nature of these oaths and the perplexities of their application, what right, I venture to ask, has any governing power to compel a man to place himself in the terrible position which this swearing implies? What right has the State to attempt to enforce its orders by spiritual penalties? What right has it to compel any human being to repudiate his allegiance to his Maker as the alternative of answering truly to the questions of a judge or an examining counsel? We are all of us gradually coming round to the conviction that the enforcement of spiritual obligations by temporal and physical penalties is a violation of the very essence of spiritual obligation itself. Why, then, are we so slow to recognise the corresponding truth, that secular obligations cannot be justly enforced by spiritual terrorism? Whether or not the distinction between mortal and venial sin be tenable—whether or not a man deserves to be punished eternally who deliberately says “May God reject me if I do not tell the truth,” and immediately lies—the application of this instrument of spiritual torture to his soul is as shocking and irrational as the old application of the instruments of physical torture to the bodies of heretics by the Spanish Inquisition.

Moreover, in real truth, oaths are, after all, a mere casuistical fiction. They are the creation of an imaginary obligation which has no existence except in the minds of those who take them. No man, and no national legislature, can alter or modify the relation in which each person stands towards the Divine law and the Divine Lawgiver. The assumption that a court of justice can invent laws of moral right and wrong for the purposes of society, and uphold them with spiritual sanctions, is so monstrous, that it has only to be brought into the light of day to disappear like ghosts at cock-crow. A witness in a court either is under a moral obligation to speak the truth, or he is not under it. If he is under it, no swearing can deepen that obligation, because it is not originally the creation either of the witness himself or of mere human law. If he is not under it, no swearing can create the obligation. By the hypothesis, the telling of truth in a court of justice is recognised as a duty to our Creator, otherwise the introduction of the idea of God at all would be ridiculous. Whether, then, it be a great sin or a small sin to give false evidence, no human authority can modify its greatness or its littleness by merely adding to it or taking from it some additional spiritual penalty at discretion. Here, in truth, we get at the fundamental fallacy in-

volved. To bear false witness is an offence of a certain definite quality of guilt; and, forgetting that an offence is one thing, and the particular penalty involved is another, we fancy that by the addition of the words "So help me, God," we can compel a man to consign himself to eternal misery for an offence which without that formula would be venial in its kind.

And this I take to be the true spirit of the passages in the New Testament where the question of swearing is treated of. Their meaning appears to be simply this, that an oath is an unmeaning form of words, which makes not the slightest alteration in existing facts or duties. They are a foolish and profitless device for altering the eternal relations between the Creator and the created, in order to loosen the obligations of truth-telling. Swearing, it is popularly supposed, is employed to strengthen these obligations; but if any candid person will examine the well-known passages in the first of the four Gospels, he will find that swearing is there treated as an invention for the introduction of ridiculous quibbles, the practical result of which is to make men unscrupulous in the matter of lying. And the ground on which these quibbles are disposed of is the absolute power and right of the Creator over the creature, and the silliness of any attempt to alter the moral nature of human acts by any verbal tricks whatsoever. That the demoralising influence of oaths thus pointed out by the Great Founder of Christianity is at the present time most painfully visible, will be denied by no one who is familiar with the administration of the law in this country. Not merely is the very idea of social and religious duty dragged into the mire by the manner in which oaths are usually administered, but the system has created a theory that there is no very serious guilt in simply lying in a court of justice.

What, then, according to the views I have briefly urged, ought to be our substitute for an oath? The answer is easy. We want nothing but a distinct declaration that the witness recognises the right of the Court to examine him in the matter in hand, and that thus recognising the lawfulness of the tribunal he will speak nothing but the truth. The mere form of the words adopted is immaterial, provided only that we have a distinct avowal that the witness is neither jesting, nor sheltering himself under the idea that he is yielding to a force which has no right to control his inner assent. That the Report of the new Commission will venture upon anything so sweeping as the entire abolition of all oaths is not, I fear, to be expected; nor, perhaps, is the popular mind prepared for it. Old superstitions, of whatever kind, die very hard; and we may be thankful if the Commissioners thoroughly open their own eyes to the demoralising aspect of much swearing, and recommend such practical changes as shall prepare the country for its final and complete abolition.

J. M. CAPES.



## VITTORIA.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE ESCAPE OF ANGELO.

VITTORIA knew better than Laura that the task was easy ; she had but to override her aversion to the show of trifling with a dead passion ; and when she thought of Angelo lying helpless in the swarm of enemies, and that Wilfrid could consent to use his tragic advantage to force her to silly love-play, his selfishness wrought its reflection, so that she became sufficiently unjust to forget her marvellous personal influence over him. Even her tenacious sentiment concerning his white uniform was clouded. She very soon ceased to be shamefaced in her own fancy. At dawn she stood at her window looking across the valley of Meran, and felt the whole scene in a song of her heart, with the faintest recollection of her having passed through a tempest overnight. The warm southern glow of the enfoliated valley recalled her living Italy, and Italy her voice. She grew wakefully glad : it was her nature, not her mind, that had twisted in the convulsions of last night's horror of shame. The chirp of healthy blood in full-flowing veins dispersed it ; and as a tropical atmosphere is cleared by the hurricane, she lost her depression and went down among her enemies possessed by an inner delight, that was again of her nature, not of her mind. She took her gladness for a happy sign that she had power to rise buoyant above circumstance : and though aware that she was getting to see things in harsh outlines, she was unconscious of her haggard imagination.

The Lenkensteins had projected to escape the blandishments of Vienna by residing during the winter in Venice, where Wilfrid and his sister were to be the guests of the countess ;—a pleasant prospect that was dashed out by an official visit from Colonel Zofel of the Meran garrison, through whom it was known that Lieutenant Pierson, while enjoying his full liberty to investigate the charms of the neighbourhood, might not extend his excursions beyond a pedestrian day's limit ;—he was, in fact, under surveillance. The colonel formally exacted his word of honour that he would not attempt to pass the bounds, and explained to the duchess that the injunction was favourable to the lieutenant, as implying that he must be ready at any moment to receive the order to join his regiment. Wilfrid bowed with a proper soldierly submission. Respecting the criminal whom his men were pursuing, Colonel Zofel said that he was sparing no efforts to come on his traces ; he supposed, from what he had heard in the Ultenthal, that Guidascarpi was on his back somewhere

within a short range of Meran. Vittoria strained her ears to the colonel's German: she fancied his communication to be that he suspected Angelo's presence in Meran.

The official part of his visit being terminated, the colonel addressed some questions to the duchess concerning the night of the famous Fifteenth at La Scala. He was an amateur, and spoke with enthusiasm of the reports of the new prima donna. The duchess perceived that he was asking for an introduction to the heroine of the night, and graciously said that perhaps that very prima donna would make amends to him for his absence on the occasion. Vittoria checked a movement of revolt in her frame. She cast an involuntary look at Wilfrid. "Now it begins," she thought, and went to the piano: she had previously refused to sing. Wilfrid had to bend his head over his betrothed and listen to her whisperings. He did so, carelessly swaying his hand to the measure of the aria, with an increasing bitter comparison of the two voices. Lena persisted in talking; she was indignant at his abandonment of the journey to Venice; she reproached him as feeble, inconsiderate, indifferent. Then for an instant she would pause to hear the voice, and renew her assault. "We ought to be thankful that she is not singing a song of death and destruction to us! The archduchess is coming to Venice. If you are presented to her and please her, and get the writs of naturalisation prepared, you will be one of us completely, and your fortune is made. If you stay here—why should you stay? It is nothing but your uncle's caprice. I am too angry to care for music. If you stay, you will earn my contempt. I will not be buried another week in such a place. I am tired of weeping. We all go to Venice: Captain Weisspriess follows us. We are to have endless balls, an opera, a court there—with whom am I to dance, pray, when I am out of mourning? Am I to sit and govern my feet under a chair, and gaze like an imbecile nun? It is too preposterous. I am betrothed to you; I wish, I *wish* to behave like a betrothed. The archduchess herself will laugh to see me chained to a chair. I shall have to reply a thousand times to 'Where is he?' What can I answer? 'Wouldn't come,' will be the only true reply."

During this tirade, Vittoria was singing one of her old songs, well known to Wilfrid, which brought the vision of a foaming weir, and moonlight between the branches of a great cedar-tree, and the lost love of his heart sitting by his side in the noising stillness. He was sure that she could be singing it for no one but for him. The leap taken by his spirit from this time to that, was shorter than from the past back to the present.

"You do not applaud," said Lena when the song had ceased.

He murmured: "I never do, in drawing-rooms."

"A cantatrice expects it everywhere; these creatures live on it."

"I'll tell her, if you like, what *we* thought of it, when I take her down to my sister, presently."

"Are you not to take *me* down?"

"The etiquette is to hand her up to you."

"No, no!" Lena insisted, in abhorrence of etiquette; but Wilfrid said pointedly that his sister's feelings must be spared. "Her husband is an animal: he is a millionaire city-of-London merchant; conceive him! He has drunk himself gouty on port wine, and here he is for the grape-cure."

"Ah! in that England of yours, women marry for wealth," said Lena.

"Yes, in your Austria they have a better motive," he interpreted her sentiment.

"Say, in our Austria."

"In our Austria, certainly."

"And with our holy religion?"

"It is not yet mine."

"It will be?" She put the question eagerly.

Wilfrid hesitated, and by his adept hesitation succeeded in throwing her off the jealous scent.

"Say that it will be, my Wilfrid!"

"You must give me time."

"This subject always makes you cold."

"My own Lena!"

"Can I be, if we are doomed to be parted when we die?"

There is small space for compunction in a man's heart when he is in Wilfrid's state, burning with the revival of what seemed to him a superhuman attachment. He had no design to break his acknowledged bondage to Countess Lena, and answered her tender speech almost as tenderly.

It never occurred to him, as he was walking down to Meran with Vittoria, that she could suppose him to be bartering to help rescue the life of a wretched man in return for soft confidential looks of entreaty; nor did he reflect that, when cast on him, they might mean no more than the wish to move him for a charitable purpose. The completeness of her fascination was shown by his reading her entirely by his own emotions, so that a lowly-uttered word, or a wavering unwilling glance, made him think that she was subdued by the charm of the old days.

"Is it here?" she said, stopping under the first Italian name she saw in the arcade of shops.

"How on earth have you guessed it?" he asked, astonished.

She told him to wait at the end of the arcade, and passed in. When she joined him again, she was downcast. They went straight to Adela's hotel, where the one thing which gave her animation was

the hearing that Mr. Sedley had met an English doctor there, and had placed himself in his hands. Adela dressed splendidly for her presentation to the duchess. Having done so, she noticed Vittoria's depressed countenance and difficult breathing. She commanded her to see the doctor. Vittoria consented, and made use of him. She could tell Laura confidently at night that Wilfrid would not betray Angelo, though she had not spoken one direct word to him on the subject.

Wilfrid was peculiarly adept in the idle game he played. One who is intent upon an evil end is open to expose his plan. But he had none in view; he lived for the luxurious sensation of being near the woman who fascinated him, and who was now positively abashed when by his side. Adela suggested to him faintly—she believed it was her spontaneous idea—that he might be making his countess jealous. He assured her that the fancy sprang from scenes which she remembered, and that she could have no idea of the pride of a highborn Austrian girl, who was incapable of conceiving jealousy of a person below her class. Adela replied that it was not his manner so much as Emilia's which might arouse the suspicion; but she immediately affected to appreciate the sentiments of a highborn Austrian girl towards a cantatrice, whose gifts we regard simply as an aristocratic entertainment. Wilfrid induced his sisters to relate Vittoria's early history to Countess Lena; and himself almost wondered, when he heard it in bare words, at that haunting vision of the glory of Vittoria at La Scala—where, as he remembered, he would have run against destruction to cling to her lips. Adela was at first alarmed by the concentrated wrathfulness which she discovered in the bosom of Countess Anna, who, as their intimacy waxed, spoke of the intruding opera-siren in terms hardly proper even to married women; but it seemed right, as being possibly aristocratic. Lena was much more tolerant. "I have just the same enthusiasm for soldiers that my Wilfrid has for singers," she said; and it afforded Adela exquisite pleasure to hear her tell how that she had originally heard of the "eccentric young Englishman," General Pierson's nephew, as a *Lustspiel*—a comedy; and of his feats on horseback, and his duels, and his—"he *was* very wicked over here, you know;" Lena laughed. She assumed the privileges of her four-and-twenty years and her rank. Her marriage was to take place in the spring. She announced it with the simplicity of an independent woman of the world, adding, "That is, if my Wilfrid will oblige me by not plunging into further disgrace with the General."

"No; you will not marry a man who is under a cloud," Anna subjoined.

"Certainly not a soldier," said Lena. "What it was exactly that he did at La Scala, I don't know and don't care to know, but he was

then ignorant that she had touched the hand of that Guidascarpì. I decide by this—he was valiant; he defied everybody: therefore, I forgive him. He is not in disgrace with *me*. I will reinstate him.”

“You have your own way of being romantic,” said Anna. “A soldier who forgets his duty is in my opinion only a brave fool.”

“It seems to me that a great many gallant officers are fond of fine voices,” Lena retorted.

“No doubt it is a fashion among them,” said Anna.

Adela recoiled with astonishment when she began to see the light in which the sisters regarded Vittoria; and she was loyal enough to hint and protest on her friend’s behalf. The sisters called her a very good soul. “It may not be in England as over here,” said Anna. “We have to submit to these little social scourges.”

Lena whispered to Adela, “An angry woman will think the worst. I have no doubt of my Wilfrid. If I had!” Her eyes flashed. Fire was not wanting in her.

The difficulties which tasked the amiable duchess to preserve an outward show of peace among the antagonistic elements she gathered together were increased by the arrival at the castle of Count Lenkenstein, Bianca’s husband, and head of the family, from Bologna. He was a tall and courtly man, who had one face for his friends and another for the reverse party; which is to say that his manners could be bad. Count Lenkenstein was accompanied by Count Serabiglione, who brought Laura’s children with their Roman nurse, Assunta. Laura kissed her little ones, and sent them out of her sight. Vittoria found her home in their play and prattle. She needed a refuge, for Count Lenkenstein was singularly brutal in his bearing towards her. He let her know that he had come to Merano to superintend the hunt for the assassin, Angelo Guidascarpì. He attempted to exact her promise in precise speech that she would be on the spot to testify against Angelo when that foul villain should be caught. He objected openly to Laura’s children going about with her. Bitter talk on every starting subject was exchanged across the duchess’s table. She herself was in disgrace on Laura’s account, and had to practise an overflowing sweetness, with no one to second her efforts. The two noblemen spoke in accord on the bubble revolution. The strong hand—ay, the strong hand! The strong hand disposes of vermin. Laura listened to them, pallid with silent torture. “Since the rascals have taken to assassination, we know that we have them at the dregs,” said Count Lenkenstein. “A cord round the throats of a few scores of them, and the country will learn the virtue of docility.”

Laura whispered to her sister: “Have you espoused a hangman?”

Such dropping of deadly shells in a quiet society went near to scattering it violently; but the union was necessitous. Count Len-

kenstein desired to confront Vittoria and Angelo; Laura would not quit her side, and Amalia would not expel her friend. Count Lenkenstein complained roughly of Laura's conduct; nor did Laura escape her father's reproof. "Sir, you are privileged to say what you will to me," she responded, with the humility which exasperated him.

"Yes, you bend, you bend, that you may be stiff-necked when it suits you," he snapped her short.

"Surely that is the text of the sermon you preach to our Italy!"

"A little more, as you are running on now, madame, and 'our Italy' will be froth on the lips. You see, she is ruined."

"Chi le fa, le sa," hummed Laura; "but I would avoid quoting you as that authority."

"After your last miserable fiasco, my dear!"

"It was another of our school exercises. We had not been good boys and girls. We had learnt our lesson imperfectly. We have received our punishment, and we mean to do better next time."

"Behave seasonably, fittingly; be less of a wasp; school your tongue."

"Bianca is a pattern to me, I am aware," said Laura.

"She is a good wife."

"I am a poor widow."

"She is a good daughter."

"I am a wicked rebel."

"And you are scheming at something *noir*," said the little nobleman, sagacious so far; but he was too eager to read the verification of the tentative remark in her face, and she perceived that it was a guess founded on her show of spirit.

"Scheming to contain my temper, which is much tried," she said.

"But I suppose it supports me. I can always keep up against hostility."

"You provoke it; you provoke it."

"My instinct, then, divines my medicine."

"Exactly, my dear; your personal instinct. That instigates you all. And none are so easily conciliated as these Austrians. Conciliate them, and you have them." Count Serabiglione diverged into a repetition of his theory of the policy and mission of superior intelligences, as regarded his system for dealing with the Austrians.

Nurse Assunta's jealousy was worked upon to separate the children from Vittoria. They ran down with her no more to meet the vast bowls of grapes in the morning and feather their hats with vine-leaves. Deprived of her darlings, the tonelessness of her days made her look to Wilfrid for commiseration. Father Bernardus was too continually exhortative, and fenced too much to "hit the eyeball of her conscience," as he phrased it, to afford her repose. Wilfrid could tell himself that he had already done much for her; for if what he

had done were known, his career, social and military, was ended. This idea being accompanied by a sense of security delighted him; he was accustomed to inquire of Angelo's condition, and praise the British doctor who was attending him gratuitously. "I wish I could get him out of the way," he said, and frowned as in a mental struggle. Vittoria heard him repeat his "I wish!" It heightened greatly her conception of the sacrifice he would be making on her behalf and charity's. She spoke with a reverential tenderness, such as it was hard to suppose a woman capable of addressing to other than the man who moved her soul. The words she uttered were pure thanks; it was the tone which sent them winged and shaking seed. She had spoken partly to prompt his activity, but her self-respect had been sustained by his avoidance of the dreaded old themes, and that grateful feeling made her voice musically rich.

"I dare not go to him, but the doctor tells me the fever has left him, Wilfrid; his wounds are healing; but he is bandaged from head to foot. The sword pierced his side twice, and his arms and hands are cut horribly. He cannot yet walk. If he is discovered, he is lost. Count Lenkenstein has declared that he will stay at the castle till he has him his prisoner. The soldiers are all round us. They know that Angelo is in the ring. They have traced him all over from the Valtellina to this Ultenthal, and only cannot guess that he is in the lion's jaw. I rise in the morning, thinking, 'Is this to be the black day?' He is sure to be caught."

"If I could hit on a plan," said Wilfrid, figuring as though he had a diorama of impossible schemes revolving before his eyes.

"I could believe in the actual whispering of an angel if you did. It was to guard me that Angelo put himself in peril."

"Then," said Wilfrid, "I am his debtor. I owe him as much as my life is worth."

"Think, think," she urged; and promised affection, devotion, veneration, all sorts of vague things, that were too like his own sentiments to prompt him pointedly. Yet he so pledged himself to her by word, and prepared his own mind to conceive the act of service, that (as he did not reflect) circumstance might at any moment plunge him into a gulf. Conduct of this sort is a challenge sure to be answered.

One morning Vittoria was gladdened by a letter from Rocco Ricci, who had fled to Turin. He told her that the king had promised to give her a warm welcome in his capital, where her name was famous. She consulted with Laura, and they resolved to go as soon as Angelo could stand on his feet. Turin was cold Italy, but it was Italy; and from Turin the Italian army was to flow, like the Mincio from the Garda lake. "And there, too, is a stage," Vittoria thought, in a suddenly revived thirst for the stage and a field for work. She

determined to run down to Meran and see Angelo. Laura walked a little way with her, till Wilfrid, alert for these occasions, joined them. On the commencement of the zig-zag below, there were soldiers, the sight of whom was not confusing. Military messengers frequently came up to the castle, where Count Lenkenstein, assisted by Count Serabiglione, examined their depositions, the Italian in the manner of a winding lawyer, the German of a gruff judge. Half way down the zig-zag, Vittoria cast a preconcerted signal back to Laura. The soldiers had a pair of prisoners between their ranks; Vittoria recognised the men who had carried Captain Weisspriess from the ground where the duel was fought. A quick divination told her that they held Angelo's life on their tongues. They must have found him in the mountain-pass while hurrying to their homes, and it was they who had led him to Meran. On the Pässeyr bridge, she turned and said to Wilfrid, "Help me now. Send instantly the doctor in a carriage to the place where he is lying."

Wilfrid was intent on her flushed beauty and the half-compressed quiver of her lip.

She quitted him and hurried to Angelo. Her joy broke out in a cry of thankfulness at sight of Angelo; he had risen from his bed; he could stand, and he smiled.

"That Jacopo is just now the nearest link to me," he said, when she related her having seen the two men guarded by soldiers; he felt helpless, and spoke in resignation. She followed his eye about the room till it rested on the stilet. This she handed to him. "If they think of having me alive!" he said, softly. The Italian and his wife who had given him shelter and nursed him came in, and approved his going, though they did not complain of what they might chance to have incurred. He offered them his purse and they took it. Minutes of grievous expectation went by; Vittoria could endure them no longer; she ran out to the hotel, near which, in the shade of a poplar, Wilfrid was smoking quietly. He informed her that his sister and the doctor had driven out to meet Captain Gambier; his brother-in-law was alone upstairs. Her look of amazement touched him more shrewdly than scorn, and he said, "What on earth can I do?"

"Order out a carriage. Send your brother-in-law in it. If you tell him 'for your health,' he will go."

"On my honour, I don't know where those three words would not send him," said Wilfrid; but he did not move, and was for protesting that he really could not guess what was the matter, and the ground for all this urgency.

Vittoria compelled her angry lips to speak out her suspicions explicitly, whereupon he glanced at the sun-glare in a meditation, occasionally blinking his eyes. She thought, "Oh, Heaven! can he



be waiting for me to coax him?" It was the truth, though it would have been strange to him to have heard it. She grew sure that it was the truth; never had she despised living creature so utterly as when she murmured, "My best friend! my brother! my noble Wilfrid! my old beloved! help me now without loss of a minute."

It caused his breath to come and go unevenly.

"Repeat that—once, only once," he said.

She looked at him with the sorrowful earnestness which, since its meaning was shut from him, was as sweet.

"You will repeat it by-and-by?—another time? Trust me to do my utmost. *Old* beloved! What is the meaning of 'old beloved'? One word in explanation. If it means anything, I would die for you! Emilia, do you hear?—die for you! To me you are nothing old or bygone, whatever I may be to you. To me—yes, I will order the carriage—you are the Emilia—listen! listen! ah! you have shut your ears against me. I am bound in all seeming, but I—you drive me mad; you know your power. Speak one word, that I may feel—that I may be convinced . . . or not a single word; I will obey you without. I have said that you command my life."

In a block of carriages on the bridge, Vittoria perceived a lifted hand. It was Laura's; Beppo was in attendance on her. Laura drove up and said: "You guessed right; where is he?" The communications between them were more indicated than spoken. Beppo had heard Jacopo confess to his having conducted a wounded Italian gentleman into Meran. "That means that the houses will be searched within an hour," said Laura; "my brother-in-law Bear is radiant." She mimicked the Lenkenstein physiognomy spontaneously in the run of her speech. "If Angelo can help himself ever so little, he has a fair start." A look was cast on Wilfrid; Vittoria nodded; Wilfrid was entrapped.

"Englishmen we can trust," said Laura, and requested him to step into her carriage. He glanced round the open place. Beppo did the same, and beheld the chasseur Jacob Baumwalder Feckelwitz crossing the bridge on foot, but he said nothing. Wilfrid was on the step of the carriage, for what positive object neither he nor the others knew, when his sister and the doctor joined them. Captain Gambier was still missing.

"He would have done anything for us," Vittoria said in Wilfrid's hearing.

"Tell us what plan you have," the latter replied fretfully.

She whispered: "Persuade Adela to make her husband drive out. The doctor will go too, and Beppo. They shall take Angelo. Our carriage will follow empty, and bring Mr. Sedley back."

Wilfrid cast his eyes up in the air, at the monstrous impudence of the project. "A storm is coming on," he suggested, to divert

her reading of his grimace ; but she was speaking to the doctor, who answered her readily aloud : " If you are certain of what you say." The remark incited Wilfrid to be no subordinate in devotion ; handing Adela from the carriage while the doctor ran up to Mr. Sedley, he drew her away. Laura and Vittoria watched the motion of their eyes and lips.

" Will he tell her the purpose ? " said Laura.

Vittoria smiled nervously : " He is fibbing."

Marking the energy expended by Wilfrid in this art, the wiser woman said : " Be on your guard the next two minutes he gets you alone."

" You see his devotion."

" Does he see his compensation ? But he must help us at any hazard."

Adela broke away from her brother twice, and each time he fixed her to the spot more imperiously. At last she ran into the hotel ; she was crying. " A bad economy of tears," said Laura, commenting on the dumb scene, to soothe her savage impatience. " In another twenty minutes we shall have the city gates locked."

They heard a window thrown up ; Mr. Sedley's head came out, and peered at the sky. Wilfrid said to Vittoria : " I can do nothing beyond what I have done, I fear."

She thought it was a petition for thanks, but Laura knew better ; she said : " I see Count Lenkenstein on his way to the barracks."

Wilfrid bowed : " I may be able to serve you in that quarter."

He retired ; whereupon Laura inquired how her friend could reasonably suppose that a man would ever endure being thanked in public.

" I shall never understand and never care to understand them," said Vittoria.

" It is a knowledge that is forced on us, my dear. May Heaven make the minds of our enemies stupid for the next five hours !—Apropos of what I was saying, women and men are in two hostile camps. We have a sort of general armistice and everlasting strife of individuals—Ah ! " she clapped hands on her knees, " here comes your doctor ; I could fancy I see a pointed light on his head. Men of science, my Sandra, are always the humanest."

The chill air of a wind preceding thunder was driving round the head of the vale, and Mr. Sedley, wrapped in furs, and feebly remonstrating with his medical adviser, stepped into his carriage. The doctor followed him, giving a grave recognition of Vittoria's gaze. Both gentlemen raised their hats to the ladies, who alighted as soon as they had gone in the direction of the Vintschgau road.

" One has only to furnish you with money, my Beppo," said Vittoria, complimenting his quick apprehensiveness. " Buy bread

and cakes at one of the shops, and buy wine. You will find me where you can, when you have seen him safe. I have no idea of where my home will be. Perhaps England."

"Italy, Italy! faint heart," said Laura.

Furnished with money, Beppo rolled away gaily.

The doubt was in Laura whether an Englishman's wits were to be relied on in such an emergency; but she admitted that the doctor had looked full enough of serious meaning, and that the Englishman named Merthyr Powys was keen and ready. They sat a long half-hour, that thumped itself out like an alarm-bell, under the poplars, by the clamouring Passeyr, watching the roll and spring of the water, and the radiant foam, while band-music played to a great company of visitors, and sounds of thunder drew near. Over the mountains above the Adige, the leaden fingers of an advance of the thunder-cloud pushed slowly, and on a sudden a mighty gale sat heaped black on the mountain-top and blew. Down went the heads of the poplars, the river staggered in its leap, the vale was shuddering grey. It was like the transformation in a fairy tale; Beauty had taken her old cloak about her, and bent to calamity. The poplars streamed their lengths sideways, and in the pauses of the strenuous wind nodded and dashed wildly and white over the dead black water, that waxed in foam and hissed, showing its teeth like a beast enraged. Laura and Vittoria joined hands and struggled for shelter. The tent of a travelling circus from the South, newly pitched on a grass-plot near the river, was caught up and whirled in the air and flung in the face of a marching guard of soldiery, whom it swathed and bore sheer to earth, while on them and around them a line of poplars fell flat, the wind whistling over them. Laura directed Vittoria's eyes to the sight. "See," she said, and her face was set hard with cold and excitement, so that she looked a witch in the uproar; "would you not say the devil is loose now Angelo is abroad?" Thunder and lightning possessed the vale, and then a vertical rain. At the first gleam of sunlight, Laura and Vittoria walked up to the Laubengasse—the street of the arcades, where they made purchases of numerous needless articles, not daring to enter the Italian's shop. A woman at a fruit-stall opposite to it told them that no carriage could have driven up there. During their great perplexity, mud and rain stained soldiers, the same whom they had seen borne to earth by the flying curtain, marched before the shop; the shop and the house were searched; the Italian and his old limping wife were carried away.

"Tell me now, that storm was not Angelo's friend," Laura muttered.

"Can he have escaped?" said Vittoria.

"He is 'on horseback.'" Laura quoted the Italian proverb to

signify that he had flown; how, she could not say, and none could inform her. The joy of their hearts rose in one fountain.

"I shall feel better blood in my body from this moment," Laura said; and Vittoria, "Oh! we can be strong, if we only resolve."

"You want to sing?"

"I do."

"I shall find pleasure in your voice now."

"The wicked voice!"

"Yes, the very wicked voice! But I shall be glad to hear it. You shall sing to-night, and drown those Lenkensteins."

"If my Carlo could hear me!"

"Ah!" sighed the signora, musing. "*He* is in prison now. I remember him the dearest little lad fencing with my husband for exercise after they had been writing all day. When Giacomo was imprisoned, Carlo sat outside the prison-walls till it was time for him to enter; his chin and upper lip were smooth as a girl's. Giacomo said to him, 'May you always have the power of going out, or not have a wife waiting for you.' Here they come." (She spoke of tears.) "It's because I am joyful. The channel for them has grown so dry that they prick and sting. Oh, Sandra! it would be pleasant to me if we might both be buried for seven days, and have one long howl of weakness together. A little bite of satisfaction makes me so tired. I believe there's something very bad for us in our always being at war, and never, never gaining ground. Just one spark of triumph intoxicates us. Look at all those people pouring out again. They are the children of fair weather. I hope the state of their health does not trouble them too much. Vienna sends consumptive patients here. If you regard them attentively, you will observe that they have an anxious air. Their constitutions are not sound; they fear they may die."

Laura's irony was unforced; it was no more than a subtle discord naturally struck from the scene by a soul in contrast with it.

They beheld the riding forth of troopers and a knot of officers hotly conversing together. At another point the duchess and the Lenkenstein ladies, Count Lenkenstein, Count Serabiglione, and Wilfrid paced up and down, waiting for music. Laura left the public places and crossed an upper bridge over the Passeyr, near the castle, by which route she skirted vines and dropped over sloping meadows to some shaded boulders where the Passeyr found a sandy bay, and leaped in transparent green, and whitened and swung twisting in a long smooth body down a narrow chasm, and noised below. The thundering torrent stilled their sensations; and the water, making battle against great blocks of porphyry and granite, caught their thoughts. So strong was the impression of it on Vittoria's mind, that for hours after, every image she conceived seemed proper to the inrush

and outpour; the elbowing, the tossing, the foaming, the burst on stones, and silvery bubbles under and silvery canopy above, the chattering and huzzaing;—all working on towards the one-toned fall under the rainbow on the castle-rock.

Next day, the chasseur Jacob Baumwalder Feckelwitz, deposed in full company at Sonnenberg, that, obeying Count Serabiglione's instructions, he had gone down to the city, and had there seen Lieutenant Pierson with the ladies in front of the hotel; he had followed the English carriage, which took up a man who was standing ready on crutches at a corner of the Laubengasse, and drove rapidly out of the north-western gate, leading to Schlanders and Mals and the Engadine. He had witnessed the transfer of the crippled man from one carriage to another, and had raised shouts and given hue-and-cry, but the intervention of the storm had stopped his pursuit.

He was proceeding to say what his suppositions were. Count Lenkenstein lifted his finger for Wilfrid to follow him out of the room. Count Serabiglione went at their heels. Then Count Lenkenstein sent for his wife, whom Anna and Lena accompanied.

"How many persons are you going to ruin in the course of your crusade, my dear?" the duchess said to Laura.

"Dearest, I am penitent when I succeed," said Laura.

"If that young man has been assisting you, he is irretrievably ruined."

"I am truly sorry for him."

"As for me, the lectures I shall get in Vienna are terrible to think of. This is the consequence of being the friend of both parties, and a peace-maker."

Count Serabiglione returned alone from the scene at the examination, rubbing his hands and nodding affably to his daughter. He maliciously declined to gratify the monster of feminine curiosity in the lump, and doled out the scene piecemeal. He might state, he observed, that it was he who had lured Beppo to listen at the door during the examination of the prisoners; and who had then planted a spy on him—following the dictation of precepts exceedingly old. "We are generally beaten, duchess; I admit it; and yet we generally contrive to show the brains. As I say, wed brains to brute force!—but my Laura prefers to bring about a contest instead of an union, so that somebody is certain to be struck, and"—the count spread out his arms and bowed his head—"deserves the blow." He informed them that Count Lenkenstein had ordered Lieutenant Pierson down to Meran, and that the lieutenant might expect to be cashiered within five days. "What does it matter?" he addressed Vittoria. "It is but a shuffling of victims; Lieutenant Pierson in the place of Guidascarpi! I do not object."

Count Lenkenstein withdrew his wife and sisters from Sonnenberg instantly. He sent an angry message of adieu to the duchess, informing her that he alone was responsible for the behaviour of the ladies of his family. The poor duchess wept. "This means that I shall be summoned to Vienna for a scolding, and have to meet my husband," she said to Laura, who permitted herself to be fondled, and barely veiled her exultation in her apology for the mischief she had done. An hour after the departure of the Lenkensteins, the castle was again officially visited by Colonel Zofel. Vittoria and Laura received an order to quit the district of Meran before sunset. The two firebrands dropped no tears. "I really *am* sorry for others when I succeed," said Laura, trying to look sad upon her friend.

"No; the heart is eaten out of you both by excitement," said the duchess.

Her tender parting, "Love me," in the ear of Vittoria, melted one heart of the two.

Count Serabiglione continued to be buoyed up by his own and his daughter's recent display of a superior intellectual dexterity until the carriage was at the door and Laura presented her cheek to him: he said, "You will know me a wise man when I am off the table." His gesticulations expressed "Ruin, headlong ruin!" He asked her how she could expect him to be for ever repairing her follies. He was going to Vienna; how could he dare to mention her name there? Not even in a trifle would she consent to be subordinate to authority. Laura checked her replies—the surrendering of a noble Italian life to the Austrians was such a trifle! She begged only that a poor wanderer might depart with her father's blessing. The count refused to give it; he waved her off in a fury of reproof; and so got smoothly over the fatal moment when money, or the promise of money, is commonly extracted from parental sources, as Laura explained his odd behaviour to her companion. The carriage-door being closed, he regained his courtly composure; his fury was displaced by a chiding finger, which he presently kissed. Father Bernardus was on the steps beside the duchess, and his blessing had not been withheld from Vittoria, though he half confessed to her that she was a mystery in his mind, and would always be one.

"He can understand robust hostility," Laura said, when Vittoria recalled the look of his benevolent forehead and drooping eyelids; "but robust ductility does astonish him. He has not meddled with me; yet I am the one of the two who would be fair prey for an enterprising spiritual father, as the destined man of heaven will find out some day."

She bent and smote her lap. "How little they know us, my darling! They take fever for strength, and calmness for submission. Here is the world before us, and I feel that such a man, were he to pounce on me

now, might snap me up and lock me in a praying-box with small difficulty. And I am the inveterate rebel! What is it nourishes you and keeps you always aiming straight when you are alone? Once in Turin, I shall feel that I am myself. Out of Italy I have a terrible craving for peace. It seems here as if I must lean down to him, my beloved, who has left me."

Vittoria was in alarm lest Wilfrid should accost her while she drove from gate to gate of the city. They passed under the archway of the gate leading up to Schloss Tyrol, and along the road bordered by vines. An old peasant woman stopped them with the signal of a letter in her hand. "Here it is," said Laura, and Vittoria could not help smiling at her shrewd anticipation of it.

"*May I follow?*"

Nothing more than that was written.

But the bearer of the missive had been provided with a lead pencil to obtain the immediate reply.

"An admirable piece of foresight!" Laura's honest exclamation burst forth.

Vittoria had to look in Laura's face before she could gather her will to do the cruel thing which was least cruel. She wrote firmly:

"*Never follow me.*"

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### EPISODES OF THE REVOLT AND THE WAR.

#### THE TOBACCO-RIOTS.—RINALDO GUIDASCARPI.

ANNA VON LENKENSTEIN was one who could wait for vengeance. Lena punished on the spot, and punished herself most. She broke off her engagement with Wilfrid, while at the same time she caused a secret message to be conveyed to him, telling him that the prolongation of his residence in Meran would restore him to his position in the army.

Wilfrid remained at Meran till the last days of December.

It was winter in Milan, turning to the new year—the year of flames for continental Europe. A young man with a military stride, but out of uniform, had stepped from a travelling carriage and entered a cigar-shop. Upon calling for cigars, he was surprised to observe the woman who was serving there keep her arms under her apron. She cast a look into the street, where a crowd of boys and one or two lean men had gathered about the door. After some delay, she entreated her customer to let her pluck his cloak half-way over the counter; at the same time she thrust a cigar-box under that concealment, together with a printed song in the Milanese dialect. He lifted the paper to read it, and found it tough as Russ. She trans-

lated some of the more salient couplets. Tobacco had become a dead business, she said, now that the popular edict had gone forth against "smoking gold into the pockets of the Tedeschi." None smoked except officers and Englishmen.

"I am an Englishman," he said.

"And not an officer?" she asked; but he gave no answer. "Englishmen are rare in winter, and don't like being mobbed," said the woman.

Nodding to her urgent petition, he deferred the lighting of his cigar. The vetturino requested him to jump up quickly, and a howl of "No smoking in Milan—fuori!—down with tobacco-smokers!" beset the carriage. He tossed half-a-dozen cigars on the pavement derisively. They were scrambled for as when a pack of wolves are diverted by a garment dropped from the flying sledge, but the unluckier hands came after his wheels in fuller howl. He noticed the singular appearance of the streets. Bands of the scum of the population hung at various points; from time to time a shout was raised at a distance, "Abasso il zigarro!" and "Away with the cigar!" went an organised file-firing of cries along the open place. Several gentlemen were mobbed, and compelled to fling the cigars from their teeth. He saw the polizia in twos and threes taking counsel and shrugging, evidently too anxious to avoid a collision. Austrian soldiers and subalterns alone smoked freely; they puffed the harder when the yells and hootings and whistlings thickened at their heels. Sometimes they walked on at their own pace; or, when the noise swelled to a crisis, turned and stood fast, making an exhibition of curling smoke, as a mute form of contempt. Then commenced hustlings and a tremendous uproar; sabres were drawn, the white-coats planted themselves back to back. Milan was clearly in a condition of raging disease. The soldiery not only accepted the challenge of the mob, but assumed the offensive. Here and there they were seen crossing the street to puff obnoxiously in the faces of people. Numerous subalterns were abroad, lively for strife, and bright with the signal of their readiness. An icy wind blew down from the Alps, whitening the house-tops and the ways, but every street, corso, and piazza was dense with loungers, as on a summer evening; the clamour of a skirmish anywhere attracted streams of disciplined rioters on all sides; it was the holiday of rascals.

Our traveller had ordered his vetturino to drive slowly towards his hotel, that he might take the features of this novel scene. He soon showed his view of the case by putting an unlighted cigar in his mouth. The vetturino noted that his conveyance acted as a kindling-match to awaken cries in quiet quarters, looked round, and grinned savagely at the sight of the cigar.

"Drop it, or I drop you," he said; and hearing the command to drive on, pulled up short.



They were in a narrow way leading to the Piazza de' Mercanti. While the altercation was going on between them, a great push of men emerged from one of the close courts some dozen paces ahead of the horse, bearing forth a single young officer in their midst.

"Signor, would you like to be the froth of a boiling of that sort?" The vetturino seized the image at once to strike home his instance of the danger of outraging the will of the people.

Our traveller immediately unlocked a case that lay on the seat in front of him, and drew out a steel scabbard, from which he plucked the sword, and straightway leaped to the ground. The officer's cigar had been dashed from his mouth; he stood at bay, sword in hand, meeting a rush with a desperate stroke. The assistance of a second sword got him clear of the fray. Both hastened forward as the crush melted with the hiss of a withdrawing wave. They interchanged exclamations:—

"Is it you, Jenna!"

"In the devil's name, Pierson, have you come to keep your appointment in mid-winter?"

"Come on: I'll stick beside you."

"On, then!"

They glanced behind them, heeding little the tail of ruffians whom they had silenced.

"We shall have plenty of fighting soon, so we'll smoke a cordial cigar together," said Lieutenant Jenna, and at once struck a light and blazed defiance to Milan afresh—an example that was necessarily followed by his comrade. "What has happened to you, Pierson? Of course, I knew you were ready for our bit of play—though you'll hear what I said of you. How the deuce could you think of running off with that opera girl, and getting a fellow in the mountains to stab our merry old Weisspriess, just because you fancied he was going to slip a word or so over the back of his hand in Countess Lena's ear? No wonder she's shy of you now."

"So, that's the tale afloat," said Wilfrid. "Come to my hotel and dine with me. I suppose that cur has driven my luggage there."

Jenna informed him that officers had to muster in barracks every evening.

"Come and see your old comrades; they'll like you better in bad luck—there's the comfort of it: hang the human nature! She's a good old brute, if you don't drive her hard. Our regiment left Verona in November. There we had tolerable cookery; come and take the best we can give you."

But this invitation Wilfrid had to decline.

"Why?" said Jenna.

He replied: "I've stuck at Meran three months. I did it in obedience to what I understood from Colonel Zofel to be the

general's orders. When I was as perfectly dry as a baked Egyptian, I determined to believe that I was not only in disgrace, but dismissed the service. I posted to Botzen and Riva, on to Milan; and here I am. The least I can do is to show myself here."

"Very well, then, come and show yourself at our table," said Jenna. "Listen: we'll make a furious row after supper, and get hauled in by the collar before the general. You can swear you have never been absent from duty: swear the general never gave you forcible furlough. I'll swear it; all our fellows will swear it. The general will say, 'Oh! a very big lie's equal to a truth; big brother to a fact,' or something; as he always does, you know. Face it out. We can't spare a good stout sword in these times. On with me, my Pierson."

"I would," said Wilfrid, doubtfully.

A douse of water from a window extinguished their cigars.

Lieutenant Jenna wiped his face deliberately, and lighting another cigar, remarked: "This is the fifth poor devil who has come to an untimely end within an hour. It is brisk work. Now, I'll swear I'll smoke *this* one out."

The cigar was scattered in sparks from his lips by a hat skilfully flung. He picked it up miry and cleaned it, observing that his honour was pledged to this fellow. The hat he trampled into a muddy lump. Wilfrid found it impossible to ape his coolness. He swung about for an adversary. Jenna pulled him on.

"A salute from a window," he said. "We can't storm the houses. The time'll come for it—and then, you cats!"

Wilfrid inquired how long this state of things had been going on. Jenna replied that they appeared to be in the middle of it;—nearly a week. Another week, and their day would arrive; and then!

"Have you heard anything of a Count Ammiani here?" said Wilfrid.

"Oh! he's one of the lot, I believe. We have him fast, as we'll have the bundle of them. Keep eye on those dogs behind us, and manœuvre your cigar. The plan is, to give half-a-dozen bright puffs, and then keep it in your fist; and when you see an Italian head, volcano him like fury.—Yes, I've heard of that Ammiani. The scoundrels made an attempt to get him out of prison—I fancy he's in the city prison—last Friday night. I don't know exactly where he is; but it's pretty fair reckoning to say that he'll enjoy a large slice of the next year in the charming solitude of Spielberg, if Milan is restless. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Not by any means," said Wilfrid.

"Mio prigione!" Jenna mouthed with ineffable contemptuousness; "he'll have time to write his memoirs, as one of the dogs did. I remember my mother crying over the book. I read it? Not I! I

never read books. My father said—the stout old colonel—‘Prison seems to make these Italians take an interest in themselves.’ ‘Oh!’ says my mother, ‘why can’t they be at peace with us?’ ‘That’s exactly the question,’ says my father, ‘we’re always putting to them.’ And so I say. Why can’t they let us smoke our cigars in peace?”

Jenna finished by assaulting a herd of faces with smoke.

“Pig of a German!” was shouted; and “Porco-porco” was sung in a scale of voices. Jenna received a blinding slap across the eyes. He staggered back; Wilfrid slashed his sword in defence of him. He struck a man down. “Blood! blood!” cried the gathering mob, and gave space, but hedged the couple thickly. Windows were thrown up; forth came a rain of household projectiles. The cry of “Blood! blood!” was repeated by numbers pouring on them from the issues to right and left. It is a terrible cry in a city. In a city of the south it rouses the wild beast in men to madness. Jenna smoked triumphantly and blew great clouds, with an eye aloft for the stools, basins, chairs, and water descending. They were in the middle of one of the close streets of old Milan. The man felled by Wilfrid was raised on strong arms, that his bleeding head might be seen of all, and a dreadful hum went round. A fire of missiles, stones, balls of wax, lumps of dirt, sticks of broken chairs, began to play. Wilfrid had a sudden gleam of the face of his Verona assailant. He and Jenna called “Follow me,” in one breath, and drove forward with sword-points, which they dashed at the foremost; by dint of swift semi-circlings of the edges they got through, but a mighty voice of command thundered; the rearward portion of the mob swung rapidly to the front, presenting a scattered second barrier; Jenna tripped on a fallen body, lost his cigar, and swore that he must find it. A dagger struck his sword-arm. He staggered and flourished his blade in the air, calling “On!” without stirring. “This infernal cigar!” he said; and to the mob, “What mongrel of you took my cigar?” Stones thumped on his breast; the barrier-line a-head grew denser. “I’ll go at them first; you’re bleeding,” said Wilfrid. They were refreshed by the sound of German cheering, as in approach. Jenna uplifted a crow of the regimental hurrah of the charge; it was answered; on they went and got through the second fence, saw their comrades, and were running to meet them, when a weighted ball hit Wilfrid on the back of the head. He fell, as he believed, on a cushion of down, and saw thousands of saints dancing with lamps along cathedral aisles.

The next time he opened his eyes he fancied he had dropped into the vaults of the cathedral. His sensation of sinking was so vivid that he feared lest he should be going still farther below. There was a lamp in the chamber, and a young man sat reading by the light of the lamp. Vision danced fantastically on Wilfrid’s brain.

He saw that he rocked as in a ship, yet there was no noise of the sea; nothing save the remote thunder haunting empty ears at strain for sound. He looked again; the young man was gone, the lamp was flickering. Then he became conscious of a strong ray on his eyelids; he beheld his enemy gazing down on him, and swooned. It was with joy that, when his wits returned, he found himself looking on the young man by the lamp. "That other face was a dream," he thought, and studied the aspect of the young man with the unwearied attentiveness of partial stupor, that can note accurately, but cannot deduce from its noting, and is inveterate in patience because it is undeceived. Memory wakened first.

"Guidascarpì!" he said to himself.

The name was uttered half aloud. The young man started and closed his book.

"You know me?" he asked.

"You are Guidascarpì?"

"I am."

"Guidascarpì, I think I helped to save your life in Meran."

The young man stooped over him. "You speak of my brother Angelo. I am Rinaldo. My debt to you is the same, if you have served him."

"Is he safe?"

"He is in Lugano."

"The signorina Vittoria?"

"In Turin."

"Where am I?"

The reply came from another mouth than Rinaldo's.

"You are in the poor lodging of the shoemaker, whose shoes, if you had thought fit to wear them, would have conducted you anywhere but to this place."

"Who are you?" Wilfrid moaned.

"You ask who I am. I am the Eye of Italy. I am the Cat who sees in the dark." Barto Rizzo raised the lamp and stood at his feet. "Look straight. You know me, I think."

Wilfrid sighed, "Yes, I know you; do your worst."

His head throbbed with the hearing of a heavy laugh, as if a hammer knocked it. What ensued he knew not; he was left to his rest. He lay there many days and nights, that were marked by no change of light; the lamp burned unwearyingly. Rinaldo and a woman tended him. The sign of his reviving strength was shown by a complaint he launched at the earthy smell of the place.

"It is like death," said Rinaldo, coming to his side. "I am used to it, and familiar with death too," he added in a musical undertone.

"Are you also a prisoner here?" Wilfrid questioned him.

"I am."

"The brute does not kill, then?"

"No; he saves. I owe my life to him. He has rescued yours."

"Mine?" said Wilfrid.

"You would have been torn to pieces in the streets but for Barto Rizzo."

The streets were the world above to Wilfrid; he was eager to hear of the doings in them. Rinaldo told him that the tobacco-war raged still; the soldiery had recently received orders to smoke abroad, and street battles were hourly occurring. "They call this government!" he interjected.

He was a soft-voiced youth; slim and tall and dark, like Angelo, but with a more studious forehead. The book he was constantly reading was a book of chemistry. He entertained Wilfrid with very strange talk. He spoke of the stars and of a destiny. He cited certain minor events of his life to show the ground of his present belief in there being a written destiny for each individual man. "Angelo and I know it well. It was revealed to us when we were boys. It has been certified to us up to this moment. Mark what I tell you," he pursued in a devout sincerity of manner that baffled remonstrance, "*my* days end with this new year. His will end with the year following. Our house is dead."

Wilfrid pressed his hand. "Have you not been too long underground?"

"That is the conviction I am coming to. But when I go out to breathe the air of heaven, I go to my fate. Should I hesitate? We Italians of this period are children of thunder and live the life of a flash. The worms may creep on; the men must die. Out of us springs a better world. Romara, Ammiani, Mercadesco, Montesini, Rufo, Cardì, whether they see it or not, will sweep forward to it. To some of them, one additional day of breath is precious. Not so for Angelo and me. We are unbeloved. We have neither mother, nor sister, nor betrothed. What is an existence that can fly to no human arms? I have been too long underground, because, while I continue to hide, I am as a drawn sword between two lovers."

The previous mention of Ammiani's name, together with the knowledge he had of Ammiani's relationship to the Guidascari, pointed an instant identification of these lovers to Wilfrid.

He asked feverishly who they were, and looked his best simplicity, as one who was always interested by stories of lovers.

The voice of Barto Rizzo, singing "Vittoria!" stopped Rinaldo's reply; but Wilfrid read it in his smile at that word. He was too weak to restrain his anguish, and flung on the couch and sobbed. Rinaldo supposed that he was in fear of Barto, and encouraged him to meet the man confidently. A lusty "Viva l'Italia! Vittoria!" heralded Barto's entrance. "My boy! my noblest! we have beaten

them—the cravens! Tell me now—have I served an apprenticeship to the devil for nothing? We have struck the cigars out of their mouths and the monopoly-money out of their pockets. They have surrendered. The Imperial order prohibits soldiers from smoking in the streets of Milan, and so throughout Venezia! Soon we will have the prisons empty, by our own order. Trouble yourself no more about Ammiani. He shall come out to the sound of trumpets. I hear them! Hither, my Rosellina, my plump melon; up with your red lips, and buss me a Napoleon salute—ha! ha!”

Barto's wife went into his huge arm, and submissively lifted her face. He kissed her like a barbaric king, laughing as from wine.

Wilfrid smothered his head from this incarnate thunder. He was unnoticed by Barto. Presently a silence told him that he was left to himself. An idea possessed him that the triumph of the Italians meant the release of Ammiani, and his release the loss of Vittoria for ever. Since her graceless return of his devotion to her in Meran, something like a passion—arising from the sole spring by which he could be excited to conceive a passion—had filled his heart. He was one of those who delight to dally with gentleness and faith, as with things that are their heritage; but the mere suspicion of coquetry and indifference plunged him into a fury of jealous wrathfulness, and tossed so desirable an image of beauty before him that his mad thirst to embrace it seemed love. By our manner of loving we are known. He thought it no meanness to escape and cause a warning to be conveyed to the Government that there was another attempt brewing for the rescue of Count Ammiani. Acting forthwith on the hot impulse, he seized the lamp. The door was unlocked. Luckier than Luigi had been, he found a ladder outside, and a square opening, through which he crawled; continuing to ascend along close passages and up narrow flights of stairs, that appeared to him to be fashioned to avoid the rooms of the house. At last he pushed a door, and found himself in an armoury, among stands of muskets, swords, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, and, most singular of all, though he observed them last, small brass pieces of cannon, shining with polish. Shot was piled in pyramids beneath their mouths. He examined the guns admiringly. There were rows of daggers along shelves; some in sheath, others bare; one that had been hastily wiped showed a smear of rosy blood. He stood debating whether he should seize a sword for his protection. In the act of trying its temper on the floor, the sword-hilt was knocked from his hand, and he felt a coil of arms around him. He was in the imprisoning embrace of Barto Rizzo's wife. His first, and perhaps natural, impression accused her of a violent display of an eccentric passion for his manly charms; and the tighter she locked him, the more reasonably was he led to suppose it; but as,

while stamping on the floor, she offered nothing to his eyes save the yellow poll of her neck, and hung neither panting nor speaking, he became undeceived. His struggles were preposterous; his lively sense of ridicule speedily stopped them. He remained passive, from time to time desperately adjuring his living prison to let him loose, or to conduct him whither he had come; but the inexorable coil kept fast—how long there was no guessing—till he could have roared out tears of rage, and that is extremity for an Englishman. Rinaldo arrived in his aid; but the woman still clung to him. He was freed only by the voice of Barto Rizzo, who marched him back. Rinaldo subsequently told him that his discovery of the armoury necessitated his confinement.

“Necessitates it!” cried Wilfrid. “Is this your Italian gratitude?”

The other answered: “My friend, you risked your fortune for my brother; but this is a case that concerns our country.”

He deemed these words to be an unquestionable justification, for he said no more. After this they ceased to converse. Each lay down on his strip of couch-matting; rose and ate, and passed the dreadful untimed hours; nor would Wilfrid ask whether it was day or night. We belong to time so utterly, that when we get no note of time, it wears the shrouded head of death for us already. Rinaldo could quit the place as he pleased; he knew the hours; and Wilfrid supposed that it must be hatred that kept him from voluntarily divulging that blessed piece of knowledge. He had to encourage a retorting spirit of hatred in order to mask his intense craving. By an assiduous calculation of seconds and minutes, he was enabled to judge that the lamp burned a space of six hours before it required replenishing. Barto Rizzo’s wife trimmed it regularly, but the accursed woman came at all seasons. She brought their meals irregularly, and she would never open her lips: she was like a guardian of the tombs. Wilfrid abandoned his dream of the variation of night and day, and with that the sense of life deadened, as the lamp did towards the sixth hour. Thenceforward his existence fed on the movements of his companion, the workings of whose mind he began to read with a marvellous insight. He knew once, long in advance of the act or an indication of it, that Rinaldo was bent on prayer. Rinaldo had slightly closed his eyelids during the perusal of his book; he had taken a pencil and traced lines on it from memory, and dotted points here and there; he had left the room, and returned to resume his study. Then, after closing the book softly, he had taken up the mark he was accustomed to place in the last page of his reading, and tossed it away. Wilfrid was prepared to clap hands when he should see the hated fellow drop on his knees; but when that sight verified his calculation, he huddled himself exultingly in his couch-cloth:—it was like a confirming clamour to him that he was yet wholly alive.

He watched the anguish of the prayer, and was rewarded for the strain of his faculties by sleep. Barto Rizzo's rough voice awakened him. Barto had evidently just communicated dismal tidings to Rinaldo, who left the vault with him, and was absent long enough to make Wilfrid forget his hatred in an irresistible desire to catch him by the arm and look in his face.

"Ah! you have not forsaken me," the greeting leaped out.

"Not now," said Rinaldo.

"Do you think of going?"

"I will speak to you presently, my friend."

"Hound!" cried Wilfrid, and turned his face to the wall.

Until he slept, he heard the rapid travelling of a pen; on his awakening, the pen vexed him like a chirping cricket that tells us cock-crow is long distant when we are moaning for the dawn. Great drops of sweat were on Rinaldo's forehead. He wrote as one who poured forth a history without pause. Barto's wife came to the lamp and beckoned him out, bearing the lamp away. There was now for the first time darkness in this vault. Wilfrid called Rinaldo by name, and heard nothing but the fear of the place, which seemed to rise bristling at his voice, and shrink from it. He called till dread of his voice held him dumb. "I am, then, a coward," he thought. Nor could he by-and-by repress a start of terror on hearing Rinaldo speak out of the darkness. With screams for the lamp, and cries that he was suffering slow murder, he underwent a paroxysm in the effort to conceal his abject horror. Rinaldo sat by his side patiently. At last he said: "We are both of us prisoners on equal terms now." That was quieting intelligence to Wilfrid, who asked, eagerly: "What hour is it?"

It was eleven of the forenoon. Wilfrid strove to dissociate his recollection of clear daylight from the pressure of the hideous featureless time surrounding him. He asked: "What week?" It was the first week in March. Wilfrid could not keep from sobbing aloud. In the early period of such a captivity imagination, deprived of all other food, conjures phantasms for the employment of the brain; but there is still some consciousness within the torpid intellect wakeful to laugh at them as they fly, though they have held us at their mercy. The face of time had been imaged like the withering masque of a corpse to him. He had felt, nevertheless, that things had gone on as we trust them to do at the closing of our eyelids: he had preserved a mystical remote faith in the steady running of the world above, and hugged it as his most precious treasure. A thunder was rolled in his ears when he heard of the flight of two months at one bound. Two big months! He would have guessed, at farthest, two weeks. "I have been two months in one shirt? Impossible!" he exclaimed. His serious idea (he cherished it for the support of his reason) was,



that the world above had played a mad prank since he had been shuffled off its stage.

“It can’t be March,” he said. “Is there sunlight overhead?”

“It is a true Milanese March,” Rinaldo replied.

“Why am I kept a prisoner?”

“I cannot say. There must be some idea of making use of you.”

“Have you arms?”

“I have none.”

“You know where they’re to be had.”

“I know, but I would not take them, if I could. They, my friend, are for a better cause.”

“A thousand curses on your country!” cried Wilfrid. “Give me air; give me freedom; I am stifled; I am eaten up with dirt; I am half dead. Are we never to have the lamp again?”

“Hear me speak,” Rinaldo stopped his ravings. “I will tell you what my position is. A second attempt has been made to help Count Ammiani’s escape; it has failed. He is detained a prisoner by the Government under the pretence that he is implicated in the slaying of an Austrian noble by the hands of two brothers, one of whom slew him justly—not as a dog is slain, but according to every honourable stipulation of the code. I was the witness of the deed. It is for me that my cousin, Count Ammiani, droops in prison when he should be with his bride. Let me speak on, I pray you. I have said that I stand between two lovers. I can release him, I know well, by giving myself up to the Government. Unless I do so instantly, he will be removed from Milan to one of their fortresses in the interior, and there he may cry to the walls and iron-bars for his trial. They are aware that he is dear to Milan, and these two miserable attempts have furnished them with their excuse. Barto Rizzo bids me wait. I have waited: I can wait no longer. The lamp is withheld from me to stop my writing to my brother, that I may warn him of my design. The letter is written; the messenger is on his way to Lugano. I do not state my intentions before I have taken measures to accomplish them. I am as much Barto Rizzo’s prisoner now as you are.”

The plague of darkness and thirst for daylight prevented Wilfrid from having any other sentiment than gladness that a companion equally unfortunate with himself was here, and equally desirous to go forth. When Barto’s wife brought their meal, and the lamp to light them eating it, Rinaldo handed her pen, ink, pencil, paper, all the material of correspondence; upon which, as one who had received a stipulated exchange, she let the lamp remain. While the new and thrice-dear rays were illumining her dark-coloured solid beauty, I know not what touch of manlike envy or hurt vanity led Wilfrid to observe that the woman’s eyes dwelt with a singular fulness and

softness on Rinaldo. It was fulness and softness void of fire, a true ox-eyed gaze, but human in the fall of the eyelids; almost such as an early poet of the brush gave to the Virgin carrying her Child, to become an everlasting reduplicated image of a mother's strong beneficence of love. He called Rinaldo's attention to it when the woman had gone. Rinaldo understood his meaning at once.

"It will have to be so, I fear," he said; "I have thought of it. But if I lead her to disobey Barto, there is little hope for the poor soul." He rose up straight, like one who would utter grace for meat. "Must we, O my God, give a sacrifice at every step?"

With that he resumed his seat stiffly, and bent and murmured to himself. Wilfrid had at one time of his life imagined that he was marked by a peculiar distinction from the common herd; but contact with this young man taught him to feel his fellowship towards the world at large, and to rejoice at it, though it partially humbled him.

They had no further visit from Barto Rizzo. The woman tended them in the same unswerving silence, with at times that adorable maternity of aspect. Wilfrid was touched by commiseration for her. He was too bitterly fretful on account of clean linen and the liberty which fluttered the prospect of it, to think much upon what her fate might be: perhaps a beating, perhaps the knife. But the vileness of wearing one shirt two months and more had hardened his heart; and though he was considerate enough not to prompt his companion very impatiently, he submitted desperate futile schemes to him, and suggested—"To-night?—to-morrow?—the next day?" Rinaldo did not heed him. He lay on his couch like one who bleeds inwardly, thinking of the complacent faithfulness of that poor creature's face. Barto Rizzo had sworn to him that there should be a rising in Milan before the month was out; but he had lost all confidence in Milanese risings. Ammiani would be removed, if he delayed; and he knew that the moment his letter reached Lugano, Angelo would start for Milan and claim to surrender in his stead. The woman came, and went forth, and Rinaldo did not look at her until his resolve was firm.

He said to Wilfrid in her presence, "Swear that you will reveal nothing of this house."

Wilfrid spiritedly pronounced his gladdest oath.

"It is dark in the streets," Rinaldo addressed the woman. "Lead us out, for the hour has come when I must go."

She clutched her hands below her bosom to stop its great heaving, and stood as one smitten by the sudden hearing of her sentence. The sight was pitiful, for her face scarcely changed; the anguish was expressionless. Rinaldo pointed sternly to the door.

"Stay," Wilfrid interposed. "That wretch may be in the house, and will kill her."

"She is not thinking of herself," said Rinaldo.

"But, stay," Wilfrid repeated. The woman's way of taking breath shocked and enfeebled him.

Rinaldo threw the door open.

"Must you? must you?" her voice broke.

"Waste no words."

"You have not seen a priest."

"I go to him."

"You die!"

"What is death to me? Be dumb, that I may think well of you till my last moment."

"What is death to me? Be dumb!"

She had spoken with her eyes fixed on his couch. It was the figure of one upon the scaffold, knitting her frame to hold up a strangled heart.

"What is death to me? Be dumb!" she echoed him many times on the rise and fall of her breathing, and turned to get him in her eyes. "Be dumb! be dumb!" She threw her arms wide out, and pressed his temples and kissed him.

The scene was like hot iron to Wilfrid's senses. When he heard her coolly asking him for his handkerchief to blind him, he had forgotten the purpose, and gave it mechanically. Nothing was uttered throughout the long mountings and descent of stairs. They passed across one corridor where the walls told of a humming assemblage of men within. A current of keen air was the first salute Wilfrid received from the world above; his handkerchief was loosened; he stood foolish as a blind man, weak as a hospital patient, on the steps leading into a small square of visible darkness, and heard the door shut behind him. Rinaldo led him from the court to the street.

"Farewell," he said. "Get some housing instantly; avoid exposure to the air. I leave you."

Wilfrid spent his tongue in a fruitless and meaningless remonstrance. "And you?" he had the grace to ask.

"I go straight to find a priest. Farewell."

So they parted.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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## HOME TRAVEL.—DEVONSHIRE.<sup>1</sup>

COUNTY histories fascinate the topographer and afford delightful reading to the county families, whose virtues they record and whose arms they display. The general reader, however, would as willingly peruse a gazetteer or a dictionary as one of these useful but dreary records. The chronicler of an English shire undertakes a work for which, at best, he obtains small pecuniary recompense, and a still smaller modicum of praise. He is looked upon as a harmless drudge, and receives the recompense awarded to drudges. His work, if it be sincere and honest, is of permanent value ; but it is the kind of work of which we make use without any sense of gratitude to the workman.

Very much the same feeling is evinced towards the writer of a handbook. His volume, if good of its kind, is the result of great physical and mental labour. Almost every page in it has been brought into shape after long and wearisome journeys, after careful inquiry and inspection, after hours spent in rectifying the errors or testing the statements of previous guide-writers. A fact which his readers ascertain at a glance may have cost him the exertion of a day ; a tour of which they can read the description in a quarter of an hour, may have taken him a week to accomplish. In gaining the information requisite, a guide-writer who understands his vocation will take little on trust ; often in a foreign country he has no authorities to rely on, in England the authority which was reliable last year may be nullified in the present. The author of a handbook, even if confined within the easy limits of an English county, has therefore undertaken no holiday pastime. He needs to have much leisure, much and varied knowledge, and more patience. He should have a keen eye for the beautiful in nature and art, the instinct of the topographer, the soul of the artist, the passion of the antiquary, a knowledge of history and a love of literature, physical strength enough to perform the feats of a good pedestrian, and moral courage enough to make him indifferent about the results of his toil. For of this the handbook author may be very sure, that if he has blundered tourists will complain of his mistakes, and that if he has not blundered he will be treated for the nonce as a close companion, and then be thrown aside and forgotten.

The author of Murray's "Handbook for Travellers in Devon and Cornwall" has apparently brought to his task most, if not all, of the good qualities I have enumerated ; and that he has succeeded in his

(1) A HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN DEVON AND CORNWALL. Sixth Edition, Revised, with Maps and Plates. John Murray.

task, all who have been over the ground with him will be ready to testify. Of Cornwall, indeed, my knowledge is extremely limited, and of that county I do not purpose to speak in this article; but Devonshire is endeared to me by long residences and charming associations, by youthful memories and aspirations, by that warm, though perhaps unreasonable, affection which men are apt to feel for spots in which they have seen visions and dreamed dreams.

John Foster, the essayist, used to say there were some words—"forest," I think, was one of them—which he could never hear or utter without a feeling almost of awe. These cabalistic words kindled his imagination; they affected him just as the "ranz des vaches" affects the Swiss when far from his native mountains; as the burden of an old song affects a poet, or the man of poetic instincts; as colour affects the artist, or melody the musician. And just so probably it happens with all of us that certain spots, like certain persons, exercise a potent sway about which we cannot reason, but to which we must needs submit. I acknowledge, then, my allegiance to Devonshire. I have seen finer scenery elsewhere, but none so beautiful; towns with much higher architectural merits, but none so pleasant in which to live; larger rivers, more extensive woods, far loftier mountains, but neither rivers, hills, nor woods which I could revisit again and again with such unfailing satisfaction. That this passion is not altogether unreasonable, those who are familiar with the county, or with any considerable portion of it, will allow.

Let me state for the ignorant and unbelieving some of the grounds of my faith, not in the dry abstract terms in which creeds are wont to be stated, but by taking the reader into this goodly land, and showing him some of the treasures and "the things of fame" for which it is renowned.

It matters little in what part of the county we commence our journey, and the Handbook affords choice enough for the actual or the fireside tourist. For exquisite beauty, beauty of form, of colour, of variety, for scenes which dispose one to tender reveries and delicious musings, many true Devonians will invite you to Bickleigh Vale, and the Valley of the Cad, or they will point out some of the charming spots near Torquay, such as Anstis Cove and Babbacombe: or they will take you in pleasant pilgrimage along the banks of the Tavy and Tamar, across which latter river, by the way, is a bridge, upon which, says Fuller, recording a local tradition, "there standeth a man of great strength and stature, with a black bill in his hand, ready to knock down all the lawyers that should offer to plant themselves in the county of Cornwall." Others, again, loving wilder and grander scenes, will recommend you to halt at Ashburton—where Gifford of "The Quarterly" was born—or at Buckfastleigh, and to explore the scenery of Buckland and Holne; or at Moreton

Hampstead, from whence you can visit Lustleigh Cleave, Gidleigh Park, Fingle Bridge, and Whyddon Park "a wild hillside covered with aged oaks and mossy rocks;" or, better still, to spend days or weeks, for you well may, at Chagford, a spot alluring to artists for its picturesqueness, to botanists for its ferns, and to archaeologists for its British camps and other remnants of hoar antiquity. The circles, and cromlech, and bridge, the camps and stone lines, or, as they are called in Devonshire, "reaves," may indeed be seen in a day or two; but many long summer days are needed thoroughly to explore and to enjoy this portion of Dartmoor; to ascend Cawsand, to visit Cranmere Pool, which, according to the belief of the country people is a place of punishment for unhappy ghosts, to trace the source of four or five rivers, and to explore the strange weird wood of Wistman, a haunted spot where should you (which the heavens forbend!) chance to be benighted, you will hear the unearthly baying of the Yeth-hounds, or be allured into some quagmire by the pixies, and there pinched black and blue, and left to bewail your misery until morning. Of this wood the author of the Handbook writes, "Many of the trees are wonderfully diminutive, scarcely exceeding the stature of a man, and the average height of the wood is only ten or twelve feet; but the oaks at the top 'spread far and wide, and branch and twist in so fantastic and tortuous a manner as to remind one of those strange things called mandrakes.' How they are rooted it is impossible to tell; they grow in a dangerous wilderness, where rocky clefts, swarming with adders, are so concealed by a thorny undergrowth, that a person who should rashly enter the wood will be probably precipitated to the chin before he can escape from it." And he adds that this antiquated family is apparently in a barren condition. "We die at the top first," said the poet Gay, and this, if not always true of men, is apparently true of the trees in this wild spot. "It would seem, indeed, that this race of vegetable pigmies, although by an ancient record proved to have presented a similar appearance in the reign of the Conqueror, was doomed to a speedy extinction, and that the spot on which it has flourished, where it has so long afforded shelter to the fox and the serpent, must after a few more winters be as desolate as the savage hills which surround it."

There are nooks of rare loveliness on Dartmoor, and the breezy freedom of its open wastes imparts a feeling of joyousness and exhilaration. In the summer, writes our author, if the traveller chance to be benighted, "it is no hazardous adventure to pass a night in the open air. A couch of heather may be had for the trouble of gathering it, peat that will burn well may generally be found stacked and sufficiently dried; and indeed a companion, a warm plaid, a knife, a tinder-box, a well-stored wallet, and, perhaps,

a pouch of tobacco, are the only essentials for a very pleasant bivouac." Under the glow of summer sunshine when the heavens are blue and the wind at rest, this billowy expanse of desert land,<sup>1</sup>—with its fifty-three streams, its multitude of lofty tors, its granite rocks, and mountain torrents, its mosses and heather, its majestic calmness, broken only by the occasional notes of birds, by the murmur of bees, and the continuous sound of waters,—is a spot to gladden heart and eye.

But the peculiar fascination of Dartmoor upon a July morning will be exchanged for a very different feeling should the traveller chance to visit it upon a bleak, biting, winter's day. Then the lack of trees and houses, the solemn gloom of the hills as barren at the base as on the summit, the treacherous bogs and pitfalls, the tempestuous rush of the streams, the shrill and piercing wind, and perhaps a sudden and blinding fall of snow, will fill him with the fear which haunts waste and desolate places, and he will long for the sight of a moorland inn and the grateful warmth of a peat fire. Seldom does a winter pass without some deaths upon the moor; and after listening to the sad tales which the peasants have to tell of wanderers lost upon the hills, the tourist will appreciate the force of the following stanza:—

“ Ho that will not merry be,  
With a pretty girl by the fire,  
I wish he was a-top of Dartmoor,  
A-stugged in the mire; ”

especially when we remember—and who that has travelled in Devonshire does not?—that although lovely faces abound all England over, they are there remarkably prolific. Devonshire cream is not like other cream, but has a peculiar and dainty freshness of its own; and Devonshire girls, too, have a fascination which belongs to them alone, but which can no more be described than colour or fragrance. Yet it seems to me that the beauty of a West country maiden depends less upon regularity of feature than upon clearness of complexion; and that the unaffected simplicity and friendly ease of her manners are rendered more piquant by a faint dash of flirtation, which adds a charm to her modesty. She tries to be reserved, but fails signally; she makes a little effort to be agreeable, and is sure to be successful. She never repels by her rigidity and precision, and although truly feminine, apparently cares less to win admiration than to confer pleasure. So is she as a maiden; and when she renounces her freedom for matronly cares and joys, one attraction the more is added to her earlier graces, for the young children of Devon, if

(1) “Dartmoor,” says Gilpin, “spreads like the ocean after a storm, heaving in large swells.”

not irretrievably spoilt in the lace schools, are bonny, happy, winsome little mortals.

Let us return from this digression—and the tourist is inclined and entitled to make many—to Dartmoor, as to which I have only one word to add. It is to advise excursionists to select for its exploration the most settled weather they can choose in this uncertain climate. Wind, or rain, or even the absence of sunshine, will destroy all the pleasure of a Dartmoor peregrination, and on this account it is well perhaps to select the months of May, of July, or of August. “The hills are often enveloped in mist for a week at a time, and the clouds assemble with so little warning that no stranger should wander far from the beaten track without a compass.” So writes the author of the “Handbook,” and Mr. Burt, in his notes on Carrington’s “Dartmoor,” says, “A storm on Dartmoor bears little resemblance to storms in general. It is awful, perilous, astounding, and pitiless; and woe to the stranger who, in a dark night and without a guide, is forced to encounter it.” Rain in Devonshire is always in excess of the average fall in England; but on the moor the average of the county is considerably exceeded. There is a rhyme on the subject from which the following quatrain is quoted in “Murray:”—

“The west wind always brings wet weather,  
The east wind wet and cold together;  
The south wind surely brings us rain,  
The north wind blows it back again.”

This doggrel, if I remember rightly, runs on to the extent of twenty or thirty lines. I can only recall four, which are as follows:—

“But if the sun in red should set,  
The next day clearly will be wet;  
And if the sun should set in grey,  
The next will be a rainy day.”

For showers, or rather for storms, therefore, let the traveller be prepared. If he escape them altogether, and see this noble wilderness under a cloudless sky, his memories of Dartmoor cannot be otherwise than pleasant.<sup>1</sup>

And now for scenes of a different character. On the north-west of Devon, forty-eight miles from Exeter, lies the town of Bideford, an agreeable, healthy, cleanly-looking place, with wide streets and

(1) Dr. Shapter, in his work on “The Climate of the South of Devon,” says, with reference to the rain-fall, “In the hill district, particularly represented by the Slopes of Dartmoor, the mean annual amount is much more than double that proper to Exeter and its contiguous sea-board. It is the fall of this, as regards locality, exceptional amount of rain, that has induced the erroneous impression that the South of Devon is subject to a rain-fall very much in excess of that of other parts of the South Coast of England.” Dr. Shapter, it will be seen, does not deny that the rain-fall is excessive, he only qualifies the customary statement.



pleasant views, and a bridge over the Torridge, erected in the fourteenth century, of which the inhabitants are justly proud. Here the tourist may take up his quarters for the night at the New Inn, an hostel of which he will find nothing to complain, if it be as well managed as when I knew it some years ago. Early on the following morning let him start for Clovelly, eleven miles from Bideford, and one of the most curious and picturesque villages in England. Nowhere on our sea coast is there a village fixed so strangely between sea and sky, with but a single precipitous street, which can only be ascended and descended by donkeys and bipeds; nowhere in England is there a sea-side haunt more retired and beautiful, more quaint and picturesque, or one of which the true lover of nature would be less likely to weary. The village from its summit to the pier is about 500 feet in depth. "A brawling stream accompanies the stair-flight, and is crossed at one or two places by foot bridges. The view is superb—the Welsh coast about Milford Haven, Lundy Island, generally more distinct, but sometimes entangled with clouds, and the vast plain of the sea, streaked, if it be calm, with white watery lanes." Descending the abrupt steps which form the pavement of the village, you pass under the archway of a house, and so reach the pier, which is so built as to form a harbour for the herring boats, which perform successful service here during the season. A Clovelly herring, be it observed, just fresh from the sea, is a luxury which might tempt an epicure.

Look back as you stand on the rough popple stones of the quay, at the little nest of cottages half shrouded among the trees, and look up above them all on the woods of the Hobby, a drive three miles in extent along the heights of the cliff; listen to the splash of the boatman's oar, to the song of the fisherman's boy, "as he sings in his boat on the bay," and to the soft murmur of the waves; and as you look and listen, the beauty and the silence—for the sounds heard do but render the stillness more impressive—will take hold of your spirit, will make you wiser and better, as the good mother, Nature, always does make those who gaze wistfully on her face and rest in her arms.

Those who "do" scenery in the American style, and rush ruthlessly over God's world as though their gain were to be reckoned by the distance they achieved, will manage to see Clovelly without much loss of time; the lions are not many, and like the "happy family," they all lie in close proximity. It is easy to run up and down the steep street ladder, to walk or drive along the Hobby, to visit the church, and the court, the park, with its coast views almost unequalled in Devon, and even should the weather be favourable to sail over the eighteen miles which divide the mainland from Lundy Island the lonely haunt of sea-birds,—easy to do all this and to return to city life with no brighter impression of the spot than a good photograph would

convey. For all natural beauty must be entertained by the mind as well as by the eye; Nature must be conversed with as a friend, not gazed at as a spectacle. We are apt to forget this in the haste and bustle of our modern life, and to imagine that we learn much by visiting many places and seeing many things. And the same delusion deceives us in the world of literature. The man of large powers, and whose intellect has been fully disciplined, may indeed read many books, and whether they be written by wise men or fools, will gain from them energy and knowledge; genius, too, will gather flowers where for the ordinary mind there is only poison or weeds: but for most of us it would be better surely if we read less and thought more, if our range of study were more concentrated, if we could be bold enough to confess our ignorance of some things with which society expects us to be familiar. In literature, as in travel, the strides we make are oftentimes too hasty, the impressions we receive too evanescent, the pleasure we gain unsatisfying and superficial.

The richness and fertility of the coast hills in the vicinage of Clovelly, and the utter gloom, approaching in stormy weather to grandeur, of the cliffs around Hartland Point, will strike, as guide-books say, "the most casual observer." Strange too is the flatness and general dreariness of the country inland when you step beyond the coast fringe. Hartland town, for instance, is one of the dullest in Devonshire, and the road to it from Clovelly has scarcely one attractive point. The utter seclusion of the neighbourhood is its chief characteristic, no railroad has as yet disturbed the solitude, and the parish doctor once told me he had never seen one in his life. The handbook leads the tourist from Lynmouth and Lynton to Hartland, by Combe Martin, Ilfracombe, and Clovelly, which route, as the writer truly says, embraces the whole of the grand coast scenery of North Devon. I have commenced the journey at the other end, and will now use a bird's privilege of dropping down upon Lynmouth without taking account of road and rail, since all possible information that the tourist can require will be found in "Murray." "Lynmouth," said Robert Southey, but he was young and comparatively untravellered when he said it, "is the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw." Certain it is, that no scenery, however grand, with which we may be familiar elsewhere, can destroy the charm of this spot, which may be preferred, in one respect, even to the loveliest nooks in the Lake district, for here in addition to lofty hills, streams foaming over masses of rocks, wild and precipitous crags, and wooded ravines of rarest loveliness, you have the whole landscape thus varied and picturesque, bounded by the sea, towards which the Lyn rushes joyously and noisily. When the tide is high and the river is swollen with rain,

sea and river meet under the walls of the houses with "a hollow burst of bellowing," which renders conversation difficult. At the same time it encourages sleep, and he who wishes for sound and sweet repose had better bring his carpet-bag and a good conscience to a lodging adjoining the stream. There is nothing new to be said of places so well known as Lynton and Lynmouth, one of them crowning the wooded heights, the other lying humbly and gracefully at their feet; nothing new, truly, but the old memories which the names recall, some of them rendered more beautiful by age, and others less painful, will for many of us impart a continual freshness and even novelty to scenes which it is impossible to visit too often or know too well. The descent to Lynmouth from Countesbury, and the very different, but perhaps equally beautiful, descent by the Barnstaple road have always won the praise of tourists and guides; so too have the Valley of Rocks, "one of the greatest wonders," to quote Southey again, "in the West of England;" Waters' Meet, where the attractions of rock and wood and waterfall combine to form a delightful picture; Glenthorne, a spot for a long summer day's excursion and delight; Lee Bay and the Brendon Valley. These are the most conspicuous objects of the neighbourhood; but go in what direction he may, the tourist will find enough to gladden the eye and satisfy the soul. The Lyn itself has attractions manifold for the artist and the angler, as well as for idlers, who care merely to gaze and to enjoy, while those who love better extensive views should climb Lyn Cliff or the Castle Rock to attain their heart's desire. Then, too, there are the grounds, inimitably beautiful, of Sir W. Herries, through which the West Lyn rushes with impetuous energy to its sister stream. Where would you find a spot more captivating, where one in which you would more willingly spend a lifetime? Lynmouth is, indeed, the Paradise of England, but, alas! only for a few months in the year. In winter the decayed vegetation and the almost total absence of the sun render the climate unhealthy and depressing. Then Lynton is to be preferred, for on the hills only can you have pure air and sunshine.

The tourist will, of course, find his way from Lynmouth to Exmoor forest, the only spot, I believe, in England, where the red deer may be seen in their natural state. Before going thither let me recommend him to read Collyns's "Chase of the Wild Red Deer," a book written *con amore* by a local sportsman, who in his old age recounts the feats of his youth, and carries on the story of his experience as a huntsman to a quite recent period. It is a work for all readers—whether sportsmen or not—who can appreciate manly good sense, a healthy enthusiasm, and that noble pluck and resolution which form the backbone of the English character. Mr. Collyns has many adventures to recount, and he recounts them well. Moreover he

seems to have preserved in a vigorous old age, and after a life of professional labour, all the fresh joyousness of youth. Has the reader ever heard the "bell" of the stag when it is a free ranger over the moorlands? Mr. Collyns thus describes his first reception of that unearthly noise. "Suddenly above the growl of thunder came a sound proceeding, as it seemed, from the bowels of the earth, so loud, so deep, so passing strange that I never had heard its like before. I have heard the sound often since, and now know it well, but to my dying day I shall not forget the dark dreary night when first I heard that dismal, infernal noise, or the effect it produced upon me." Mr. Collyns, by the way, has lived all his life in the heart of the deer-country, at Dulverton, where the noble game is hunted every season. The deer "are by no means so numerous as they were some years ago, when they abounded in the covers near the town, and were frequently to be seen from the churchyard."

The fashionable season at the favourite resorts in Devonshire, as well as elsewhere, is the early autumn, when the ripeness of summer is changing into mellowness; or later still, when the fulness of the year is waning. Many people speak with enthusiasm of the glory of autumn. I cannot share their feeling, any more than I can sympathise with the enjoyment of a German in his sauerkraut. Decay and desolation affect one powerfully indeed, and no wonder, since it is death coming into collision with life, sorrow with joy; but when Nature grows rotten at the core, the brightness of colour she displays gives me no pleasure. It is but one aspect of death, death actual or impending; and the associations it calls forth are funereal, and full of a painful melancholy.

"All seasons have their charms," says Cowper; but for once I think he is wrong, unless indeed it be possible to find delight in the gradual evanescence of that perfect beauty which crowns the woods in summer, and fills the meadows and gardens with fragrance. The "fiery finger" of autumn leaves its brand upon our forests, and there are those who look with complacency on the mark. For my part, I prefer, even on the score of colour, the greater though less striking variety of spring. Walk through a wood—or, better still, look down on one—upon a May morning, and you must at least allow that there is no monotony in the foliage, but that, like young Joseph, Nature rejoices in a coat of many colours. "In which," perhaps exclaims a caviller, "green evidently predominates." True; but then the shades of the colour are infinitely diverse. The fresh light green of the larch is not at all like the green of the beech; the golden tinge upon the oak, which in springtime marks it off from other trees, is utterly unlike the green of the ivy which entwines its limbs; observe, also, the dark sombreness of the Scotch fir and the sober hue of the spruce, mottled over with the young leaves just

bursting into life; the buds of the horse-chestnut, too, are swelling vigorously in the sunshine; and then, as you turn from the woodland to the meadow and orchard, the garden and shrubbery, what a fulness of life—ay, and of colour, too—greet the eye! Autumn indeed has her fruits—she has so little else that we need not grudge them to her; but Spring has blossoms, blossoms of apple and peach, of crab and plum, and the gardens glow with the laburnum, the broom, and the double furze, only a little lovelier than its less regarded brother which covers our commons with golden light; then there is the plebeian hawthorn and the aristocratic and bright-coloured thorns that are grafted upon it, the mezereon and the guelder rose, the pink chestnut, and, lovelier than all, the lilac. And the land is carpeted with beauty: buttercups and cowslips in the fields, violets and primroses on the banks, and in the woods the purple blaze of hyacinths, the wood-sorrel, and anemone. I have mentioned but a few of the commonest fruit and flowering trees, of the most familiar shrubs and flowers that make our spring season so beautiful, saying nothing of the rarer varieties of vegetation with which most country dwellers are familiar. What I have left unsaid memory will supply. And as the reader recalls some happy spring-time in the country, he will allow that that is the true season for rural enjoyment, and will regret, if he does no more, that the duties and amusements of London,—the duties which he owes or imagines that he owes to society, and the amusements which in recompense of his self-denial he owes to himself,—should detain him in paved streets, or in West End clubs and squares, when the birds are calling him to the woods; and the sight of poor, half-withered primroses and cowslips in the hands of young girls more faded still, reminds him that Nature has once more donned her holiday attire, and is ready, in answer to his homage, to give him peace and joy. In Devonshire, contrary to the experience of Cockneys, July is found to be the driest portion of the year, but with that exception May is generally the finest month; and therefore, despite the proverbial fickleness of spring, the tourist need not delay visiting the country until the weather is settled. The autumn indeed—and I have Dr. Shapter's authority for the assertion—is “the season in which the largest amount of rain is deposited.”

Besides the natural beauty, of which we think first and most reasonably when the name of the county is mentioned, and beyond the signal attractions which Devonshire possesses for the geologist, the botanist, and the archæologist, it may also claim an honourable place among our shires for the many illustrious sons it has produced.

“Great men have been among us, hands that penned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom—”

And some of the greatest of these, men too of brave deeds as well as of noble words, have been born and bred in Devonshire. I need but mention a few names; the Handbook will remind the tourist of others. Two miles above Dartmouth, on a projecting angle of land, which runs into the river, is the Manor House of Greenaway, where Raleigh's great brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, was born—a man of large acquirements, of dauntless courage, and of vast ambition, who met his death at last bravely and characteristically. "Most learned," says Mr. Kingsley, "of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death." About a mile and a half from the quaint village of East Budleigh there stands a picturesque Elizabethan house, with thatched and gabled roof, mullioned windows, and projecting porch, and in this house, which still bears its ancient name of Hayes Barton, Sir Walter himself was born in 1552. Raleigh, in addition to his many other accomplishments, gained a high name as one of the great sea captains of the Virgin Queen; but whatever merit is due to him in this respect must be shared with another commander, himself also Devonshire born, Sir Francis Drake, whose birthplace was Crowndale, in the neighbourhood of Tavistock. In Tavistock, too, lived William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," who in an age of great poets won, and justly won, the praise and esteem of his contemporaries. Browne lived face to face with nature, and has portrayed her charms with the ardent affection of a lover, if not with the discrimination of an artist. Robert Herrick, one of the sweetest and most versatile of our lyric poets, whose poetry would be a fair garden of delight if it were not so often marred by rank weeds and coarse undergrowth, was not born in Devonshire, but he lived, greatly to his disgust, for nineteen years in the county as Vicar of Dean Prior, sung his best songs there, and there gained his rank in English poetry. Surrounded by rural scenes, "he acquired," it has been well said, that "love of flowers and of fragrance which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one and the sweetness of the other." Herrick thought Devonshire dull and his parishioners churlish. Against the county he has several hard words to say, and at his people he is said once to have flung his sermon—perhaps the best use he could make of it. But it is very probable that he loved the country even while he wrote against it, for he is the poet-laureate of rural life in Devonshire, and is never so felicitous as when describing rural scenes and festivities.

Another resident in Devonshire, although not a native of that county, is thus mentioned in the Handbook. "John Howe, a Dissenting minister of some celebrity, born 1630, lived for several years at Torrington." This word of questionable praise is all that the writer has to bestow upon the most illustrious theologian of whom the Independents can boast;—a man of great genius and learning,

and better still, of infinite charity; the author of "The Living Temple," "The Blessedness of the Righteous," and of other works, which would be more known than they are if Howe's style, so often cumbersome and involved, did not fail to convey clearly the sublimity of his thoughts. If Howe be a writer of "some celebrity," little if aught more worthy should be said in favour of Hooker, and Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor.

Mrs. Bray, the novelist, whose name, says the Handbook, is "so well known to every English reader," and whose fictions fill ten closely-printed volumes, was the wife of the incumbent of Tavistock. Once, indeed, she was a popular writer, but though very clever and possessing a great faculty for description, I suspect that her day is passed. She has one defect which mars all her merits. She is not original. Sir Thomas Buxton used to term the Bibles edited with notes by pious commentators, "Bible and water." Mrs. Bray is "Sir Walter Scott and water." Almost every chapter of her novels reminds the reader of the immortal series of the Waverleys, just as cowlip wine faintly reminds you of champagne, as Klopstock reminds you of Milton, or Irving of Goldsmith. Richard Hooker, "the judicious," whose simple and pious life is embalmed in the pages of Isaak Walton, was born at Heavitree, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, where Richard Ford wrote his "Handbook for Spain," and lived in aristocratic luxury; and that cathedral city gave birth to William Jackson, the composer; to Yalden, a mummified poet embalmed in the collections; to the founder of the Bodleian library; to poor Eustace Budgell, the essayist, and the unworthy friend of Addison, a needy and unscrupulous pamphleteer, who ended a miserable life by suicide; to Simon Ockley, who wrote the "History of the Saracens;" and to other men of rank and mark in the history of England.

Plymouth, too, has its list of names, some eminent, others worthy of mention; as, for instance, the great sea-captain Sir John Hawkins, the artists Northcote, Haydon, Prout, and Eastlake; and Carrington, the Dartmoor poet, whose local descriptions are sometimes remarkable for their beauty, and always for their truthfulness. I have mentioned the names of four well-known artists who were natives of Plymouth, but a greater painter than any of them ranks among Devonshire worthies. It will be remembered that Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton in 1723. Axminster, interesting for its minster, and once famous for its carpets, gave birth to Dr. Buckland, the geologist. "His father rests in the churchyard, with his crutches, which are represented on the tombstone." Good Bishop Jewel was born at a farmhouse called Bowden, in the parish of Berry-narbor, where his family had dwelt for many generations. This house is still standing; and so is the house at Ashe, in which

John, Duke of Marlborough, was born in 1650. His mother, by the way, whose maiden name was Drake, was of true Devonshire blood, being "collaterally connected with the descendants of the great navigator." Another duke, Monk of Albermarle, was born at Potheridge; and among other men with a title, who with or without one first saw the light in Devon, let me mention Lord Chancellor Fortescue, who was born at Barnstaple (of which town during the civil war Clarendon was for some time governor); Admiral Hood, Viscount Bridport of Thorncombe, and two great archbishops, St. Winifred of Mentz, and the immortal Stephen Langton.

No one familiar with the combes, the woods, the mountain-streams, and the wild sea-coast of North Devon, or with the gentler, some may say lovelier, but assuredly tamer beauty of the south, will think that enough has been said in favour of this "most noble province." But whatever the deficiencies of this article may be, and in one so brief they are necessarily manifold, these are fully supplied by the Handbook which every Devonshire tourist will carry in his portmanteau. It will give him ample choice of excursions, and he can scarcely do better than fix upon some route recommended by his guide, and then follow it implicitly. It is impossible to go wrong in Devonshire. A man must be hard to please who does not find much to please him there. He will like the friendly, hospitable manners of the people, he will enjoy the clouted cream and junkets, the squab pie, the trout, and the cider, which will form a conspicuous portion of his creature comforts; he will wander through lanes shut in by lofty banks and luxuriant hedges, along the borders of rocky streams, running through mountain defiles and overhung with foliage; he will find a welcome in cheerful hamlets, and admire the cob cottages of the peasantry, as picturesque in outward appearance as they are clean and cosy within; he will visit spots memorable in our annals, inhale the fresh breezes of mountain and ocean, and gain from this land of beauty the strength and solace we so much need in this weary age, and which Nature, ever young, ever joyous, always peaceful and hope-inspiring, gives to those who walk humbly in her footsteps and wait upon her teaching.

JOHN DENNIS.

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## COUNT BISMARCK.

### PART II.<sup>1</sup>

#### V.

GÖTTINGEN and Greifswalde are doubtless learned and virtuous University towns, but there are certain kinds of learning and virtue which are not suitable to all temperaments. Count Bismarck pursued his studies in Paris, during the short time he passed there as ambassador, with far more eagerness than he ever had done when young, in the above-named Universities. In Paris he learned, not from books, but from life; not on the benches of the lecture-room, but in the Tuileries; not under pedantic professors, but under the great Imperial master of modern statesmanship; not jurisprudence, but the half-veiled, undefinable science which is called Buonapartism, and has found so many eager, if not always gifted, students among the reactionary statesmen of the Continent. As Minister, he carried out in practice the lessons he had learnt, though seldom with great success. His failures arose from various causes. Personally he is not fitted for such work; he is too hasty, too impetuous, and, in some points, the very opposite of the discoverer of the great science, whose name it bears. King William, with his soldierly, and often illused, sense of honour, is also ill-adapted for a successful pursuit of it. Still more so are the Prussian people, with their excessive scepticism and distrust of everything that has the appearance of authority. It is easy to deceive a nation which is at the same time conceited and credulous; but the Prussians, who have far more of the former quality than of the latter, may be made almost anything rather than dupes.

Herr von Bismarck made, as we have said, various experiments in the noble science of Buonapartism on German soil: the suppression of newspapers; the establishment and circulation of semi-official ones; warnings to the press; the recognition of the principle of nationality in Schleswig-Holstein, together with the negation of the same principle in Poland; the corruption of justice; the restriction of freedom of speech in Parliament; the introduction of universal suffrage; coquettings with the working-classes; and above all, the attempt to turn the attention of the nation, by a brilliant foreign policy, from internal affairs, in order to confuse its sense of right and

(1) The sources of information of which I have availed myself in the following chapters are:—the article "Otto v. Bismarck" in vol. viii. of "Unsere Zeit" (Brockhaus, Leipsic, 1864); the English and French official documents on the question of the Duchies and of Poland; the valuable articles of M. Julian Klaczko, treating the same topics, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes;" and private communications from some friends, for which I beg to express my sincerest thanks.

to stifle its cries for freedom. Some of these attempts have, indeed, been successful. The sense of right has really become confused among the Prussian people, and corruption has sadly spread among their judges; but the German press still stands high above that of France; the belief in truth and freedom has not yet died out in the nation, and there are still independent judges in Prussia who are not to be tempted from their duty, either by persuasions or threats.

As regards the special action of Count Bismarck in Paris, there is much room for conjecture, but no information exists that can be relied upon. Already in 1856, immediately after the peace of Paris, he had in a secret memorial, presented by him to the King, advocated the view that Prussia should not bind herself to any course beforehand, but that under certain circumstances she should not shrink—a remarkable declaration for the leader of the feudal party—from even an alliance with France. Again, in the journey he made to Paris in the summer of the same year, “for the benefit of his health,” he confided to the Emperor Napoleon, through Count Walewski, his great plan of an alliance between France, Prussia, and Russia, and left no means untried to gain the Imperial favour. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was received in a very friendly manner at the Tuileries. The Emperor himself having asked that he might be appointed to the embassy, much was doubtless prepared at that time which has since then reached a stage of maturer development. The Emperor saw in him a man who, unlike other Prussian diplomatists, was full of sharpness and boldness, who recklessly blurted out plans which the Emperor himself hardly dared to think about, and who opened up to the French Government such prospects as it had never expected to hear of from a German statesman. The difficulty in coming to an understanding then lay solely in the circumstance that Bismarck could only speak in his own name, and not in that of his sovereign, who had hitherto stood in awe of his daring ideas. The French Government asked for written proofs that the ambassador was advocating other than his own personal views, but such proofs he could not give. When, shortly after, he was called to the head of the Ministry, a great step was no doubt made, but even then well-grounded suspicions were entertained in Paris as to whether he would be in a position to carry the king with him, or even to maintain himself for any length of time at the head of affairs. It was in order to remove these doubts, and probably also to secure as premier what he had only sketched out as ambassador, that a few weeks after assuming the Presidency of the Council, he went again to Paris. It was said that he wished to take his leave of the Emperor in person.

On the 24th of September, 1862, Earl Russell, who had accompanied the Queen to Germany, wrote his celebrated despatch from Gotha on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and on the same day Count Bismarck was appointed Minister-President by King William I.

From that day began the reactionary era in Prussia. Count Bernstorff, who gave up the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, went to the embassy in London; Herr von Bodenschwingh took the finance department, as Herr von der Heydt had scruples about joining a feudal Cabinet—scruples which he has now, after fourteen years, successfully overcome; Count Lippe became Minister of Justice; Count Itzenplitz took the Department of Commerce; Herr von Selchow that of Agriculture; Herr von Roon that of War; and Count Eulenburg that of the Interior. Great was the joy of the feudalists; great, too, the sorrow in the country. For what had been regarded as impossible at the time of the king's accession had now really come to pass: those who had formerly shown him strong personal hostility had become his most trusted counsellors, and the fate of the nation was in the hands of a man whom the masses instinctively hated, whom the majority in Parliament had learnt to look upon as a reckless opponent of progress, and whom all the small German courts feared as their most dangerous adversary.

There are not wanting signs that Bismarck at that time seriously contemplated coming to an understanding with the Chamber. For he is by no means one of those stern reactionists who hold fast to their principles and regard every compromise with Liberalism as treason to their party. Unfortunately, however, the conflict turned on a point where neither the king nor the Chamber would yield—the plan for the reorganisation of the army. While the Chamber was opposed, both on principle and on practical grounds, to any increase of the standing army, to the augmentation of the military budget, and to triennial military service, the king, who looked upon these measures as necessary for the security of the state, was ready to give in on any matter but this. Whether it was wise, or even absolutely necessary, for the deputies to oppose him on the very point on which he is most sensitive, we will not here discuss. It will suffice to remark that the Government was repeatedly and decisively beaten on the military question; *e.g.*, on the 17th of September, by 272 votes against 68, and on the 7th of October, by 251 against 36.

In a State which is Constitutional in more than name the Ministry would in such a case have had to resign and give up their places to a new one selected from the majority. But in Prussia the Ministers look upon themselves to this day merely as servants of the Crown, and not of the country. There is no defined ministerial responsibility in Prussia, and the consequence of all the debates and divisions was that the nation and the king grew embittered towards each other to such a degree that Herr von Bismarck, even if he had had the will, would not have had the power any more to bring about a compromise.

He continued to act and to speak in the House with that cavalier contempt for all Parliamentary dignity which had already distinguished him when he was a member of the opposition, and which

was far less becoming in him now he was a Minister. Whenever the Liberal leaders, who were quite in earnest about the dignity of the law and the Constitution, made any reference to the latter, the Minister-President mockingly remarked that "the Crown had quite different rights from those which are given by the Constitution." And when eminent men pointed out the dangers which must arise for the country from the conflict between the people and the Crown, he retorted with his usual frivolity that this conflict was treated both by members and the press "from a far too tragical point of view." Herr von Forckenbeck's reply that it was a struggle for the rights of the people, only elicited from him the observation that "it is really difficult to rule in a constitutional manner in Prussia on account of the individual independence of each citizen," and that "it is much easier to govern in France." Prussia, said he, was, perhaps, "too highly educated for a Constitution;" the people were "too critical;" there were in that country "a number of Catilinarian characters having too great an interest in revolutions;" "Germany looked up to Prussia, not on account of its Liberalism, but of its power;" and "the great questions of the day are not to be decided by speeches and divisions, but by iron and blood."

At the same time Herr von Kleist-Retzow, one of the feudal leaders, demanded almost undisguisedly a *coup d'état*, and declared that "power is in itself a Divine gift;" and that if the Government would only let it be seen that they wished for power, it would have the national feeling on their side. The Upper House, which was not ashamed to accept such opinions with favour, rejected the motion of Herr von Arnim on the 11th of October by an immense majority. Two days later, Bismarck dissolved the Chamber in the name of the king; and the deputies were informed in the speech from the throne that the Government could not accept their decisions on the military budget, and that they were therefore compelled for the present to govern on their own responsibility without any budget.

Thus were the evil forebodings which accompanied the accession of the Bismarck Ministry to power already in part fulfilled. Might was set in opposition to right, and the only weapon of the Chamber, the power of the purse, was rudely torn from its hands. This produced great excitement in the country, and the rule of brute force seemed to be imminent. It soon came. No deputy was, it is true, yet prosecuted on account of his speeches—this was reserved for a future occasion; no one was put in chains on a charge of high treason, and neither the Constitution nor the liberty of the press were openly abolished. But attempts were made in a less violent way to defeat and punish the Liberals, and with this object the Government directed its prosecutions against those whom it could most easily reach—the Liberal press, and the officials who had not acted to its satisfaction in the Chamber.

The means which were used against the independent newspapers in the country, with the object of either neutralising their influence or ruining them, clearly proved that the man who stood at the helm had not visited the head-quarters of Bonapartism in vain. A direct censorship was, it is true, not introduced, for the reactionary statesmanship of our time is far above such coarse and invidious measures; but this only made it necessary for each newspaper to exercise a still stricter censorship over itself, if it wished to escape the clutches of the Government informers. While the feudal and semi-official papers were allowed to cast ridicule on the Constitution and the Chamber with impunity, the Liberal papers were confiscated by dozens when they dared to assert that the Constitution had not been respected by the Ministry. Not a day passed but some charge was brought by the Government against some newspaper, and most arbitrary was the manner in which these prosecutions were conducted. Liberal newspapers were often brought to justice for a communication which their reactionary contemporaries had published with impunity; editors were made responsible even for the tenure of advertisements; disclosures, emanating from Government offices, regarding faults or abuses committed by the authorities, were punished as "violations of official secrecy;" and any remarks upon them as "want of respect for authority." If a newspaper ventured to express the opinion that the Bismarck Ministry did not possess the confidence of the nation, it was open to the charge of having preached "hatred and contempt for the Government;" press trials for "failure in the respect which is due to the king" occurred every day; nay, it has even happened that Liberal newspapers were prosecuted for having printed a despatch of Earl Russell's which had been officially published and presented in due form by the British Ambassador to the Prussian Minister-President. In this, too, was seen a failure in the respect which is due to Majesty.

Fortunately the poison of corruption has not yet entered into the core of the Prussian bench. The charges brought by the public prosecutor were not all followed by convictions; nay, the acquittals on the part of the judges (press-trials being not decided on by a jury in Prussia) were perhaps as frequent, or even more so, than the accusations of the Government; but this had no effect in inducing the latter to cease its prosecutions. That those whom it accused should be convicted was not always its main object; all it sometimes wanted was to confiscate the copies of a Liberal journal or periodical, and thereby to inflict heavy losses on its proprietors. If, after several weeks, the case was decided against the Government, and the confiscated copies had to be returned, this was but a poor consolation for the proprietor; for he had no alternative but either to resign himself to be ruined by a systematic repetition of this procedure, or to restrict his opposition to the Government within the narrowest bounds.

Whether English readers, with whom press trials are a rarity, and who cannot conceive such a trial without a jury, will be able to understand the full significance of such proceedings as that above described, is very doubtful. We will endeavour, therefore, to make the matter more clear by placing the scene of a measure of this sort in London.

It is five o'clock in the morning. The publication of the *Times* of this day has begun, and its huge printing-press has just turned out the first copy. This copy (supposing the Prussian law to be that of England) has at once to be sent to Scotland Yard, where it is read through by a police official. If he is tolerably liberal in his opinions, or too sleepy, or too stupid, or too wise to read the whole paper through, all goes well. But let us imagine that this official has only yesterday received instructions from his superior to confiscate, no matter on what pretext, the *Times*, because it has written against the Government Reform Bill—what will our policeman, who has barely £100 a year and a crowd of hungry children, do in such a case? Depend upon it that he will peruse the *Times*, with an attention as praiseworthy as it is touching, from beginning to end, and ponder over it according to his lights, without perhaps finding for some time what he wants. For it so happens that the leaders of that day treat of all sorts of neutral subjects, such as light-houses, the harvest, and the last case of burning by the aid of crinoline. In the city article, too, there is no high treason to be discovered; the foreign correspondence is almost innocent enough to inspire pity, and the letters to the editor all treat of the no doubt very important, but in no way actionable question as to whether it is more moral to live comfortably on £300 a year as a bachelor, or to starve on the same income with a charming but rather numerous family. Our policeman in Scotland Yard, rubbing his head in despair, is already about to wake his wife, for whose analytical powers he has unbounded veneration, when his eye lights by chance on the following paragraph, in small print, at the bottom of the fourth column on the ninth page:—

“The Emperor of China, inspired with the desire to become thoroughly initiated into all the complications of European policy, has addressed a polite request to the British Government to send him all the blue-books on foreign affairs which have been published since 1815, with the single exception of those which relate to his own empire, as he has some doubts as to their historical value. Earl Russell, with his usual amiability, immediately ordered the blue-books to be sent as requested. The precious consignment is now being stowed away in three frigates. It is hoped that a fourth will not be necessary.”—*New York Herald*.

After reading the above lines, our policeman instantly rings the bell, orders all the copies of that day's *Times* to be confiscated, the types to be broken up, and the copies to be sent to Scotland Yard. The order is carried out at once. The sixty or eighty thousand copies which have been struck off in the meanwhile are seized by the police; the objectionable paragraph is pointed out to the publisher as

the cause of the confiscation; Great Britain must do without the *Times* for four-and-twenty hours, and both proprietors and advertisers lose their money. A fortnight later the case is brought by the Crown prosecutor into court. The offence with which the paper is charged is described as "throwing ridicule on the Ministry, and exciting to hatred and contempt of the authorities." Upon that the counsel for the defence proves, first, that the Emperor of China was really sensible enough to ask for the blue-books in question; second, that according to a report from the Admiralty, three frigates were really not found sufficient for conveying the books to China; third, that there is actually no collection to be found anywhere from which it is so convenient to study European politics as that of our blue-books; fourth, that Earl Russell is, without contradiction, always amiable; and fifth, that the whole paragraph may possibly have been an invention of the *New York Herald's*, for which that paper must take the responsibility. Not satisfied with these arguments, he speaks at great length and with unimpeachable energy about the freedom of the press and the natural rights of man; upon which the judge dismisses the case, and all the Liberals in London invite one another to dinner for joy. Next day—supposing always that the Crown Prosecutor does not appeal—the *Times* gets back its 80,000 copies of a fortnight ago, without a word of excuse, or any compensation for the loss it has suffered. If this practical joke were played on several successive occasions, who—we beg leave to ask—would order the *Times* (in Prussia, newspapers besides are paid for a quarter in advance), or what advertiser would invest his money in it? This is only one of the skilful measures which are practised against the liberal press in Prussia; the others it is impossible here to describe.

Let us now say a word on the proceedings against officials who have made themselves obnoxious to the Government. Of these, too, we shall give but one example.

The Prussian Constitution expressly provides that no official shall be prosecuted for his votes in the Chamber. This provision has been in so far adhered to by the Government that it has not arrested or hanged any one of those who have displeased it by their votes. But it set about breaking their liberal spirit in another way—by removing some of those who belonged to the opposition from the posts they had hitherto held to other distant points in the country. Thus, Councillor Von Bokum-Dolffs was transplanted from Coblenz, on the Rhine, to Gumbinnen, far away to the East, and if Prussia had had a colony near the Equator, he would probably have been sent there instead. Who would be bold enough to declare that this was a violation of the Constitution? And yet a transfer of this kind is, in many cases, almost equivalent to a dismissal. Let us imagine a man advanced in years, who has been half his life at Inverness, has himself married there and seen his children married, and has formed

around him in that place hundreds of those relations which make life worth having, being suddenly ordered to settle at Plymouth or Belfast. If his pecuniary circumstances allow him to do so, he will undoubtedly prefer to throw up his post, rather than to separate himself from the circle to which he has become attached, in order to establish a new home at the other end of the country.

This sad fate had met many a Liberal official in Prussia, and it was a punishment in prospect for all of them. The country being indignant at these unceasing persecutions, a society was formed for collecting a fund in aid of the oppressed officials, to which large contributions rapidly flowed in from all parts of the kingdom. But even against this the Government was prepared. It prosecuted, under a police decree forbidding any collections of money to be made without the permission of the authorities, those who had by these means appealed for contributions, and put an end to the subscriptions, at least so far as their collection in public was concerned. It thus appears that a statesman, though ever so bold and brilliant in his foreign policy, may at the same time be extremely mean and timorous in his administration of affairs at home.

## VI.

During the first few months of the Bismarck administration the relations between Prussia and Austria were friendly, and even intimate. The Emperor Francis Joseph envied his royal uncle the possession of a minister who, showing such profound contempt for democrats, promised to prove a barrier against all revolutionary longings in Central Europe, and who, though not quite adopting the view of the great Stein, who once wrote to Münster that "it was all the same to him whether Prussia or Austria was made mistress of Germany, as either object would be a good one, if it were only practicable," had repeatedly laid down the principle in the Chamber that Prussia must go with Austria hand in hand, in order to protect peace and order in Germany. But this was a notion which he gradually abandoned, as the conviction grew upon him that Prussia could not fulfil her mission until the influence of Austria was completely destroyed. It was in the beginning of the year 1863 that he first gave an official expression to this view. At that time he had, in the course of several conversations with Count Karolyi, complained bitterly of the hostile attitude of the Austrian Cabinet, and, as often happens with him when he is excited, he said things which an hour later he would probably have left unsaid, as they threw rather too much light on what he had hitherto carefully concealed in his inmost thoughts. In one of these conversations he told the count in so many words, that Prussia would take good care not to give Austria a help-



ing hand again if she wanted support at some future time against Italy; that he himself would, in such a case, not recommend the king to be even neutral; that Austria must cease to intrigue against Prussia if she did not want to provoke the dissolution of the German Bund; and, finally, that if she did not go along with Prussia, she would have to seek her centre of gravity at Ofen.

Count Karolyi thought fit to allow the drift of these threats to be made public, in order to let the smaller German governments into the dangerous plans of the Prime Minister of Prussia. The expression, "Austria will have to seek her centre of gravity at Ofen," has since been frequently quoted by newspapers of all countries and parties, without, however, their always knowing when and where it was first used; but if we now recall that conversation which took place in January, 1863, between the two diplomatists, we shall find to our surprise that the threats which escaped one of them in a moment of excitement have nearly all been fulfilled. We now actually see Prussia allied with Italy; the German Bund is a thing of the past; and it perhaps depends on a caprice of military fortune, or of diplomacy, whether or not Austria is to be really driven out of Germany, and forced to look for the future centre of its power in Hungary.

As time went on, the coldness between the two Governments again disappeared, but not because Count Bismarck's disposition towards Austria had become any more favourable, but because the king wished to avoid any serious rupture with that Power. The will of his Majesty was in this matter so firm, that his Premier did not yet feel himself sufficiently strong to shake it, and was forced discreetly to wait for a better opportunity.

The year 1863 passed in constant struggles with the newly-elected Chamber, which adhered with great firmness to the principles that had been defended by its predecessor in its lawful opposition against the Government. The old saying, that a good majority, like a good sum of money, soon makes itself bigger, was here fulfilled, while the Government, notwithstanding its persecution of officials and the press, never succeeded even in obtaining a tolerably respectable minority. Already during the first debates the Premier was obliged to hear things said which could leave him in no doubt about the feeling of the House, as the Address moved by the majority openly complained that the Ministry had been guilty of the most flagrant violations of the Constitution. When he upon this remarked, in his usual off-hand way, that the Ministry had observed the Constitution quite as conscientiously as the Chamber, and when the House received this statement with indignant anger, he added threateningly that the Ministry regarded the conduct of the Chamber as a direct insult. It almost looked as if he would challenge every member to fight a duel with him. He did not go so far as this, however, but declared

that he would advise the king not to accept the Address. "The House," said he on this occasion, "demands a right which does not belong to it. The Constitution sets no limit to the powers of the three estates in the settlement of the budget; when they are not agreed, the Constitution does not say which estate must yield. In other countries such conflicts are decided by changes of Ministry; but this is not sanctioned by the Constitution in Prussia. According to the English view, a constitutional government is a series of compromises. When this series is interrupted, a conflict ensues, and as the machine of state cannot be stopped, it is carried on by the estate *which has the power in its hands.*" This appeal to power, *i.e.* to the army, naturally produced great indignation. Count Schwerin pointed out to the Minister-President that in Prussia right stood higher than might; Herr Twesten remarked, that according to the Premier's view the Constitution was not worth the paper on which it was written; Virchow, Schulze-Delitzsch, and, above all, Gneist, made speeches in the same sense, of which any parliament of Europe might well be proud; the country applauded them and expressed its agreement in their opinions; notwithstanding which, and although at the division the Government remained in a minority of 68 to 255, the king refused, by the advice of his Minister, even to accept the Address from the hands of the deputation which had been sent to him by the House. It having then been forwarded to him in writing, his Majesty made an ungracious reply, in which he openly espoused the side of his counsellors; but as this reply was not countersigned by any Minister, the Chamber listened to it in silence as a personal communication from the Monarch. The wound had grown deeper, and it became more and more plain that the Minister-President had determined to widen rather than to heal it.

In the course of the summer certain events occurred which turned the activity of Count Bismarck into quite another channel. He had accompanied the king in his journey to Carlsbad and Gastein, and in the latter place had repeatedly enjoyed the opportunity of speaking to the Emperor of Austria, by whom he was received in the most gracious manner as the acknowledged tamer of democracy and revolution. The trustfulness which the king showed for the emperor was anything but pleasing to Bismarck, and he already began to think of thwarting these personal interviews between the monarchs by still further nourishing the hostility which he had been for years instilling into his royal master against Austria, when the emperor saved him any further anxiety on this subject by his plan of a congress of princes at Frankfort. It will be remembered that Francis Joseph at that time suddenly came forward with a project for reforming the German Bund; that he himself went to Frankfort, and invited all the German princes thither; that the King of Prussia refused the

invitation, not being disposed to play a subordinate part; that he did not permit the Crown Prince either to undertake the journey; and that the Austrian project thereby fell to the ground. Those were golden times for Count Bismarck, for he could now justly and unreservedly repeat his old *dictum* that the power of Prussia in Germany would always find its most dangerous enemy in Austria.

The Austrian project fell to the ground, fortunately for Germany, which has no desire for a fresh patching up of the Bund, and still less for the supremacy of the House of Hapsburg. The king, however, remained estranged from his Imperial nephew, and his prime minister's plans against Austria gained ground. They became still more mature during the Polish insurrection against Russia.

## VII.

The Polish insurrection of 1863 gave Count Bismarck an opportunity of doing Russia such important services that she would even surpass Austria in ingratitude if she forgot them. That a military convention between himself and Prince Gortchakoff was agreed upon and sketched out on paper, there is not the slightest doubt, although he repeatedly denied it both in the Chamber and to foreign governments. But whether this convention was regularly drawn up and ratified by the two Cabinets or not, thus much is proved, that Bismarck did all that under the circumstances could be done for Russia. He had the Polish frontier strictly guarded, in order to cut off all supplies from the insurrection, and to give up fugitive Poles to the Russian authorities; while defeated Russian detachments were received in the most friendly manner, and escorted back with military honours, to the scene of their achievements. Notwithstanding these notorious facts, he spoke in his notes to England and France of the strict neutrality of Prussia, and when he was taxed in the Chamber with the inhuman treatment of the Polish fugitives, he excused himself by saying that they had not been given up, but only escorted to their homes. Their homes!—that meant in those days for these unfortunate people either the gallows or Siberia.

A cry of indignation arose in all parts of civilised Europe at such inhumanity, and even Downing Street was frightened from its apparent tranquillity by the menacing prospect of a revival of the Holy Alliance. For Count Bismarck had succeeded in dragging Austria also into the league, and the latter Power, in order to make herself agreeable to Russia, suddenly declared a state of siege in Galicia, hermetically closed her frontier, and made all Polish fugitives harmless, not indeed by giving them up to their executioners as Prussia did, but by transporting them to distant parts of the Empire. As a reward for these friendly services Count Bismarck had held out to the Vienna

Cabinet the prospect of a reconciliation with the Court of St. Petersburg, which had owed it a grudge since the Crimean war.

The ratification of the convention, and the revival of the plan of a Holy Alliance, failed in consequence of the attitude of France and England, who, in presence of the threatened danger, again approached each other. Poland, however, was left to her sad fate, notwithstanding all the abundant marks of sympathy, Lord Russell's demonstration at Blairgowrie on the 26th of September, 1863, the well-meant moral lectures he sent in the form of despatches to Berlin and St. Petersburg, and the readiness of France to intervene in Poland with the assistance of England. Even the assurance of Lord Russell, which ought to have moved a savage to tears, that England would never give effect to her moral representations by armed force, did not succeed in softening the heart of the Russian Government. The hangings in Poland proceeded without compunction, Austria maintained the state of siege in Galicia, the French Emperor withdrew in disgust from England, who had compromised both herself and him, and Count Bismarck, who as a final tableau got up the great Polish trial in Berlin, must have said to himself with satisfaction that he had honestly done his best to create a lasting separation between the Western Powers of which he hoped to reap the fruit.

For although his name only appears more frequently in our blue-books after the great demonstration at Blairgowrie, he had all the time been working assiduously in the interest of Russia. The secret despatches in the State Paper Office will doubtless furnish abundant proof of this; here, however, we shall confine ourselves to the remark that it was mainly due to his tactics that Lord Russell's despatch, speaking of the forfeiture of the rights of Russia to Poland, which was already on its way to St. Petersburg, was suddenly recalled by telegraph. Count Bismarck had secretly informed the British Government that, first, Russia might view this despatch as a *casus belli*; second, that Germany might, perhaps, by the example of England, feel justified in asserting that the King of Denmark, who, like Russia, had failed to keep many of his treaty engagements, might also be declared to have forfeited his rights to Holstein. These hints had the desired effect. Lord Russell's homely honesty never had any chance against the astuteness of the Prussian Premier. The combat was far too unequal.

The English Foreign Office may therefore justly be charged with having been one of the main causes of the fame that Count Bismarck has since obtained, of the respectful awe with which diplomatists have since regarded him, and of the great successes he has since achieved. If England had not, in the summer of 1863, screamed herself hoarse with the cry of "non-intervention," after she had roused the fanaticism of Russia by her meddling notes; if she had preserved a dignified

silence, as becomes a great Power which has ceased to seek the centre of its gravity on the Continent; or if, laying aside sundry other considerations, she had agreed to an unreserved alliance with France, Count Bismarck would never have dared to attempt what he afterwards accomplished against Denmark. Here was really a case where three courses lay open to the British Government, for each of which there were good grounds:—First, a dignified and absolute non-intervention; second, a diplomatic interference, with the prospect of an active intervention, as an earnest threat in the background; and third, a common and decisive action in alliance with France. But instead of any of these three courses, a fourth was adopted—the most undignified, inexpedient, and unfortunate of all.

Count Bismarck's quick intellect instantly perceived the situation, and the consequences which might be derived from it; being convinced that an intimate union between England and France in any European question had now become impracticable for some time to come; that England alone would neither have the will nor the power to baulk his plans in Germany; and that the moment for a brilliant foreign policy on the part of Prussia had arrived, he determined to take the Schleswig-Holstein question in hand,—at first, together with Austria, in order to exclude the Bund from further participation in the matter, and to prove its powerlessness by practical tests.

This question of Schleswig-Holstein, which has been successively called ridiculous, ludicrous, philosophical, dreamy, dreary, boring, simple, complicated, unintelligible, endless, menacing, dangerous, critical, fatal, and ultimately—*sit verbo venia*—Nemesitical; which, according to some, has been invented by the professors, and to others, by the revolutionists; which was called by Metternich, “the bone on which the Germans are sharpening their teeth;” by Palmerston, “the match which will set Europe on fire;” and by Bismarck, “a fight for the Emperor's beard, a true *querelle Allemande*”—this question it is not here the place to discuss. The English public need not be ashamed not to have understood its origin and progress, for neither did most statesmen and Germans. By one man only it has been thoroughly comprehended, used, and taken advantage of—by Count Bismarck, who was fully determined from the first that if Denmark lost the Duchies, they should fall to the lot of no one but Prussia, that the deeply-complicated Schleswig-Holstein affair should in reality be nothing; more but the simple question of Prussia's aggrandisement in the North of Germany.

While, in the year 1848, and for some time afterwards, he had declared that the affair of the Duchies was a revolutionary monster which must be destroyed (his opinion that all large towns, being nests of revolution, should be reduced to ashes, dates from the same period), he looked upon it in the year 1863 as a happy opportunity both for

Prussia and the German nation. It is true that in order to mask his last views he assured the English ambassador that Prussia would gladly hold aloof if she were not urged on irresistibly by the excitement of all Germany; and even after the Prussian troops had crossed the Eider, he repeatedly transmitted to the London Conference the assurance that Prussia adhered to the Treaty of London; but if there were still at that time diplomatists who believed in his assurances, no one certainly will attempt to assert now that he went to war against his will and merely because he feared the public opinion of Germany; that he wished to conquer the Duchies for the Duke of Augustenburg; or that he created all this confusion in order to preserve the Treaty of London. That he never had the slightest fear of public opinion in his own country was proved by the words he then uttered in the Chamber, when he exclaimed to Herr von Twesten: "If we find it necessary to make war, we will do so, with your sanction or without it;" that there were already at that time people who mistrusted him is shown by numberless articles in newspapers, and isolated paragraphs in the despatches of Sir A. Buchanan, Sir A. Malet, and others; and that this mistrust was not ungrounded was amply proved by the events that followed.

Nevertheless, he succeeded in deceiving some very experienced statesmen as to his views; those of Austria, for instance, before whom he was constantly dangling the bait of a Prussian alliance in the event of an Italian war, or of its being necessary to keep down the German revolutionists. Lord Palmerston, too, assured the House of Commons so late as the 2nd of February, 1864, that "Prussia and Austria have done well to oppose the designs of the smaller German States, and had thereby shown their friendship for Denmark." In order to give a still more striking proof of this remarkable friendship, Count Bismarck, who had now put the Austrian Government in leading-strings, allowed Denmark to be invaded, declaring at the same time through his representative at the conference, on the 28th May, 1864, that both Duchies must in future be united under the sovereignty of the hereditary Duke of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg Augustenburg, who not only had "the best rights to the succession," but was also "certain of being recognised by the Bund," and had on his side "the unquestionable majority of the inhabitants of the Duchies." All Germany was delighted at this mark of disinterestedness on the part of Prussia, and the Duke of Augustenburg already looked forward to the full accomplishment of his wishes, when, hastening to Berlin, he received from Count Bismarck a little bill which he was politely informed he would have to pay before he assumed the government of the Duchies. The following are its chief items: Subordination of his army and fleet to Prussia; also of Kiel; also of Rendsburg; also of

the postal and telegraphic service; also of the Eider canal; and also of all the military roads. When the prince refused to become an "independent" sovereign on such conditions, Count Bismarck threw him over without much ceremony, notwithstanding his "best rights to the succession," and lit his Diogenes' lamp to look about for another pretender. He discovered no less than three, which was somewhat remarkable, as the whole of Germany had hitherto only talked of the rights "as clear as daylight" of the Duke of Augustenburg, and had hardly ever thought of any other candidate. These three were the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, a Prince of Hesse, and the King of Prussia himself. In order, however, to prevent any injustice being done, the Prussian Crown lawyers were requested to inquire thoroughly and impartially into the rights of all these pretenders. The comedy was reaching its climax.

For while all these diplomatic games were being played, Düppel and Alsen were conquered, the Danes driven back to Jutland and Copenhagen, and the Danish King, in concluding a peace with his powerful adversaries, gave up to them the Duchies as the spoils of victory. Then only the decision of the Crown lawyers was published; and, strange to say, it was to the effect that neither the Duke of Augustenburg, nor the Duke of Oldenburg, nor the Prince of Hesse, nor even the House of Hohenzollern had any right to the succession, but only the King of Denmark, and that as the latter had just transferred his rights to Austria and Prussia, those Powers were their only rightful proprietors. This was enough for Count Bismarck; thenceforward all he had to do was to come to an understanding with Austria, or else to drive her out of the Duchies by force, and become their sole possessor.

The task of bringing about a peaceful understanding had its difficulties, for Austria regarded it as irreconcilable with her dignity to be bought off with a round sum of money, while Prussia would not offer her any corresponding territory by way of compensation. Austria did not scruple, however, to sell her share of Lauenburg for two millions and a half of thalers, and justified herself for having made this bargain by representing that Lauenburg came properly under the denomination of spoils of war, while Schleswig and Holstein had only been occupied provisionally by the allies. She decisively refused to give up her right in the latter "out of a feeling for right," she said, but really because Prussia did not think it worth while to offer her a corresponding piece of Silesia in exchange. The Prussian Premier knew that he could afford to wait for the development of events more quietly than Count Mensdorff, and that, if it came to an open rupture, it would not be Austria, but Prussia, in consequence of her geographical position, that must become mistress of the disputed territory.

Until that time arrived, however, it was necessary to adopt some

system of government for the Duchies, where the Prussian and Austrian authorities had hitherto done nothing but oppose each other. In order to decide upon such a system a personal meeting of the two monarchs seemed necessary; and, owing chiefly to the efforts of Herr von Bloome, an interview was brought about at Salzburg. There, on the 14th August, 1865, the treaty was concluded which became famous under the name of the Gastein Convention, increased the anxieties of all thoughtful politicians, elicited two sharp notes from M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord Russell, made the confusion evidently worse confounded, and hastened the catastrophe. It was a treaty destined to perish on its birth because it wanted all the conditions of life—a conglomeration of paragraphs which could not exist together in practice—a political gospel in which the notions of duality, trinity, and indivisibility of supremacy were hopelessly mixed together.

That Count Bismarck could have believed for an instant in the possibility of executing this treaty is the most improbable of suppositions. His royal master, however, being, as he confessed to a lady of rank soon after his return from Gastein, “malheureusement trop honnête” to bring about a rapid solution of the tedious Schleswig-Holstein question—he was obliged to rest satisfied with the knowledge that he had made the problem almost insoluble by peaceful means. The Gastein doctrine of the indivisibility of the duchies, which was to co-exist by the side of their actual division (the *condominium*), and was to represent a permanency in a *provisorium*, was so wonderfully complicated that it could only produce interminable contradictions. Indeed, it caused endless disputes, the *condominium* having been in fact a *contradominium* in which both sides did their best to worry each other. In this sphere of action, too, Count Bismarck had the better of his Austrian adversary, for not only did he publish an order in Schleswig which was directed against the sovereign rights of Austria in Holstein, but he officially declared to a deputation from the latter duchy, which had brought an address to Berlin on the 2nd March, 1866, that “the royal government had firmly decided to bring about the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia, which was so desirable an event from every point of view.” In consequence of this declaration, and of the order above alluded to, which was a decided violation of the provisions of the Gastein Convention, Count Karolyi was instructed to ask “whether Prussia intended to violate by main force the Gastein Convention.” To which Count Bismarck replied, “No; but do you think I would have said Yes if I had really decided to do so?” Count Karolyi officially reported that the Prussian Premier gave him the above reply in those words, upon which the latter declared he must have misunderstood him. To everybody, therefore, the choice is left to believe either of the two counts, according to the estimate of their relative veracity.



This characteristic conversation took place on the 18th of March. Since February already no notes whatever had been exchanged with Vienna; the tension between the two Courts had increased from day to day; and Bismarck evidently wanted to drive Austria to desperation. Blow now followed blow. Before the end of March he published a circular, in which, setting forth his complaints against Austria, he pointed to her armaments, which had caused corresponding preparations in Prussia. Hereupon followed the unedifying exchange of despatches in regard to the question which Power had armed first; the journeys of Govone to Berlin; the summons to Germany to go to a parliament at Frankfort; the consent of Austria to disarm; the demand of Prussia that she should also place her army in Venetia on a peace footing; Austria's refusal; the plans of a conference in Paris, and their failure; the submission by Austria of the question of the Duchies to the Bund; the declaration of Prussia that the Gastein Convention had thereby become null and void; the entrance of the Prussians into Holstein; the departure of the Austrians from that duchy; the voting of the Bund in favour of Austria; the secession of Prussia from the Germanic Confederation; the invasion of Hanover and Saxony; the declarations of war; and, finally, the war itself.

In order to understand Count Bismarck's character as a statesman both at home and abroad, it is necessary to observe the attitude which he maintained during the last two years in the Berlin parliament, and how he there defended his policy in the Schleswig-Holstein question, especially since the 16th of November, 1863, the date of the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark. As, however, this would far exceed the limits which are permitted to the present sketch, we shall only mention some of the more prominent incidents in connection with the subject.

Already on the 4th of January, 1864, did Count Bismarck declare before the Loan Committee of the House that it was necessary to adhere to the Treaty of London, as the only practical standing-point, and that any rights of the German nation to the Duchies were quite out of the question. He laughed at the deputies when they spoke of the duties of Germans towards their oppressed brothers, told them that he understood politics better than they did, and sent them home unceremoniously, after they had refused him the requested loan and shown their independence in other ways. He himself read in the name of the King the speech from the throne at the close of the session, in which the Chamber was openly accused of having violated the Constitution under pretence of defending it, and of having, by the gratuitous assumption of warlike complications between Prussia and other States, set itself in opposition to the Prussian fatherland. This meant nothing less than to accuse the majority of treason against their country, which is punishable with death; but the Government still

hesitated to do what it afterwards ventured upon, namely, to prosecute the deputies for their speeches in the Chamber. They, however, increased the severities against the press; confiscations were decreed under the most trifling pretexts, and the number of press trials initiated by the Government at that time exceeds belief. The proceedings against officials continued as before; taxes were levied without the sanction of the Chamber; the deputies were constantly ridiculed by the ministerial organs; contracts were entered into by the Government in a manner opposed to the Constitution, till at last trials of Liberal deputies were ordered which made every honest Prussian blush with shame and anger. In short, the arbitrary conduct of the Government became incredibly reckless during the last two years, and Count Bismarck could boast that both at home and abroad, all was being done as he wished, and not according to the will of the people, who "understand nothing about politics and always submit themselves to power."

In this, at any rate, he was right, that the Prussian nation, although it must have deeply felt its humiliating position, had not either the will or the power to oppose violence by violence. It patiently bore what Count Bismarck decreed should be its fate, consoling itself with the thought that his rule could not last for ever. The situation was, indeed, neither a glorious nor an elevating one, and afforded scope for many sad reflections. As, however, these will suggest themselves to every one, we shall here rather quote a passage from a pamphlet<sup>1</sup> of great wit and ability, which has lately appeared at Stuttgart, and which contains a charming satire on the conduct of the Prussian Government with regard to its citizens, and the laws of the country:—

"Let us only suppose for an instant that early one morning a certain anointed sovereign awoke with a fancy to present the officers of his guard with a *ragout* of two dozen ears taken from a dozen of his loyal subjects. What would happen? Most probably this. At nine o'clock the Ministry of State would prepare the decree for providing the articles in question; at eleven the police would have got the ears ready and brought them to the royal kitchen; at one the gentlemen of the guard would be crunching the civic cartilages with the teeth. Before sunset the lawful protest of the earless citizens, together with the daily papers which had dared to publish them, would be confiscated; a month later the Ministry would declare in the Chamber that the representatives of the nation had no right to discuss the matter, as the cost of obtaining and dressing the ears would be paid out of the King's private funds; and at the same time the Supreme Court would find the signatories of the protest guilty of promoting dissatisfaction and disrespectful criticism. Finally would appear Herr Welker, Privy Councillor and ex-ambassador to the Bund, who would offer a reward of 1,000 florins for the best solution of the question, how to take the ears from the heads of the officers of the guard and apply them to the heads of the citizens in a perfectly constitutional manner and without any violent

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(1) "Ueber Rom und Paris nach Gotha," von Ludwig Bamberger. Stuttgart, 1866. Verlag von Emil Ebner.

operation. Herr Welker thinks a thousand florins is a good round sum, and one ought to be able to get something valuable for it. If nothing were discovered, the lieutenants would keep their ears and the Privy Councillor his thousand florins."

This satire is strong, no doubt, but then we must remember how the Duchies were treated by the Prussian Government; that the lawful protests of their citizens had been forbidden, and that the papers which dared to publish them had been confiscated; that the inhabitants who signed them had been threatened with prosecution; that the Ministers actually declared in the Chamber that the representatives of the nation had no right to discuss the incorporation of Lauenburg, as the cost of obtaining it would be paid out of the king's private funds; and that Privy Councillor Welker had, in truth, offered a reward of 1,000 florins for the best solution of the question, how the amputated rights of the people could be restored to them in a perfectly peaceful and constitutional manner.

#### VIII.

After having attempted in the foregoing chapters to describe Count Bismarck as a deputy, a diplomatist, and a minister, we will now add a few notes which may, perhaps, give some living touches to our sketchy picture of that remarkable man.

He is well fitted to be amiable in society, for he has elegant manners, likes animated conversation, is talkative to excess, communicative often to indiscretion, full of wit and original thought, not too impatient of contradiction, and, when in good temper, quite open to argument. Whatever prejudices he may have, he knows how artfully to conceal them, and even to laugh at them; but as the boundary between prejudice and conviction, fancy and belief, is hard to define, he only too often ridicules what is looked upon by the mass of mankind as most noble and sacred. In such moments his wit becomes frivolous, his cleverness commonplace, and his whole demeanour repelling.

He may be hard, but he is certainly not spiteful, not even to Austria. It is true that he wishes to drive her out of Germany, and break her power for ever; but if it had been possible, he would have used far gentler instruments for that purpose than Krupp's steel cannon and the needle-gun, and would have preferred to drive her to suicide by mere diplomatic means—bare promises and threats. He has just as little hatred in his heart for the kings of Saxony and Hanover, although it has always been his favourite idea to mediatise them together with a few others; the difference between him and the Moderate Liberals consisting in this, that the latter would rather slowly absorb one small sovereign after another, while he prefers to swallow them like so many pills, as the process of

chewing them to pieces one by one seems to him far more disagreeable, more difficult, and in any case more tedious. His having persuaded his king to adopt the former method, is the greatest of his many master-strokes; and very curious stories are related on this subject in Berlin, which, however, as they are not always to be relied upon, and as no great weight is to be attached to such court and town gossip, it will be better not to repeat.

Thus much, at all events, is generally known, that in his talk about the king, he does not always behave with a courtier's self restraint. At one time he compared his Majesty to a hunter who must be well spurred before he will leap over a hedge; at another he complained that there is too much, and again that there is too little, of the Hohenzollern in him; and to Warnbüler, the premier of Würtemberg, he is said to have observed, shortly before the great catastrophe, that he "could not do what he liked, because he had to consult a king whom he had not created himself. If he had created him, he would certainly have made him very different to what he is." Thus he has repeatedly complained of the excessive conscientious scruples of his royal master, who must have been very grateful to him for his good opinion if he ever heard of it. Perhaps, however, his Majesty knows of these disrespectful jokes, and forgives them in a man who has proved himself to be such a trusty servant and devoted counsellor. He has already given him the title of count, and if his bold policy makes Prussia master of Northern Germany, his elevation to the rank of prince would not be too high a price for the service.

Count Bismarck talks as recklessly in private about his colleagues as he does about his royal master, and has often described them in confidential conversation with friends and strangers as coarse tools with which it is difficult to work, as helpless, narrow-minded pedants who do not see beyond their noses. This is quite intelligible. Men who will enter light-heartedly into his extensive and break-neck plans, and who would unhesitatingly accept the means which he uses for their realisation, are seldom to be found, and in Prussia quite as seldom as elsewhere. Such things are not to be learnt, the faculty for them lying in the blood and requiring an innate capacity for looking lightly on life, together with the gift, which in a statesman can hardly be estimated too highly, of calculating the forces with which he has to work, and against which he has to struggle.

Whenever Count Bismarck could not find the instruments he wanted in his own party, he sought them in the camp of his adversaries. In such matters he ignores all political principle, and is as ready to take his men from the radical ranks as from those of his own friends, if he thinks they will suit him. He has, it is true, as yet not succeeded in winning many prominent men of the Liberal party, but he has at all times attempted to do so, and in certain cases

his efforts were not unsuccessful. Lassalle, the most gifted man of whom the radical party in Prussia could boast, a genius of vast knowledge, wild ideas, loose principles, and dissolute passions, who had great influence with the working men and was an advocate of socialist opinions, became so closely connected with him that he once engaged to assist him in bringing the middle classes to reason by street demonstrations of the working people. As, however, he was unable to keep his promise, Bismarck gave up his connection with him. Lassalle had evidently overrated his influence with the working men, who became distrustful when they learnt that the minister's own organs in the press endeavoured to get up a propaganda in behalf of the socialist theories of their leader. The plan, too cleverly laid, and much too clumsily betrayed, had not even been properly tried, when the death of Lassalle, who fell in a duel about a love affair, put an end to any further projects of a union between Count Bismarck and the socialist party. At the same time he succeeded in bringing over to his side another member of the democratic party, who still remains in his service—Lothar Bucher, a man of great acquirements, extraordinary ability as a journalist, and spotless character, whom no common motives, but sheer ambition to ally himself to the powers that be, and an unhappy obliquity of thought, had driven into the arms of the reaction. It had until then been his fate always to fall on the wrong side. In England he was for years one of the most eager believers in Mr. Urquhart; afterwards he entered the ranks on the side of Austria, while for the last two years he was employed in Bismarck's office in working against Austria. Thus changing from one side to the other in the belief that he was seeking the right one, he defends every side with ability until he becomes aware that it is not the right one after all. The other democrats whom Bismarck was fortunate enough to secure are not worth mentioning. Some of them possess a certain degree of talent with little character, others a certain degree of character with little talent, and the rest neither one nor the other. None of them have as yet attained any distinguished position. They will be dismissed like lackeys when their patron grows tired of them.

Of any of the prominent Liberal newspapers, the present Government has not, to their honour be it said, obtained till now unqualified support. If many of them, nay, most of them, have allowed themselves to be deluded by Count Bismarck's foreign policy—for there is a wondrous charm in success, and what nation has not allowed itself to be tempted by the prospect of an increase of power?—there were at any rate very few who consented to act as willing tools of his home policy, or who adopted his dogma of "Might before Right." He himself had in earlier days been connected directly and indirectly with the press, and is said to have sent many a successful contribution to the principal

organ of his party, the *Kreuzzeitung*, and also to the most formidable of his opponents, the *Kladderadatsch*. He did this when he was ambassador to the Bund at Frankfort, in order to vent his spite against Rechberg, Buol, and Austria, and owed his connection with the *Kladderadatsch* to a curious dispute with its editor Mr. Dohm. In the beginning of the year 1850, there appeared in that paper a list of all the Prussian Junker families which had supported the French rule in 1806—1813, and among them the family of Count Bismarck. The latter immediately wrote a sharp letter to Mr. Dohm, declared the charge to be false, sent him a list of a dozen Bismarcks who had fallen in the wars of liberation, and demanded a retraction of the statements in the article in question. Mr. Dohm replied that he regretted his having been misled by a young historian, and that he was ready to give every satisfaction. Upon that Count Bismarck wrote back to say in very friendly terms, that he was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Dohm's letter, and from that time forward he himself became a frequent contributor of satirical articles to his paper. This was, as we have said, at the time of his stay at Frankfort; but even when he became Minister, he did not break off his connection with Mr. Dohm, and often received him secretly at his house in order to obtain information about the feelings of the public, and also, perhaps, to blunt in friendly interviews, as far as he could, the shafts which the *Kladderadatsch* levelled against him. When Dohm was sentenced to imprisonment for publishing a gross joke against the little Princess of Reuss-Lobenstein, his powerful friend obtained his pardon of the King, and Bismarck himself allowed many things to appear in the paper which, if he had wished it, he might have punished with all the severity of the Prussian press laws. When, however, he was once ridiculed in the *Kladderadatsch* for his bad shooting at a chamois hunt at Gastein, the pride of the noble sportsman was hurt, and the unequal friendship was on the point of coming to a sad end. To attacks of this kind he is very sensitive. Accusations of perjury and violation of the Constitution will not spoil his appetite; nay—and this is very characteristic of the man—he will bear any criticism, whether just or unjust, that is openly made against him, with a quietness which is usually only a property of singularly noble natures; but whoever casts a doubt on his personal honour, his family, his nobility, or his courage, may be sure that the attack will not pass unnoticed, for he is still as pugnacious as in the days of his youth, and the cares of office have in no way impaired the strength of his herculean frame.

Nor is there a trace about him of the stiffness which unpleasantly distinguishes Prussian officials from all other creatures of the same species, although he has risen so rapidly, and a brilliant career like his only too often creates haughty and domineering manners. While

others in lower positions are wont to appear in all the ludicrous pomp of their official self-consciousness, he moves about unrestrainedly and with freedom, whether in the ministerial departments, aristocratic societies, or court festivals. At one of these he once addressed the celebrated singer Mdle. Lucca (since married to Baron von Rhade) in his usual easy way, without having previously asked for an introduction. Mdle. Lucca, who was just then talking with an old Chamberlain, and did not know the count, was offended at his boldness, and contemptuously turned her back on him. But when after he had left her she learned from the courtier who the gallant gentleman was, and that she had perhaps made the all-powerful Premier her enemy for ever, she felt so frightened that she begged her companion for God's sake to give her an opportunity of making her excuses to the slighted statesman. This was done the same evening when they met in one of the crowded saloons; but before the lady could utter a word, Count Bismarck took her hand, begged her pardon for his intrusiveness, and said laughingly, "So be it is peace between us! it would be too sad indeed if the two greatest persons in Prussia were at enmity with each other." In order to make the wit of this remark quite apparent, it should be added that the Prussian premier is very tall, while Mdle. Lucca is a charming miniature creature who is almost worshipped by the public of Berlin. Last spring they met at Ischl, and Mdle. Lucca, wishing to assist a poor photographer of the place, proposed to the count that they should both appear on a *carte de visite*. No sooner said than done. The "two greatest persons in Prussia" are to be had for a shilling in all the shops of Berlin, and the once poor man is now comfortably off.

Such incidents as the above are just of the kind that make a Minister popular, but Count Bismarck has become none the more popular either at Berlin or in the rest of Prussia on that account. Whether he will at some time or other obtain this ephemeral honour who will dare to assert or deny? Already after the news of the victories in Bohemia serenades were sung under his windows; after the next victory perhaps the Berliners will take the horses from his carriage, or honour him with a statue. The people worship so easily what they have hated, and will in the end give him absolution for the contempt with which he has treated them for so many years, for the insults he has heaped upon them, for the rights he has refused them, for the fathers, sons, and brothers whom he drove into the war, and who have sacrificed their lives to increase the territory of Prussia. But if he should ultimately find that the theory of Blood and Iron cannot be always applied, that an educated nation does not allow itself to be constantly treated with contempt, and that the needle-gun, with all its power, does not contain the quintessence of all statesmanship, he is just the man to try his hand at Liberalism for a change. Of this

indications have not been wanting. "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo," he exclaimed to Mr. Virchow, one of the most prominent of the Liberal deputies, when the latter mockingly asked him whether MM. von Beust, von Dalwigk, and von der Pfordten were to be reckoned as belonging to the democracy which must be suppressed. By the infernal river he meant the democrats, who have since often thanked him for the compliment, and will do so again, perhaps in a different way. On another occasion—but this was some time before, after one of his visits to France—he sat down, as he often delighted to do, among the deputies of the extreme Left, spoke with the Radical Dr. D'Ester, and while he was talking took out his cigar case and produced a small sprig of olive. "This little sprig," he said, half jokingly and half in earnest, "which I plucked in the south of France, I shall perhaps some day offer to the democrats as a symbol of reconciliation. It is too early for this yet." And he put it back into his pocket.

Whether it will come to this, no one, as we have already observed, can either assert or flatly deny. Suffice it to say, that he seems to have long accustomed himself to the idea. It remains also to be seen whether the leap from reaction to freedom would be as successful as his other bounds have been. For if the leap from freedom to despotism is comparatively easy with the help of a good deal of violence, some good fortune, and a wise use of the existing machinery of state, the leap from despotism to freedom requires faith, enthusiasm, and above all, confidence on the part of the nation. Despotism is something real and tangible, while freedom is at best to be compared to a religion which, like all religions, must impregnate all the spheres of the nation's existence as an idea and a belief, incomprehensible and yet undoubted. Count Bismarck has planned great things for Prussia with an almost genial boldness, and is to all appearance on the way to attain his objects. But that he should be destined to shine in the temple of the apostles of freedom, and to be adored as one of them by posterity, is the greatest of improbabilities. For this he has not the necessary faith, nor the nation the necessary confidence.

MAX SCHLESINGER.

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## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE ministry of Lord Derby is now fairly installed in office, and we have heard from the new Prime Minister the principles of the policy on which he intends to try to carry on his government. His speech was fair and temperate, but it revealed great weakness. There is still a majority of seventy against him in the House of Commons, and he has obtained no permanent accession of strength from those discontented Liberals who helped him to turn out Lord Russell, but refuse the responsibility of joining his successor. It is therefore to be presumed that on general questions, except Reform, they are still Liberals, or perhaps they think that even Lord Derby is too much of a reformer for them to trust themselves in his camp. Be this as it may, the Adullamites remain a compact body, separated from both the great parties in the State, sufficiently numerous to turn either of them out, and prevent our having what is called a strong government, until a general election disperses them, or they are able to make their own terms, and reunite themselves with either Conservatives or Liberals. They are so respectable and able a body of men that both sides would be glad to secure them, and Lord Derby evidently thinks that although they cannot make up their mind to give him active support at once, they will, on reflection, find that they have more sympathies with Conservatives than Liberals. In the words of Lord Derby—"I do not conceal my hope—because I look to the real and not the arbitrary distinctions of party—I do not conceal my earnest hope that the time is not far distant when there may be such a new arrangement of parties as to place on one side those who are in favour of dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution, and on the other side all those who, while they will not resist safe legislative progress, are determined to adhere to the Constitution, and to those institutions under which this country has so long been loyal, prosperous, and happy." No doubt these words would be accepted by the great majority on both sides, but the difficulty will quickly arise as to what is the proper interpretation of them. Both sides will probably concur in amending the treatment of the sick in workhouses, and in a new bankruptcy law; but how about a Reform Bill? of the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland? of making the universities really national institutions instead of confining their government and emoluments to those only who profess one particular creed? On the great questions of civil and religious liberty the difference between parties is almost as great as ever. The Conservatives, it is true, have made some steps in advance, as about the Oaths Bill, but they have been concessions to necessity which they regret, and which have not sprung from any conversion on the question of principle. Before Lord Derby can expect any recruits from the highly-cultured inhabitants of "the Cave," he must explain what he means by "safe legislative progress" and "dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution." His definition of these terms will be seen from his programme of measures next session; and to judge from the past, it will be fatal to his hopes. The Liberal party have always included in it men of moderate views and men of extreme opinions, and the presence of the latter

has never been deemed by the nation a reason why the Liberal party should not be trusted with power. The country under their rule has reached an unexampled pitch of prosperity, and they still profess to wish only for the measures which would really add to the stability of our institutions. Lord Derby is for the third time placed in power by the assistance of a portion of the Liberal party, who have inscribed on their banner a motto which Lord Derby and Lord Russell equally repudiate, viz., "resistance to all extension of the franchise, and to extinction of small boroughs." Thus a small party, which has very little support in the country, and which would have disappeared if circumstances had allowed of a general election, has placed in power another party, which is in a confessed minority in the House of Commons, but which could not refuse to take office without resigning its pretensions to be a party at all. Such a position of affairs is not constitutional, and can be only temporary, because the very essence of our government is, that the Ministry should possess the confidence of the House of Commons, which Lord Derby confessedly has not. As there is no political passion in the country; as our administration is in admirable order, our trade and agriculture prosperous, and we have no foreign entanglements, affairs will probably go on as usual till next session, when Lord Derby must either satisfactorily explain his vague words as to "safe legislative progress," and thus gain permanent converts, or make way for an administration which will carry out those liberal views in religion and politics which are daily gaining ground in the country without threatening its institutions.

Of the outgoing ministry the two prominent characters were Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, who imparted to it its progressive tendency, and were principally responsible for the measure on which they ultimately shipwrecked. Lord Russell, according to Mr. Disraeli, was the author of the only successful Reform Bill, and therefore had a right to be listened to; and Mr. Gladstone concurred with him that it was expedient to propose a measure perhaps more extensive than the public were prepared for, but on that very account more likely to be a long settlement of the question. The Bill of 1832, founded upon this principle, was eminently successful. It "took away the breath" of the old Whigs, although it barely satisfied the Radicals; but in a few years the nation had settled down in its enlarged constitution, and the whole electoral body worked harmoniously together, and became more and more attached to our institutions. The loud talk of the Republican and of the Radical, which was so often heard before 1832, gradually died away; and the earnest, working middle classes, who then obtained power, have carried out a silent revolution in all departments of the State, which has made England a better country for both rich and poor to live in. The same would probably have been the result of the measure of 1866. In a short time the whole electoral body would have amicably exercised their functions, without dividing into classes; and although there would have been some silent influence exerted on our legislature by the electors from a new class, this could only have been effected by the legitimate persuasion of the new electors, as they would still have been in a minority as to numbers, and the majority would have had the enormous advantages of wealth and education on their side.

The other most influential members of the late Cabinet were the Duke of

Somerset and Lord Clarendon, men of great experience and sound judgment, who have each of them, as well as Lord Granville, been spoken of as fit to fill the office of Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone, from his great ability, has likewise been frequently suggested for the same post, so that there were no less than five ministers of the late Cabinet who may be reckoned in the first rank of ministers, while there were others of great experience and ability, though less suited by their character for the premiership. It is seldom that an administration offers such an array of experience and talent; and whatever may have been the opinion of some of its members as to the expediency of introducing a Reform Bill in the first session of a new parliament, when once they had accepted the measure in Council, no difference of opinion was ever visible among them either in or out of Parliament; they remained loyally united together throughout the severe struggles of the session, and retired with dignity when they were beaten on a measure which they believed essential to the best interests of the country. Their thorough union has raised their character for wisdom and trustworthiness, and added fearfully to the responsibility of those who have turned them out at such a crisis. Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, Sir R. Peel, and others of these gentlemen, have shown unfortunately a personal feeling in the late debates, which should have been stifled in such difficult times; and it is they who have placed a new set of ministers in office without warning and without preparation, in the midst of European complications, where experience, authority, and personal knowledge may be invaluable in preserving peace, or intervening with weight should circumstances require. There will be in all Englishmen the patriotic wish to assist the new ministers in their difficult task, but there will also be in the minds of many a regret that those who really displaced the late ministers are neither willing to join their successors, nor in any way capable of forming a ministry themselves.

Fortunately to manage foreign affairs we have a young but cautious and trusted statesman in Lord Stanley, — one who, while he belongs to the aristocracy, has sounded the depths of democratic feelings; who, while he has an intelligent respect for an ancient empire like Austria, can sympathise with the passionate longings of Italy for the completion of her state, and the ardent wishes of the Germans for unity; who can admire without envy the brilliant material prosperity of the United States, and acknowledge the deep wisdom of the Cæsar of France, without being lured into any visionary schemes for exercising a European protectorate. As for English opinion about foreign continental politics, we think it is pretty plain. All parties rejoice at the success of the Italians; all parties dislike the Prussian Government; but we believe, when the politics of central Europe become better understood, that there will be a unanimous sympathy with the Germans in their struggle for unity, and that Bismarck will be pardoned if he acts the part of a German Richelieu, and gathers the scattered feeble limbs of the nation into one powerful and intelligent state. The *bonhomie* and personally attractive qualities of the Austrians have secured them many friends; and the number has greatly increased of late. These sympathise with her disasters, and hope she may profit by the bitter past. All see that she sacrificed everything for an army which is no better than a broken reed. The people were overtaxed, commerce was weighted, interior improvements neglected, in order that all the juices of the state should nourish a powerful army. But

it disappeared like tinder at the first touch ; and it is now plain to all the world that while countries like the United States and Prussia, who promoted education, cultivated commerce, replenished their treasuries, and made their armies such that the duties of soldiers did not interfere with the duties of citizens, are irresistible military states, a country like Austria, devoting a vast proportion of her population for life to soldiering, and becoming bankrupt for the sake of pipeclay and horseguards, may have a magnificent army for reviews and parades, but not for the field for battle.

There is an old French comedy the plot of which is constructed on the following imaginary incident :—One fine afternoon in the year 1789, a Parisian goes to bed, and—no matter from what cause—only wakes three years later, when the Bastille has been levelled with the ground, the monarchy abolished, the goddess of Reason proclaimed, the king guillotined, and the whole of France seems to have become so disjointed that it is impossible to set it right again. Our sleeper rubs his eyes wonderingly when he sees his once royalist wife and daughter enter his room with large tricolour cockades on their chests, when he hears people address one another as “citizen,” and when he perceives that the names of the streets, the uniforms, and the people are all new to him ; he cannot understand either the newspapers or the talk of his own family ; he begins to suspect that either he or France has gone mad, and the numberless other comical situations which arise from this incident will be easily conceived. Now it was necessary, in order to bring about such a state of things, that the author of this comedy should give his hero such a sleeping potion as could keep him alive and strong for several years. How much easier could a comedy like this be constructed on the basis of recent events ! No impossible soporifics were necessary here ; any honest Hanoverian, Saxon, or Bohemian who a fortnight ago went to bed with a high fever and only waked up from his delirium to-day—a by no means improbable occurrence—would hardly understand his newspaper better than the Frenchman who slept for three years, and would probably doubt, like the latter, whether it was he or the world that had lost its senses.

Such rapid changes as have been produced by the short campaign of the Prussians in Bohemia have never hitherto been effected by any war known to history. We may look in vain both into ancient and modern records in either the new or old world for a precedent ; the case is unique of its kind, and the causes must be very extraordinary which could have shaken the existence of a great European Power to its foundations within the space of a fortnight, produced the defeat of the most powerful army it ever brought into the field in all its encounters with the enemy, and compelled it to beg as a suppliant for the assistance of a foreign Power. It is the task of every politician to inquire into and thoroughly understand these causes, and to assist in its accomplishment it will be necessary for us to recapitulate in a few words the events of the campaign. Without entering into details, we need only at present insist on the following facts :—

While Prussia, immediately after the decisive vote at Frankfort, commenced taking active steps on all sides, and showed a military activity which indicates a plan of attack that had been for some time in contemplation, Austria stood still as if crippled, evidently incapable of taking the offensive, and still more so of offering a helping hand to a Federal ally. This is intelligible so far as Hanover

and Cassel are concerned; for even if Austria had had three times as many soldiers under arms as she has in reality, and if she were not a tenth as slow in her decisions and movements as she has always been, she would not have been able to protect those states; it was as certain that they must fall into Prussia's hands as it is that a stone which has lost its support must fall to the ground. But the Saxon and the Hanoverian army could and must have been saved if there had been the slightest intelligence of the situation at Vienna, and the necessary preparations had been made. This was clearly not the case. It was indeed at first attempted to persuade the world that Saxony had been given up on strategical grounds, and only in order to make it possible to direct a concentrated attack on Prussian territory from other points; but these were assertions to which we never gave any credit. Saxony was in any case the very territory which would have been most favourable to Austria for her operations against Prussia, both from a political and a geographical point of view; and it could only, with any show of reason, be given up on strategical grounds after great and repeated defeats. But they reckoned at Vienna, it seems, on obtaining a longer space of time for preparations; perhaps, also, on the hesitation of Prussia to take the first aggressive step. The army of the North had been well provided with soldiers, but very ill with everything else that makes a large army capable of moving, and accordingly Saxony was lost in a few days. The Prussians were in possession of the base of operations which had seemed to them the most dangerous in the hands of their adversaries: their troops fed in Saxony on the fat of the land; the passes into Bohemia lay temptingly open before their eyes; their own territory was protected against the first attack from the south; and the impression produced in all Germany by this bloodless and yet enormous success was extremely great—nay, indeed, hardly to be over-estimated. And here we should remark that the reports that the Prussian soldiers had behaved barbarously and overbearingly in Saxony are partly exaggerated, partly pure inventions. They certainly came as enemies, and did not spare the country any of the burdens which an invading army is permitted by the custom of war to impose, but nowhere were Saxons forced to put on the Prussian uniform; nowhere were the people laid under contributions; nowhere was more required of the towns than what was necessary for the housing and provisioning of the troops; nowhere did they rob, burn, or plunder. Probably there were some individual cases of abuse, and we are in possession of trustworthy communications from Dresden, from which it appears that a troop of Prussian soldiers really broke into the country house of the Minister Herr von Beust, and, in presence of his helpless family, mischievously destroyed all his valuable furniture; but such abuses were only exceptional, and as the officer who commanded the troop in question was rude enough to leave his visiting-card for Madame Beust after the house had been sacked from top to bottom, it will be as well to give his name a shameful publicity. He was a Lieutenant von Trosko, a thorough Junker, of a kind that are only too often to be found in the Prussian army.

The faults of Austria in the east were worthily imitated by her Federal allies in the west. It is to be ascribed to their indecision and procrastination that the Hanoverian contingent was lost to them. This efficient, and as regards its cavalry, singularly excellent army, is the only branch of the Federal force that had done its duty. Yielding to the superior force of Prussia, which broke

into its country from both the east and the west simultaneously, it retired, without being able to venture on any opposition, to Göttingen; but from that moment it did all that was possible to join its Federal allies. What this small army, closely pursued as it was by the Prussians, and often almost surrounded, may have had to bear in its manœuvres through mountain and valley, is either not known, or has remained unobserved in the confusion of the greater events on the scene of war in Bohemia. It will be sufficient here to say that it at length bravely made head against the Prussians at Langensalza, and that, although it did not succeed in breaking its way through them southwards, it fought with such courage, and caused such considerable loss to its adversaries, who had been reinforced by the contingent of Coburg-Gotha, that its bravery must be rated very high. While they were thus shedding their blood, only at length to accept the capitulation which had already once been offered to them, the army of the Bavarians, Wurtembergers, and Darmstadters remained idle at Frankfort and Beyruth, with grounded muskets, and one leg raised for the march; moving from one point to another, without approaching the place where they were most wanted; arranged in order of march, and yet not stirring from the spot where they were stationed—a true and comfortless picture of the old German state army, as it has existed in all continental wars for the last century.

The Prussian army was in the strongest possible contrast to this heavy, complicated, and useless military machine. Without stopping in Saxony a day longer than was absolutely necessary for resting the troops after their laborious marches, they pushed through the passes of Bohemia, which had been left defenceless by the Austrians, and debouched from the defiles, each of which might have been made a Thermopylæ, without any fighting worthy of the name, and without having suffered any considerable losses. It was only now that Benedek, whose grand secret plan, which was to amaze the world, had been foiled by the swiftness of his enemy, assembled his forces, or, to speak more correctly, attempted to do so, by pushing forward without any plan one *corps d'armée* after another in order to block up the way before the advancing columns of the Prussians, and prevent their junction. The consequence was a series of bloody battles, whose scene was the north-eastern corner of Bohemia, from Friedland to Königsgrätz. We will not here describe them, nor give the names of the places in whose vicinity they occurred, nor point out the passes and roads by which the Prussians pushed forward into the heart of the country, nor name the generals who led, conquered, and fell, nor reckon up the losses in dead, wounded, prisoners, and guns on both sides. For now our business is only with the general results, and these were, that in the battles which continued during eight days, with such short interruptions that they deserve to be called one eight days' battle, the Austrians were each time defeated; that after the struggle at Gitschin, the junction of the two Prussian armies under the Crown Prince and Prince Charles could be effected, and that the now united Prussian force inflicted on the Austrians, on the land between Gitschin and Josephstadt, so decisive a defeat that it was soon converted into a flight. This was the decisive battle which will probably be known in history as the battle of Königsgrätz. It lasted from the morning of the 3rd of July until late in the evening, and, when the sun disappeared behind the summits of the Fichtel mountain, Bohemia and the flower of a fine army were lost to the Emperor of Austria.

The road to Prague, the old capital—that to Moravia—perhaps even that to Vienna, were now open to the enemy. The army was discouraged; many brave leaders were dead, wounded, or prisoners; 40,000 men and at least 200 guns had in the last eight days been lost, and, what was a far greater disaster, the army had also lost all confidence in itself and its leader. It was hastily withdrawn in the direction of Pardubitz; thence to evacuate Bohemia, if necessary, and find a point of defence on Moravian territory, at Brünn and Olmütz. Great was the joy in Berlin and nameless the despair in Vienna when the news arrived. In the former place the victory was celebrated by salvoes of artillery, and from the balcony of the royal palace, opposite the laurel-crowned statue of Frederick the Great, the Queen herself read to the crowd the telegraphic message which her husband had sent her of the decisive battle that in seven days had obtained what the great Frederick could not conquer in seven years. At Vienna, on the other hand, a military council was held in the misty night in the Imperial burg—a council of despair; and the result of whose deliberations was equally desperate. Instead of attempting to continue the struggle, for which many soldiers and points of defence were yet to be found in his extensive empire, and which the majority of the ministers and generals present are said to have advised, the Emperor himself gave up the game for lost. Though in the prime of life, and aspiring to the reputation of a brave soldier, the Emperor now, as he did before at Solferino, gave himself up to a nameless fear of uncertain possibilities; and it was his will, not that of his counsellors, that gave up Venetia to the French Emperor, and begged the latter to act as mediator between Austria and her adversaries. This was done by the telegraph in the night of the 3rd of July, and the Emperor Napoleon had good reason to order all the official buildings of Paris to be illuminated on the following evening. If Waterloo had not yet been avenged, the act of abdication at Fontainebleau was more than counterbalanced by the supplications of the Emperor of Austria. From that moment the fate of Austria has lain chiefly in the hands of France. Before entering upon any speculations as to the possible course of events for the future—as to the demands of Prussia, the concessions of Austria, and the attitude of France in regard to both—we will touch upon the reasons which have contributed to bring about the sudden collapse of the military power of the monarchy of the Hapsburgs.

It is now repeated on all sides that this was done by the needle-gun; that it was not so much a conflict between Austria and Prussia, as between muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders, in which the latter obtained the victory. This is true, but only to a certain extent. The needle-gun, coarse and defective as it may be, has certainly proved a terrible weapon against the old musket; but we should carefully avoid the theory which is now in fashion, that the breech-loader was the only cause of the defeat of the Austrians. Was it the needle-gun that obtained Saxony for the Prussians, and thereby gained for them an advantage which would hardly have been equalled by two great victories in Bohemia? Was it the needle-gun that rooted the German State army to the ground, so that it did not act either on the Rhine or anywhere else? Did the needle-gun cause every Prussian corps to arrive punctually to the minute at the place to which it had been ordered by telegraph from the central office at Berlin? Was it the needle-gun that made the Prussian soldier, even in Bohemia, in the midst of a hostile population and far from the head-quarters

of its resources, far better cared for than the Austrians in their own country? And has not the small isolated Hanoverian army offered such opposition to the Prussians at Langensalza notwithstanding their superior firearms, that it would have been successful if the Federal allies of Southern Germany had only done their duty?

It is, therefore, idle to ascribe to the breech-loader alone all the brilliant successes of the Prussians. Other motives have contributed in causing them, from which important lessons for the future should be drawn by all governments, and especially by that of our own country. It is above all to be remarked that on the Prussian side the army was not led by any military genius like Frederick or Napoleon. General von Moltke, who drew up the plan of the campaign, is no doubt a much more distinguished man than Benedek, which is not saying much, now that the latter has proved with singular consistency from the very beginning his utter incapacity to command a large army; and the Prussian princes may be considerably superior as generals to the Austrian archdukes; but, as we have said, a military genius who defies all calculation, and is not to be obtained to order, has not been possessed by the Prussians. They had, on the other hand, what the Austrians wanted, and what has hitherto been wanting both in them and in Englishmen in all their wars—an organisation complete to the smallest detail, whose wheels fit into one another with strict exactness, and which made strategical combinations possible which must have appeared to every other army, even that of France, as far too daring and perilous. It was not enough that General von Moltke had prepared, together with his staff at Berlin, an excellent plan of action; in order to make his plan practicable, he must have been convinced that every branch of the army was capable of strictly carrying out his instructions. In this prevision the central office at Berlin was not deceived, for when it gave the signal, everything was in its place: the officers of the staff, from the highest to the lowest; the masses from the plough and the desk; the artillery in complete equipment; the ammunition, in all its details; the transport service; the medical staff; the corps of engineers, with all the appliances for repairing broken railroads; engine-drivers to be employed on the enemy's territory, ambulances, field hospitals, and the field telegraph, which has now become indispensable in extensive military operations,—all were ready to move with the punctuality of watchwork when the great machinist at Berlin touched the spring; and this excellent organisation, coupled with the intelligence of the most subordinate of its elements, contributed to the Prussian successes at least as much as the terrible breech-loader. The latter may be introduced by any State into its army, and ought to have been possessed by both Austria and our own country long ago; but whether either Austria or England will ever be able to make its military organisation as perfect in all its branches as that of Prussia, is another question. For this a severe military education, such as exists in Prussia, and will never be adopted in England, is absolutely necessary, and also a certain innate talent for such things among the masses of the people, which we fail to recognise in our countrymen, who clearly show, whenever a few hundreds of them assemble in the street, before a theatre, or at a railway station, how little capacity for organisation they possess, and how each man pushes against his fellow in order to come to the front, while in France and Germany the public, with the help of a few simple barriers and



a little organisation, attain their object with much more comfort and rapidity.

In Austria it is different. There the people are not wanting in readiness and orderly conduct, but, on the other hand, the Imperial Government has always been the most ponderous and helpless of all state machines, and with all its pomp, expense, and vast discretionary power, has never succeeded in producing an effective organisation in a single branch of the administration. How far this defect contributed in the present instance to the misfortunes of the Austrian army of the North cannot as yet be ascertained with any certainty; and, in presence of the statements of English correspondents at the Austrian headquarters that the Imperial troops had been provided with all that was necessary, we will not give much weight to the reports of the Prussians, that their Austrian captives were often half-starved. We know, however, on good authority, that the Austrian army was still deficient in many requisites of warfare at the time when Prussia seized upon Saxony; that the organisation of their transport service and their field telegraph was very imperfect; and that, above all, the chief command of some of their *corps d'armée* was not given to the best officers. It is true that Benedek, upon whom the chief blame of the senseless direction of the campaign is now justly laid, had made it a condition that he should himself appoint the generals, and that no member of the Imperial family should interfere with the arrangements, by his presence at head-quarters. Notwithstanding this, several generals were sent to him from Vienna at the last moment, and among the leaders were ultimately appointed two archdukes, who are said to have only proved their total inefficiency. After the defeat, when a series of battles had been lost, the army discouraged, and one of the finest provinces in the empire conquered, a few incapable generals (Clamgallas, Henrickstein, and Krismanitz) were summoned before a court-martial. By this little was gained; but it has always been so in Austria, where the witnesses in a court-martial of this kind are invariably those who have appointed incapable men to the most important military posts.

Not only in the above important points, but also in others, does the House of Hapsburg adhere immovably to its old unhappy traditions; above all to a certain haughtiness in misfortune which hardly deserves the honourable name of pride. This haughtiness was probably the cause of Francis Joseph having preferred to throw himself into the arms of the Emperor of the French rather than to negotiate with his adversaries direct. To say nothing of the tenacious retention of Venetia,—which, if it had been voluntarily given up a few months ago, might have secured to Austria a friend in Italy, and added £20,000,000 to its treasury and 200,000 men to its northern army,—the Emperor could not, even at the last moment, reconcile himself to offering the hand of reconciliation to the Italians, and preferred to wound them in their deepest feelings by giving up Venetia to France. The same was done by Francis Joseph in regard to Prussia. If he had gone openly to King William's camp and asked for honourable conditions of peace from him, as his conqueror, the old king would probably not have treated his humbled nephew very hardly. Already had the tragic events of the past few days made him more mildly disposed, and a few strokes of his pen would doubtless have procured for Austria more favourable terms than now that they depend on the cold deliberation of a Napoleon and the doubtless extravagant claims of Count Bismarck. Many think, how-

ever,—and this is also the prevalent opinion in Berlin,—that the Emperor of Austria's conduct in this matter was not entirely influenced by sheer haughtiness of spirit, but was mainly due to an understanding with Napoleon; that the latter will henceforward seek to deprive Prussia of the best fruits of her victory; and that Prussia will perhaps be forced to appeal to the patriotism of the whole of Germany in order to resist the unwished-for intervention of France. That there is some ground for these speculations will appear from a brief description of the diplomatic events of the last fortnight.

The advent to power of a Conservative Ministry in England at first produced a degree of agitation in foreign Courts which people in England will find it difficult to understand. The old traditions of the meddling foreign policy of this country, which have long been forgotten by English politicians, are, it seems, as yet by no means extinct abroad, where the doctrine of non-intervention is supposed to be peculiar to a Liberal Government, and to cease to be the policy of England directly a Conservative Cabinet is placed at the head of affairs. Such old-world notions might, perhaps, be pardoned in the politicians of Vienna and St. Petersburg; but it is scarcely credible that a statesman residing within ten hours' journey of London, and who has obtained a well-merited reputation for political insight and thorough acquaintance with English affairs, should be guilty of so egregious a misconception of our political system and tendencies; and yet it is an unquestionable fact, that when the news of the fall of Earl Russell's Ministry had been flashed by the telegraph to all the Courts of Europe, not only did a universal conviction prevail at Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Paris, that England would now actively intervene on the side of Austria, but the Emperor Napoleon shared this conviction, and even at one time thought seriously of preventing such a result by altering the political combinations on the Continent in such a manner as to entirely reverse the policy he has hitherto pursued. This policy has been, as we all know, one of "watchful neutrality," which, in the language of Napoleonic statesmanship, was rightly understood to mean, in the present case, the secret connivance of France in the projects of Prussia and Italy, whom she would permit, of course "for a consideration," to do their best to drive Austria out of Germany and Venetia.

For some time before war broke out, the depressed air of Prince Metternich at the Tuileries, and the frequent interviews of Count Goltz and M. Nigra with M. Drouyn de Lhuys at the French Foreign Office, plainly pointed to the direction in which France was tending, and the language held by the French Ministers showed that they were fully cognizant of all the projects that were being elaborated in the military councils at Berlin and Florence. It was even suspected by many, not without reason, that all the more important warlike steps of Prussia and Italy were taken, not only with the knowledge, but by the advice of the Emperor Napoleon. All this delightful harmony between the three Powers was, however, rudely interrupted by the announcement that Lord Russell would be succeeded by Lord Derby. The issue of the war was at that time doubtful. The Italians had suffered a defeat, which was then thought to have been more disastrous than it has since turned out to be; the Prussians had as yet only had a few unimportant skirmishes with the Austrians in Bohemia; and France, who had had personal experience of the military qualities of the latter, and was, perhaps, a little disposed to under-rate those of the former,

believed that Benedek would come out victorious from the conflict which was imminent between the two armies. The name of Lord Derby instantly suggested to the mind of the French Government an alliance of England with Austria and Russia, the probable accession to this alliance, after a few battles to save her honour, of Prussia, the dismemberment of Italy, and the consequent humiliation of France, who, isolated in the midst of a new Holy Alliance more powerful even than the last, would be unable to lift a finger in defence of her *protégée*.

The prospect of such a combination naturally filled the Emperor and his advisers with alarm, and the necessity of making a counter-move as quickly as possible was seriously discussed. Negotiations were opened with the Austrian Government, the object of which was to steal a march on the reactionary Powers by bringing about an understanding between France and Austria. These negotiations, which were conducted on the French side by M. de Müllinen at Vienna, and on the Austrian by M. de Mosburg at Paris, were at first carried on with such secrecy and caution that they really amounted to little more on both sides than feelers thrown out with the object of sounding the dispositions of the two governments towards each other. Meanwhile, events marched rapidly on. The French Government perceived its mistake in supposing that a Conservative English Cabinet must necessarily be warlike; the Austrian army continued to retreat with immense loss before the always victorious Prussians; and Bismarck, puffed up by his successes, began to treat M. Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, with haughty coldness, and to show himself more and more disposed to shake off the dictation of France. The original motive for the Franco-Austrian negotiations had disappeared; but a far more real and powerful one had taken its place. Her conquests were making Prussia too strong and independent; the smaller States were already inclining to the side of successful power; and it really seemed as if the map of Europe was to be altered without France having a hand in the operation, or securing anything for herself in the general scramble. Accordingly it was determined at Paris to throw over Prussia; the negotiations with Austria, which had until then consisted of mere preliminary *pourparlèrs*, were now energetically pushed forward, and a sort of understanding was, we believe, arrived at, that if Austria eventually consented to give up Venetia to France (which at that time she was not at all disposed to do), the latter power should secure her against the preponderance of Prussia in Germany, and assist her in obtaining compensation for Venetia within the limits of the Confederation. When, a few days later, the Emperor Francis Joseph decided, against the advice of his counsellors, to give up Venetia, he of course did this with the full knowledge of the understanding with France, which goes far to explain his having ceded that province to Napoleon. The latter, on the other hand, as was to be expected from so skilful a tactician, at once took the whole game into his hands, by proposing an armistice to Prussia, which she could not with decency refuse, in order to bring the whole weight of his influence, at the Conference or Congress which will follow, to bear on the side of Austria.

The above description of the recent negotiations, which is based on information in which we have every reason to place reliance, will show that peace is as yet not so near as some sanguine spirits believe, and that there is still enough inflammable matter in Europe to rekindle the war more fiercely and extensively.

than ever. Whatever may be the result of the peace negotiations, this at any rate is clear, that until they are closed Prussia will under no circumstances withdraw her troops from the territories she has conquered, and that Bohemia is lost, if not for ever, at least for a long time, to Austria as a taxable province. If we consider that the latter Power must keep up her enormous army while these negotiations are going on—that neither Bohemia nor Silesia can add a shilling to her treasury—that Moravia will in the mean time be eaten up to the bone by the troops assembled there—that the stoppage of every kind of business has considerably diminished the capacity of the other Austrian territories to bear taxation—that the days of forced contributions in Venetia are past—and that in the present ruinous state of things there is as little possibility of increasing the taxes as of raising a loan—it must be acknowledged that Austria is in an even worse position from a financial than from a military point of view. The next step of the Imperial Government in this direction will probably be to obtain a loan from the National Bank. We at least can see no other way of procuring money to maintain her army.

Prussia, too, will want money for a similar purpose; but the Government can now adopt any means it pleases for obtaining it. Count Bismarck may reckon with confidence on a manageable Chamber, for notwithstanding all the assertions of the Liberal papers to the contrary, the Opposition has come out of the elections with its wings sorely clipped. If he will make a few concessions, as a generous victor, in the Budget question, the Chamber will vote him as much money as he likes; and if he makes no concessions, the Chamber will also not refuse what he asks for. The voice of the Constitutionalists will hardly make itself heard in the midst of the thunder of the Prussian cannon.

The sudden change which has taken place during the last fortnight in the affairs of the West of Europe has been accompanied by a change almost as sudden as those of the East. When our last Number was published, a strong Turkish army was preparing to cross the frontier of the Principalities, an army of Roumans had been collected by Prince Charles to oppose it, and a collision seemed to be inevitable. Just as the Turks were about to cross, however, an order came from Constantinople directing all further hostile operations to be suspended, and a few days after, Prince John Ghika, the Rouman envoy at Constantinople, was officially informed that the Sultan had determined, on certain conditions, to recognise Prince Charles as Hospodar of the Principalities. This sudden change of policy on the part of the Ottoman Government is to be ascribed not so much to the advice of England and France, which it had quite made up its mind in this case to disregard, but to secret information which it had received of a military alliance against Turkey which had been contracted between Prince Charles and Prince Michael Obrenovitch of Servia, one of the objects of which was to produce a revolution against her among her Christian subjects, who have long been accustomed to look forward to Servia as their natural head and protector. This combination was secretly fomented by Russia, who was only waiting for the entrance of Turkey into Roumania to come forward as her open enemy; and it must be confessed that although Turkey had a perfect right to march her troops into the Principalities, it was but prudence, in presence of the tremendous dangers that threatened her, to refrain from exercising this right. }

*July 12th.*

## CRITICAL NOTICE.

INTERNATIONAL POLICY. ESSAYS ON THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF ENGLAND.  
Chapman and Hall.

THE writers of this book, seven in number, explain in a short preface that their essays are written independently, but there is so far an agreement between them, that they all hold in common certain principles which are a part of the political and social system known as Positivism. These principles, three in number, are as follows: "1. That the international relations of mankind are a fit subject for a systematic policy. 2. That such systematic policy is to be based on the acceptance of duties, not on the assertion of rights, that it ought to have a moral, not a political or purely national foundation. All questions, therefore, concerning the interest, power, or prestige of any particular nation are secondary and subordinate; all appeals to motives drawn from such considerations are consistently discarded; all arguments which ultimately involve the doctrine of the rights of such nations are put aside as irrelevant and futile. 3. The arguments advanced are in all cases drawn from considerations of a purely human character, as alone susceptible of legitimate and profitable discussion." These principles are the limit of the avowed collective agreement of the writers with M. Comte's doctrines, though individual authors may and do give him a more extended approval. Indeed, the book as a whole is much more the work of disciples, than of independent thinkers, who have merely adopted a certain number of propositions from the Positivist system. That such a book as this should be popular can hardly be expected; for it assails in the most uncompromising way several of the strongest and most popular feelings of Englishmen. First, it must be a scandal to many that seven persons of education should deliberately come forward and avow themselves to be in many material points Positivists, disciples of a philosophy which, as if it was not in itself sufficiently offensive to theologians, has lately been stigmatised in a volume of High Church essays, as a gigantic system of selfishness, and as utterly ignoring the conception of duty. Then a book which repeatedly denounces the misdeeds of England, not those of any single class, but of the whole nation; which taxes us with arrogance, selfishness, cruelty, aggression, and narrow-mindedness, cannot fail to be displeasing to all those (and they are the vast majority) whose conception of patriotism is rendered by the celebrated American toast, "Our country, right or wrong." Indeed, to judge from the irritation caused by Mr. Matthew Arnold's lighter shafts of raillery, it is probable that if these writers succeed in getting a hearing, which is doubtful, they will make many more enemies than converts by their outspoken criticism.

There is a third class to whom this book will seem very strange and unreasonable. These are they who, without being consciously selfish or mean, are yet entirely devoid of enthusiasm or generous aspirations, who being incapable of these sentiments themselves, suppose them to be a sign of mental weakness in others. Such as these are as much outside the scope of this book as a blind man is beyond the influence of painting, a deaf man of music. But when all these classes have been considered, there is yet a large audience to whom these

writers may address themselves with a reasonable expectation of getting a fair and considerate hearing. For in England, more perhaps than in any country, there is always a large body of persons who dare to protest in the name of justice against wars waged in the name of national honour. Their dissent from prevalent opinions is sometimes nearly hushed and overpowered by the general clamour, but at other times it surges up, and insists upon making itself heard. It is not able to put down opium wars, but it is able to create an uneasy feeling among those who justify such doings. When anger, panic, and love of dominion all conspire to drive this country headlong, as in the Indian Mutiny, all pleadings for mercy and generosity are vehemently rejected, but when the excitement is on a smaller scale, as in Jamaica, it becomes possible to obtain some grudging recognition of justice, some inadequate censure of offenders.

But those who have hitherto been most prominent in the cause of humanity and justice, have been often ineffective in their support, and chiefly from the disorganised and incoherent nature of their efforts. There are Aborigines Protection Societies, and Freedmen's Aid Societies, and Foreign Affairs Committees, and Polish Sympathisers, Missionary Societies, numberless small organisations, all deserving of respect, as being moved by an unselfish desire to do good to those whose cause they advocate, but in many cases made ridiculous by the want of common sense of their managers, often striving after useless and unpractical results, and always hampered by their isolation, and want of comprehensive intelligence. To the untutored instinct of justice and philanthropy which such societies and persons as these present, the seven essayists under consideration appeal. They invite their co-operation, they offer to give direction and reasonable meaning to their vague aspirations. It is pre-eminently to genuine English Liberals that this book is addressed. They are the only persons ripe for an organised foreign policy such as is laid down in these pages, for they alone are capable of appreciating so high an ideal. It is only among those who are in agreement as to the end to be pursued that there can be any useful discussion as to the means to be employed.

And persons who have generous and strong feelings, and who desire that this country should set before it a high standard of action in its dealings with other nations, will do well to read this book. For whether they agree with the doctrines of M. Comte or not, the readers of this work will discover in it a tone of moral elevation rarely to be met with. They will find a standard of political duty so high as to startle many who thought their own views sternly just. Some will not breathe freely in this pure and rarified air; in a region lifted so much above the gross and lower passions. But those who do will find it bracing and stimulating.

And those who question the possibility of Positivism ever being transformed from a philosophy into a religion, will be surprised to find how strong a glow of what can only be described as a religious enthusiasm pervades the whole. It is clear that to the writers of these essays the principles which they advocate are objects of contemplation, which stimulate their emotions, cheer their flagging spirits in times of depression, and give them aims which dwarf and subdue their lower and selfish inclinations. But while fully recognising the honesty and generosity of the writers, it must be admitted that in one or two cases there is a lack of the "suaviter in modo" along with the "fortiter in re." It is a fatal mistake to lose one's temper in arguing with a crowd, and a

Positivist pleading with the English public for the cession of Gibraltar is in quite as dangerous a position as Dicaeopolis on the chopping-block pleading for Sparta with the Achærians. While approving of the virtuous enthusiasm which leads to ebullitions of rhetoric, we may still believe that for the more practical object of persuasion a cold-blooded style is preferable. Ridicule and invective are suitable only to a popular cause, and when the tide of opinion has turned in your favour. It must be admitted, however, that the general tone of the book is as conciliatory as possible, consistently with the honest expression of very unpopular sentiments.

The first essay in the book is by Mr. Congreve, and is on "The West;" it is an exposition of M. Comte's view of what the future condition of Europe is to be, and in what relation it will stand to the rest of the world. Mr. Congreve recognises two great principles which have been gradually developing themselves in the course of history affecting the human race. The first is the growing feeling of a common humanity comprehending in its sympathy all races, however barbarous, and recognising the debt this present generation owes to the past, its obligation to promote the progress of the future. The second principle is that of the gradual expansion and elevation of the idea of the superiority of one race over another. So that what at first was merely the forcible supremacy of a barbarous tribe resulting in the enslavement of its neighbours, has grown through the civilising influence of Greece, the social incorporation of Rome, the universal religion of Christianity, or as he prefers to call it Catholicism, and the feudal influence which separated the provinces of speculation and government, to be the conscious supremacy in all the constituent parts of civilisation of the races of Western Europe, to be by them exercised as a solemn trust and duty in the interest of the more backward portions of the great human family. Such a conception of the future function of Western Europe is not wanting in grandeur to satisfy the ambitious instincts of man, nor in generosity to satisfy his social and unselfish instincts; but in order to bring about such a state of things we must subordinate our local patriotism to a wider feeling of citizenship of the West, just as in home politics we preach the supremacy of national objects over personal or class interests. What the constitution of this great Western federation is to be, must be sought in Mr. Congreve's own essay; but we may be allowed a short quotation to show what he conceives our future character to be. "We of the West, the advanced guard of humanity, are citizens of no mean city; not lowered by narrow and local aspirations, not isolated by national selfishness, not degraded by anti-social ambition. The barriers of religious, national, commercial separation fall before the new Unity. We cease to be solely or primarily members of such or such a Western nation, England or France. We become primarily Western, with an immunity from all the evils which have clung around the exclusive prominence given to the more restricted associations; free from the poverty which now attaches to all our political conceptions, relieved from the antagonisms which render fertile of dangers our actual political and international order" (p. 39).

The aim of the West thus reconstituted, will be, according to Mr. Congreve (p. 35), "Peaceful action on the rest of the race, with the purpose of raising, or enabling its various constituents to rise in due order to the level it has itself attained. Such a body would stand forth at once as the model and director of the rest."

The other writers are not as sanguine as Mr. Congreve, as to the realisation of this vision of the future. They no doubt accept his exposition as a true one of their ideal, but they are contented to point out provisional measures, such as it is conceivable might even now be carried out, and which would tend towards the object of their wishes.

Of these the two most important essays are the one by Mr. Harrison on England and France, and the one by Mr. Brydges on England and China. Since the Western nations are not likely for some time either to be sufficiently constituted at home nor yet to be sufficiently friendly among one another to take the lead in the affairs of the world, Mr. Harrison considers that many of the advantages of such a general harmony might be gained by a close alliance of England and France. Those who advocate a total abstinence from European affairs, a moral as well as a military non-intervention, are criticised with great justice. If this doctrine means more than a temporary cessation of meddling because hitherto our meddling has been on the wrong side, and we need a break to get out of a bad habit, it must mean that henceforward England is to have no international duties, and is to be little more than a nation of more intelligent beavers or bees, considering the accumulation of wealth as the one object of national existence. But of all alliances, the one that is best is one with France; for England and France stand at the head, the one of the Teutonic Protestant element, the other at the head of the Latin Catholic element of modern civilisation. Their alliance would represent a force which would leave out hardly any valuable idea of the present time. An alliance between England and Germany would be merely to intensify one side of modern thought and character; an alliance with America would be still more narrow; but an alliance with France tends to unite and blend in the persons of their two chief representatives the opposite correlative powers which are now working blindly and too often in opposition in Europe. Such an alliance between England and France, to be really worthy of the name, to give a genuine satisfaction to the higher wants of the two nations, cannot be based merely on trade. The language of our more Radical politicians, such as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, on this subject, is censured; the only true basis of an alliance must be in harmony with the traditions of each people, it must be approved of by the higher minds, and yet must conciliate the sympathies of the mass of the people in both countries. Mr. Harrison works out very ably the leading traits of each country's character, and shows how, if the two countries unite for unselfish ends, the better side of each will act on the other, and through their united weight of authority on the world. But if England and France are to take the leadership they must show themselves worthy of it, and win the confidence of other countries by an entire absence of selfish motives: it is only if they satisfy other countries that this ascendancy will be used for their benefit that it will be acquiesced in. Since this book is for the exhortation of Englishmen, not of Frenchmen, of course our duties are insisted on more than theirs. We are at once to give up Gibraltar in obedience to the national sentiment of Spain, which is daily outraged by our presence there; we are no longer to assert our obsolete pretensions to the sovereignty of the seas, nor make claims in maritime law which the progressive civilisation of to-day repudiates. The question of the empire of the seas, and our high-handed conduct on that element, is discussed in the third Essay, in which readers will find themselves unpleasantly reminded of many



forgotten or unknown acts of violence done by us in former days. They will be able to gauge how much better they are than their fathers by the feelings of shame or of irritation with which they hear the charges brought against them.

The last four essays relate to our conduct towards the East and our uncivilised dependencies. The one on India, by Mr. Pember, is in many respects an echo of Mr. Kaye's book on the Sepoy war. A prosaic inability to understand the modes of thought of Eastern nations, a supposition that what is English must be best, accounts for much of the evil in our government of India. But there are blacker shades in the picture—sometimes of downright breaches of faith, sometimes of chicanery and evasion of our promises. There is one point Mr. Pember has seized which is admirably put in Sir William Napier's history of his brother's administration in Scinde, and that is the tendency in the old civil service to annex states and multiply offices for the sake of the patronage. No doubt the happy family of the Bombay Presidency, against which the conqueror of Scinde strove, had its counterpart in many other places in India. If our annexation of Scinde was iniquitous, at least Sir Charles Napier understood how to win the chiefs from their hunting and robbery to civilised government, and was wise enough to see that we must govern India through the good-will of the natives and by using their ability, not by crushing a whole people to one level of subjection.

It is impossible in the limited space of an article to point out the characteristics of a book which covers so much ground as this. The essay on China alone might furnish materials for a very long dissertation. I must be content with urging people to do in the case of this book what they should do in all cases if they wish to know what the opinions of any person are—let them read it. And let those who think their country unjustly condemned hear this passage, quoted from a Chinese despatch of Lord Napier to the Home Government. "Her Majesty's Government should consult immediately on the best plan of commanding a commercial treaty. . . . Demand the same personal privileges for all traders that every trader enjoys in England. This, no doubt, would be a very staggering proposition in the face of a red chop [an official proclamation], but say to the Emperor, 'Adopt this, or abide the consequences,' and it is done. Now, abiding consequences immediately pre-supposes all the horrors of a bloody war against a defenceless people. . . . Such an undertaking would be worthy of the greatness and power of England." (Papers relating to China, 1840, pp. 12, 13.) Let those who read this passage say whether it is more worthy of a great nation to do these things, and, in spite of such acts, to continue offering up incense to its own perfections, or to look its faults in the face with a steadfast purpose of amendment, and not to allow any rhetoricians to divert it from this self-examination by idle declamations about national glory or inevitable destiny. We have seen clearly and criticised sharply this weakness in the United States. The land of liberty and the flogged negro furnished many a telling period to us in times past. The same contrasts exist in our own dealings, but half the reproach is taken away if we are willing to be our own critics, and to make reformation follow upon exposure.

E. LYULPH STANLEY.

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THE POLICY OF ITALY.

THE sympathies so freely professed in the abstract by English politicians for Italy struggling to constitute herself as a State have been interwoven with more or less mistrust in the process that has been pursued towards that end, and in the probable action upon the infant State of that auxiliary influence which served as the means of helping Italy into existence. The British public has been divided between a wish to believe in the reality of an Italian power—young indeed, and therefore still tender, yet bearing within it the goodly seed of future vigour—and the haunting fear that what has been looked upon since 1859 is a merely artificial creation—the result in part of passing excitement, and in a yet greater degree of a sinister foreign Power that, aiming at ends of its own, is supposed to have been craftily permitting a phantom Italy for the while as the appropriate instrument for arriving at its own assumed ulterior views. In a word, the question which men have been asking themselves is whether Italy, as she has started up in the shape of one State under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, be a real political body—capable of the term of life a positive nation of such dimension might be expected to attain,—able to grow into the effective force that should reside in a genuine nation of more than twenty millions; or whether its nature must not, from inherent causes, remain restricted to the humble condition of a mere satellite, drawn out of the depths of space solely by the vivifying power of a superior planet, and which therefore will end either by being burned up some day by the parent flame, or else by dropping away back into the unfathomable darkness of inorganic chaos as soon as that higher light withdraws the benefit of its protecting countenance. No one can for a moment pretend to overlook the radical distinction between these two estimates as to the intrinsic force resident in the Italian constitution, and of the widely different appreciation of the worth of the Italian movement to which

they must lead. An Italy without any genuine impulses of her own—dependent necessarily for a permanent supply of motive power on foreign direction—destitute of those coherent elements of native force which will make the State that has been diplomatically recognised and admitted amongst the community of governments, grow into the solid conditions of a vigorous, self-conscious, and dignified nation,—a nation administering itself with a proper sense of self-discipline and justice, and evincing in the hour of trial that spirit of stubborn determination against aggression which affords the best safeguard for independence, because there is that in its stern nature which deters from attack;—an Italy without these vital qualities must remain for all times a sickly hot-house plant that can live only so long as it is nursed by a guardian's care. It is plain that the contest into which Italy has now plunged, independent of its bringing Venetia, will establish whether or not the Italians as a people are heart and soul in the cause of the national constitution. It will decide the question whether what we have heard about their love of country amounts to a real resolution to fight for it with vigour, whether their devotion is up to the mark of serious sacrifices of true heroism, or is but a hollow exhibition of windy claptrap. Thereon depends the future of the country, and we would wish to say a few words with the view of recalling to the mind of the British public what it seems to have overlooked, and what is essential to its forming a proper opinion both in regard to the merit of the struggle now pending and the results, whatever they may prove, which will be thrown off by it,—namely, the actual condition in which Italy stood at the moment when the great quarrel suddenly broke out, and the position in which she has put herself by the line she has followed since she has been a State. Again and again have we heard the opinion advanced here that in the policy which she has chosen to pursue towards Austria, Italy has shown herself wilfully blind to her interests. It is freely asserted by many in this country that Italy has been foolishly oblivious of her real interests in concentrating so much labour and costly effort on the creation of an army to the neglect of material improvement at home. It is affirmed that Italy has by this ruinous outlay failed in her duties to herself, and shown the greatest incapacity, because it is confidently said that but for this foolish expenditure on an overgrown army, and the consequent disorder of her finances, which has given confidence to her enemies for disbelieving in her powers of vitality, Venetia would have naturally dropped into her possession by the quiet process of an irresistible attraction towards a kindred body of superior force. Consequently the advocates of these views—and we have heard them propounded by many who have always professed deep sympathy for, and especial knowledge of, the Italian people—

maintain that the whole of what has been done is a gross mistake, proceeding from an obstinate, self-willed, and impassioned misapprehension by the people and their rulers of what was really for their good; a misapprehension auguring a woful lack of good sense, and which is said to have plunged the country gratuitously, and therefore criminally, into a mighty war. If all this be well founded, it would indeed have to be confessed that the Italians have been acting with an improvidence deserving of severe reprobation. For the gist of these charges amounts to nothing less than that the Italians by their attitude towards Austria have recklessly and gratuitously provoked the horrors of the present tremendous war; that they have wantonly been actuated with the desire to kindle the latent embers of discord into a mighty blaze, and that puffed up by overweening self-conceit they are devoured with a foolish passion which will be satisfied with nothing short of a downright fight with Austria.

It would be preposterous to pretend that the Italians have not been animated in their foreign policy with an incessant desire to wrest Venetia from the grasp of Austria, and have not declared that there could be no good fellowship with the latter so long as she retained that province from its natural connection. To have done otherwise was as impossible as it is for a creature to act in contradiction to the laws of its existence. The feeling on which the Italian movement turns, as on its pivot, is national. The deep sense—eating into the heart—of the humiliation which for centuries had lain on them, broken up as they were into fragments at the hand of princes of foreign extraction; and a burning desire to wipe out the shame of their unfortunate condition, were the motive feelings that set the Italians in action. It was not the wish for any particular form of political constitution; the republican manifestations that had cropped up here and there were quite secondary symptoms. What pervaded the peninsula in its length and breadth was an inward chafed sentiment for the right of independence from foreign yoke, and an inflammatory passion—all the more intense that it was subject to continued and irritating repression—to vindicate the outraged honour of the Italian name. The Italians, therefore, when summoned by the trumpet from Turin in 1859, responded with enthusiastic sympathy everywhere, under a universal impulse to achieve the emancipation of their native soil from foreign domination. That sentiment received a rude check on the day the treaty at Villafranca was signed; and the bitterness of heart which passionately convulsed every genuine Italian on the news of that event was as intense as its effects have been lasting. That treaty proved an epoch for Italy. It steeled the will of the Italians instinctively to that astounding and undeviating unity of purpose which made the Kingdom of Italy rise like a magic creation out of the

smoke-clouds of apparent misfortune before the eyes of puzzled Diplomacy; it gave at once the tone and character to the policy which has been unfailingly pursued ever since by king and people. Venetia had to be foregone; that was a matter of stern necessity which perforce must be acquiesced in. But because they bowed their heads to what was unavoidable, the Italians never from the first, even for a moment, disguised their feelings on the subject. Nor could they have done so without materially lowering their claims to nobleness of mind. The war was one for independence—for bringing all of the same tongue and the same blood to the enjoyment of emancipation from foreign thralldom. This boon had been achieved for all populations this side the Mincio, while on the other bank of the river sat a kindred population vibrating with national pulsations, that had given proofs of patriotic devotedness by single-handed fight against Austria, watching with outstretched arms for its victoriously advancing brethren, and now condemned to wear on in misery the chains from which they had luckily been delivered. Had the Italians really behaved as so many in this country say they should have done—had they been content to wrap themselves up in their own advantages with a callous disregard of their suffering brethren, to profess a cold determination not to risk an atom of what they had won for themselves by any compromising connection with those in a less fortunate condition, to study, in short, avowedly nothing but the strict preservation of what they had plucked out of the fire, and to repudiate all further interest in those large aspirations they had been wildly professing until the day before—they would not only be a totally different people, but all that has happened and so powerfully affected the imagination of our time would never have been brought about. For those, then, who have been professing sympathy with infant Italy to argue that she was foolish in always asserting her earnest longings for union with Venetia, is to argue on the basis of as gross a misapprehension of what is the radical element of the whole Italian revolution as it would be for an assumed natural philosopher to evolve a theory of the universe that rested on an unfortunate oblivion of the laws of gravity. It is perfectly consistent for sound Conservatives to look with inward dislike on the Italian movement; but it is simply absurd for persons to be put out by the object of their avowed predilections following its natural bent contrary to their wishes.

But the treaty of Villafranca had yet another lasting effect on the Italians, and again in the direction deprecated by these critics. It is reported that when Victor Emmanuel protested against the abrupt termination of a campaign begun under the auspices of a manifesto that pointed to the liberation of Italy unto the Adriatic, the Emperor drily replied by asking whether he could place at his disposal a hundred thousand additional soldiers for the prosecution of the war

under the batteries of the Quadrilateral. Whether literally correct or not, this anecdote reflects a feeling that instinctively flashed from every Italian breast on the occurrence of that harrowing disappointment. The nation felt that it rested necessarily on foreign military support, and that to gain its complete independence it would first have to discipline itself into that martial condition, of which the very tradition had been systematically obliterated in Italy by her foreign masters. It had been the principle of these thoroughly demoralising governments to rule through the aid of foreign bayonets, and to emasculate their populations for the sake of protection. The Italians keenly felt this condition, and we maintain that it is a hopeful sign that they should have been alive to their deficiency. It is a people blind to shortcomings and inflated with vain self-confidence which justifies mistrust in its capacity, but not a people that, taking to heart its weaknesses, sets to work resolutely to make them good by determined and persistent labour. The Italians felt that they were like boys whose muscular development had been shamefully neglected, and alive to the fact that they had before them a task their chance of success in which must materially depend upon the respect they might inspire by an exhibition of strength, they devoted themselves with unflinching energy to go through the hard school of severe training. The soldiering of the Italians has not been a mere pastime. The discipline and training which they have undergone are of the same severe order which produced the proverbially effective army of Piedmont. We cannot but think that the instinct which induced the nation to concentrate so much effort on the creation of an Italian army has been wise, for it has proved the most powerful engine for the practical cementing of Italy into a solid whole, marked by differences of provincialism. All distinction has been obliterated in the army, which is in spirit and tone thoroughly Italian. The fusion is here complete. Besides, it must be counted a very great gain that a popular sense of soldier-like tradition, of military self-respect, has been awakened throughout a country which a few years ago had apparently quite lost it, and looked on the soldier as a wretched hireling in the pay of a detested ruler. On this score let there be no misapprehension. The Italian army is young, and it is known how it has borne itself against a most formidable antagonist. We do not undertake to estimate the relative capacities of the two armies. This is a matter of technical calculation foreign to the nature of purely political considerations. We do not profess to deal with military matters here, but only with facts of policy. The words of the Milan proclamation, "Be soldiers to-day, that you may be the citizens of a free country to-morrow," had gone straight to the hearts of the Italians, barbed as these words were by the anguish of disappointment at Villafranca. You cannot judge political deeds apart from

the circumstances under which they were produced. The people felt that so long as they did not inure themselves to the buckling on of armour they could not pretend to a greater share of good things than would be thrown to them by foreign generosity ; and in aiming to put themselves in the condition to do somewhat more than this for themselves at the right moment, the Italians showed that they had a proper sense of dignity. The army thus created, undoubtedly has proved a mighty instrument for amalgamating king and people, for popularising the idea of a great Italian sentiment. It is a grave mistake into which those have fallen who judge from abroad, that they looked upon the military expenditure as capable of serving no other end than purposes of aggression on Austria, and quite overlooked the political results which have been promoted by the agency of a popular army of truly national composition, tending actively to promote the vivifying circulation of sentiments of patriotic pride.

But there is yet a further charge levelled against the Italians by the critics of this school. They are represented as having proved themselves not only foolishly improvident by their enormous military expenditure, but as having borne themselves throughout towards Austria in so deliberately provocative an attitude as to have made them the disturbers of the peace of Europe. The Italians, according to this view, have been standing forth flouting Austria with wanton insult, being bent on precipitating war, on goading her to arms, because, with arrogant self-conceit as to their military prowess, they are wickedly burning with desire to meet in the field a hated foe. To gain Venetia by peaceful means, it is held, would have been distasteful to the Italians, who are therefore affirmed to have studiously disregarded their international obligations towards Austria during the period of professed—however unwillingly accepted—peace. Now this view rests on an entirely unfounded assumption, that of an inveterate hostility of Italy against the Austrian House, apart from their position as lords of Italian territory. From the peace of Villafranca until the present crisis the Italian Government and people have strictly observed their international duties, while yet never concealing their feelings, towards Austria. It has been their earnest hope, even their cherished belief, that they would be able to induce Austria to surrender Venetia in lieu of the compensation which Italy has publicly declared herself ready to give. Nor can we call to mind any instance of the Austrian Government having complained of Italy for keeping up agitation across the border and conniving at seditious manifestations. There have been disturbances in Venetia perpetrated by a small band of foolhardy men, but it was never pretended that they had been sent in from Italy ; while at the time of the volunteer movement, which ended so sadly at

Aspromonte, it was the Italian Government which dispersed the menacing bodies of armed men on the confines, and the nation at large approved the step from a consciousness of the impolicy of what had been contemplated, in spite of the popularity centering around Garibaldi, and the great suspicion attaching to the conduct of the minister of the day. Nothing can therefore be more unjust than to accuse the Italians of having conducted themselves in a manner, calculated needlessly to inflame their relations with Austria. The proof is furnished by the fact that practically Venice has been undisturbed by commotions and threats of inroad in a degree which contrasts with the descents and outbreaks that occurred so frequently in various States of the Peninsula previous to its great transformation. The explanation can be found in the serious conviction which has been pervading the nation that it must bide its time for Venice; that this object could not be won by a rash *coup de main*; that the duty of the hour was to train against the day of battle, if a peaceful solution were indeed to prove impossible. At present the diplomatic documents are too few in number to enable us to follow the doings of the Italian Cabinet step by step, and to examine the efforts it made to arrive at an understanding with Austria. That these efforts did not proceed only from friendly Powers aiming at mediation is certain. It is known that especially in the beginning of this year the Italian Government made renewed and strenuous exertions to open the way for drawing nearer to Austria in its relations—an opportunity for diplomatic intercourse having been afforded by the termination of the commercial treaty she had formerly made with Piedmont. It was understood at the time that the principal reason why General La Marmora consented to hold office after some rather humiliating parliamentary checks, was his desire not to risk the success of what he felt to be negotiations of real importance to his country by a change of hands at the Foreign Office. It will also be remembered that early in the year there occurred several mysterious fittings of distinguished individuals between Florence and Vienna, one of them being M. Visconti Vanosta, late Minister of Foreign Affairs. The established impression is, that Italy then made no secret of her readiness to abstain from all hostility against Austria in the event of war with Prussia, if she would yield Venetia in return for fair compensation. What we can vouch for is, that such a policy was cordially recommended by all the leading members even of the advanced party. We were at that period in Italy, and had some opportunity of seeing persons of various shades of opinion. The war feeling which has been so much spoken of we were unable to discover. It was indeed the undisguised opinion of all—Conservatives and Radicals—that should war actually come about under existing circumstances between Prussia and Austria, Italy must avail herself of the favour-



able opportunity for wresting Venetia from the grasp of the latter. There was not the same unanimity as to the effect of such a war upon the country; some, and amongst them men of great judgment, holding that it would be a good in itself, bracing the nation's spirit from the slackness of temper they considered it to have recently contracted under the influence of conflicting parties in Parliament, that had been paralysing the Government, and through it the country. But we never met one politician, however radical, who did not express himself in favour of good fellowship with Austria, if only she would make the sacrifice demanded by Italy for the completion of her integrity, or who sympathised with Prussia absolutely. Down to the hour when the electric wire astonished the world by flashing in all directions the hoaxes concocted in Vienna about an irruption into Rovigo of Italian free bands—hoaxes that were immediately followed by an influx of Austrian troops into Venetia—the Italian Government did not believe in the advent of war, and had taken no step beyond calling out the conscription of 50,000 men, which ought already to have been brought under arms in January. Up to the 25th of April nothing whatever had been done in the Italian War Office beyond such preliminary arrangements as it would have been positively culpable to omit making in the uncertain aspect of the world. Indeed it appeared quite astonishing how men in office, and politicians of distinction, concurred in looking upon the possibility of the Prusso-Austrian quarrel ever coming to a head, as of the remotest nature. Any one who then happened to be in Florence, and had the means of seeing the inside of matters, well knows that the theory so freely broached here that the Italian Government had been actively arming for some time, and had been from the beginning actively pushing on Prussia to the fighting point, is simply absurd. What could have happened at that precise moment to sting the Emperor of Austria into a paroxysm of rage against Italy, and to make him suddenly bristle up so furiously in Venetia, we cannot say; but most undoubtedly the step thus taken came with complete surprise upon the Italians, and first induced them to contemplate seriously the chances of imminent war. So much in reply to those who affirm that the attitude of the Italians since they have become a people has been that of deliberate disturbers of peace.

But there is another set of politicians avowedly unfavourable to Italy, who proceed in their condemnation on different grounds. Their view is that all that has been going on there is really not worth a straw, because it rests on no natural foundation. If you listen, indeed, carefully to their reasoning, you will find that their argument is affected with the radical vice of contradiction; for in the same breath is it asserted that nothing can ever come out of the Italians because they have not in them the independent

spirit that can withstand the dictation of France, and that all done by them since Villafranca is certain to be swept away because it has been done by them of their own impulse against the wishes of the Emperor Napoleon. Now either the one assumption or the other may be true; but it is a manifest and irreconcilable contradiction to advance both. If the Italians are destitute of spirit, they cannot be credited with having resolutely acted for five years in defiance of a superior influence. If what they have performed has been achieved hitherto in the teeth of the Emperor, then they have shown a determined will of their own. Finally, to jump at the conclusion that because the conformation which has come about is not precisely the one which the Emperor contemplated when he engaged in the task of reconstructing Italy, therefore he must use force to prevent its consolidation, is a false syllogism. As happens always, the violence of passion has caused incompatible arguments to be strung together for the sake of an apparent point to be turned against the object of dislike. There is only one method of reducing such reasoning to its just value. We must take facts by themselves; look at their nature; weigh their import; and then strike the balance between their conflicting results. It is probably quite true that when the Emperor engaged in the Italian enterprise, he not only never contemplated bringing about an united kingdom, but that a confederation was the political conception which he was bent upon realising. The truth is, that the unity which has resulted did not at that time float in a definite shape before the mind of any practical Italian politician. It presented itself instinctively under the influence of extraordinary circumstances that gave an intense point to the general patriotic aspirations of the country beyond what they could have been expected to reach under the action of ordinary stimulants. The question then is, whether the Emperor, like the bulk of the Italians, has himself acquiesced with good faith in that which may be called the spontaneous production of an overpowering combination of concurring causes; or whether, while outwardly assenting to the existence of something foreign to his original conception, and therefore, it is presumed, thoroughly distasteful to his feelings, he is not inwardly determined on breaking up at an opportune moment the united monarchy, for the substitution in its stead of that confederation which undoubtedly he did once recommend as the most fitting political configuration for Italy? According to this view, the Emperor was thwarted by the Italians when with headstrong passions they rendered the stipulations of the Villafranca treaty a dead letter, and ever since he has harboured the resolution to make them pay for their impertinence by bringing down the kingdom they have been striving to rear. All that has been done in the Peninsula since the signature of the Treaty of Zurich is

therefore to be regarded as mere child's play—destined to have no duration, and infallibly doomed to retributive destruction at the hand of the mighty Emperor Napoleon, who is firmly resolved to avenge himself for the liberties the Italians have ventured upon with his protectorate, and to establish the confederation they rejected with so much scorn. Now how does this theory of the Emperor Napoleon, in chronic dudgeon at a saucy young Italy, and meditating silently her sound chastisement for the irrepressible forwardness she has shown, square with certain capital facts and positive deeds that lie before us for inspection in the clear and clean precision of completeness? Let us pass them in review.

When the peace of Villafranca was made by the Emperor, his forces occupied Tuscany, and were practically in possession of the Romagna and the Duchies. As soon as ever tidings of the stipulations for the sanctioned restoration of their expelled sovereign reached the populations of these territories, they at once manifested their intention to disregard them, and proceeded to initiate annexation to Victor Emmanuel's realm. In spite of these unmistakable demonstrations, the Emperor contented himself with simply diplomatic dissuasion from the course pursued; and although daily it became more apparent that the popular feeling was not to be checked by such means alone, he yet deliberately withdrew at the critical moment the French forces from Central Italy, whose presence there was the only thing which could have obstructed a vote of annexation, and might easily as well as plausibly have been protracted, if he had been at all inclined thereto. The missions sent to, and representations made in, Central Italy against fusion under Victor Emmanuel, however earnest, could not countervail the effective freedom of deliberation afforded through the timely evacuation by the French forces; and it is hard to believe that a shrewd politician like the Emperor should have been ignorant of the intrinsic difference in worth between the means he was employing for influencing the populations of Central Italy, and those he had declined to avail himself of. The result was that annexation was voted and carried when it became acquiesced in—although under an ineffective protest—by France. But perhaps it may be surmised that an adequate ground then existed for the Emperor not to thwart sharply the national passions, in the fact that he had not yet quietly got out of Italian hands those provinces which were the stipulated price for his friendly services. No such motive can, however, be discovered for his bearing on the next great critical occasion for the Italian monarchy. That Garibaldi's expedition against Naples should have proceeded from French instigation, no one has been rash enough to fancy. Yet, in spite of the personal indisposition felt for the purely revolutionary element set in motion by the great popular chieftain, the Emperor, although professing sympathy for

the King of Naples, never stretched out a finger to stay his fall. More than that, he again omitted deliberately to avail himself of his position to embarrass—which he might have done without taking one single step in advance—the consolidation of the infant kingdom. Openly Garibaldi proclaimed his intention to lead over the fallen throne of Naples his intoxicated bands to an assault on Rome, kept from Italy by the intervention of French soldiers. There was imminent danger that the billows of a wild movement would overwhelm the State, and sweep the direction of affairs out of the hands of Victor Emmanuel, to lodge it in those of fanciful dreamers. France had only to preserve her previous attitude of protection over the States of the Church, and infallibly a collision must have come on in which the Italian revolution would have wildly dashed itself to shivers. But France of her own choice retired at the precise moment from that peculiar attitude of protection over the States of the Church, which it had been believed she claimed. After an interview of two Italian Ministers with the Emperor at Chambéry, after which the latter went away to Algiers, the royal forces invaded the Pope's dominions—crushed his motley army of foreign adventurers, and annexed under the eyes of the French troops doing duty in a carefully circumscribed radius from Rome, all the territory these had left unoccupied. The effect of this daring and successful move was to confirm the ascendancy of the monarchy, to fortify the somewhat misguided popularity of the constituted authorities, and to make Garibaldi and the whole revolutionary force sink into a quite secondary position, easy of control by the representatives of recognised government—that is, the United Italy which it is believed the Emperor has aimed at invidiously stabbing to the heart. There remained, however, one source of irritation in the country productive of perpetual difficulties to the Government in the continued and indefinite occupation of Rome by French troops. This proved a subject of lasting agitation, a lever in the hands of demagogues, a grievance rankling in the hearts of true patriots. Every Italian felt the humiliation of this occupation, the standing danger to his country involved in its confirmed existence. Deliberately and spontaneously the Emperor chose to make then the September Convention, which guaranteed the cessation of this hateful state of things, whereby he did that which more than anything else satisfied the feelings of the country, and rendered the nation content with the policy represented by the monarchy. Of course it may be said that the Convention is still unexecuted and will never be carried out. It is impossible to disprove by facts a hypothesis resting on anticipations. We keep to that which has taken place, and leave the future to care for itself. What we say then is that the Convention as embodied in a treaty, and made on that particular

matter with the King of Italy, was a measure attended with immense moral consequences, for the improvement of his position and the general strengthening of his power. Also we maintain that the significance of this measure was heightened by the absence of any outward motive which induced the Emperor thereto, in return for especial objects. It has indeed been said by some of those politicians who are freely given to deal in, and in turn to become themselves the victims of, hoaxes, that the Convention was given against the secret pledge of Italian territory—the Ligurian coast-land and the island of Sardinia. The story is too preposterous to be worthy of elaborate refutation. One fact is enough to stamp its utter falseness. The man who has taken the supreme direction of affairs into his hands at this great crisis is Baron Ricasoli. The Prime Minister of his country for a special purpose, he must be aware of every secret connected with its existing political relations. Now the man who can believe that the “Iron Baron” can be privy to the sale of an Italian province—that he can consent to engage in a policy based on such a transaction—must verily be affected with inordinate credulity.

Finally we would draw attention to the fact that while in the Emperor’s recent letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys explanatory of his intended line of policy at the present crisis, amidst expressions that may well bear an ambiguous construction, there occurs the one distinct sentence that he considers it the interest of France to preserve “the work which we have contributed to raise in Italy.” That explicit utterance certainly was of the Emperor’s own seeking, and the significance of the spontaneous declaration is heightened by the incidence of the moment when it was spoken. Europe was then fretting to know how the Emperor might look upon the Italians in their war-humour, and he chose to gratify its curiosity by an expression of his distinct sympathy with them in the aim they have in view. That letter proved therefore a very valuable service, for it publicly assured the world that the moral countenance of France is decidedly accorded to Italy, and that she will not allow the restoration of Austrian ascendancy. Short of actually marching his troops against Austria, the Emperor could not have devised anything more directly calculated to strengthen the hands of the Italians at this critical moment.

We have now said enough to explain our views upon the position of the Italians in the course of policy they have been pursuing. That the work they have taken in hand is one of mighty proportions, tasking their strength to a straining point, and necessarily attended with tremendous risks, must be obvious to all.

But at this moment, in spite of military checks in the field, it may safely be assumed that the great political ends for which the country

girded up its loins will be secured to Italy. The liberation of Venetia from the Austrian yoke must be considered a fact. There are, indeed, some persons disposed to dwell with misgivings on the circumstance that the transfer by Austria was made—at least originally—to France. They are troubled with fears as to the conditions which the latter Power may attach to the giving over to Italy of the province which it was attempted to deposit under French custody. A few hours are likely to set all controversy at rest on this head, which it would, therefore, be idle to speculate upon. Upon one thing, however, we will venture to express an opinion: if France really entertains the thought of exacting from Italy a compensation for Venetia, she will now most certainly meet there a temper which she will be unable to cajole into any such transaction. The incidents that have come to public knowledge in connection with the Emperor of Austria's cession of Venetia to France have awakened a feeling throughout the country which it will be beyond the power of any statesman not to take cognizance of. Had the Italian arms met with a really crushing defeat, and had the military intervention of France then proved the instrument for protecting a prostrate Italy from destruction—for causing the triumphant Austrians to retreat quietly within their lines—we should have been prepared to see the Italians pay for this paramount service by the cession of Sardinia. A province on the mainland—like Liguria—we believe that the Italians never would have given, even as the price of such assistance. But under the supposed circumstances, we think that an Italian statesman would have been supported by the voice of the country if he had secured the nation at the price of that island. At the present moment, however, it would be preposterous to consider such a combination feasible, and above all with Baron Ricasoli as minister. The inflexible nature of the man was shown by the resolute action he took against any notion of separate negotiation with Austria. His haughty independence is a pledge for the attitude of Italy, which will come out of this contest morally strengthened as well as materially enlarged, and even though barren of brilliant victories, yet fortified by the exhibition of acknowledged spirit.

W. C. CARTWRIGHT.

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## THE DISCOVERY OF THE ALBERT N'YANZA.<sup>1</sup>

WE easily retain our position as the leading nation in geographical discovery ; one of the few favourable things, and one of the few true things which we have recently heard about ourselves from abroad is that we are " les decouvreurs par excellence ;" we as certainly hold that position as the Spaniards and the Dutch held it before us. British and Irish enterprise have done more within the last fifteen years towards filling up the map of the world than has been done, I think, in any fifteen years since the sixteenth century. Scarcely anywhere do I remember such an eminent *cotérie* of travellers contemporary with one another as that which includes the names of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Burke, Stuart, Mackinlay, McClintock, and Palgrave, besides many others. To this illustrious list another name must now be added, that of Samuel White Baker.

What are the qualities which together go to the making up of a great geographical adventure ? The answer is easy—high quality of execution, and high power of narration ; for an ill-narrated adventure is little more than half done ; in that we have the difference between Merolla and Livingstone. Under the head of execution I should demand from my ideal traveller, first, an heroic ambitious purpose, if possible, romantic or scientific rather than commercial (because one gets rid by this of the desire or hope of solid remuneration) ; second, I should require the physical courage of a Lieutenant Willoughby, combined with the moral courage of a first-class old Jesuit, or of a missionary in the wilder parts of California ; thirdly, I should require the manual dexterity and resource of a sailor, combined with the tight-laced ideas of discipline and the singleness of purpose which we see in a veteran sergeant-major ; fourthly, I am modest enough to require an enthusiasm which never grows to fanaticism, a sympathy for all men of every colour and race, which, while it denounces their vices, is perfectly fair towards their virtues ; lastly, one would wish, were it possible, that the adventurer should have such difficulties to overcome, and should overcome them so well, as to make the world listen to him, and thus to call general attention to the object of his adventure.

So much for execution. Well executed adventures frequently fail to take the public ear from being ill narrated. (I do not, of course, allude to such a great affair as this. The expedition is one which, either with regard to execution or narration, rises above criticism.) The narrator of an expedition, whether he be the leader of it or not,

(1) THE ALBERT N'YANZA, GREAT BASIN OF THE NILE, AND EXPLORATION OF THE NILE SOURCES. By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. 1866.

whether that expedition be through the centre of Australia or up some little glacier in the Alps, the two extremes of exploring, must, if he wishes to get credit for his courage, avoid certain faults. He must not be funny, for instance; Kinglake and Robert Curzon were funny, and funny so well that we can stand no imitations. I read a book of Australian travel the other day which was nothing but a mass of frivolous jokes. The man who wrote it (I will not name him) had been, under a noble chief, utterly beyond the bounds of human knowledge, had seen things which no man ever saw before, and the result was this book. But in avoiding this fault, our narrator should give us all the humour which is got by the difference and incongruity between savage tribes and our own people. He must use as little as possible words which, while familiar to him, are unknown to us, remembering that he is informing his readers, not displaying his own knowledge; lastly, his style should be simple, clear, and if occasionally grand, innocent of anything like fine writing.

Such, I think, are the principal requirements in a well-executed and well-narrated expedition. That of Mr. Baker to the Albert N'yanza Lake fulfils all these conditions further than they have often been fulfilled before. In other words, this is one of the most interesting and best written books of travel to be found. This is high praise, but not given without due consideration. In one quality, however, all the world must agree that it beats nearly all other books of travel hollow,—in the quality of romance. Surely, since the world was, no young wife ever went on such a wild and awful tour as this; yet here she is, in years and appearance a Berengaria, in courage a Joan of Arc: at one time arranging her cartridges and percussion caps while the tropical night re-echoed with the dreadful boom of the African war-drum, and the still more furious rattle of the *tambourinage* of the Turks; at one time holding her husband's horse while he went single-handed to attack some fierce wild animal; at another struck down speechless, senseless for a week with sunstroke, in a place which seems more like some evil locality one arrives at in a bad nightmare than anywhere in the bounds of human knowledge; then standing, nigh dead with more than two years of sickness and struggling, leaning on the arm of a husband scarce in better plight than herself, gazing on the great freshwater ocean, the object of their weary quest, with the wild plunging surf tearing at the shingles at her feet;—triumphant, but hopeless, because the dreadful road back had to be measured, every foot of its weary way, by rapidly failing feet carrying a still more exhausted body. When these two stood on the shores of the Luta Nzigè, reduced to the last extremities in means and in health, they were triumphant, but they could have had but few real hopes of returning to tell us of their triumph; still fewer had they known the awful passes to which they were to be brought on their homeward journey to Gondo Koro.



“ As in strange lands a traveller walking slow  
 In doubt and great perplexity,  
 A little before moonrise hears the low  
 Moan of an unknown sea.  
 And knows not if it be the sound  
 Of stones cast down, or some great cry  
 Of huge wild beast; *then saith he, I have found  
 A new land, but I die.*”

The last two lines can be quoted here with wonderful fitness. Those who love (and who does not) romance in its highest, purest form, will remember this book, with their Guy Mannering, their Robinson Crusoe, their Martin Chuzzlewit, or other first-class favourites, with the additional pleasure of reflecting that it is only the carefully written-up journal of an amateur scientific man, who was with us yesterday, and is among us now.

So much for our opinion of the expedition, and of the way in which the story of it has been told, in comparison with other stories of other adventures. One word more might be said: it was carried on at Mr. Baker's sole expense, and under Mr. Baker's sole management. By this great effort of public spirit he gained two advantages: he had no divided councils to combat and compose, and there was no fear of any jealousy between the chief and the second in command, a jealousy which has so often either ruined the best expedition, or given rise to heartburnings and debates, which never can be composed, for the simple reason that the arguments are based on assumed facts, which facts are denied alternately by either party, and that no new facts are immediately attainable. At least, such appears to me to be the history of such expeditions as have either failed or have become unpleasant subjects to the public in consequence of petty jealousies and squabbles between the parties carrying them on.

Mr. Baker's object in this great expenditure of private means was threefold, or, to be more correct, he had but three alternatives before him. Either he would meet Speke and Grant (already started from Zanzibar), and assist them home, if successful; or, if they had perished, would ascertain their fate; or, lastly, would supplement their discoveries, and verify such points as they in the hurry of their magnificent raid across the centre of Africa had left unvisited. Neither of the two former objects had happily to be carried out. Speke and Grant were passed on safely from the gentle gentleman Rumanika, to the dissipated Mtesa, the dog keeper, the man with the lion's walk; to the deceitful beggar, King Kamrasi, and so across the fine mountain stream which Speke naturally took for the Great Nile, to Faloro, to Gondo Koro, to safety and home. Mr. Baker's share in the great business was neither that of assisting Speke and Grant, nor of discovering their remains. It fell to his lot to supplement their discoveries, almost to eclipse them, by a discovery only made through suffering and anxiety, far greater than any

which they had undergone, carried out with a courage and an audacity equal to theirs. It is impossible to give higher praise than this.

Speke, in August, 1858, struck a large lake in  $2^{\circ} 20' S.$ ,  $33^{\circ} 10' E.$  In 1862 he again made that lake, 160 miles to the north-west of his former point, and seeing it at intervals, followed it to its north-west corner, and found that a noble stream, equal, say, to that of the Rhine at Scaffhausen, issued from it, and poured over the Ripon Falls, a broken stream of 400 to 500 feet broad. He again struck what was undoubtedly the Great Nile, 100 miles off, at Jebel Kookoo, where the river is some 1300 or 1400 feet lower, and increased vastly in volume, having now a breadth of 400 yards of clear water, exclusive of vast reed beds. He was informed by the natives that the river he had seen issuing from the Victoria Lake passed into another lake, and almost immediately issued from it; this lake they called the little Luta Nzige lake, the lake of the dead locusts. Mr. Baker has accounted for these differences of elevation, and has explored this lake. From the Karuma Falls the river is a succession of rapids and islands, utterly unnavigable, falling some 1300 feet in forty miles; and at last making one final and magnificent cascade, 120 feet in height. It now becomes still, almost without current, and after a tranquil course of twelve miles, enters one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, known for 300 miles, and then reported as stretching away indefinitely to the westward. Mr. Baker sailed for a fortnight on this lake, and ninety miles to the south of the embouchure of Speke's river it was sixty miles in breadth from east to west, while to the south it stretched away with an horizon like that of the ocean. Thirty miles from the entrance of the smaller river, a much larger one, the Great Nile itself in fact, issues from the lake, reported as navigable for about eighty miles, without a cataract, until it strikes the range of Jebel Kookoo, scarcely ninety miles from Gondo Koro, to which place the Baroness van Capellan and Mrs. Tinne brought their steamer, in their heroic effort to assist Speke and Grant. So at last the great problem of the origin of the Nile is solved. The origin of the Nile is in lat.  $2^{\circ} 40' N.$  long.  $31^{\circ} 25' E.$ , the point where it leaves the Albert N'yanza.

The expedition began on the 15th of April, 1861, and ended the 5th of May, 1865; four years and a day. The last Christian face, that of Dr. Murie, was seen on the 26th of March, 1863; the next on the 5th of May, 1865. Two years and two months this lady and gentleman were entirely alone, among the savages, entirely without communication with the world, going over new ground almost the whole time. It is not too much to say, indeed, that they were seldom on the tracks of Speke at all; carried out of their course through the necessity of following a slave hunting party, they went too far

to the east, on to the watershed of the Sobat, the greatest eastern affluent of the great river above the Blue Nile, and only intersected Speke's route at the place he calls Koki in Gani, which they call Fatiko. Again, they did not take the same line in advancing to the Karuma Falls as did Speke in retreating from them; deceived by a woman who understood both Arabic and the native languages, and whom they had taken as interpreter, they were carried west of their true course, and only struck the Victoria Nile twelve miles below the falls, cutting Speke's line again at the ferry above. They can scarcely be said to be on Speke's track again until they reached Kamrasi's Capital at Mrooli, from which place they diverged into a country unknown before to civilised man, to make their great discovery, by the line of the Kafour river.

One thing became obvious to them at once—that unless they could speak Arabic they were at the mercy of their interpreter. With a strange, almost puzzling patience, they determined to learn it before they went on. They spent a year, not only in learning Arabic, but in exploring the Blue Nile, and the other eastern tributaries of the great river, partly on the tracks of Bruce. Mr. Baker promises us a future book on these eastern tributaries, and the public must hold him to his word. The details will be very interesting; but he has given us the results.

“I followed the banks of the Atbara to the junction of the Settite or Taccazy river; I then followed the latter grand stream into the Abyssinian mountains in the Basé country. From thence I crossed over to the rivers Salaam and Angrab, at the foot of the magnificent range of mountains from which they flow direct into the Atbara. Having explored those rivers, I passed through an extensive and beautiful tract of country, forming a portion of Abyssinia on the south bank of the river Salaam; and again crossing the Atbara, I arrived at the frontier town of Gellabat, known by Bruce as ‘Ras el Feel.’ Marching due west from that point, I arrived at the river Rahad in about lat.  $12^{\circ} 30'$ ; descending its banks, I crossed over a narrow strip of country to the west, arriving at the river Dinder, and following these streams to their junction with the Blue Nile, I descended that grand river to Khartoum, having been exactly twelve months from the day I had left Berber.

“The whole of the above-mentioned rivers, *i.e.* the Atbara, Settite, Salaam, Angrab, Rahad, Dinder, and Blue Nile, are the great drains of Abyssinia, all having a uniform course from south-east to north-west, and meeting the main Nile in two months; by the Blue Nile at Khartoum,  $15^{\circ} 30'$ , and by the Atbara in lat.  $17^{\circ} 37'$ . The Blue Nile during the dry season is so reduced that there is not sufficient water for the small vessels engaged in transporting produce from Sennaar to Khartoum; at that time the water is beautifully clear, and, reflecting the cloudless sky, its colour has given it the well-known name of Bahr el Azrak, or Blue river. No water is more delicious than that of the Blue Nile; in great contrast to that of the White river, which is never clear, and has a disagreeable taste of vegetation; this difference in the quality of the waters being a distinguishing characteristic of the two rivers; the one, the Blue Nile, being a rapid mountain stream, rising and falling with great rapidity; the other, of lake origin, flowing through vast marshes. The course of the Blue Nile is through fertile soil; thus there is a trifling loss in absorption, and during the heavy rains a vast amount of earthy matter of a red colour is con-

tributed by its waters to the general fertilising deposit of the Nile in Lower Egypt."

This singularly confirms Humboldt's theory that the flooding of the Nile results from tropical rains rather than from the melting of snow in the Mountains of the Moon under an equatorial sun, which latter theory was considered at one time so perfectly satisfactory. Humboldt is seldom wrong (I almost dare say never wrong), and I think that the reason of this is, not that Humboldt had so many more facts to generalise from than had other men, but that Humboldt always made himself certain about his facts before he attempted to build a theory.

Our present object would be hardly gained if I merely made out a *précis* account of the expedition to enable idle people to talk about the book without reading it. Besides, Mr. Baker's literary ability is so great, and has been so well proved before, that one might chance to make oneself ridiculous by putting his narrative in one's own language. As a proof of what I say about his power of telling a simple and beautiful story most simply and most beautifully, let us take the case of the boy hero, Saat, and let Mr. Baker tell the tale.

"It was about a week before our departure from Khartoum, that Mrs. Baker and I were at tea, in the middle of the courtyard, when a miserable boy, about twelve years of age, came uninvited to her side, and knelt down in the dust at her feet. There was something so irresistibly supplicating in the attitude of the child, that the first impulse was to give him something from the table. This was declined, and he merely begged to be allowed to live with us, and to be our boy. He said that he had been turned out of the Mission, merely because the Bari boys of the establishment were thieves, and thus he suffered for their sins. I could not believe it possible that the child had been actually turned out into the streets, and believing that the fault must lie in the boy, I told him I would inquire. In the mean time he was given in charge of the cook.

"It happened that on the following day I was so much occupied that I forgot to inquire at the Mission; and once more the cool hour of evening arrived, when, after the intense heat of the day, we sat at table in the open courtyard; it was refreshed by being plentifully watered. Hardly were we seated, when again the boy appeared, kneeling in the dust, with his head lowered at my wife's feet, and imploring to be allowed to follow us. It was in vain that I explained that we had a boy, and did not require another; that the journey was long and difficult, and that he might perhaps die. The boy feared nothing, and craved simply that he might belong to us. He had no place of shelter, no food; had been stolen from his parents, and was a helpless outcast."

The boy followed them, through delay, through treachery, fever, famine, despair itself, a most faithful and brave little hero. They were full sail down the Nile, homeward to their triumph. They arrived at the village of Wat Shély, only three days from Khartoum.

"Saat was dying. The night passed, and I expected that all would be over before sunrise; but as morning dawned a change had taken place; the burning

fever had left him, and although raised blotches had broken out upon his chest and various parts of his body, he appeared much better. We now gave him stimulants; a teaspoonful of Araki that we had bought at Fashöder was administered every ten minutes, on a lump of sugar. This he crunched in his mouth, while he gazed at my wife with an expression of affection, but he could not speak.

"I had him well washed, and dressed in clean clothes, that had been kept most carefully during the voyage, to be worn on our entrée to Khartoum. He was laid down to sleep upon a clean mat, and my wife gave him a lump of sugar to moisten his mouth and to relieve his thickly-furred tongue. His pulse was very weak, and his skin cold. 'Poor Saat,' said my wife, 'his life hangs upon a thread. We must nurse him most carefully; should he have a relapse, nothing will save him.' An hour passed, and he slept. Karka, the fat, good-natured slave woman, quietly went to his side; gently taking him by the ankles and knees, she stretched his legs into a straight position, and laid his arms parallel with his sides. She then covered his face with a cloth, one of the few rags that we still possessed. 'Does he sleep still?' we asked. The tears ran down the cheeks of the savage, but good-hearted Karka, as she sobbed, 'He is dead.'"

The first great difficulty with which they had to contend was the extreme jealousy which the slave-traders had to their entering the country, feeling sure, should an educated European eye once see their horrible rascalities in all their native deformity, that the indignation of Europe would be brought to bear upon the Egyptian Government, and that a stop would be put to the slave-trade. Mahomed—the man who had first, most unwillingly, brought Speke back from the slave depôt at Faloro—was Mr. Baker's greatest enemy, while he appeared his friend. He appointed a certain day to march with him, and marched off secretly a few days before, taking with him the greater part of the escort and many of the guns, for which piece of villainy we are happy to say he got fairly punished. On his return, Mr. Baker found him amusing himself at Khartoum; and had him before the Divan, by sentence of which he then and there was tied up and severely flogged, which, combined with the fearful disaster which he and his fellows met with while slave-hunting in the Latooka country, must cause him to hate the name of Baker considerably.

This was exceedingly provoking, because Mahomed was going exactly in the direction required; for we observe that Faloro is but forty-five miles from the lake. Another party was starting at the same time, but they were going too far to the east, and no slave-hunter would be so ungentlemanly as to hunt on another gentleman's country. But with this party Mr. Baker determined to go, if necessary, with only Mrs. Baker and two followers. It was the party of Koorshed Aga, a friendly Circassian, and was commanded by one Ibrahim, who was utterly opposed to being followed, and, indeed, "dared" Mr. Baker to do so, even threatening to fire. However he had to do with a stronger will than his own. The moment he started Mr. Baker started too, to try to reach the village

of Ellyria, and gain a good character by presents to the natives before the Turks should be able to set the inhabitants against him. Camels and donkeys, however, laden with about two tons of baggage, floundering through a country intersected by nullahs, having to be loaded and unloaded at each, were no match for the light-footed porters of Ibrahim. Mr. and Mrs. Baker had ridden forward to within a few miles of Ellyria when they were driven to despair at seeing the Turk's party defile past them with an insolent expression on their faces. Ibrahim brought up the rear, and was passing also with a curled lip, Mr. Baker in his bitter anger refusing to treat with him, when Mrs. Baker took the law into her own hands, and called him by name. It ended in his coming to them; personal explanations followed, presents were given, and an alliance was made. This was the beginning of Mr. Baker's influence over this man, which in the end grew to be absolutely paramount.

At Latomé, in the Latooka country, the parties of Ibrahim and Mr. Baker came across the party of Mahomed. The two Turks had a warm debate as to whose "country" it was, as though they were masters of hounds, but scolded themselves into silence without fighting. Very soon after this, Mahomed, as if bent on doing all the mischief in his power, marched away south, acting on the information gathered from Speke's men, and attacked Kamrasi, causing a complication which produced much misery afterwards. Here also Mr. Baker's own men mutinied, and prepared to join the party of Mahomed; but one blow, and one only, from the right hand of Mr. Baker stretched the ringleader on the ground, putting him *hors de combat* for several days, and terrified the others into submission.

They now passed through a beautiful mountain region into the Latooka country, the people of which are of a "Galla" origin; that is to say, with a strain of Abyssinian-Asiatic blood in them. He had unparalleled opportunities of studying their habits, for he was detained among them a weary while. In the next nine months he had not advanced fifty miles. The history of that nine months is a history of sickness and disappointment; their beasts of burden rapidly dying around them, and the natives, infuriated beyond measure at the atrocities of the Turks, frequently preparing to attack them. By the time that the Asua, a river in their track, whose flooding had delayed them, was sufficiently low to be crossed, they were both of them wrecked with sickness, all their quinine gone, and the beasts of burden all dead. It must not be supposed that the history of the various accidents which brought them into this miserable plight, or the description of the great elevated plateau on which they occurred, are at all weary reading. They are wonderfully new and painfully interesting.

During this long detention, Mr. Baker's influence over Ibrahim and the other slave-hunters under him had become supreme.

The reason of this seems to me perfectly plain. They saw for the first time a great European. Here was a man stronger, braver, more infinitely dexterous, than any they had seen before—a man of infinite resources, and, what seemed to them, infinite knowledge; a man who could alike mend their guns and cure their illnesses, who appeared to them to possess some supernatural influence, seeing that those who had deserted from him to Mahomed had met with lamentable deaths; and yet who wanted nothing from them. For the first time these poor, godless, benighted robbers saw a perfectly unselfish, chivalrous man, to whom the things of this world were as straws and sticks—one who would gladly die a bitter death if he could increase human knowledge. That they could have understood him is impossible; but in their darkened hearts there must have existed some of that feeling of respect towards those actuated by unselfish or incomprehensible motives which exists among the lowest savages; that feeling which, in its lowest developments, makes the American Indian lunatic a God-visited person, and keeps the heroic Methodist missionary unscathed through the wildest scenes of ruffianism in California or Washoe.

Baker now, weakened as he was by sickness, assumed the lead. He pointed out to Ibrahim that, in spite of all his pillaging and murder, he had collected so little ivory that he would cut but a poor figure before his master, Koorshid Agu, on his return to Gondo Koro. His bargain with him was this: that he should be guaranteed some ten thousand pounds of ivory if he would advance into Unyoro to Kamrasi's Capital on these conditions:—the country was to be considered as belonging to Mr. Baker, and its inhabitants were to be absolutely sacred from all kinds of ill usage. The terms were agreed to most willingly, not only because the "Sowar's" word had become law, but because the "Howadji" held the purse-strings.

Both too ill to walk, but both rejoicing in activity, and in the freshly-grown hope of accomplishing their object after all, they started, riding on purchased oxen, from their place of detention, 4,000 feet above the ocean, and began to descend from the plateau towards the river Asua, the river which had detained them so long. This river they found but a slender stream at this date (8th of January, 1864), and 1,000 feet lower than the Farajoke country through which they had passed. Speke, from native information, makes this river to rise out of a bay of the Victoria Lake, which he calls Bahari Ngo; but this seems to me impossible for more reasons than one. Among other reasons, that the habit of the river is not the steady habit of any great lake-fed river of which I have ever heard; and again, no *lake* could long retain the habit of discharging by two channels, unless it lies in a basin of porphyry, or, as far as that goes, emerald, or some stone equally impervious to water. I only speak of lakes, rock-bound lakes. As for elevated spongy

*swamps*, lying accidentally on a water-shed, there is nothing to prevent their dribbling their waters in any direction. In our own country the great sponge of Cranmere (in Dartmoor) sends out at least five important rivers; and there are some who say that the Lecombye and the Zaire rise from the very same swamp. Who knows? Only I cannot help declining to believe that a lake which can hurl out such a splendid cataract as that which goes over the Murchison Falls can at the same time have any other lip. And while we are on the subject, what is the size of that lake, and how much do we know about it? Young noblemen, with wealth, energy, brains, and pluck, go to Jan Mayens land, over the Rocky Mountains, and, alas! get themselves killed on the Matterhorn. Is there no young nobleman who will leave his dancing and fox-hunting, and go and find out all these matters for us? Speke and Baker have cleared the road for them. Will no one follow? The prospect is enough to make one wish, for the first time in one's life, that one was a young nobleman, with an Eton education and a few thousand pounds' worth of loose cash.

Crossing the Asua, they arrived at a beautiful mountain place called Shooa; and here the Obbo porters, hearing that they were bound for Kamrasi's country, absconded. Kamrasi was so much dreaded that but few porters were procurable, and many things were left behind here in camp. On the 18th of January they started, and the same day, for the first time, crossed the track of Speke, at the place he calls Koki, but which Baker calls Fatiko, this being the last inhabited place until the Karuma falls, fully forty miles distant. They descended into a sea of prairie, firing it before them, and in four days saw at sunrise the white mist which hung over the Victoria Nile.

The slave woman who was their guide was an enemy to Kamrasi, and in spite of all suspicions and precautions, brought them to the river, not at the Karuma falls, but fifteen miles lower down, in the country of Rionga, at war with Kamrasi, in the very place they did not wish to find themselves. They therefore turned up the river, a magnificent stream, raging among rocks and over cascades, and reached at last the Karuma falls. The natives which had followed them on the opposite side of the river in vast swarms, were now crowded together in one mass. Baker induced some of them to come near enough to enable them to hear through the roar of the falls that Speke's brother had arrived: and he, having dressed himself in grey like Speke, went and stood on a lofty pinnacle of rock above the river. In a very short time he heard the news he must have anticipated, and felt the full effect of Mahomed's villainy. No stranger was to enter the country on pain of death.

For nine days he was detained here, in consequence of Kamrasi's terror at the Turks who accompanied Ibrahim, and dread of another raid like that of Debono's people under Mahomed. During this time



he had leisure for remarking the wonderful improvement in the civilisation of the natives. He had now reached the ancient kingdom of Kittara, which formerly seems to have extended over all the country which lies between the Victoria N'yanza and the Albert, and to have been bounded on the north by Speke's Victoria Nile. According to Speke, they are part of the great Wahuma race, "a pastoral and peaceful people, probably of Abyssinian origin," extending from Usowa (at the south end of Lake Tanganika in 8° S.) to the Victoria Nile in 2° N. The northern portion of this Wahuma race, located between the two great lakes, formerly made the great kingdom of Kittara, but is now principally divided between Kamrasi, Mtesa, and Rumanika. They are vastly superior to the tribes northward of them on and about the White Nile. Forty miles to the north Mr. Baker had left a race of savages, which, although beautifully formed, and he believes of the same Abyssinian origin, were absolutely stark naked. The moment he had crossed the Victoria Nile, he found himself among men and women, gracefully and decently clothed in fabrics of their own manufacture, using iron hammers instead of stone in their smiths' work, and making pottery of a much superior character.

How far south does this Asiatic strain of blood extend, and is it not possible that on this route it may meet and be fused into another strain of the same blood coming up from Zanzibar? It is a curious question, though possibly not a very important one, were it not that all knowledge is important. The good qualities of these people, however, as compared with the turbulent brutality of some of the west coast tribes, cannot be attributed to race; they must be accounted for by the fact that these people have not yet come into contact with the outside edge of European civilisation. Those who have been on that edge will know what I mean.

The detention on the frontier being over, the cupidity of Kamrasi, whose people had told him of the splendid presents he was to receive, having overcome his cowardice, they started forward towards the capital on January 31, 1864, through a densely populated country, producing fine crops. They had but forty miles to go, but their health (quinine exhausted some time), particularly that of Mrs. Baker, began to fail utterly, and it took them ten days to do this distance. At the end of that time, one nearly as ill as the other (but, it is worthy of notice, retaining in spite of their utter helplessness their *prestige* among the Turks), they reached Mrooli. (Compare Speke, pp. 498 to 568, where is to be found a capital picture of Kamrasi himself.) They were told that Kamrasi was waiting for them on the other side of the river. They allowed themselves to be ferried over the river, and found themselves in a hideous fever-breeding swamp. Kamrasi had served them a very dirty trick, but we must remember that he had the terror of the tender mercies of Debono's people strong upon him. He had not carried them over

the Victoria Nile at all ; the river they crossed was the Kafour, and they lay on a swamp at the junction of the two rivers, quite at his mercy, with the main party left far in the rear,—Ibrahim with them, and I think only Mr. Baker's party of Turks. They were caught in a trap.

The Kafoor river, which they had taken for the Victoria Nile, is the Kafu of Speke and Grant. They guessed most naturally that it rose in the mountains north of the Victoria Lake, at Nyama Gomo, some twenty miles west of Mtesas. In fact, it rises to the south-west somewhere, behind that range of hills which form the splendid east cliffs of the Great Albert N'yanza. We know this now, because the Bakers followed this river up, and it led them to success. But perhaps this is the best place for joining with Mr. Baker in his high tribute to their ability. Comparing Speke's map with Baker's, one can only rise from the comparison with a feeling of profound astonishment at the shrewdness and the correctness of the former's geographical surmises.

To tell a certain secret here would be as bad as to spoil the interest of a well-plotted novel in a weekly review by giving an analysis of the story. Enough to say that the king detained them for nearly a fortnight of their most precious time, until he had begged of them everything that they had to give, and a great many things they could ill spare. Then, with steadily declining health, they departed westward, towards the lake, leaving Ibrahim and his men with Kamrasi, intending to join him at Shooa. They were escorted by six hundred silly natives, dressed like devils, who were a great nuisance to them, and they took a south-west course, being forced into it by the river Kafoor, whose windings they had to follow for a part of their route. On the third day they crossed a great swamp with much difficulty, and were enabled to make a more westerly course. On the fifth day—a day I should think neither of them will ever forget—the Kafoor intersected their course at right angles, and it became necessary to cross it.

This had to be done in the strangest manner ; the loose floating vegetation was actually so dense that by stepping quickly you could walk on it. Mr. Baker started first, telling Mrs. Baker to keep close ; finding she did not do so, he turned, and to his horror saw that the unfortunate young lady was standing in one place with her face distorted and purple, sinking gradually through ; in the next moment she fell headlong down in an aggravated sunstroke. With a desperate effort he got her out and across to the other side ; but she was perfectly insensible, and a rattling in the throat apparently betokened that the mortal career of this brave woman was close upon its end.

It would have been a fearful disaster had it happened in a palace, with every luxury, a staff of nurses, a crowd of doctors, a host of

sympathising friends ; but the concomitant horrors were so great that it becomes extremely painful to realise them. Here, in a hideous fever swamp, in a wretched hut, such a dreadful distance from the world, while racked with fever, surrounded with hundreds of savages, whose ceaseless yelling was in itself intolerable, he had to watch hours and days, with the only home voice he had heard for nearly two years silent to him, and as he believed silent for ever.

Seldom has any man brought his affairs to such a pass as this. He drove away his yelling escort.

“There was nothing to eat in this spot. My wife had never stirred since she fell by the *coup de soleil*, and merely respired about five times in a minute. It was impossible to remain ; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funereal course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forest, and deep marshy bottoms ; over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marshes, and shivered with ague ; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place ; she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die ? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile ? . . . The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder, as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would disturb her rest.”

Seven days of brain fever followed, but through the mercy of God reason returned, and the lamp of life ceased to flicker in the socket, and once more burnt steadily, though very, very dimly. The miserable journey, which from dire necessity had never been interrupted, was continued as fast as was possible.

As they pressed wearily on, they noticed that a great range of mountains began to rise on their sight in the extreme distance. He thought these must be the mountains behind which lay the lake ; but one night, at a place called Parkani, the guide gave them to understand that these were the hills beyond the lake, and that they would see the lake itself the next day. It seemed incredible, but it was true. Before mid-day on the morrow the first civilised man looked on the great reservoir of the Nile, and learnt the secret of its waters being forced to the sea, 2,500 miles away, with scarcely a first-class tributary. Fifteen hundred feet below him there lay a lake which, opposite where he stood, was some sixty miles broad, but to the south and south-west stretched away far beyond the limits of geographical knowledge, showing an horizon like the ocean—  
“The Lake of the dead Locusts.”

They managed to scramble down the cliff, and at the bottom came to a grassy meadow, about a mile broad, interspersed with trees and bushes. Passing through this, they came to the lake itself, and stood upon the edge of the surf, which broke upon a beach of white shingle. They took up their quarters at Vacovia, a fishing village close by, admiring the beauty of the fishing-tackle made by the natives for taking the great baggera (a fish of 200 lbs.), the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. There they, after some delay, procured canoes and rowers, and putting some sort of an awning to one of the boats, they started on their fortnight's voyage along this great inland sea.

In spite of their miserable state and of the heat it must have been a most exciting voyage. The lake was calm every day till one o'clock, at about which time a furious storm burst over it, and made rowing impossible. They nearly gained this experience at the cost of their lives. Caught by it the first day some miles from the shore, they had to fly before it, and were thrown on shore half drowned in the surf. Their first estimate of the breadth of the lake proved to be correct on further examination. The opposite mountains had their bases below the horizon, for fires in the prairies at their base appeared to rise from the bosom of the lake. They seemed about 7,000 feet high, and two great waterfalls could be distinguished with a glass, pouring down their sides. The east side of the lake, along which they rowed, was bounded by cliffs of about 1,500 feet in height, fringed with beautiful evergreens of every tint. Sometimes these cliffs would stoop down sheer into the water; at others, recede, leaving a meadow between their bases and the lake. In one place they saw a fine waterfall, 1,000 feet high, formed by the River Karigiri, which rises in the swamp west of Mrooli, which they had crossed. Elephants were seen to come down and bathe, and crocodiles lay like logs about among the bushes, and rattled down into the water when alarmed by the canoes. The water was exquisitely pure and fresh, and a crocodile which was shot was plainly visible at the bottom in eight feet water.

After thirteen days' steady rowing northward, the lake had contracted to about twenty miles, and was now fringed with reeds growing on floating vegetation; a similar formation to that on the Kafoor, in crossing which Mrs. Baker had been struck down, but on a larger scale. One day masses of it, some acres in extent, were broken up by the storm, and floating islands covered with growing reeds carried about the lake. The end of their voyage had come. They were at the embouchure of the Victoria Nile, here a broad, deep arm of the lake, without a current, fringed by the floating vegetation and reeds. There they re-embarked at the little village of Magungo, and met their riding oxen, which had been sent across country to that point.

Thirty miles to the north the great Nile itself flowed out between the Koshi and Madi countries, on which they were looking. It was perfectly unnecessary to verify this piece, down to Miani's tree, but that section of the Victoria Nile from the Karuma falls to Magungo which had been missed by Speke required examining; and this Mr. Baker determined to do, at the risk of being detained another year in the heart of Africa without quinine. He had already seen fifteen miles more of this river than Speke, through the deception of the slave woman; he now, re-entering his canoes, started up to see how far he could get. His progress was stopped in about ten miles by a majestic cascade, 120 feet in height, to which he gave the name of the Murchison Falls. It must be a remarkably fine fall into a deep lynn. He rowed as near the base of it as he dare, and found the rocks swarming with crocodiles, while his boat was nearly upset by the attack of a hippopotamus. From these falls the river has little or no current to the lake. The verification of the next thirty miles of the river cost him dear.

The war which Speke found raging between Kamrasi and Rionga had breezed up, and had now assumed more formidable proportions. the principal rebel or patriot opposing Kamrasi being one Fwooka, who possessed some islands in the river between the Murchison and Kuruma falls, and who from thence carried fire and spear into Kamrasi's kingdom. These islands lay exactly on the line of Baker's march, and Kamrasi laid a deliberate plot to starve the Bakers into an alliance with him against Fwooka. The silly rogue never calculated on Mr. Baker's finding out his plot and taking Fwooka's side, thrashing Kamrasi heartily in payment of old scores, and using Fwooka as a stepping-stone back to Shooa. If Kamrasi had had to do with any one but a gentleman, he would have made a fearful mistake. Mr. Baker says that the "old enemy" tempted him sorely to adopt this line of conduct. I can only say that the "old enemy" tempts one sorely to say that one wishes he had.

For two months they were kept starving at a deserted place called Shooa Moru, so ill with fever that they could only raise themselves from their bed by the help of one of the rafters of their hut. One of their amusements was to think about the good things they had eaten while still in the world; not the first people who have made grand Barmecide feasts in the bush and in the desert, I can assure them. But as time went on, death, now almost inevitably approaching the threshold, seemed to lag on his way, and to delay bringing them that rest and peace which they began to long for. This is the darkest part of the story, and most nobly and simply Mr. Baker has told it.

It seems to me that I have said all that need be said about this book. My object has been to interest the readers of this Review in it, so as to make them read it for themselves. I have praised highly, but not too highly, for I assert that it is one of the greatest

adventures ever undertaken, and one of the very best told. It must be read to be appreciated; and it would not be in the least degree fair, either to a lazy reader or to Mr. Baker, if I gave a precise account of the extraordinary combinations which delivered him from his hideous prison at Shooa Moru. Had they any geographical interest, my duty would have been to do so, but they have none. These combinations and accidents, however, are deeply interesting in themselves, and ought to be read by every one who wishes to enlarge the circle of his knowledge at first hand, for two reasons. The first of which is, that it is totally impossible to give every little detail of incident and character in a review of this kind; and the second is, that I, though I have given some time to the telling the journeys of great travellers, yet in this case I find that the author beats me in sheer literary ability, and tells his story far better than I could tell it for him.

To put this adventure of Mr. Baker's in the proper place in the list of adventures undertaken for the increase of geographical knowledge, is not difficult. These undertakings require prudence, forethought, a very careful attention to the smallest details, and an unvarying temper, combined at the same time with an utter recklessness, which sees only the end and not the means; a carelessness about foredone labour, which will make a man throw aside in the desert months of careful work to gain an important mile; and a temper which at times loses itself, or gets itself expressed in the knuckles. A great explorer must be a genius; all things to all men. He must keep his temper always, until the time comes to lose it and to use his fists or his revolver. He must make the most careful preparations, and use them, until the time comes to throw all his work away like an old shoe; and he must adhere to his original plan, until he finds it necessary to change it for another. In short, he must be a perfect soldier. Considering these things, I think we must put Mr. Baker in the first rank of the noble army of explorers. Very nearly the first place among them belongs, I think, without question, to Mr. Eyre, late Governor of Jamaica. Pity it is he had not stuck to geography.

In conclusion, we want very much to know more about the Victoria Lake, for we know but little of it as yet. Speke saw but a very small portion of it, and a lake as big as that figured in his map would surely, with that enormous rainfall, discharge a stream bigger than that of the Karuma Nile. The Victoria N'yanza wants verifying sadly. Three-quarters of its shores are given on speculation; and the Asua is made to discharge out of it against all probability, or even possibility. There is a great deal to be done in these quarters yet; and not with much difficulty, since Speke and Baker have shown us how to do it. Is there no young nobleman who will do it for us, before it suits him to get into the House and attend to "public business."

HENRY KINGSLEY.

## ON THE USE OF METAPHOR AND "PATHETIC FALLACY" IN POETRY.

THERE is an important question connected with the principles of poetic art which the high authority of Mr. Ruskin has been chiefly instrumental in deciding; but notwithstanding my profound sense of the value of Mr. Ruskin's teaching on æsthetic matters, I venture to think that in this instance his decision has been too hastily accepted as final. I refer to the question of the use of metaphor, and what Mr. Ruskin has termed "pathetic fallacy" in poetry.

Now if there be a great fundamental principle, the slow recognition of which by modern art we owe to Mr. Ruskin, it is this, that "nothing can be good or useful or ultimately pleasurable which is untrue." (Modern Painters, vol. iii. p. 160.) Yet here, he proceeds, in metaphor and pathetic fallacy, "is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless untrue." For, according to him, these forms of thought result from the "extraordinary or false appearances of things to us, when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy—false appearances, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us" (p. 159). Mr. Ruskin further adds, that "the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness—that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it." Yet he admits that "if we think over our favourite poetry we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so." Now there is here a contradiction which is well worthy of attentive examination. This attribution by metaphor of spiritual qualities to material objects is eminently characteristic of modern poetry—notably of Tennyson's—and has been made a ground of serious objection to it, as fatal to any claim it might put forward to be accounted first-rate, by more than one critic following in the wake of Mr. Ruskin. And so far as such criticism has been a protest against the indiscriminating admiration for mere pretty disconnected freaks of fancy, which at one time threatened to break up our poetry into so many foam-wreaths of loose luxuriant images, the effect of it has been beneficial. There is danger, on the other hand, that this criticism may beget a blind dogmatism, very injurious to the natural and healthy development of the poetic art which may be proper to our own present age. For the intellectual and æsthetic developments of each different race and age will have a characteristic individuality of their own. And criticism ought to point us to the great models of the past, not that we may become their cold and servile imitators, but that we may nourish on them our own creative genius. The classification of artists as first,

second, and third rate, must always be somewhat arbitrary; but the criticism which disposes of a quality that is essential to such poetry as Tennyson's, by calling it a weakness and a "note" of inferiority, may itself be suspected of shallowness.

Let us first take for brief examination some instances of alleged fallacy in the use of metaphorical expressions. The following Mr. Ruskin takes from Keats:—

"Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar,  
Bursts gradual with a wayward indolence."

Now salt water cannot be either wayward or indolent; on this plain fact the charge of falsehood in the metaphor is grounded. Yet this expression is precisely the most exquisite bit in the picture. Can plain falsehood then be truly poetic and beautiful? Many people will reply, "certainly," believing that poetry is essentially pleasing by the number of pretty falsehoods told or suggested. We believe with Mr. Ruskin that poetry is only good in proportion to its truth. Now, we must first inquire what the poet is here intending to describe. If a scientific man were to explain to us the nature of foam by telling us that it is a wayward and indolent thing, this would clearly be a falsehood. But does the poet profess to explain what the man of science would profess to explain, or something else? What are the physical laws according to which water becomes foam, and foam falls along the back of a wave—that is one question; and what impression does this condition of things produce on a mind that observes closely, and feels with exquisite delicacy of sense the beauty in the movement of the foam, and its subtle relations to other material things, as well as to certain analogues in the sphere of spirit, to functions and states of the human spirit—this is a totally different question. Now I submit that the office of the poet in this connection is to answer the latter question, and that of the scientific man to answer the former. But observe that this is not granting license of scientific ignorance or wanton inaccuracy to the poet which some critics are disposed to grant. For if the poet ignorantly or wantonly contradicts such results of scientific inquiry as are generally familiar to the cultivated minds of his age, he puts himself out of harmony with them, and does not announce truth, which can commend itself to them as such. But the poetic aspects of a circumstance do not disappear when the circumstance is regarded according to the fresh light scientific inquiry has thrown upon it. Such poetic aspects are increased as knowledge increases. Keats, in this instance, contradicts no legitimate scientific conclusion. The poet who does so wantonly, shows little of the true poet's reverence for nature. The poet undertakes to teach what the man of science does not undertake to teach: their provinces are different; but if they contradict one another, they are so far bunglers in their respective trades.



Let us here at once, as briefly as may be, dispose of an erroneous popular assumption which simply results from inaccurate thought. It may be conceded that we have shown how the metaphor of Keats correctly describes the effect of foam breaking up along the back of a wave on a poetic mind sensitive to its beauty; but it will probably be urged that while the scientific man investigates the nature of things in themselves, the poet, after all, only describes things as they appear to us. This is a complete mistake. The water, the foam, and the laws of their existence, which it is the object of science to investigate, are *phenomena*; that is, products of something external to us and of our perceiving faculty in reciprocal action. Out of deference to the constitutional objection of Englishmen to careful thought, Mr. Ruskin, while giving us some metaphysics of his own on this topic, humorously denounces the "troublesomeness of metaphysicians" who do not agree with him. It is plain matter-of-fact, however, that blueness and saltness and fluidity are effects of things on our senses and perceiving faculties,—are the appearances of things to us. The scientific man, therefore, in describing these phenomena, the fixed order of their co-existence and succession, describes certain features of their appearance to us; and the poet equally chooses certain other features of their appearance to us. The analogies of natural things to spiritual, and the beauty of these which the poet discerns, are as much facts as the more obvious facts that sea-water is salt and green, and that foam is white or grey. True indeed it is that nearly every one can see and acknowledge the latter facts to be facts, and that much fewer persons can see the wayward indolence of the foam on the back of the green wave; but colour-blind people cannot see the greenness of the wave; and to those who know nothing of science, many undoubted facts the man of science can tell will seem unintelligible. There are many truths we unhesitatingly receive as such, although some persons of less perfect and cultured faculty cannot receive them. Now, whether the faculty whereby we attain to truth be called judgment, reasoning, imagination, or fancy, can be of little consequence. One source of error in this matter is, that in the popular use of the words, we "fancy" and "imagine" what is not the fact.

But we can here only afford room to refer the reader on this point to Mr. Ruskin's own fine dissertations on the respective functions of true imagination and fancy—one of his definitions of imagination being that it is the faculty of "taking things by the heart," and as such, certainly not a faculty of seeing things falsely. The question is, does the metaphor of Keats express the poetic truth forcibly to kindred imaginative minds, or does it not? If, as is the case with so many fine-sounding metaphorical expressions, this expression when examined should prove inaccurate, far-fetched, affected, disturbing,

and degrading, not intensifying and ennobling to the pictorial effect of that which the poet intended to represent, then is the metaphor false, and because false, therefore bad as art. Indolence and foam may be interesting separately, but they may be so remotely suggestive of one another that the association of them can serve no purpose but to prove the nimbleness of the poet's fancy. But we submit that the shredding forceless drift of old foam on the wave's back cannot be painted more accurately than by the metaphor of Keats. It is verily analogous to—that is, partially identical with—the aimless drift of indolent thought; and I find that I know each phenomenon better by thus identifying them in conception. It may be strange that so it should be; it may even be repugnant to some pseudo-philosophical scheme which has found a lodging in our minds we do not know why or how, implying the absolute contrariety of mind and matter; but yet, if it be a fact that so it is, ought not we who reverence facts to receive it? And why should a poet be a teller of pleasant lies for pointing the fact out to us? It may indeed be urged that Keats does not merely assert the mental and material phenomena to be *like*, but asserts the foam *to be* indolent and wayward, which it is not. Let it be remembered, however, that if the poet had introduced here an elaborate comparison, he would have diverted our sight and thought from the water itself to a distinct human sphere, with all its new and foreign associations, which would have been injurious to the harmonious progress of his poem, his object being merely to touch in the wave and its foam, as he passed onward, with as few and as telling touches as possible. Besides, in employing a metaphorical expression, you do not intend to make, and no one understands you to make, a literal assertion; you are making it metaphorically, and this because you feel that you can best express the character of one thing by ascribing to it the character of something analogous. You might multiply vague epithets for ever, and not hit it off—not transfix the core of a thing's individuality—as you can do by a single happy metaphor. There are correspondences between spirit and matter, and it is in seizing these that we find each analogue in spirit and matter becoming suddenly luminous, intelligible, real. It would not, as is assumed, be *more accurate* to say, “the foam falls gradually.” These terms are too abstract: other things also fall gradually; and therefore they do not give the individuality of the phenomenon in question. There is indeed some error involved in the use of Keats' metaphor; but this error is allowed for, and it is the most accurate expression possible of the fact; for the error of poverty and vagueness which the more abstract epithets would involve is a far more radical error; so that they are erroneously supposed to be more scientific and exact. The commonest terms in use for expressing mental and moral qualities are derived from conditions and qualities of matter, that is, are used metaphorically;

and yet we do not call them "fallacies." We talk of an "upright man" in the moral sense as readily as we talk of an upright man in the bodily. Our most graphic and vigorous prose must share the fate of our best poetry if metaphor be simply falsehood. How are you to avoid speaking of a tortuous, crooked policy? The splendid vigour of Mr. Ruskin's own prose-poetry is largely due to his felicitous use of metaphor.

Mr. Ruskin, indeed, remarks justly that Homer "would never have written, never have thought of" such a metaphor as this of Keats'. He will call the waves "over-roofed," "full-charged," "monstrous," "compact-black," "wine-coloured," and so on. These terms are accurate, as incisive, as terms can be, but they never show the slightest feeling of anything animated in the ocean. Now this faculty of seeing and giving the external appearance of a thing precisely is eminently Homeric, and is one without which a man can hardly be a poet at all. The ideal on which poetasters pique themselves means but a feeble, insecure grasp of reality; they do not know that to find the ideal they must first hold fast and see into the common external thing which they deem so despicable. But the fellowship of the external thing with certain spiritual things is an additional though latent quality in it, the perception of which may result from a keen gaze into the external appearance. Does Keats then see more than Homer? Mr. Ruskin replies that Homer had a faith in the animation of the sea much stronger than Keats. But "all this sense of something living in it he separates in his mind into a great abstract image of a sea power. He never says the waves rage or are idle. But he says there is somewhat in, and greater than, the waves which rages and is idle, and that he calls a god" (vol. iii. p. 174).

We must remark upon this that the early poets of a people have seldom displayed so great a care for the beauties of external nature in general as their later poets have done. Compare Homer and Theocritus, Chaucer and Tennyson. The earlier poetry will deal chiefly with the outward active life of man—his wars, hunting, his passion for women and other excitements, with all the intrigues and adventures to which this may give rise; and the noblest songs have been sung about these simple universally interesting themes. But the criticism which insists on the poetry of a later age being squared on the model of that of an earlier age may surely be reminded that the earlier poetry is so great and good precisely because it is spontaneous, the perfect expression of the age in which it was produced. As men come to lead more artificial quiet lives, they reflect more on themselves and on the nature around them, they stand in new relationships to external things, they acquire new habits of feeling, acting, thinking, and external nature becomes the mirror of their

own more highly organised existence ; so that the earlier poet cannot see those subtle meanings in the face of nature which the later poet sees. If the external features of nature remain the same, the spirit of men in relation with them changes ever. But even if we admitted with Mr. Ruskin that Homer was as sensitively alive to the delicate play of expression on the mobile countenance of nature as Keats was, only that he ascribed it to some god and that Keats did not, we should be constrained to ask, does Mr. Ruskin mean that Homer's was a more correct mode of embodying that animation than was the metaphorical mode of Keats? Are we to believe in the Pagan nature-divinities? Because if not, and if yet Mr. Ruskin admits the animation in question, it is hard to see why he praises Homer and deems the metaphor of Keats a pleasant falsehood and a characteristic of the vicious modern manner. Surely we owe the restoration of our faith in the glorious animation of nature very largely to Mr. Ruskin's own teaching, which makes his inconsistent doctrine on this subject of metaphor the more to be regretted. What makes the language of our poets often incorrect, confused, affected, is that while they cannot help feeling that there is a life and a spirit in nature, they are instructed by our teachers of authority that this feeling is but a pretty superstition, allowable, indeed, in poetry, yet not to be mistaken for a true belief. Poetry, therefore, becomes an “elegant pastime,” by no means the expression of our deepest and most earnest insight. The result last century was that in our poetry “mountains nodded drowsy heads,” and “flowers sweated beneath the night dew.” For if images of this kind be delusions, with no basis in truth, the elegance of them resolves itself into a mere matter of taste. And people at that time thought those ideas very lovely and poetic indeed. Even now many of our most intelligent minds believe

“ Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's  
A mecanique celeste,  
And heart and mind of human kind  
A watchwork as the rest.”—CLOUGH.

Others of us believe that there is a deity indeed, but one who, having made all this, only watches it go, and occasionally interferes with the order of it to prove to us that it did not make itself, and to remind us of his own existence. But of the God of St. Paul, “in whom we (and all other things) live, move, and have our being,” we hear very little. If, however, it were permitted in so enlightened an age as the present to broach so old-world an idea, we might yet believe with Homer that there is a great sea-power, a Divinity in the sea as well as a great deal of salt-water ; then we might still believe with the great modern poet, with whom it was no pretty lie but a profound faith, that—

“ There is a spirit in the pathless woods,  
 A presence that disturbs us with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean, and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man  
 A motion and a spirit that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things.”

I think it especially important to examine the position which Mr. Ruskin has taken in this question in his third volume of “*Modern Painters*,” because it tends to neutralise the noble teaching of the second volume, to which our art owes incalculable benefit. We have only to turn to the chapter on “*Imagination Penetrative*” (p. 163, vol. ii.) to be assured of the inconsistency of his doctrine on this subject. As an instance of what he means by *Imagination Penetrative*, he quotes from Milton—

“ Bring the rathè primrose that forsaken dies,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears.”

How can a primrose be forsaken, or cowslips hang *pensive* heads? According to the chapter on “*Pathetic Fallacy*,” only a poet of the secondary order would indulge in such pretty fallacies. He goes on, however, to quote Shakspeare’s image of “*pale primroses dying unmarried, before they can behold bright Phœbus in his strength* ;” yet what is his comment here? “*Observe how the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower,*” and “*never stops on their spots or bodily shape,*” which last remark implies a half-censure of Milton for describing “*the pansy freaked with jet,*” that being merely a touch of inferior fancy, that mixes with and mars the work of imagination. Again, “*the imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted in its giving of outer detail.*” Even in the case of elaborate imaginative structures such as those of Dante and Milton, the poet’s work, we would contend, is the product of sheer insight, whose keen, long, ardent gaze into the eyes of nature, human and material, has drawn the very soul out of her. From that central point to which the seer has pierced, all parts are seen in their own relative proportion, harmony, hidden meaning, and purpose ; and the several parts that are chosen and united in his work form a perfect organic structure, because they are conjoined, not according to the accidental juxtaposition in which the vulgar eye may chance to behold them at the surface, but according to the eternal affinities they have in nature for one another. The parts of such a work are not picced arbitrarily together ; they have chemical affinity for one another ;

and they grow up into an organic whole in the creative mind of the poet, which process is just a reproduction in small of the grand organic evolution of the universe. We see things in isolated broken pieces; but the poet, with unerring instinct as by a spirit magnetism, brings together the fragments that indeed belong to one another, and so forms for us living models of the universal kosmos. In this manner great artists have positively created new individualities—or at least gone to the verge of creating them. If the idea of an imaginary living creature were perfectly sufficient and self-consistent, it would actually live. But if in the course of ages mind ever came to evolve creations in the same sense as mind itself seems now to be evolved from material organisation, such creatures would probably transcend the minds we know as much as these minds transcend the bodily organisation. Meanwhile great imaginations approach such a goal. There is the Dragon of Turner in the Jason of his *Liber Studiorum*; the terrible Lombard Griffin, so intensely portrayed by Ruskin; the Satan of Milton; the Caliban of Shakspeare. That creature may have actually breathed or may actually breathe some day, he seems so real, so possible. This doctrine that all real poetry tells the most fundamental truth about things, instead of being merely a play of pretty or pathetic fallacies, an elegant relaxation for after dinner, as modern critics seem to conceive, I venture to propound as having the sanction of no mean critic—Aristotle. For Aristotle, while defining poetry “viewed generally” as *μιμήσις*, yet explains that he does not mean such imitation as modern photography might represent. “Poetry,” he explains, “represents actions less ordinary and interchanged, and endows them with more rareness,” than is found in nature. The poet’s business is “not to tell events as they have actually happened, but as they might possibly happen.” “Poetry is more sublime and more philosophical than history.” We contend then for Aristotle’s definition of poetry as *μιμήσις*, the imitative art, as on the whole the best and most helpful. And I have merely wished here in passing to strengthen my argument by showing that the principles I apply to defend the use of metaphor are of universal application in all departments of poetry. Thus I might proceed to show that there is more essential truth in the few lines embodying Spenser’s symbolic impersonations of the vices (envy, gluttony, jealousy, &c.), than could be expressed in as many pages of abstract dissertation.

It is unfortunate that Wordsworth, in the course of those few discussions of his on the principles of Poetry which are worth their weight in gold (considering how little scientific standard criticism our language can boast in comparison with the portentous amount of smart, conceited, futile Babel-utterances with which the weekly press teems to our bewilderment)—it is unfortunate that Wordsworth

himself should have used some unguarded language relative to the question we are here discussing. He says that imagination "confers additional properties on an object, or abstracts from it some of those which it actually possesses." (Preface to Edit. of 1815 of Poet. Works.) He gives several instances of this, which it may be well for us to examine. First from Milton—

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
Hangs in the clouds."

No fleet hangs in the clouds. But the poet, professing to describe the appearance of a fleet far out at sea, describes it exactly by these terms, and adds nothing to the picture that does not belong to the actual appearance. Wordsworth next quotes from his own perfect descriptive poetry, "Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods." The word "broods," Wordsworth himself remarks, conveys the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs the soft note, as if participating in a still and quiet satisfaction like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. Now it is probably true, scientifically as well as poetically, that the bird delights in, and broods over its own note, while his mate is sitting near upon their eggs. Again—

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?"

If the poet, looking up at the grey cuckoo in the tree, were to address it as a voice rather than a bird, the thought would not be pleasing, but absurd, because untrue and affected. But we may conceive him wandering meditatively about Rydal, as was his wont, lying upon the fresh green grass, and listening to that beloved voice of the spring, with all its old, sweet, sad associations. Has not that cuckoo-voice become part of ourselves, a link of our hearts to some long and lovely past? Has not that quiet happy voice, falling into the hearts of lovers, beating very close to one another, thrilled them into a yet dearer fusion? And when such lovers have been parted, has not this gentle voice united them in spirit again as they listened? Is not the cuckoo voice indeed all this, the very spirit of our English spring, quite as much, nay, how very much more, than it is the love-call of one individual male cuckoo? The poet has told us one truth, and the naturalist may tell us another. The one "lies" and "alters nature" quite as little as the other. Wordsworth's genius steals like moonlight, silent and unaware, into many a hidden nook that seemed barren and formless before, but now teems with shy and rare loveliness as of herb and flower; yet the moonlight only reveals what is already latent there. Creative, indeed, are these isolated images and metaphors, having a vital truth and coherence of their own,

quite as real as that of the vaster completed works of high art; and while in the highest work these subordinate features will have their meaning in strict subordination to the whole, yet criticism is wrong to ignore and decry beauty of detail, which, if genuine, is itself the offspring of the same quickening, creative spark, fusing diverse elements into one. Though Keats was no weakling of the Kirke White stamp, to be “snuffed out by an article,” one pain more might have been spared him on his consumptive deathbed, if his critic could have been less malignant, and intelligent enough to comprehend that if unity of plan be all in all, and the character of the details of no importance, then a symmetrical periwig, or a smart review, or a sensation story, would be nobler than *Endymion*,—which is absurd.

We now pass to some instance of what Mr. Ruskin terms “pathetic fallacy” proper. Mr. Ruskin takes one from Mr. Kingsley’s pathetic ballad, “Sands of Dee.” Of Mary, who was drowned in calling the cattle home across the sands of Dee, he sings—

“They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam.”

Now, how can foam be cruel? Mr. Ruskin admits there is a dramatic propriety in the expression; I mean, that the feeling with which a spectator would regard the foam in these circumstances is correctly expressed; but he contends that the reason in this condition is unhinged by grief: foam is not cruel, whether we fancy it so or not. He admits that a person feeling it so will probably be higher in nature than one who should feel nothing of the kind, but contends that there is a third order of natures higher than either—natures which control such fallacious feelings by the force of their intellects. Such men know and feel too much of the past and future, and all things beside and around that which immediately affects them, to be shaken by it. Thus the high creative poet might be thought impassive (shallow people think Dante stern) because he has a great centre of reflection and knowledge in which he stands serene, and watches the feeling, as it were, from far off. We must admit that there is much truth in this fine criticism; yet we must remark upon it that it is one thing to be washed away from our anchorage of reason—which, however, as Mr. Ruskin admits, there are circumstances wherein we should not think it a proof of men’s nobleness not to be—and another to be tossed up and down on the strong billows of feelings, holding yet fast to the anchor of reason. I mean that the influence of feeling on our intellects need not necessarily be a distorting influence; feeling may teach us what we could not learn without it. Love, *e.g.*, may often blind us to the defects of a beloved person, and so far confuse our judgment; yet since love puts us



*en rapport*, in sympathy with, that person, it imparts insight, and gives wider and more essential data for the exercise of the understanding. The man to whom a primrose is "a yellow primrose and nothing more," by no means knows it correctly because he does not feel any love for it or interest in it. He knows nothing at all about it except the name. A dispassionate judgment means too often a blind indiscriminating judgment formed by men who want those fine inner organs of sensibility without which the data for a true judgment are necessarily wanting; and the stupid judgment of a cynic is infinitely more mischievous than that of a warm partisan, because it has the credit of exceptional impartiality and freedom from "prejudice."

Let us examine this special instance of pathetic fallacy from Kingsley. What and whence is this impression of cruelty in the foam? Is it not the appropriate expression of a sense that comes over us in such-like terrible circumstances that there is on the outside of our weak wills and impotent understandings some mysterious destiny manifesting itself especially in that fixed and iron-bound order of Nature so pitiless towards us when, in our often innocent ignorance, we happen to be caught into the blind whirl of its relentless machinery? For then it whirls on and crushes not only the living flesh and blood itself has wrought so cunningly, but too often, alas! as it seems, our very human reason—the tenderest and holiest of human sensibilities. In the coolest blood regarding such a spectacle, I ask how shall we express the facts of it? The ancients had their cruel gods and their blind fate. Our faith, on the other hand, if faith we have at all, is in a Supreme Being whose nature we can best conceive by naming Him Love. And yet he who does not feel the weary burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world—he who does not confess what a feeble glimmer is all our boasted light—that he is an infant crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry—he has not had the data upon which to form a real philosophy. What, then, is it worth? As men, as wise men, we must feel these terrible realities in the core of our beings. If we still retain our faith, after this, well and good. But how shall we express the bewildered anguish of the spirit in such seasons of calamity? To me it seems as inevitable, and therefore as proper as it is natural, that we should upbraid the instrument—the second cause—the cruel crawling sea-foam that swallowed up the innocent one we loved. Let the philosopher at least furnish us with correcter formulæ for the expression of the feeling due from us as human beings on such occasions as this.

Mr. Ruskin again quotes a very affecting ballad from Casimir de la Vigne, as an instance of what he thinks the highest manner where the poet refuses to let himself be carried away by the horror of the incident he relates, and simply pictures the dreadful, naked, physical fact of it without any comment, impressing us far more

than if he had indulged in any pathetic fancies of his own about it. There is to be a ball at the French ambassador's, and a fair young girl is dressing for it. All the little nothings she babbles to her maid while beautifying herself—she is to meet her lover—are told just as she would say them, when a spark catches her dress, and she is burnt to death. What is the result? The poet only tells us—

“ On disait, pauvre Constance !  
Et on dansait jusq'au jour  
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.”

Now we do not believe with Mr. Ruskin that dark fallacious thoughts occurred to the poet here, and that he resolutely put them by because he philosophically held them to be false. We do not believe that the highest poet is “unparticipating in the passions” he depicts, as Coleridge affirms of Shakspeare; he is by turns in the situations of the characters he represents; and here the emotion is so genuine, that the poet's philosophy would have been torn to tatters by it, for indeed such a philosophy would only have waited the rending of reality.

But in cases of sudden intense emotion, metaphor, which implies some degree of reflection on the circumstance, is for the most part out of place. Thought is overwhelmed by feeling,—the bare fearful fact, that alone we see and know, we can but relate that. The poet here feels and relates just as a witness fresh from the incident would do. This bare relation is the most appropriate to the incident related. But when reflection upon an afflicting circumstance is possible and natural, then metaphor and brief comment may be most appropriate to the fullest impression derivable from the circumstance. Wordsworth, therefore, comments a good deal on what he relates (sometimes unduly, but usually with effect), because he does not love violent passion, rapid action, stirring overwhelming situations. We will only add on this branch of the subject how fully we coincide in all Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the false, affected, confused employment of metaphor and so-called “poetic language,” characteristic of inferior versification. “Simply bad writing may almost always be known by its adoption of these fanciful metaphorical expressions as a sort of current coin.”

One more striking instance where what seems to be pathetic fallacy may be argued to be philosophically true—though to the poet himself the revelation was made rather through feeling and imagination than through reasoning—we may take from Keats. Instead of treating our true poets as amusing liars, I would often rather go to them for solid intellectual food than to the professed dealers in that article. In the *Endymion*, Keats says—

“ For I have ever thought that (love) might bless  
The world with benefits unknowingly.”

And again,

“ Who of men can tell  
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell  
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,  
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,  
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,  
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,  
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,  
If human souls did never kiss and greet ? ”

Now we will only briefly indicate the principle that it is our human love, our power of loving, that gives these beautiful things a being as we know them, for their being, though partly external to us, is also partly engendered by contact with human minds and hearts. Are not the forces which seem to constitute material things, with all their strength, healthfulness, and beauty, forces cognate to Love, which is the affinity and attraction of diverse spirits for one another? Physical attraction, which implies also difference and repulsion, is love in its lowest stage of development. And what is the order, the law, according to which the highest human love is developed? We pass upward from cohesion to chemical affinities, but it is in the first faint fringes of the organic world that love dawns in her own proper form. There are sexes in plants, and often the pistil of one flower needs to be fertilised by the pollen from another before it can become productive; in animals, the lower love is literally present, till in man it becomes transfigured into its own proper spiritual and heavenly being; and without this for an end and aim, where would cohesion and all the lower forces be? The poet says this in a different way. Looking at things as they are in life, in the concrete, his quick sympathetic insight has discerned this essential truth. Philosophical analysis may reach it in a different way. When, therefore, we attribute to nature a sympathy with our moods, whether of joy or sorrow, we are not under an amiable delusion; the intuition is true, although the shape it assumes may not always be scientifically correct. Nature, like man, has her bright, rich, joyous, and her desolate, decaying phases; in joy we feel the former most, in sorrow we feel and discern more especially the latter. We may indulge these feelings to a morbid degree and see things too brightly or too gloomily; but the sense of a sympathy in nature has its basis in fact.

In concluding, we must touch for a moment on Mr. Ruskin's assertion that metaphor and pathetic fallacy are characteristic rather of the secondary than of the primary order of poets—an assertion which we do not think the facts of the case will bear out. We have already given a reason for the rarity of such forms of thought in very early poetry; but for their rarity in classical poetry another reason may be given. In Oriental poetry they are very usual,

because such forms of thought are much more appropriate to the Oriental genius. Look at the profound and mystic symbolism of Egyptian, Persian, Phœnician, or Indian mythology; to those races the material ever appeared as a film floating upon the deeps of spirit—a film not merely transparent, but itself very spirit, only cooled as it were, solidified, and become gross. The bold hyperbole of Hebrew, Arabic, Persian love and war poetry is essential to the genius of the Oriental nature. But in the classical spirit there is little sense of the infinite, vague, mysterious: the different subject-matters on which intelligence can be exercised are viewed apart, not in their occult relationships: all delight is in the sunny present life, in that which is pleasant, symmetrical, clear, definite. What palpable, complete, satisfying symmetry; what bright beauty of material and structure in those consummate temples, fragments though they be, on and about the Acropolis at Athens! How full is the sunlight blaze upon their golden peristyles under the blue sky overlooking the blue sea! how black and sharp-cut the shadows beside them! There is sorrow and fate with the Greeks as with others; but it stands by itself, quite apart from the joy. In a Gothic cathedral all is dusk, sublime, mysterious, teeming with vague symbol—at once secretion and food of the imagination. Light and shadow are married and mingled; the light is dim and religious; derives a spiritual glory from its very fellowship with darkness; while the gloom becomes half luminous and opalescent from its fellowship with the light. “Our sweetest songs,” the modern poet sings, “are those that tell of saddest thought.” And yet, with respect to Homer, does not even Homer take the heart-broken old man, when he leaves the tent of Agamemnon empty-handed, back by the shore of the *πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*? Has this magnificent epithet for the sea no reference to the lonely, stormful, sorrowful spirit of the old man as he walked by the long, lone surges of it? This surely is not a purely physically-descriptive epithet, like *οἶνοπα πόντον*. But go on to Æschylus, and what will Mr. Ruskin say to his *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, “the innumerable smile or laugh of the sea?” In Theocritus, again, assuredly metaphor and pathetic fallacy may be found (notably in the first idyl). The pathetic fallacy in Shakespeare’s exquisite poem, “Venus and Adonis,” “No grass, herb, leaf, or weed but stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed; this solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,” &c., is adapted directly from the Sicilian poet Bion’s “Lament for Adonis.” Again, that beautiful poem of Moschus—the Epitaph of Bion—(3rd idyl) abounds in similar pathetic fallacy. Do not Virgil and Catullus (no mean poets, surely) abound in graphic and appropriate poetic metaphors? Mr. Tennyson’s “dividing the swift mind in act to throw,” in “Morte d’Arthur,” is of course from Virgil. Let us pass to Christian

poetry. We have shown that we shall be more likely to find these forms of thought in modern than in classical poetry, and that by no means because modern taste is more vicious, but because the very conditions of life and thought are changed. In the early mediæval poets, indeed, we have more allegory and elaborate symbolism than metaphor and pathetic fallacy—our science and our popular theology setting themselves alike in opposition to our poetic insight and aspirations—so that our poets, striving to link the two spheres of the universe together, do it in a confused, halting manner, like children stealing a forbidden pleasure when the eye of the governing intellect is for a moment turned away. But the colossal poem of Dante forms, we may say, one grand sustained metaphor. And realistic Chaucer too, has he not written "The House of Fame," "The Flower and the Leaf," "The Romaunt of the Rose?" But Petrarch is full of metaphor and pathetic fallacy proper, as, had we space, we might prove. Coming on to Shakspeare, in him these tendencies of thought and feeling already assume their modern expression. Confining ourselves to his sonnets and poems, we open them almost at random; and in "The Rape of Lucrece" we find "a voice dammed up with woe;" "sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words;" and the line which we regard as one of the *intensest* in poetry, "Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones," which, moreover, will remind the intelligent of a very modern and very metaphorical great poet, Shelley. In the description of the hare-hunt in "Venus and Adonis,"—as incisive, as clear-cut in its workmanship as any gem intaglio,—the phrase occurs, "Each *envious* briar." In the sonnets we have "The earth doth weep the sun being set." Endless instances might be quoted from Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Drayton, Drummond, and the lesser Elizabethan writers. But in some of these, legitimate outgrowth of metaphor degenerates into parasitic conceit, as it did too often in our own so-called "spasmodic" poets; and yet in neither case did our literature touch the base and frigid affectations of such writers as are lashed in the "Dunciad" of Pope. It seems, however, as if our criticism had of late too much confounded legitimate and genuine metaphor, illustrative of the poet's main design, with mere disconnected conceits of a nimble ingenious fancy. But we have only to compare two poems, alike sensuous and rich in imagery, to feel the difference, viz., the "Venus and Adonis" of Shakspeare, and the "Hero and Leander" of Marlowe.

RODEN NOEL.

## VITTORIA.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### EPISODES OF THE REVOLT AND THE WAR.

##### THE FIVE DAYS OF MILAN.

THE same hand which brought Rinaldo's letter to his brother delivered a message from Barto Rizzo, bidding Angelo to start at once and head a stout dozen or so of gallant Swiss. The letter and the message appeared to be grievous contradictions: one was evidently a note of despair, while the other sung like a trumpet. But both were of a character to draw him swiftly on to Milan. He sent word to his Lugano friends, naming a village among the mountains between Como and Varese, that they might join him there if they pleased.

Towards nightfall, on the nineteenth of the month, he stood with a small band of Ticinese and Italian fighting lads two miles distant from the city. There was a momentary break in long hours of rain; the air was full of inexplicable sounds, that floated over them like a toning of multitudes wailing and singing fitfully behind a swaying screen. They bent their heads. At intervals a sovereign stamp on the pulsation of the uproar said, distinct as a voice in the ear—Cannon. "Milan's alive!" Angelo cried, and they streamed forward under the hurry of stars and scud, till thumping guns and pattering musket-shots, the long big boom of surgent hosts, and the muffled voluming and crash of storm-bells, proclaimed that the insurrection was hot. A rout of peasants bearing immense ladders met them, and they joined with cheers, and rushed to the walls. As yet no gate was in the possession of the people. The walls showed bayonet-points: a thin hedge of steel encircled a pit of fire. Angelo resolved to break through at once. The peasants hesitated, but his own men were of one mind to follow, and, planting his ladder in the ditch, he rushed up foremost. The ladder was full short; he called out in German to a soldier to reach his hand down, and the butt-end of a musket was dropped, which he grasped, and by this aid sprang to the parapet, and was seized. "Stop," he said, "there's a fellow below with my brandy-flask and portmanteau." The soldiers were Italians; they laughed, and hauled away at man after man of the mounting troop, calling alternately "brandy-flask!" "portmanteau!" as each one raised a head above the parapet. "The signor has a good supply of spirits and baggage," they remarked. He gave them money for porterage, saying, "You see, the gates are held by that infernal people, and a quiet traveller must come over the walls. Viva l'Italia! who follows me?" He

carried away three of those present. The remainder swore that they and their comrades would be on his side on the morrow. Guided by the new accession to his force, Angelo gained the streets. All shots had ceased; the streets were lighted with torches and hand-lamps; barricades were up everywhere, like a convulsion of the earth. Tired of receiving challenges and mounting the endless piles of stones, he sat down at the head of the Corso di Porta Nuova, and took refreshments from the hands of ladies. The house-doors were all open. The ladies came forth bearing wine and minestra, meat and bread, on trays; and quiet eating and drinking, and fortifying of the barricades, went on. Men were rubbing their arms and trying rusty gun-locks. Few of them had not seen Barto Rizzo that day; but Angelo could get no tidings of his brother. He slept on a door-step, dreaming that he was blown about among the angels of heaven and hell by a glorious tempest. Near morning an officer of volunteers came to inspect the barricade defences. Angelo knew him by sight; it was Luciano Romara. He explained the position of the opposing forces. The marshal, he said, was clearly no street-fighter. Estimating the army under his orders in Milan at from ten to eleven thousand men of all arms, it was impossible for him to guard the gates and the walls, and at the same time fight the city. Nor could he provision his troops. Yesterday the troops had made one charge and done mischief, but they had immediately retired. "And if they take to cannonading us to-day, we shall know what that means," Romara concluded. Angelo wanted to join him. "No, stay here," said Romara. "I think you are a man who won't give ground." He had not seen either Rinaldo or Ammiani, but spoke of both as certain to be rescued. Rain and cannon filled the weary space of that day. Some of the barricades fronting the city gates had been battered down by nightfall; they were restored within an hour. Their defenders entered the houses right and left during the cannonade, waiting to meet the charge; but the Austrians held off. "They have no plan," Romara said on his second visit of inspection; "they are waiting on Fortune, and starve meanwhile. We can beat them at that business." Romara took Angelo and his Swiss away with him. The interior of the city was abandoned by the Imperialists, who held two or three of the principal buildings and the square of the Duomo. Clouds were driving thick across the cold-gleaming sky when the storm-bells burst out with the wild jubileemusic of insurrection—a carol, a jangle of all discord, savage as flame. Every church of the city lent its iron tongue to the peal; and now they joined and now rolled apart, now joined again and crashed like souls shrieking across the black gulfs of an earthquake; they swam aloft with mournful delirium, tumbled together, were scattered in spray, dissolved, renewed, died, as a last worn wave casts itself on an unfooted shore, and rang again as through rent

doorways, became a clamorous host, an iron body, a pressure as of a down-drawn firmament, and once more a hollow vast, as if the abysses of the Circles were sounded through and through. To the Milanese it was an intoxication; it was the howling of madness to the Austrians—a torment and a terror: they could neither sing, nor laugh, nor talk under it. Where they stood in the city, the troops could barely hear their officers' call of command. No sooner had the bells broken out than the length of every street and Corso flashed with the tri-coloured flag; musket-muzzles peeped from the windows; men with great squares of pavement lined the roofs. Romara mounted a stiff barricade and beheld a scattered regiment running the gauntlet of storms of shot and missiles, in full retreat towards the citadel. On they came, officers in front for the charge, as usual with the Austrians; fire on both flanks, a furious mob at their heels, and the barricade before them. They rushed at Romara, and were hurled back, and stood in a riddled lump. Suddenly Romara knocked up the rifles of the couching Swiss; he yelled to the houses to stop firing. "Surrender your prisoners,—you shall pass," he called. He had seen one dear head in the knot of the soldiery. No answer was given. Romara, with Angelo and his Swiss and the ranks of the barricade, poured over and pierced the streaming mass, steel for steel.

"Ammiani! Ammiani!" Romara cried; a roar from the other side, "Barto! Barto! the Great Cat!" met the cry. The Austrians struck up a cheer under the iron derision of the bells; it was ludicrous; it was as if a door had slammed on their mouths, ringing tremendous echoes in a vaulted roof. They stood sweeping fire in two oblong lines; a show of military array was preserved like a tattered robe, till Romara drove at their centre and left the retreat clear across the barricade. Then the whitecoats were seen flowing over it, the motly surging hosts from the city in pursuit—foam of a storm-torrent hurled forward by the black tumult of precipitous waters. Angelo fell on his brother's neck; Romara clasped Carlo Ammiani. These two were being marched from the prison to the citadel when Barto Rizzo, who had prepared to storm the building, assailed the troops. To him mainly they were indebted for their rescue.

Even in that ecstacy of meeting, the young men smiled at the preternatural transport on his features as he bounded by them, mad for slaughter, and mounting a small brass gun on the barricade, sent the charges of shot into the rear of the enemy. He kissed the black lip of his little thunderer in a rapture of passion; called it his wife, his naked wife; the best of mistresses, who spoke only when he charged her to speak; raved that she was fair, and liked hugging; that she was true, and the handsomest daughter of Italy; that she would be the mother of big ones—none better than herself, though



they were mountains of sulphur big enough to make one gulp of an army.

His wife in the flesh stood at his feet with a hand-grenade and a rifle, daggers and pistols in her belt. Her face was black with powder-smoke as the muzzle of the gun. She looked at Rinaldo once, and Rinaldo at her; both dropped their eyes, for their joy at seeing one another alive was mighty.

Dead Austrians were gathered in a heap. Dead and wounded Milanese were taken into the houses. Wine was brought forth by ladies and household women. An old crutched beggar, who had performed a deed of singular intrepidity in himself kindling a fire at the door of one of the principal buildings besieged by the people, and who showed perforated rags with a comical ejaculation of thanks to the Austrians for knowing how to hit a scarecrow and make a beggar holy, was the object of particular attention. Barto seated him on his gun, saying that his mistress and beauty was honoured; ladies were proud in waiting on the fine frowsy old man. It chanced during that morning that Wilfrid Pierson had attached himself to lieutenant Jenna's regiment as a volunteer. He had no arms, nothing but a huge white umbrella, under which he walked dry in the heavy rain, and passed through the fire like an impassive spectator of queer events. Angelo's Swiss had captured them, and the mob were maltreating them because they declined to shout for this valorous ancient beggarman. "No doubt he's a capital fellow," said Jenna; "but '*Viva Sottocorni*' is not my language;" and the spirited little subaltern repeated his "Excuse me" with very good temper, while one knocked off his shako, another tugged at his coat-skirts. Wilfrid sang out to the Guidascarpì, and the brothers sprang to him and set them free; but the mob, like any other wild beast gorged with blood, wanted play, and urged Barto to insist that these victims should shout the viva in exaltation of their hero.

"Is there a finer voice than mine?" said Barto, and he roared the 'viva' like a melodious bull. Yet Wilfrid saw that he had been recognised. In the hour of triumph Barto Rizzo had no lust for petty vengeance. The magnanimous devil plumped his gorge contentedly on victory. His ardour blazed from his swarthy crimson features like a blown fire, when scouts came running down with word that all about the Porta Camosina, Madonna del Carmine, and the Gardens, the Austrians were reaping the white flag of the inhabitants of that district. Thitherward his cry of "Down with the Tedeschi!" led the boiling tide. Rinaldo drew Wilfrid and Jenna to an open doorway, counselling the latter to strip the gold from his coat and speak his Italian in monosyllables. A woman of the house gave her promise to shelter and to pass them forward. Romara, Ammiani, and the Guidascarpì, went straight to the Casa Gonfalonieri, where they hoped to see stray members of the Council of War, and hear a

correction of certain unpleasant rumours concerning the dealings of the Provisional Government with Charles Albert. The first crack of a division between the patriot force and the aristocracy commenced this day; the day following, it was a breach.

A little before dusk the bells of the city ceased their hammering, and when they ceased, all noises of men and musketry seemed childish. The woman who had promised to lead Wilfrid and Jenna towards the citadel, feared no longer either for herself or them, and passed them on up the Corso Francesco past the Contrada del Monte. Jenna pointed out the Duchess of Graätli's house, saying, "By the way, the Lenkensteins are here; they left Venice last week. Of course you know, or don't you?—and there they must stop, I suppose." Wilfrid nodded an immediate good-bye to her, and crossed to the house-door. His eccentric fashion of acting had given him fame in the army, but Jenna stormed at it now, and begged him to come on and present himself to General Schöneck or to General Wohlmeib, if not to General Pierson. Wilfrid refused even to look behind him. In fact, it was a part of the gallant fellow's coxcombry (or nationality) to play the Englishman. He remained fixed by the house-door till midnight, when a body of men in the garb of citizens, volubly and violently Italian in their talk, struck thrice at the door. Wilfrid perceived Count Lenkenstein among them. The ladies Bianca, Anna, and Lena, issued mantled and hooded between the lights of two barricade watch-fires. Wilfrid stepped after them. They had the pass-word, for the barricades were crossed. The captain of the head-barricade in the Corso demurred, requiring a counter-sign. Straightway he was cut down. He blew an alarm-call, when up sprang a hundred torches. The band of Germans dashed at the barricade as at the tusks of a boar. They were picked men, most of them officers, but a scanty number in the thick of an armed populace. Wilfrid saw the lighted passage into a great house, and thither, throwing out his arms, he bore the affrighted group of ladies, as a careful shepherd might do. Returning to Count Lenkenstein's side, "Where are they?" the count said, in mortal dread. "Safe," Wilfrid replied. The count frowned at him inquisitively. "Cut your way through, and on!" he cried to three or four who hung near him; and these went to the slaughter.

"Why do you stand by me, sir?" said the count.

Interior barricades were pouring their combatants to the spot; Count Lenkenstein was plunged upon the door-steps. Wilfrid gained half a minute's parley by shouting in his foreign accent, "Would you hurt an Englishman?" Some one took him by the arm, and helping to raise the count, hurried them both into the house.

"You must make excuses for popular fury in times like these," the stranger observed.

The Austrian nobleman asked him stiffly for his name. The name

of Count Ammiani was given. "I think you know it," Carlo added.

"You escaped from your lawful imprisonment this day, did you not?—you and your cousin, the assassin. I talk of law! I might as justly talk of honour. Who lives here?"

Carlo contained himself to answer, "The present occupant is, I believe, if I have hit the house I was seeking, the countess d'Isorella."

"My family were placed here, sir?" Count Lenkenstein inquired of Wilfrid. But Wilfrid's attention was frozen by the sight of Vittoria's lover. A wifely call of "Adalbert" from above quieted the count's anxiety.

"Countess d'Isorella," he said. "I know that woman. She belongs to the secret cabinet of Carlo Alberto—a woman with three edges. Did she not visit you in prison two weeks ago? I speak to you, Count Ammiani. She applied to the archduke and the marshal for permission to visit you. It was accorded. To the devil with our days of benignity! She was from Turin. The shuffle has made her my hostess for the nonce. I will go to her. You, sir," the count turned to Wilfrid—"you will stay below. Are you in the pay of the insurgents?"

Wilfrid, the weakest of human beings where women were involved with him, did one of the hardest things which can task a young man's fortitude: he looked his superior in the face, and neither blenched, nor frowned, nor spoke.

Ammiani spoke for him. "There is no pay given in our ranks."

"The license to rob is supposed to be an equivalent," said the count.

Countess d'Isorella herself came down stairs, with profuse apologies for the absence of all her male domestics, and many delicate dimples about her mouth in uttering them. Her look at Ammiani struck Wilfrid as having a peculiar burden either of meaning or of passion in it. The count grimaced angrily when he heard that his sister Lena was not yet able to bear the fatigue of a walk to the citadel. "I fear you must all be my guests, for an hour at least," said the countess.

Wilfrid was left pacing the hall. He thought he had never beheld so splendid a person, or one so subjugatingly gracious. Her speech and manner poured oil on the uncivil Austrian nobleman. What perchance had stricken Lena? He guessed; and guessed it rightly. A folded scrap of paper signed by the Countess of Lenkenstein was brought to him.

It said:—"Are you making common cause with the rebels? Reply. One asks who should be told."

He wrote:—"I am an outcast of the army. I fight as a volunteer with the K. K. troops. Could I abandon them in their peril?"

The touch of sentiment he appended for Lena's comfort. He was too strongly impressed by the new vision of beauty in the house for his imagination to be flushed by the romantic posture of his devotion to a trailing flag.

No other message was delivered. Ammiani presently descended and obtained a guard from the barricade; word was sent on to the barricades in advance towards the citadel. Wilfrid stood aside as Count Lenkenstein led the ladies to the door, bearing Lena on his arm. She passed her lover veiled. The count said, "You follow." He used the menial second person plural of German, and repeated it peremptorily.

"I follow no civilian," said Wilfrid.

"Remember, sir, that if you are seen with arms in your hands, and are not in the ranks, you run the chances of being hanged."

Lena broke loose from her brother; in spite of Anna's sharp remonstrance and the count's vexed stamp of the foot, she implored her lover:—"Come with us; pardon us; protect me—me! You shall not be treated harshly. They shall not— Oh! be near me. I have been ill; I shrink from danger. Be near me!"

Such humble pleading permitted Wilfrid's sore spirit to succumb with the requisite show of chivalrous dignity. He bowed, and gravely opened his enormous umbrella, which he held up over the heads of the ladies, while Ammiani led the way. All was quiet towards the citadel. A fog of plashing rain hung in red gloom about the many watch-fires of the insurgents, but the Austrian head-quarters lay sombre and still. Close at the gates, Ammiani saluted the ladies. Wilfrid did the same, and heard Lena's call to him unmoved.

"May I dare to hint to you that it would be better for you to join your party?" said Ammiani.

Wilfrid walked on. After appearing to weigh the matter, he answered, "The umbrella will be of no further service to them to-night."

Ammiani laughed, and begged to be forgiven; but he could have done nothing more flattering.

Sore at all points, tricked and ruined, irascible under the sense of his injuries, hating everybody and not honouring himself, Wilfrid was fast growing to be an eccentric by profession. To appear cool and careless was the great effort of his mind.

"We were introduced one day in the Piazza d'Armi," said Ammiani. "I would have found means to convey my apologies to you for my behaviour on that occasion, but I have been at the mercy of my enemies. Lieutenant Pierson, will you pardon me? I have learnt how dear you and your family should be to me. Pray, accept my excuses and my counsel. The Countess Lena was my friend when I was a boy. She is in deep distress."

"I thank you, Count Ammiani, for your extremely disinterested

advice," said Wilfrid; but the Italian was not cut to the quick by his irony; and he added: "I have hoisted, you perceive, the white umbrella, instead of wearing the white coat. It is almost as good as an hotel in these times; it gives as much shelter and nearly as much provision, and, I may say, better attendance. Good-night. You will be at it again about daylight, I suppose?"

"Possibly a little before," said Ammiani, cooled by the false ring of this kind of speech.

"It's useless to expect that your infernal bells will not burst out like all the lunatics on earth?"

"Quite useless, I fear. Good-night."

Ammiani charged one of the men at an outer barricade to follow the white umbrella and pass it on.

He returned to the Countess d'Isorella, who was awaiting him, and alone.

This glorious head had aroused his first boyish passion. Scandal was busy concerning the two, when Violetta d'Asola, the youthfullest widow in Lombardy, and the loveliest woman, gave her hand to Count d'Isorella, who took it without question of the boy Ammiani. Carlo's mother assisted in that arrangement; a maternal plot, for which he could thank her only after he had seen Vittoria, and then had heard the buzz of whispers at Violetta's name. Countess d'Isorella proved her friendship to have survived the old passion, by travelling expressly from Turin to obtain leave to visit him in prison. It was a marvellous face to look upon between prison walls. Rescued while the soldiers were marching him to the citadel that day, he was called by pure duty to pay his respects to the countess as soon as he had heard from his mother that she was in the city. Nor was his mother sorry that he should go. She had patiently submitted to the fact of his betrothal to Vittoria, which was his safeguard in similar perils; and she rather hoped for Violetta to wean him from his extreme republicanism. By arguments? By influence, perhaps. Carlo's republicanism was preternatural in her sight, and she presumed that Violetta would talk to him discreetly and persuasively of the noble designs of the king.

Violetta d'Isorella received him with a gracious lifting of her fingers to his lips; congratulating him on his escape, and on the good fortune of the day. She laughed at the Lenkensteins and the singular Englishman; sat down to a little supper-tray, and pouted humorously as she asked him to feed on confects and wine; the huge appetites of the insurgents had devoured all her meat and bread.

"Why are you here?" he said,

She did well in replying boldly, "For the king."

"Would you tell another that it is for the king?"

"Would I speak to another as I speak to you?"

Ammiani inclined his head.

They spoke of the prospects of the insurrection, of the expected outbreak in Venice, the eruption of Paris and Vienna, and the new life of Italy; touching on Carlo Alberto to explode the truce in a laughing dissension. At last she said seriously, "I am a born Venetian, you know; I am not Piedmontese. Let me be sure that the king betrays the country, and I will prefer many heads to one. Excuse me if I am more womanly just at present. The king has sent his accredited messenger Tartini to the Provisional Government, requesting it to accept his authority. Why not?—why not? on both sides. Count Medole gives his adhesion to the king, but you have a Council of War that rejects the king's overtures—a revolt within a revolt. It is deplorable. You *must* have an army. The Piedmontese once over the Ticino, how can you act in opposition to it? You *must* learn to take a master. The king is only, or he appears, tricky because you compel him to wind and counterplot. I swear to you, Italy is his foremost thought. The Star of Italy sits on the Cross of Savoy."

Ammiani kept his eyelids modestly down. "Ten thousand to plead for him, such as you!" he said. "But there is only one!"

"If you had been headstrong once upon a time, and I had been weak, you see, my Carlo, you would have been a domestic tyrant, I a rebel. You will not admit the existence of a virtue in an opposite opinion. Wise was your mother when she said 'No' to a wilful boy!"

Violetta lit her cigarette and puffed the smoke lightly.

"I told you in that horrid dungeon, my Carlo Amaranto—I call you by the old name—the old name is sweet!—I told you that your Vittoria is enamoured of the king. She blushes like a battle-flag for the king. I have heard her 'Viva il ré!' It was musical."

"So I should have thought."

"Ay, but my amaranto-innamorato, does it not foretell strife? Would you ever—ever take a heart with a king's head stamped on it into your arms?"

"Give me the chance!"

He was guilty of this ardent piece of innocence, though Violetta had pitched her voice in the key significant of a secret thing belonging to two memories that had not always flowed dividedly.

"Like a common coin?" she resumed.

*'A heart with a king's head stamped on it like a common coin.'*

He recollected the sentence. He had once, during the heat of his grief for Giacomo Piaveni, cast it in her teeth.

Violetta repeated it, as to herself, tonelessly; a method of making an old unkindness strike back on its author with effect.

"Did we part good friends? I forget," she broke the silence.

"We meet, and we will be the best of friends," said Ammiani.

"Tell your mother I am not three years older than her son,—I am

thirty. Who will make me young again? Tell her, my Carlo, that the genius for intrigue, of which she accused me, develops at a surprising rate. As regards my beauty——” the countess put a tooth of pearl on her soft underlip.

Ammiani assured her that he would find words of his own for her beauty.

“I hear the eulogy, I know the sonnet,” said Violetta, smiling, and described the points of a brunette:—the thick black banded hair, the full brown eyes, the plastic brows couching over them;—it was Vittoria’s face. Violetta was a flower of colour, fair, with but one shade of dark tinting on her brown eye-brows and eye-lashes, as you may see a strip of night-cloud cross the forehead of morning. She was yellow-haired, almost purple-eyed, so rich was the blue of the pupils. Vittoria could be sallow in despondency; but this Violetta never failed in plumpness and freshness. The pencil which had given her aspect the one touch of discord, endowed it with a subtle harmony, like mystery; and Ammiani remembered his having stood once on the Lido of Venice, and eyed the dawn across the Adriatic, and dreamed that Violetta was born of the loveliness and held in her bosom the hopes of morning. He dreamed of it now, feeling the smooth roll of a torrent.

A cry of “Arms!” rang down the length of the Corso.

He started to his feet thankfully.

“Take me to your mother,” she said. “I loathe to hear firing and be alone.”

Ammiani threw up the window. There was a stir of lamps and torches below, and the low sky hung red. Violetta stood quickly thick-shod and hooded.

“Your mother will admit my companionship, Carlo?”

“She desires to thank you.”

“She has no longer any fear of me?”

“You will find her of one mind with you.”

“Concerning the king!”

“I would say, on most subjects.”

“But that you do not know my mind! You are modest. Confess that you are thinking the hour you have passed with me has been wasted.”

“I am, now I hear the call to arms.”

“If I had all the while entertained you with talk of your Vittoria! It would not have been wasted then, my amaranto. It is not wasted for me. If a shot should strike you——”

“Tell her I died loving her with all my soul!” cried Ammiani.

Violetta’s frame quivered as if he had smitten her.

They left the house. Countess Ammiani’s door was the length of a barricade distant: it swung open to them, like all the other house-

doors which were, or wished to be esteemed, true to the cause, and hospitable towards patriots.

"Remember, when you need a refuge, my villa is on Lago Maggiore," Violetta said, and kissed her finger-tips to him.

An hour afterwards, by the light of this unlucky little speech, he thought of her as a shameless coquette. "*When* I need a refuge? Is not Milan in arms?—Italy alive? She considers it all a passing epidemic; or, perhaps, she is to plead for me to the king!"

That set him thinking moodily over the things she had uttered of Vittoria's strange and sudden devotion to the king.

Rainy dawn and the tongues of the churches ushered in the last day of street-fighting. Ammiani found Romara and Colonel Corte at the head of strong bodies of volunteers, well-armed, ready to march for the Porta Tosa. All three went straight to the house where the Provisional Government sat, and sword in hand denounced Count Medole as a traitor who sold his country to the king. Corte dragged him to the window to hear the shouts for the Republic. Medole wrote their names down one by one, and said, "Shall I leave the date vacant?" They put themselves at the head of their men, and marched in the ringing of the bells. The bells were their sacromilitary music. Barto Rizzo was off to make a spring at the Porta Ticinese. Students, peasants, noble youths of the best blood, old men and young women, stood ranged in the drenching rain, eager to face death for freedom. At midday the bells were answered by cannon and the blunt snap of musketry volleys; dull, savage responses, as of a wounded great beast giving short howls and snarls by the interminable over-roaring of a cataract. Messengers from the gates came running to the quiet centre of the city, where cool men discoursed and plotted. Great news, big lies, were shouted:—Carlo Alberto thundered in the plains; the Austrians were everywhere retiring; the marshal was a prisoner; the flag of surrender was on the citadel! These things were for the ears of thirsty women, diplomatists, and cripples.

Countess Ammiani and Countess d'Isorella sat together throughout the agitation of the day.

The life prayed for by one seemed a wisp of straw flung on this humming furnace.

Countess Ammiani was too well used to defeat to believe readily in victory, and had shrouded her head in resignation too long to hope for what she craved. Her hands were joined softly in her lap. Her visage had the same unmoved expression when she conversed with Violetta as when she listened to the ravings of the Corso.

Darkness came, and the bells ceased not rolling by her open windows: the clouds were like mists of conflagration.

She would not have the windows closed. The noise of the city



had become familiar and akin to the image of her boy. She sat there cloaked.

Her heart went like a time-piece to the two interrogations to heaven: "Alive?—or dead?"

The voice of Luciano Romara was that of an angel's answering. He entered the room neat and trim as a cavalier dressed for social evening duty, saying with his fine tact, "We are all well;" and after talking like a gazette of the Porta Tosa taken by the volunteers, Barto Rizzo's occupation of the gate opening towards the Ticino, and the bursting of the Porta Camosina by the freebands of the plains, he handed a letter to Countess Ammiani.

"Carlo is on the march to Bergamo and Brescia, with Corte, Sana, and about fifty of our men," he said.

"And is wounded—where?" asked Violetta.

"Slightly in the hand—you see, he can march," Romara said, laughing at her promptness to suspect a subterfuge, until he thought, "Now, what does this mean, madam?"

A lamp was brought to Countess Ammiani. She read:

"MY MOTHER!

"Cotton-wool on the left fore-finger. They deigned to give me no other memorial of my first fight. I am not worthy of papa's two bullets. I march with Corte and Sana to Brescia. We keep the passes of the Tyrol. Luciano heads five hundred up to the hills to-morrow or next day. He must have all our money. Then go from door to door and beg subscriptions. Yes, my chief! it is to be like God, and deserving of his gifts to lay down all pride, all wealth. This night send to my betrothed in Turin. She must be with no one but my mother. It is my command. Tell her so. I hold imperatively to it.

"I breathe the best air of life. Luciano is a fine leader in action, calm as in a ball-room. What did I feel? I will talk of it with you by-and-by;—my father whispered in my ears; I felt him at my right hand. He said, 'I died for this day.' I feel now that I must have seen him. This is imagination. We may say that anything is imagination. I certainly heard his voice. Be of good heart, my mother, for I can swear that the general wakes up when I strike Austrian steel. He loved Brescia; so I go there. God preserve my mother! The eyes of Heaven are wide enough to see us both. Vittoria by your side, remember! It is my will.

"CARLO."

Countess Ammiani closed her eyes over the letter, as in a dead sleep. "He is more his father than himself, and so suddenly!" she said. She was tearless. Violetta helped her to her bed-room under the pretext of a desire to hear the contents of the letter.

That night, which ended the five days of battle in Milan, while fires were raging at many gates, bells were rolling over the roof-tops, the army of Austria coiled along the north-eastern walls of the city, through rain and thick obscurity, and wove its way like a vast worm into the outer land.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

## EPISODES OF THE REVOLT AND THE WAR.

## VITTORIA DISOBEYS HER LOVER.

COUNTESS D'ISORELLA'S peculiar mission to Milan was over with the victory of the city. She undertook personally to deliver Carlo's injunction to Vittoria on her way to the king. Countess Ammiani deemed it sufficient that her son's wishes should be repeated verbally; and as there appeared to be no better messenger than one who was bound for Turin and knew Vittoria's place of residence, she entrusted the duty to Violetta.

The much which hangs on little was then set in motion.

Violetta was crossing the Ticino when she met a Milanese nobleman who had received cold greeting from the king, and was returning to Milan with word that the Piedmontese declaration of war against Austria had been signed. She went back to Milan, saw and heard, and gathered a burden for the royal ears. This was a woman, tender only to the recollection of past days, who used her beauty and her arts as weapons for influence. She liked kings, because she saw neither master nor dupe in a republic; she liked her early lover because she could see nothing but a victim in any new one. She was fond of Carlo, as greatly occupied minds may be attached to an old garden where they have aforesaid sown fair seed. Jealousy of a rival in love that was disconnected with political business and her large expenditure, had never yet disturbed the lady's nerves.

At Turin she found Vittoria singing at the opera, and winning marked applause from the royal box. She thought sincerely that to tear a prima donna from her glory would be very much like dismissing a successful general to his home and gabbling family. A most eminent personage agreed with her. Vittoria was carelessly informed that Count Ammiani had gone to Brescia, and having regard for her safety, desired her to go to Milan to be under the protection of his mother, and that Countess Ammiani was willing to receive her.

Now, with her mother, and her maid Giacinta, and Beppo gathered about her, for three weeks Vittoria had been in full operatic career, working, winning fame, believing that she was winning influence, and establishing a treasury. The presence of her lover in Milan would have called her to the noble city; but he being at Brescia,

she asked herself why she should abstain from labours which contributed materially to the strength of the revolution and made her helpful. It was doubtful whether Countess Ammiani would permit her to sing at La Scala ; or whether the city could support an opera in the throes of war. And Vittoria was sending money to Milan. The stipend paid to her by the impresario, the jewels, the big bouquets—all flowed into the treasury of the insurrection. Antonio-Pericles advanced her a large sum on the day when the news of the Milanese uprising reached Turin : the conditions of the loan had simply been that she should continue her engagement to sing in Turin. He was perfectly slavish to her, and might be trusted to advance more. Since the great night at La Scala, she had been often depressed by a secret feeling that there was divorce between her love of her country and devotion to her art. Now that both passions were in union, both active, each aiding the fire of the other, she lived a consummate life. She could not have abandoned her path instantly though Carlo had spoken his command to her in person. Such were her first spontaneous reasonings, and Laura Piaveni seconded them ; saying, “ Money, money ! we must be Jews for money. We women are not allowed to fight, but we can manage to contribute our *lire* and *soldi* ; we can forge the sinews of war.”

Vittoria wrote respectfully to Countess Ammiani stating why she declined to leave Turin. The letter was poorly worded. While writing it she had been taken by a sentiment of guilt and of isolation in presuming to disobey her lover. “ I am glad he will not see it,” she remarked to Laura, who looked rapidly across the lines, and said nothing. Praise of the king was in the last sentence. Laura’s eyes lingered on it half a minute.

“ Has he not drawn his sword ? He is going to march,” said Vittoria.

“ Oh, yes,” Laura replied coolly ; “ but you put that to please Countess Ammiani.”

Vittoria confessed she had not written it purposely to defend the king. “ What harm ? ” she asked.

“ None. Only this playing with shades allows men to call us hypocrites.”

The observation angered Vittoria. She had seen the king of late ; she had breathed Turin incense and its atmosphere ; much that could be pleaded on the king’s behalf she had listened to with the sympathetic pity which can be a woman’s best judgment, and is the sentiment of reason. She had also brooded over the king’s character, and had thought that if the chief could have her opportunities for studying this little impressible, yet strangely impulsive royal nature, his severe condemnation of him would be tempered. In fact, she was doing what makes a woman excessively tender and opinionated ;—she was petting her idea of the misunderstood one : she was thinking

that she divined the king's character by mystical intuition ; I will dare to say, maternally apprehended it. And it was a character strangely open to feminine perceptions, while to masculine comprehension it remained a dead blank, done either in black or in white.

Vittoria insisted on praising the king to Laura.

"With all my heart," Laura said, "so long as he is true to Italy."

"How, then, am I hypocritical?"

"My Sandra, you are certainly perverse. You admitted that you did something for the sake of pleasing Countess Ammiani."

"I did. But to be hypocritical one must be false."

"Oh!" went Laura.

"And I write to Carlo. He does not care for the king ; therefore it is needless for me to name the king to him ; and I shall not."

Laura said, "Very well." She saw a little deeper than the perversity, though she did not see the springs. In Vittoria's letter to her lover, she made no allusion to the Sword of Italy.

Countess Ammiani forwarded both letters on to Brescia.

When Carlo had finished reading them, he heard all Brescia clamouring indignantly at the king for having disarmed volunteers on Lago Maggiore and elsewhere in his dominions. Milan was sending word by every post of the overbearing arrogance of the Piedmontese officers and officials, who claimed a prostrate submission from a city fresh with the ardour of the glory it had won for itself, and that would fain have welcomed them as brothers. Romara and others wrote of downright visible betrayal. It was a time of passions:—great readiness towards generosity, equal promptitude for indiscriminating hatred. Carlo read Vittoria's praise of the king with insufferable anguish. "You—you, part of me, can write like this!" he struck the paper vehemently. The fury of action transformed the gentle youth. Countess Ammiani would not have forwarded the letter addressed to herself had she dreamed the mischief it might do. Carlo saw double-dealing in the absence of any mention of the king in his own letter.

"Quit Turin at once," he dashed hasty lines to Vittoria ; "and no 'Viva il re' till we know what he may merit. Old delusions are pardonable ; but you must now look abroad with your eyes. Your words should be the echoes of my soul. Your acts are mine. For the sake of the country, do nothing to fill me with shame. The king is a traitor. I remember things said of him by Agostino ; I subscribe to them every one. Were you like any other Italian girl, you might cry for him—who would care ! But you are Vittoria. Fly to my mother's arms, and there rest. The king betrays us. Is a stronger word necessary ? I am writing too harshly to you ;—and here are the lines of your beloved letter throbbing round me while I write ; but till the last shot is fired I try to be iron, and would hold your hand and not kiss it—not be mad to fall between your arms—not

wish for you—not think of you as a woman, as my beloved, as my Vittoria; I hope and pray not, if I thought there was an ace of work left to do for the country. Or if one could say that you cherished a shred of loyalty for him who betrays it. Great heaven! am I to imagine that royal flatteries—My hand is not my own! You shall see all that it writes. I will seem to you no better than I am. I do not tell you to be a Republican, but an Italian. If I had room for myself in my prayers—oh! one half-instant to look on you, though with chains on my limbs. The sky and the solid ground break up when I think of you. I fancy I am still in prison. Angelo was music to me for two whole days (without a morning to the first and a night to the second). He will be here to-morrow and talk of you again. I long for him more than for battle—almost long for you more than for victory for our Italy.

“This is Brescia, which my father said he loved better than his wife.

“General Paolo Ammiani is buried here. I was at his tombstone this morning. I wish you had known him.

“You remember, we talked of his fencing with me daily. ‘*I love the fathers who do that.*’ You said it. He will love you. Death is the shadow—not life. I went to his tomb. It was more to think of Brescia than of him. Ashes are only ashes; tombs are poor places. My soul is the power.

“If I saw the Monte Viso this morning, I saw right over your head when you were sleeping.

“Farewell to journalism—I hope, for ever. I jump at shaking off the journalistic phraseology Agostino laughs at. Yet I was right in printing my ‘young nonsense.’ I did hold the truth, and that was felt, though my vehicle for delivering it was rubbish.

“In two days Corte promises to sing his song ‘Avanti.’ I am at his left hand. Venice, the passes of the Adige, the Adda, the Oglio are ours. The room is locked; we have only to exterminate the reptiles inside it. Romara, D’Arci, Carnischi march to hold the doors. Corte will push lower; and if I can get him to enter the plains and join the main army I shall rejoice.”

The letter concluded with a postscript that half an Italian regiment, with white coats swinging on their bayonet-points, had just come in.

It reached Vittoria at a critical moment.

Two days previously, she and Laura Piaveni had talked with the king. It was an unexpected honour. Countess d’Isorella conducted them to the palace. The lean-headed sovereign sat booted and spurred, his sword across his knees; he spoke with a peculiar sad hopefulness of the prospects of the campaign, making it clear that he was risking more than any one risked, for his stake was a crown. The few words he uttered of Italy had a golden ring in

them; Vittoria knew not why they had it. He condemned the republican spirit of Milan more regretfully than severely. The Republicans were, he said, impracticable. Beyond the desire for change, they knew not what they wanted. He did not state that he should avoid Milan in his march. On the contrary, he seemed to indicate that he was about to present himself to the people of Milan. "To act against the enemy successfully, we must act as one, under one head, with one aim." He said this, adding that no heart in Italy had yearned more than his own for the signal to march for the Mincio and the Adige.

Vittoria determined to put him to one test. She summoned her boldness to crave grace for Agostino Balderini to return to Piedmont. The petition was immediately granted. Alluding to the libretto of *Camilla*, the king complimented Vittoria for her high courage on the night of the Fifteenth of the foregoing year. "We in Turin were prepared, though we had only then the pleasure of hearing of you," he said.

"I strove to do my best to help. I wish to serve our cause now," she replied, feeling an inexplicable new sweetness running in her blood.

He asked her if she did not know that she had the power to move multitudes.

"Sire, singing appears so poor a thing in time of war."

He remarked that wine was good for soldiers, singing better, such a voice as hers best of all.

For hours after the interview, Vittoria struggled with her deep blushes. She heard the drums of the regiments, the clatter of horses, the bugle-call of assembly, as so many confirmatory notes that it was a royal hero who was going forth.

"He stakes a crown," she said to Laura.

"Tush! it tumbles off his head if he refuses to venture something," was Laura's response.

Vittoria reproached her for injustice.

"No," Laura said; "he is like a young man for whom his mother has made a match. And he would be very much in love with his bride if he were quite certain of winning her, or rather, if she would come a little more than half way to meet him. Some young men are so composed. Genoa and Turin say, 'Go and try.' Milan and Venice say, 'Come and have faith in us.' My opinion is that he is quite as much propelled as attracted."

"This is shameful," said Vittoria.

"No; for I am quite willing to suspend my judgment. I pray that fortune may bless his arms. I do think that the stir of a campaign and a certain amount of success will make him in earnest."

"Can you look on his face and not see pure enthusiasm?"

"I see every feminine quality in it my de

"What can it be that he is wanting in?"

"Masculine ambition."

"I am not defending him," said Vittoria,

"Not at all; and I am not attacking him of republicanism. I can fancy that there is to fear republicanism worse than Austria.

grisly phantoms before him. These red sp quake, and are more given to shaking t cannon-shot. Earthquakes are dreadfuller to all of us. Fortune may help him, but he who commands her. The face is not aquili him like the ray of a sickly star."

"For that reason!" Vittoria burst out.

"Oh, for that reason we pity men, assure kings. Luckless kings are not generous n are mischievous kings."

"But if you find him chivalrous and de noble intentions, why not support him?"

"Dandle a puppet by all means," said La

Her intellect, not her heart, was harsh to was not mistress of her intellect in this re riding forth at the head of Italy one whose the pattern of her supple, springing, cove alternately ardent and abject, chivalrous an be confided in firmly when standing at the h

Aware that she was reading him very stri past deeds, which were not plain history that she did not countenance suspicion in and that it would be a delight to her to hee on the battle-field. "Or to witness it, r possible;—we two! For, should he prove the courage of his family."

Vittoria took fire at this. "What hi army?"

"The less baggage the better, my dear."

"But the king said that my singing—I myself." Vittoria concluded her sentence v of humility.

"It was a pretty compliment," said Lau singing is a poor thing in time of war, and might serve as hospital nurses."

"Why do we not determine?"

"We are only considering possibilities."

"Consider the impossibility of our remain

"Fire that goes to flame is a waste of hea

The signora, however, was not so discreet as her speech. On all sides there was uproar and movement. High-born Italian ladies were offering their hands for any serviceable work. Laura and Vittoria were not alone in the desire which was growing to be resolution to share the hardships of the soldiers, to cherish and encourage them, and by seeing, to have the supreme joy of feeling the blows struck at the common enemy.

The opera closed when the king marched. Carlo Ammiani's letter was handed to Vittoria at the fall of the curtain on the last night.

Three paths were open to her:—either that she should obey her lover, or earn an immense sum of money from Antonio-Pericles by accepting an immediate engagement in London, or go to the war. To sit in submissive obedience seemed unreasonable; to fly from Italy impossible. Yet the latter alternative appealed strongly to her sense of duty, and as it thereby threw her lover's commands into the background, she left it to her heart to struggle with Carlo, and thought over the two final propositions. The idea of being apart from Italy while the living country streamed forth to battle struck her inflamed spirit like the shock of a pause in martial music. Laura pretended to take no part in Vittoria's decision, but when it was reached, she showed her a travelling-carriage stocked with lint and linen, wine in jars, chocolate, cases of brandy, tea, coffee, needles, thread, twine, scissors, knives;—saying, as she displayed them, "There, my dear, *all* my money has gone in that equipment, so you must pay on the road."

"This doesn't leave me a choice, then," said Vittoria, joining her humour.

"Ah, but think over it," Laura suggested.

"No! not think at all," cried Vittoria.

"You do not fear Carlo's anger?"

"If I think, I am weak as water. Let us go."

Countess d'Isorella wrote to Carlo: "Your Vittoria is away after the king to Pavia. They tell me she stood up in her carriage on the Ponte del Po—'Viva il re d'Italia!'—waving the Cross of Savoy. As I have previously assured you, no woman is Republican. The demonstration was a mistake. Public characters should not let their personal preferences be trumpeted: a diplomatic truism:—but I must add, least of all a cantatrice for a king. The famous Greek amateur—the prop of failing finances—is after her to arrest her for breach of engagement. You wished to discover an independent mind in a woman, my Carlo; did you not? One would suppose her your wife—or widow. She looked a superb thing the last night she sang. She is not, in my opinion, wanting in height. If, behind all that innocence and candour, she has any trained artfulness, she will beat us all. Heaven bless your arms!"

The demonstration mentioned by the countess did not occur.



Vittoria's letter to her lover missed him. After she had taken her decisive step.

Carlo Ammiani went into the business of that his betrothed had despised his prayer to her.

He was under Colonel Corte, operating on the hills along the line of the Chiese south-eastwards, formed of the best blood of Milan, the men, after marching in the pride of their strength, passed and barred Austria from Italy while they were struck by a sudden paralysis. They hurled their arm cleft from the body. Weapons, clothes, implements of war were withheld from them; officers despatched to watch their proceedings exasperating senior scholars examining the lower form. It was manifest that Count Melchiorre of Milan worked everywhere to conquer before the king had done a stroke to conquer the people; while, in order to reduce them to the level of the montese soldiery, the flame of their patriotism was damped, and instead of apprentices at any rate the elementary stuff of soldiers, were drafted into the royal service. The Tuscans had good reason to complain on behalf of their Venetians and the Lombards for the cause of the Tuscans, Romans, Venetians, nor Lombards, but they lived simply to obtain a change of rulers; though to bow in allegiance to a king of proved kin during the campaign the cry of treason was muttered, became the temper of the Alpine volunteers. Rinaldo Guidascarpì were forced to join them by the dispersion of their band, amounting to eighteen hundred fighting lads, whom a Piedmontese summoned peremptorily to shout for the king. This was the voice for the Italian Republic, and instantly broken. This was the folly of the young: Carlo Ammiani was no better; but he knew that a breath of glory was the self-appointed champion of the national cause, and he yielded his impatience at royalty and given his sickening comrades. He began to frown and glare at Vittoria. "Where is she now?—where now?" in the season of his most violent wrath at the king, grew inseparable in his mind from the king's conduct; the fierce irony, the very deaths of the men who rose up in accusation against the woman he loved.

## COUNTRY LIFE IN HUNGARY BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

It was in the course of last August that I made my third visit to Hungary, proceeding straight to the double capital, the sister-cities (as it is the fashion to call them) of Buda-Pest. The former city, which, as the reader doubtless knows, stands on the right side of the Danube, is not only half the capital, but in virtue of several mineral springs claims to be considered a watering-place. Learning that my friend X——, whose acquaintance I had made in my previous visits to the country, was using the baths, I went to the lodging-house at which he was staying. I found that he was out, but while inquiring into the fact from the porter, as he seemed to be not quite certain as to who it was that I meant, I mentioned that he was from the county of G——. At that moment a Hungarian gentleman came up, and in like manner inquired after Mr. X——. The porter, after answering him, turned to me and said, "This gentleman is also from the county of G——." The new-comer and I moving away together, he asked me, "You know X——?" and on my answering in the affirmative, he began conversing with me without further introduction. I should have observed that the porter had told him that I was an Englishman. I give these little details to show how easily, how very easily an Englishman may make acquaintances in this friendly country.

Herodotus tells us that the Persians esteemed all nations in the direct ratio of their geographical proximity to themselves. The Magyars go upon an exactly opposite principle. For all their neighbours they feel a greater or lesser degree of contempt, often accompanied by positive aversion. In the case of the Poles and the Italians, it is true that these feelings are somewhat mitigated by a sense of political *solidarité*, but still they exist. Indeed, the most unfair and most unfavourable estimates of the Italian national character I have ever heard have come from Magyar lips. The two races are so diverse that it could hardly be otherwise. The bluff, sturdy, free-spoken Magyar is disgusted with what he considers the falsehood and cowardice of the Italian. The latter's temperance and patient perseverance are virtues which the former does not sufficiently appreciate; nor is an intelligent knowledge of art diffused in Hungary to such an extent as to render the Magyar susceptible of that enthusiasm in the cause of Italy, as the cause of the beautiful, which has affected so many English men and women, from Byron to Mrs. Barrett Browning. But the three nations which do appeal effectively to the Hungarian's imagination, and to belong to which is a sure

passport to his heart, are France, England, and America; I think I am justified in adding, especially the two last. Many causes conspire to bring about this result, the chief one being an admiration of the success with which we have carried out principles, which they identify with those on which their constitution was based. Besides this another reason, constantly urged by Hungarians, for affording a hearty welcome to any Englishman, is the kind treatment which they say their refugees met with in England.

But to return to my new friend. He told me that he had been one of those same refugees, and had lived six months in London; that he could still speak a little English, although he had forgotten most of what he had then learned. I, on my part, told him that I wanted to spend some weeks in a Magyar-speaking neighbourhood in order to improve my imperfect knowledge of the Hungarian language before the Diet met. He immediately urged me to come and stay with him at his *puszta* in the county of G——, adding, what I knew already, that that was one of the most purely Magyar counties in all Hungary. There are, if I remember rightly, only one Croat or Wendish, and two or three German villages in the whole county. In all the rest the population, if not really Magyar in blood, at any rate imagine themselves to be so, and speak no other language.

Those persons who talk of France as Gallia, and Poland as Sarmatia, are in the habit of calling Hungary Pannonia. In not one of these three cases is the ancient name co-extensive with the modern country to which it is applied. If the reader will just look at his map of the Austrian dominions he will see that the Danube runs eastwards from Vienna as far as the Hungarian town of Vác (Germ. Waizen), and then making a right angle pursues a southward course as far as the frontiers of Servia. The country contained in this angle was the Roman province of Pannonia. The northern part of this district was the portion of Hungary most favoured by her mediæval kings. Here are the cities in which they held their courts and convoked their Diets—Buda, which gradually raised itself to the official rank of capital; Esztergom (Lat. Strigonium, Germ. Gran), the Canterbury of Hungary and see of the primate; and Székesfehérvár (Germ. Stuhlweissenburg), “the white fortress of the throne,” which is even now often spoken of by its Latin name Alba Regalis. As these mediæval kings, especially the most celebrated of them, St. Stephen, St. Ladislaus and Matthias Corvinus, were devoted sons of mother Church, northern Pannonia abounds in large estates held by ecclesiastical corporations. I mention these facts here in order that the reader may appreciate the force of the conservative elements in the county of G——, for this is one of the north Pannonian counties. On this point turned the subsequent elections which I witnessed in November.

But in August and September those elections were as yet distant,

and I had leisure to talk with my kind host on things in general, and to sit under the shade of an acacia tree in the garden, my feet half buried in the warm sand, with a cherry-stick pipe, some ten or twelve inches long, and full of mild, fragrant Hungarian tobacco, dangling from my lips. There I sat and smoked, and read Hungarian novels and plays for hours at a time. If I walked out and got upon an artificial mound of sand, so as to get a look at the surrounding country, I saw on one side, at no great distance, a range of low hills, on a projecting spur of which stood a rich monastery, whose commanding position and solid masonry gave it rather the appearance of a fortress than of a house of peaceful priests. Towards all the remaining points of the compass the view was provokingly imperfect and tantalising, for I looked over a great sandy plain, which, however, was not perfectly flat, so as to have enabled me to command a view of the whole. It was besides irregularly divided by long rows of lofty poplars, or of acacias, which still more limited the field of vision. The high road, for instance, was in many places marked out by a poplar alley. Occasionally a double row of these fine trees stood on each side of the highway. Some proprietor has thus marked off his parcel of land, the trees serving in some sort as a ring-fence. The two kinds of trees are so characteristic of the plains of Hungary, that I never see them elsewhere without my mind wandering back to that country. The poplar was of course the one first established there, but landowners prefer planting acacias, as the former tree grows more slowly, and is besides a great harbourer of vermin. The acacia has besides a natural advantage over its more lofty rival in being better able to withstand the droughts, to which the country is so subject. I am unfortunately no botanist, so I cannot say how far another tree, which was pointed out to me in the neighbourhood, is characteristic of such situations. It is a thorny tree, with a smooth bark like that of the laburnum, and somewhat scanty in foliage. The Hungarians call it *lepén-fa*, but its botanical name is *gladicia horrida*. As the more intelligent Hungarians are very anxious to cover their sands with vegetation, the papers lately copied from the *Hannover'sche land und forstwirthschaftliche Vereinsblatt* the advice to plant on such soils the *ailanthus glandulosa*, whose cultivation is patronised by the Emperor Napoleon.

Such I found the aspect of the Pannonian, or, as it is otherwise called, the "little Hungarian" plain, which is bounded by the Styrian Alps and that range of volcanic hills which stretches in a south-westerly direction from Buda to the Balaton Lake. The English reader will naturally look upon it as a waste, monotonous region. A young man who was also staying in the house, and who came from the banks of the Theiss, from the midst of the "great Hungarian" plain, looked at it with very different eyes. He was struck with the

great number of hills and trees which were always with me," said he, "a man may often look at a single shrub, and a mound of earth three feet high see a whole country."

My host, talking of his travels in a circle of relations, once observed: "When one goes into a foreign country for instance Germany or France, one sees a great deal different from what it is here, but, when one goes back to one's own country, nothing is different: even their windows do not differ from ours." It is this difference in all points between the two countries which makes it so difficult for an untravelled countryman to form an idea of Hungarian life.

First of all, I may premise that all such people are ignorant. Mr. Wagg, who cannot conceive poverty as well as he cannot recognise a gentleman in a threadbare coat, is far away from Hungary. Whatever faults the Hungarians may have, their bitterest enemies must grant them loyalty, constancy and self-devotion. The "Provisional Government" years differed from the avowedly absolutist years from 1849 to 1859, among other points also in that they did not attempt to govern Hungary by Hungarians. The Provisional Government in carrying out this policy had one great difficulty, that of finding respectable qualified persons to take office. In almost every county all persons who had withdrawn from the Administration altogether rather than join the unconstitutional Government, which had in many places taken the places of persons of doubtful reputation. And yet the salary of an official would have been for the majority a very acceptable addition to their natural income: nevertheless they withdrew to their farms, as my host said, "I would not take up with some more laborious or less remunerative employment under other masters than Cæsar." The high spirit which gives them the appearance of having a bare subsistence, although they really have a natural income of a good living. Thus this high spirit did not lead them to covetously after the pecuniary advantages they might have heard many persons say, "It will make me rich if a reconciliation takes place," or, "It will make me poor if it does not." To me whether there will be a Hungarian Ministry or not, my friends, a poor man burdened with a large family, said to me the other day, "I might have a very good income if I chose to accept it now; but, if I did so, I should be reconciled with her king, I should be a scoundrel, an abnegation of offices, of which they had here a great number: the more striking, the more praiseworthy, in which cannot here be given in detail, life has

in Hungary since 1848, especially for the class of small landed proprietors.

I have said that the house in which I was staying was in a *puszta*. This is one of those peculiar Hungarian words for which it is not easy to find an exact equivalent in English. It properly means "desert," and, like that word, is used both as an adjective and a substantive. Mr. Dickens's novel, "Bleak House," has been translated into Hungarian under the title "*A Puszta Ház*," but I do not think the rendering quite successful. The vast open plain of Central Hungary is often spoken of as the *puszta*. But *puszta* has besides a technical meaning. It is used in contradistinction to *fulu* (village), to designate either the farmhouse of a "nobleman," or a cluster of farmhouses belonging to "noblemen," unaccompanied by any organised peasant settlement. A village, on the contrary, is an organised community of "peasants." By this word, "peasants," is meant the class of former copyholders, who before 1848 had to pay the "lord" a rent, partly in labour, partly in kind. Their holdings were converted into freehold property by the reforms passed in that year. As an organised community, a village has its clergyman, its elected judge, and its notary. This *puszta* in which I sojourned some weeks was, however, not a perfect specimen of its class, for so many "noble" *compossessores* had clustered together that one or two peasants had also contrived to establish themselves on little plots of land. In the middle of the *puszta* was a small chapel with a large crucifix outside, which the *compossessores* had clubbed together to build. The priest of the neighbouring village came thither occasionally to perform mass, but never on a Sunday or holiday, as his services were then required in his parish church.

The difference in appearance between an English village and one on the Hungarian plain is so great that it is difficult to give such a description of the latter as to bring it before the mind's eye of the untravelled reader. Its three most distinctive features are, however, in my opinion the following. First of all, the enormous width of the road, for I cannot call it street. "Time and space," said a German friend of mine, "have absolutely no value at all in Hungary." The vast extent of the country, its fertility in favourable seasons, the scantiness of the population, and the very low price of agricultural produce, owing to defective communications and the distance of the markets, combine to bring about this result. Our street or road was a striking instance. I speak within the mark when I say that twenty of the light waggons of the country might have been driven abreast along it without jostling one another.

The second striking feature is the absence of hedges and fences where in England they would have been considered indispensable. The fields, even when close to the village street, are almost always destitute of hedges, or any other substitute for them than a shallow,

narrow trench. The entrance to the stackyard and the courtyard is also in most cases completely open to all the world. In consequence of this all cattle, nay, even geese, are, or are supposed to be, under constant supervision. In a village the peasants confide their neat cattle to a common neatherd, their swine to a common swineherd, their few sheep and goats to a common shepherd, while a boy is employed to look after the geese, so that none of these animals may do any damage to the standing crops or to the stacks of corn or of hay.

The remaining feature is that the houses have none of them more than a ground floor. Even the houses of the notabilities, of the priest, and the squire, who bears perhaps the title of count or baron, have no more. If the house of the latter has a first story built over the ground floor, it is spoken of as "the castle" (*kastély*), and is known as such far and wide. I know many English travellers speak with disdain of these Hungarian cottage-mansions, but I have found them very comfortable, and one is, at any rate, saved the trouble of going up and down stairs.

The better sort of these houses are roofed with flat splinters of wood, less often with tiles. Slates I have never seen used. My host's cottage was, however, not only smaller than those of most of his social equals, but was withal thatched with reeds, in harmony with whose disorderly, untidy picturesqueness was a stork's nest built over the top of the chimney. The gables of these houses are always very high, and the eaves overhang on either side, often so much as to form a corridor, passage, or sheltered terrace paved with brick. These overhanging eaves and this terrace or platform of brick are to be found even in the case of a common peasant's cottage. In my friend's house the roof was continued on one side of the house so as to form a covered way or long porch, the additional roof being supported on three brick pillars, the spaces between these pillars being left open.

As I have mentioned above, the courtyard and the cornstacks and hayricks were utterly without the protection of fences. A slight trench, adorned here and there with an occasional thorn, marked off the limits between the farmyard and the ground belonging to some neighbouring cottages. When one drove in from the high-road no gate barred the way, and the visitor's carriage dashed up unimpeded to the porch. Notice was generally given us of such an arrival—always if it happened after dark—by the loud baying of two white, shaggy wolf-dogs. The very first thing I did when I came there was to make their acquaintance, as until they knew me well I did not feel comfortable when wandering alone in the neighbourhood of the house. These dogs are often very dangerous, as they snap like a wolf, and that without always giving warning by a bark. Every Hungarian *puszta* farmhouse is provided with them, as a protection against thieves. Until I had made friends of these

guardians of my host's homestead, I used either to go out with some one of the family, or else to confine myself to the garden.

The garden was the only exception to the unfenced character of everything else. It was surrounded by a boarding somewhat resembling what we call park-paling, differing, however, from it in that the planks, instead of standing perpendicularly upright, are laid horizontally one above another, and nailed to posts set at intervals of five or six feet apart. This species of palisading, forming in fact a wooden wall of about six feet high, is universal in Hungary, except where, as is the case with some portions of the "great Hungarian" plain, no wood is to be got to make it of. Within this fence was enclosed a plot of sand about 60 feet broad by 150 feet long. In this were planted a few acacias for the sake of their shade, a few roses and other flowers, some red pepper and some tomatos. There was besides a pit for housing the scarlet geraniums, &c., during the winter. But the largest part of the garden was given up to the culture of melons and water-melons, fruits of which the Hungarians are very fond. The cabbages, which were to furnish the winter supply of *sauer kraut*, and the potatoes were planted in the fields.

This description of one Hungarian gentleman's house will give the reader some idea of what they all are like. He must, however, remember that the owner of this particular specimen was not a rich man, as they count riches in the class of society to which he belonged. In the case of others built and occupied by men better off, as far as regards wealth, the house and garden would have been larger, the rooms loftier and more of them, the roof covered with wood or tiles instead of with reed thatch, and the open brick-paved porch would have expanded into a roomy, walled, well-lit corridor or passage, running along the whole length of the house. In the case of residences of a still richer class, there would be a first story built over the ground-floor, but on a somewhat similar principle, and connected with it by a large cold stone staircase, leading from the long corridor below to the long corridor above, all the rooms in either story opening continuously one into the other, and most of them having besides doors opening into the corridor.

Nevertheless, my principal object was not so much to give a general idea of a Hungarian country-house, as by a description of his homestead to give the reader an idea, what sort of man a Hungarian county magistrate and a member of the House of Representatives in the Hungarian Diet may be. For my host was in November last elected without opposition to represent in the Diet the electoral district in which he lived. This honour had been conferred on him twice before. He had been elected into the first reformed Diet, which met in the summer of 1848, and which, having fled to Debreczen before the arms of Windischgrätz, in April, 1849, declared that the house of Habsburg had forfeited their right to the crown.



He was again elected in the Diet of 1861. In England, a man who had no more money than he has, would never in his wildest dreams think of entering Parliament. And even if we make allowances for the difference in the value of money in the two countries, and for the comparative poverty of the Hungarian gentry, and the riches of the English, we shall not much mend the matter. Nor is his case a solitary instance. On the contrary, a very large proportion of the deputies have obtained the confidence of their constituents through no pecuniary advantages or pre-eminence in wealth, but simply through the confidence inspired by their personal character, or on account of their political principles.

And here I may, perhaps, be permitted to wander away for a while outside the county of G——, and the circle of my own personal experience, to give an anecdote of the late elections, which illustrates this point. It relates to an election in one of the electoral districts of the county of Ungh. This county, lying on the slopes of the north-eastern Carpathians, presents an entirely different appearance to that of G——. Instead of being filled, like the latter county, with Magyars, eating good wheaten and rye bread, with plenty of bacon and of wine, it is inhabited by Ruthenes, who try to supplement their meagre fare of oatmeal or buckwheat porridge, and to keep out the cold of their keen mountain air, by frequent drams of corn-brandy. These Ruthenes, called also Ruzniaks and Little Russians, are a Slavonic tribe belonging to the United Greek Church, whose priests marry and have children to provide for. As the sons of these popes have generally some smattering of learning, their great ambition is to get appointed to posts in the county administration. Of late years many of them have been enabled to gratify their ambition in consequence of abstinence from office on the part of the majority of the Hungarian gentry; but it does not appear that the conduct of these *novi homines* has gained the approbation of their fellows whom they govern. The lord-lieutenant of the county (he had been appointed by Schmerling) was also of Slavonic origin. When the day of election drew near, he proposed as candidate a nephew of his own. The priests also brought forward a candidate whom they recommended to their flocks. But the peasants, poor as they certainly are, ignorant and bigoted as they are reputed to be, would have neither of them, backed though they were by the recommendations of their pastors and masters, both spiritual and temporal, of their own race and of their own religion.

There lived in the neighbourhood a Magyar who had served under the government of Bach. Although the bureaucratic type is not so largely developed among the Magyars as among the Germans, nevertheless it exists. This gentleman was one of those who do not conceive it to be their business carefully to examine into the legality of the Government which they serve, but to do their duty

in their subordinate offices as well as they can. This he succeeded in doing so much to the satisfaction of those most concerned, that when the lord-lieutenant and the popes began to canvass for their respective candidates, a deputation of peasants waited on the retired official, and informed him that in their opinion he was the only fit person to represent them in the Diet. He was, however, by no means eager for the proffered honour, and among other reasons he alleged his poverty as a reason for his refusal. But the good peasants absolutely would not take any refusal. As for his poverty, they said, "If your allowance as a deputy, worshipful sir, does not suffice for your expenses at Pest, we pledge ourselves to make up the difference; and as for the worshipful lady, your wife, we will take good care that she shall want for nothing." Their importunity prevailed; at least so far that the ex-official did not object to their putting him in nomination, on condition that the whole election should be carried out without his having any trouble or expense occasioned by it. And it was so. The peasants formed a committee of their own, who worked with such a will, that when the decisive day arrived, the candidate of the popes was beaten by a large majority, and the lord-lieutenant's nephew was nowhere. After this victory the peasants repeated their former injunctions to their representative to the effect that when he took his seat among the lawgivers of the land, he was to get them to make a law that no more Ruthenian officials were to be appointed!

As I have said before, Mr. Wagg, who was so infinitely amused at the decent gentility of Mrs. Pendennis's afternoon tea, would not be likely to derive much profit from a round of visits among Hungarian *pustas*. And yet there is a great deal which is very interesting to be picked up in them. I flatter myself that I know something about my own countrymen, about Frenchmen and Germans. Italians and Spaniards I know only from books. But I was glad to find, when I made the acquaintance of the Magyars, that they have a perfectly distinct national type, which is not to be confused with any of the above-mentioned. Nor is there by any means a want of variety among them. The enemies of the Magyar allege—nor is the allegation entirely without foundation—that he has an overweening contempt for foreigners, especially if they happen to be at the same time his neighbours. I myself often thought that it was a pity that so quick-witted a people should not read a little more than they do. But my host, although a true Hungarian, was by no means blind to the faults of his countrymen, nor blind to the good points of other nations. His library, too, if small, was not small for his means, and it was well used, especially the Latin classics. He was one of the very few Hungarians who ever expressed to me their regret that they could not read the Greek poets in the original. When he went up to Pest, as a deputy, he took with him, not only some sound, old

plum-brandy and a store of home-made sausage, but amongst other books, classical and legal, a "De Zodiaco Vitæ Humanæ Marcelli Palingenii Libri xii." This is in itself a sign that he belonged to the old school of Hungarian country gentlemen. I am sorry to say that the younger generation which grew up in the disastrous period after 1848 have to a great extent neglected the study of Latin. Nor, if I may trust my impressions, are they degenerated—or, to avoid so invidious a word, say altered—in this respect alone. They are more enlightened, more tolerant, more supple, more cosmopolitan, than their fathers. They speak more French and English. But I doubt their having preserved that tenacity of fibre which was the distinguishing feature in the old Hungarian character. The new generation seems to me to attach more importance to material comfort, well-being, and display than their fathers. More than once in Hungary the remark of Macaulay recurred to my mind, that there is a great difference between the men who make revolutions, and the men who are made by revolutions.

But besides varied and quaint reading, and a continuous and chequered political experience, my host had enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel. Before the revolution he had travelled through Germany, France, and Belgium, and had even visited London. At a later period he renewed his travels through these same countries to the same goal, but this time he came in the character of a political refugee, flying from the wrath of the dynasty whose dethronement he had voted at Debreczen. As he possessed not only a great deal of sly humour, but also a faculty of going into minute details, I was always sorry when the cares of his family, of his husbandry, or of his politics interrupted his anecdotes of the old, pre-revolutionary system, of the different phases of the revolution, of the terrorism which followed the triumph of the Habsburgs, of the flight, escape, or misfortunes of persons compromised, or, coming down to more recent times, of the last Diet of 1861. Of all these stirring times he could talk with the vividness and fulness which belongs exclusively to an eye-witness.

The time that I spent in the county of G—— was one of peculiar interest for the local politicians. On my arrival from England in the Hungarian capital in August, one of the first visits I made was to a newspaper editor, who was, as the Germans say, "a good friend of me." He and some others of his craft described to me the uncomfortable position in which the reticence of the Government placed them. The ministry of Belcredi and Majláth had at that time newly come into office, and all men's minds were excited by hopes and doubts. Still for some weeks the Government kept silence as to its intentions. The journalists, impressed with the sense of the responsibility of their position, prophesied vaguely all sorts of smooth things, exhorted the public to patience, or wrote largely about Schleswig-Holstein, Italian finance, and other safe subjects.

They were, however, embarrassed, on the one hand by the secrecy which the Government required of the few to whom were vouchsafed some dim inklings of its programme, and on the other hand by the impatience and suspicions of their subscribers in the country. These last wrote immense quantities of letters intended for insertion—some denunciatory, some interrogatory—which the editors as pertinaciously refused to insert in their columns. As Mr. Jokai, the editor of the *Hon* (country, fatherland), the organ of the “Left,” said: “Now the censorship of the press on the part of the police is relaxed, it seems that we editors have become the censors of the press.”

The point on which the public especially wished for information, was the re-organisation of the counties, or *municipia*, as they are also called. I have mentioned above that after the dissolution of the Diet the elected magistrates almost everywhere gave in their resignations, rather than become tools for carrying out the absolute measures of a chancellor who was not responsible to the nation. In some counties, among which was G——, the county committees not only resigned their offices, but took the opportunity afforded by their last public meeting of *officially* branding as traitors all such Hungarians as should take office under Government during the suspension of the constitution. The policy of this wholesale resignation has been questioned, even in Hungary, although by only a small minority. I often repeated their arguments to ex-officials who had so resigned. These arguments were based upon considerations of the inexpediency of throwing the whole administration of the country into the hands of their opponents. I was generally met by an answer somewhat to the following effect. “Our honour was concerned, and in such cases all considerations of expediency must give way; besides, by continuing in office we should not only have virtually approved an illegal government, and so have committed treason against the constitution, but we should have had to carry out a number of specific acts of tyranny, against which our feelings would have revolted, which our souls would have loathed, which our consciences would have condemned, and for which the people under our charge would—and that justly—have held us responsible; it is besides really most economical for the country that bad measures should be carried out by men of no character, as thus good men preserve their integrity intact against that better time which must come sooner or later.”

To give some idea of the diffusion of such sentiments among all classes of the community, I may add that in this county of G——, upon the introduction of the *Prorisorium*, even the heyduks and pandurs—who form respectively the infantry and cavalry of the county police—came to my friend to ask if they ought not also to throw up their situations. Of course he assured the poor fellows that neither honour nor patriotism required them to injure themselves in that way.

Whereupon they thanked him for his kind advice, observing:—"Of course, your Worship, the pay is a great consideration to us; but, when we saw that your Worship and the other gentlemen who gave us our places were giving up theirs, we thought it was perhaps only fair and honest that we should go too; but, as your Worship says that it is all right, we shall be glad to stay, and hope to see you and the other gentlemen soon back again."

Now that the elections for the Diet were drawing near, people began to see that the municipalities would not be reinstated in their integrity, that is to say, would not be put back into the same state in which they were at the introduction of the *Provisorium* in 1861. But rumours reached us that the new chancellor, M. Majláth, had issued instructions to the lord-licutenants to come to some understanding with the men of the opposition party in their respective counties. In my account of the Electoral Laws of 1848 I explained that the county, although no longer an electoral, remained an administrative district. It was the county, understanding now by the word the committee which had been constituted by law and election its plenipotentiary, which was charged with the work of returning the deputies from the several electoral districts within its boundaries. Any election carried out by any other body or any other authorities would have been illegal. All the important political personages of the country, the recognised leaders of the nation, such men as Deák, Ghicz, Eötvös, &c., would have refused to come forward. A Diet thus elected would have had no moral force, and so would not have answered the purpose of the Government in calling it together. It follows thus that, although in an indirect manner, the committees had it in their power seriously to embarrass the Government. But, on the other hand, much as the Government desired a reconciliation, the country desired one no less. Nor merely the country at large. Most of the individuals who composed the committees had the strongest personal motives for coming to terms, if that could be done without compromising their political honour. So, instead of standing out for the strict letter of the law, for their rights in their full extent, and demanding that all the magistrates who resigned in 1861 (including the lord-lieutenants) should be reinstated in their offices, and the committees replaced in the fulness of their political power, they determined to content themselves with some lesser concession, which would still leave the rights of the country unimpaired. In order to find out this *via media* the whole county took to visiting one another all round for a couple of weeks, sounding one another's views, and coming to an *unanimous* conclusion. For the Hungarians—and this is in a great measure the secret of their political strength—know well that without compromise, submission of individual predilections to the will of the majority, and strict party discipline, nothing can be done against the common enemy.

When M. Majláth entered upon the task of conciliating Hungary,

the first thing he did was to revise the list of lord-lieutenants. He removed from their posts all such as had especially incurred the contempt or dislike of their counties. At least he did so in all cases when he could replace them by successors at once moderate and popular. In the county of G—— it seems that he could not find such a successor, for the provisional lord-lieutenant was left at his post. The next step was to empower all the lord-lieutenants to replace, according to their own discretion, any of the provisional county officials by new men, or by the former constitutional magistrates. In pursuance of the instructions he received, the lord-lieutenant of G—— called to a conference all the members of the committee of 1861, together with certain local notabilities, mostly ecclesiastics, who had not been elected into that body. This conference was to be held for the purpose of laying officially before them the propositions of the Government with respect to the election of the deputies. The general purport of these propositions was, however, known before hand, and the county gentlemen had now to make up their minds as to the conditions they would impose. To this end they held an unofficial conference amongst themselves the day before that on which the lord-lieutenant held his. The main question was—Should they or should they not demand the removal of the provisional magistrates, and, if so, of all, or of which of them? This removal they call *epuratio*, for the Hungarian can always find a Latin name for anything political. They decided against an *epuratio*, partly led to this conclusion by the repugnance which each of them felt against his taking his place in a body of magistrates whose origin he considered illegal, and among whom he would generally be thwarted and outvoted. Another motive which actuated them was the wish to keep their hands free for ousting the lord-lieutenant, if any representations of theirs at Vienna might have that effect. But with respect to the election and its preliminaries, they determined to co-operate with him on one condition, to wit, that the part in the proceedings, which the law assigned to the county magistrates, should be performed, not by the present provisional staff of magistrates, but by those of 1861. To these terms the lord-lieutenant readily agreed, and the committee and the magistrates of 1861, thus re-organised *ad hoc*, began their work.

At this stage of the proceedings I left the county of G——, to establish myself betimes at Pest before all convenient lodgings had been snapped up and appropriated to the deputies. I did not return till a day or two before the elections, which took place about six weeks later. If I have succeeded in interesting the English reader in his sketch of Hungarian country life, I would ask him to bear with me once more, while I try to depict the more animated scenes which I then witnessed.

ARTHUR J. PATTERSON.

## THE SOVEREIGNTY OF TH

VEXED questions of right of way are often bringing prominently forward old traditions which have for many years been locked in memories of the elders of the village; and the archæology are looked on from a purely material point of view by those whose real or fancied interests are at stake. The man who considers his privacy destroyed by the objection of the labourer, who finds the distance to his daily spiked gate that has closed up his wonted foot-path, who listens with pleasure to the quaint little bubbles that bubble up from the seething mass of angry passions, who in this temper that we can now consider the loss of the sovereignty of the seas. After claiming it for more than a thousand years, we voluntarily resign it after maintaining our claim to it, in sea history. It was after the battle of Trafalgar, and a glorious war annihilated the navies of all the Nile, St. Vincent, Toulon, Ushant, Campeche, that our Government formally relinquished the right, and now, after sixty years, the very memory of so that of the hundreds who habitually sing "The waves" there are comparatively few who believe that the song was written at a time when the kings' representatives of the abstract Britannia, claimed the right merely by virtue of strong fleets and hardy sea-warriors, and of numerous treaties with the nations of Europe. The right, which for so many centuries was held by our warriors with the cannon or by statesmen, is never to be without deep interest to all Englishmen, but only a memory of those past times when an ounce of cotton and sour wine was not supposed to be worth the advantage and glory of our nation.

Even in those ruder days, however, the seas of our dominion were simply the seas adjoining our coast, and itself was held, at any rate in practice, to be free to all seas to be the peculiar property of the English. The "narrow seas" involved a good deal of ambiguity, and was a fertile source of dispute. According to the claims of the English Government their extent widened at one time they stretched as far as Finisterre at

of Spain, at another they were contracted to the limits of the Channel. Northward the boundary seems to have been as undefined, but it may, in general terms, be considered to have embraced all the sea to the eastward of England, and, after the accession of James I., of Scotland, irrespective of the countries which it washed on the other side. Within these somewhat vague limits the English Crown held dominion; right of way, on tribute paid, was permitted to merchantmen, license to fish was sometimes granted to the smaller vessels, but all foreign ships, men-of-war as well as traders, were obliged to pay honour to the English flag, and that honour, not of a nature of mere courtesy, as between equals, but of reverence and submission, as from a servant to his master, or from a vassal to his feudal lord. It is thus laid down by Sir William Monson, a man distinguished both as an admiral and a writer in the reigns of Elizabeth and James:—"If a fleet of any country shall pass upon his Majesty's seas, and meet the admiral's ship serving on those seas, they are to acknowledge a sovereignty to his Majesty by coming under the lee of the Admiral, by striking their topsails, and taking in their flag." He afterwards goes on to say that this "privilege" was only to be accorded to the admiral in command, as the deputy of Majesty,—the Viceroy, in fact, of that part of his dominions, but that on meeting any of the king's ships, a stranger, no matter how exalted might be his rank, must lower his topsails, though in this case he was permitted to hoist them again. Similar marks of submission were required from all foreign ships which put into an English port. Before coming to an anchor they were obliged to dip their flag three times, or if the English admiral happened to be there, to lower it altogether, nor were they permitted, whilst in presence of the admiral, to fly their ensign at all.

On this prerogative of the flag several quarrels arose, and our naval history abounds with instances in which the privilege was enforced in the most absolute manner by the commanders of our ships. For foreigners, men of high rank in particular, were often backward in rendering this mark of homage, and the public opinion of England strongly supported any admiral or captain who, regardless of consequences, rigidly enforced it.

An instance of this occurred in 1613, when the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, arrived at Portsmouth. As the galleons which escorted him passed by Stokes Bay an English ship which was lying there required them to take in their flag; this they refused to do; and indeed the claim was open to dispute, for the ship, though a man-of-war, was not specially commanded by the Admiral of the Narrow Seas. The galleons lowered their topsails, but kept their colours flying, till the English ship compelled them to strike. The ambassador, feeling much aggrieved by this, made a formal complaint to the Government and the Lord High Admiral,



so that the circumstances were officially inquired into in the fullest possible manner, and it was admitted that the English ship had demanded more than it was entitled to, not being the ship of the Admiral of the Narrow Seas; but the affair seems to have been slurred over, as the Admiralty was unwilling to check its officers from insisting on the prerogative of the flag to the fullest extent.

A still more striking instance occurred in 1554, when Lord William Howard, Baron of Effingham—the father of the Howard of Effingham who some thirty years later so gloriously upheld the honour of the flag in the battles against the Spanish Armada—was sent by Queen Mary to escort her intended husband Philip, shortly afterwards King of Spain, into an English port. He met the Spanish fleet in the Channel, up which it was proceeding in great state, the royal flag flying at the main of the admiral's ship. The Spaniards, no doubt, thought that a fleet commanded by the son of their king in person, and more especially by the son of their king on his way to marry the Queen of England, should not strike the flag to any one. Lord William Howard held a different opinion. Enraged at the insult to the English prerogative, he fired a broadside into the Spanish admiral's ship, and afterwards, on their lowering their flag and topsails, demanded a full apology for the neglect and for the offence they had committed by venturing into the presence of the English admiral with colours flying; until satisfied on this point he refused to pay any compliments to the prince, whom he afterwards conducted up Channel with great ceremony.

The marriages of Philip II. were fated to lead to difficulties with the admirals of England. When his fleet was bringing home from Flanders his last wife, Anne of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, the Spanish admiral endeavoured to pass Plymouth where Admiral Hawkins,—the same who a few years afterwards was knighted for his gallantry against the Armada,—was lying with a small squadron, his flag on board the *Jesus*. It would seem probable that the Spaniard came into the Sound ignorant of Hawkins's presence, and on finding out his mistake, at once attempted to stand out again without lowering his flag; for, on any other supposition, it is difficult to see how he could have come under the notice of the English admiral, who was at the time anchored in the Catwater, a small recess to the east of the Sound, quite sheltered from the more open sea. However that may have been, Admiral Hawkins at once opened fire on the Spanish flag-ship, and that with such good will, that the Spaniards struck their flags, lowered their topsails, and came to an anchor. The English shot had been plunging through and through the hulls of the foreign ships, and their admiral sent an officer to the *Jesus* to complain of the violent usage to which he had been subjected. This officer Hawkins would not allow on board, but sent

him back immediately to tell his admiral that after the want of proper respect he had shown to the Queen of England he could not stay there, that he must weigh at once, and be off. The Spanish admiral, on receiving the message, went himself to the *Jesus*, but old Hawkins, with little regard for the rank of the stranger, refused to see him, nor could he, without much difficulty, be persuaded to the contrary; and when he at last consented to an interview, he told the Spaniard in a very straightforward way, that he considered he had been wanting in respect to her Majesty's ships, and that "he would do well to depart." The Spaniard pleaded ignorance, and after some argument, begged to be allowed to apologise and to remain in port for a short time; but this determined conduct was always held as most creditable to the English admiral, and is perhaps even now remembered in his favour more than his splendid and unflinching bravery at S. Juan de Ulloa, his dashing example against the Armada in 1588, or his last unfortunate attempt on Porto Rico in 1595.

This high-handed way of enforcing the privilege of the flag continued to be the custom of the service down to comparatively modern times. So late as 1730, the frigate *Gosport*, lying in Plymouth Sound, fired into a French ship that attempted to pass out without lowering her topsails. The captain of the *Gosport* was on shore, but her first lieutenant did not hesitate to take the responsibility on himself. On the serious representations of the French ambassador he was tried and dismissed the service, but was the next day reinstated with the rank of post-captain, passing over the intermediate rank of commander. Captain Smith, popularly known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," lived to become an admiral, and, many years after, sat as president of the court-martial which found Admiral Byng guilty of that fear of responsibility from which his own brilliant act as lieutenant of the *Gosport* had shown himself to be so free.

The origin of this claim of the kings of England to the sovereignty of the seas is wrapped in the obscurity of the dark ages of our history. Selden, who wrote a long and learned treatise on the subject in the early half of the seventeenth century, goes back to the times of the ancient Britons, long before the days of Julius Cæsar, to show that even then the inhabitants of our island were lords of the surrounding seas. His arguments, utterly worthless of course, are curious as examples of the extraordinary paradoxes on which men, even like himself, of much sound learning, could lean in support of a cause which, after all, needed no such staff. He argues that, because the Britons practised fishing, and because they excluded all foreigners, except merchants, from their territory, they therefore held the sea as part of their dominion. This last conclusion he draws in this manner:—

"That the sea was thus shut up by them, Cæsar himself seems to

inform us plainly enough. For when he, upon crossing the sea into Britain, made diligent inquiry touching the shore and situation of the ports, summoned the Gallic merchants together, from whom he was so deceived in his expectation about this matter, he sent C. Volusenus before with a long ship, the name of which being wholly unknown: forasmuch as the Gauls were ignorant of these shores, because they were prohibited from a free use of the sea."

But the author quite neglects to inquire into the old Britons possessed of the neighbouring islands, it seems not unlikely that the acquaintance of the one with the other, was about on a par. He follows his argument through several centuries; so that when the question comes in, it has escaped his mind was by the fancies of an absurd antiquary. However, I apprehend, be little doubt that the claim of the seas was first made by the Norman king, who held land on each side of the Channel, held as they were by which ran through their dominions. Considered as a claim would appear to have had its origin in the custom of nations; in any other, it must have been supported by the arguments with which, in the outset, Selous used. In any case, it is quite certain that the early kings appointed officers under the title of "Warden of the Sea" (*Warden Maris*) who, it may naturally be supposed, exercised the command of the sea, given them as their peculiar jurisdiction in the same manner as the Wardens of the Cinque Ports exercised the jurisdiction of the provinces of the country. The title "Custos Maris" was given up to the time of Edward I., the one given to the king, a high command at sea, a title which was then given to the "Admiral," though the old one still remains in use in the title of the Cinque Ports." But whether under the title of Warden, we find that, from a very early day, a king was appointed to the command of the "sea," and distinguished from others who held office on land, while there was a warden of different parts of the coast (*Warden Maritimæ*) or a "Warden of Ships" (*Custos Navium*) or a "Warden of the Sea" (*Custos Maris*), though the title has been filled, frequently enough, by one man. In the reign of Henry III., we find Thomas de Moleton, under the title of "Warden of the Sea," with authority to govern the maritime ports of the east coast; and about the year 1250, Créqueur was Warden of the Cinque Ports and the Channel. Similar instances might be brought forth.

a stronger proof even than these commissions, which one is apt to consider as conveying mere wordy honours, without any distinct meaning or force, is to be found in the records of the Parliament summoned by Edward III. in the fourteenth year of his reign, specially to consult on the maintenance of the peace of the land, the Scottish border, and the sea,—where the sea is plainly spoken of as being as much an integral part of the kingdom as the parts of it before named.

On the supposition that the claim of our kings to the dominion of the sea really followed as a consequence of the Norman Conquest, it might well be imagined that that sovereignty would have terminated when, in the reign of John, the French got possession of the Duchy of Normandy. It appears, however, in direct opposition to this, that the English from the first maintained that the loss of Normandy involved only the loss of the land, and that the adjacent sea remained as before a province of England; that the Norman coast line, in fact, was the boundary between the two kingdoms. It was thus that they kept the islands which, till then, had been considered as part of the duchy,—islands which we still retain as tangible proofs of the jealous care with which our forefathers guarded their frontier.

The claim to such a frontier, however, was not established without opposition. Historians have dwelt often and long on the victories obtained over our neighbours by land, but they have passed over, with little notice, the still more decisive battles fought and won at sea in the early days of the Plantagenets. And yet these, by establishing in the outset our claim to naval supremacy, produced an effect which has lasted to our own days; whereas Crecy, Poitiers, or Agincourt, although indeed names of which we may even now feel proud, are mere memories of the past which have worked no change in the destinies of the country. That these old sea fights should thus have been buried in comparative oblivion can only be attributed to the idea, which generally prevails, that our navy is entirely a growth of modern times, a force which had no existence before the days of Henry VIII., or even Queen Elizabeth. It would be about as plausible to maintain that England had no army before the reign of Charles II. In one very restricted sense both such assertions would be true; the standing navy dates from the reign of Henry, as the standing army does from that of Charles; but probably from a very early period, and certainly from the time of the Conquest, the naval power of the country has always been considerable, not only in the number, but still more in the efficiency of the ships; and a slight notice of some of the earliest battles will show this most clearly.

In the early days of the reign of Henry III., a sharp action took place in the Straits of Dover, between a French fleet consisting of

eighty vessels and the fleet of the Cinque Ports, forty; but these, there appears reason to be better, and were certainly better handled. Trying many more men, attempted to board, but manœuvred and got to windward of them, and, in an attempt, by throwing quick-lime in amongst them, blinded, were shot down by flights of arrows. Many were sunk,—run down beneath the prows of the English, very many were taken. The battle was decisive, the force destined to the relief of the French was destroyed, and established the young king firmly on his throne.

Important as this battle was, it fades into insignificance in comparison with the battle of Sluys, fought in the latter part of June that the English fleet, consisting of nearly 300 ships, and commanded by King Edward III., engaged the French, who had gathered together 400 vessels of all sizes. The French waited in three distinct lines, and the English having obtained the advantage were able to fight them from a distance, thus deriving advantage from their superior skill as archers. It is impossible, to understand how ships of the age, which was the necessity of the age, could be used as they must have been used freely as an auxiliary to the main force. There be any truth in history, the English ships were in three that too in some species of formation, which consisted of three or more lines. Having gained the advantage, they ran down, their leading ships being filled with fire, the enemy into great confusion in a very short time. The ships farther astern carried chiefly men-of-war, they came up to and grappled with the French, and half vanquished by the cruel slaughter amongst them, completed the victory with a loss of 100 ships, and the enemy's loss was tremendous. More than 300 ships were sunk, and 30,000 men are said to have been killed. In the whole range of naval history there is no other instance of such a fearful slaughter. A number of ships that captured on the enemy is certainly deserving of the name of a fleet, and a country that could fit out such a fleet cannot be said to want a navy.

But the fact is that Edward III. appears to have paid little attention to this arm of the service; and how the ships may individually have been, yet the number raised represents, in the aggregate, a very large fleet. Some of which have been preserved, it is curious to observe that the ports, on the south coast in particular, which

fishing or watering-places, then furnished no mean contingent of both ships and men; whilst, on the other hand, most of what are now our principal sea-ports were then of very trifling naval consequence. Thus, Portsmouth supplied only 5 ships and 96 men; whilst Dartmouth supplied 31 ships, with 757 men; and Fowey 47 ships, with 770 men. London furnished 25 ships and 662 men, and the king the same number of ships and 419 men. Mersey—which possibly means Liverpool, but more probably Runcorn or Warrington—could only provide 1 ship and 6 men; whilst Hull was even then rated at 16 ships and 466 men. The collective force of the English fleet is given as 700 ships and 14,151 men, or an average of 20 men to each ship; but it must be borne in mind that these men, so counted, were the sailors, and quite irrespective of the archers and men-at-arms, who were put on board as occasion required, and who, as we have seen, played such a terrible part in the battle of Sluys. Only ten years later there was another sea-fight, which was fought off Winchelsea, but which our old naval historians have called “*Les Espagnols sur Mer.*” There was at the time no war between this country and Spain; but a Spanish fleet, on its way to Flanders, had plundered and destroyed some English traders. For this Edward resolved to inflict vengeance; and having fitted out a fleet of about fifty ships, he in person, accompanied by the Black Prince and many of the leading nobles of the country, waited off the coast of Sussex for the return of the Spaniards. These numbered forty-four ships, of a larger size than those of the English, which, however, attacked them immediately on meeting with them. The fight continued with great fury till night, when the Spaniards, with the loss of seventeen of their ships, took to flight; the darkness saved the rest of them from destruction, but in so shattered a condition that they reached home with difficulty.

And in those early days there were several other very notable battles fought at sea by our fleets, but it is not my purpose here to enter into any detailed account of them; those which I have mentioned being merely used as instances to show that the sovereignty of the sea, which our Plantagenet kings claimed, they were able to hold with a strong hand against all comers.

During all this early period the nucleus of the navy was the force of the Cinque Ports. These ports,—Dover, Hastings, Sandwich, Romney, and Hythe—five in number, as their collective name would point out, were from a very early date bound to furnish a fixed contingent of ships for the service of the State. They received their first charter from Edward the Confessor, and later kings in succession added considerably to their privileges, which gave them honour, freedom, and exemption from other imposts. In return, they were, in the reign of Henry III., for example, obliged to maintain a

force of fifty-seven ships, with an average crew of twenty-one men and a boy, for fifteen days every year, at their own cost,—and for as much longer as the king wanted them, at the cost of the Crown. The force required by the various charters of course varied considerably. By one still earlier than that just referred to, five days was fixed as the period of service at their own cost. In the reign of Edward III., according to the list already mentioned, they furnished fifty-eight ships and 1,123 seamen, numbers which answer very nearly to the charter of Henry III.

The title of Warden of the Cinque Ports has for many years been merely an honorary distinction, carrying with it little or no naval duty; but in the days when the sea force belonging to the nation, as well as the land force, was held as a militia on a feudal tenure, the office was one of high trust, involving responsibilities which, according to the difference of the ages, were at least as grave as those of the present commanders-in-chief at Portsmouth or Plymouth. It was, however, the Warden of the Sea, or the Lord High Admiral, in which latter title the older gradually merged, that was called on to exercise the jurisdiction of the sea. In the then rude state of navigation piracies were frequent, and pirates were difficult to catch; other difficulties, too, were common, from the unauthorised and illegal exercise of power: hence arose many complaints; and it is from some of these that we have the most undoubted proof and acknowledgment of the vast power, not only claimed, but exercised by the English Admirals of the Sea. One of the most interesting of these, both for the conclusive nature of its evidence and its high antiquity, dating from the reign of Edward I., begins in this way:—

“To you, Lords Commissioners, appointed by the kings of England and France to redress the injuries done to the people of their kingdoms, and of the other countries subject to them, by sea and by land, in time of peace and truce,—the deputies of the prelates, nobles, the Admiral of the Sea of England, the corporations of cities and towns, and of merchants, seamen, messengers, and travellers, and all others of the said kingdom of England and of other countries subject to the government of the said king of England; as also of the maritime people of Genoa, Catalonia, Spain, Germany, Holland, Frisia, Denmark, Norway, and several other places of the empire, declare that, as the kings of England have been, by reason of the said kingdom, from time immemorial, in peaceable possession of the sovereign lordship of the sea of England and of the islands that are in it, with power of ordering and establishing laws and statutes, of prohibiting armed vessels, and vessels not fitted as merchantmen, and of taking surety and granting safeguard whenever it shall be necessary, and of ordering all other things needful for the maintenance of peace,

right, and equity, between people of all sorts, whether subjects of another kingdom or not, who pass through these seas; and also with power of exercising sovereign jurisdiction, and of taking cognizance, and administering justice, high or low, according to the said laws, statutes, ordinances, and prohibitions; and with every other power which can belong to the government of the sovereign jurisdiction aforesaid;"—after which preamble the deputies proceed with the statement of their complaint.

Nothing can be more explicit, and, as coming from the delegates of many foreign nations, nothing can be more conclusive, than this declaration; and it derives, if possible, a more particular value from the fact of its being addressed not to the English Government, but to Commissioners appointed jointly by France and England to inquire into certain grievances, inflicted by a subject of France, exercising a power to which he had no legal right, and complained of by the seamen of the various nations which traded in the narrow seas.

Thus admitted by the smaller nations of the North, the claim to the dominion of the sea was undisputed for centuries. Even France acknowledged it; and the entrance of a French fleet into the narrow seas was itself considered on both sides as an act of hostility. But the French in early times had no shipping of any great consequence; their trade was extremely limited, and their men-of-war, when they wanted such, were for the most part hired from the Genoese, or other maritime powers of the Mediterranean; in addition to which, the memory of the terrible defeats they had sustained, as at Sluys or at Harfleur in the reign of Henry V., had acted as a most grave hindrance to the formation of anything like a navy. It was not, in fact, till the sixteenth century that the French began to appear as a maritime power. At that time, created by the energy of a great people under a powerful government, there sprang into existence a considerable force, which during a great part of the reign of Henry VIII. was able to contend with our navy on somewhat equal terms. This equality in combat was accompanied by a remarkable correspondence of disastrous accidents which happened to ships of the two nations; thus the *Regent*, the largest ship in the then young royal navy of England, in an action off Brest, on August 11th, 1512, was burnt and blown up by the *Cordelier*, the ship of the French admiral. But the *Cordelier* shared the same fate. It would appear, indeed, that the *Cordelier* was set on fire by rockets, or some similar contrivance, thrown from one of the English ships, and whilst burning fell foul of and grappled with the *Regent*; so that the two ships, both of the very largest size then built, blew up together, with the loss of Sir Thomas Knevitt, captain of the *Regent*, of the French admiral, Primauguet, and of the crews of both ships, amounting at the lowest computation to sixteen hundred men. This dreadful event seems to



have struck a panic into both fleets, during which the French retired into Brest.

Another, and a still more singular pair of accidents was sustained by the rival navies some years later. In July, 1545, as the French fleet was getting under way from Harfleur, and whilst the king—Francis I.—who had come down to hurry on the preparations for the departure of the expedition, was celebrating its readiness with a magnificent *fête* given to the ladies of his court on board the admiral's ship, the *Carracon*, she caught fire, and notwithstanding every exertion, was entirely destroyed. The loss of men was very considerable, and the loss of the ship herself, a vessel of the first class, and carrying 100 brass guns, could not but be seriously felt by a fleet setting out on a hostile expedition. On the news of the equipment of this fleet being brought to England, Henry VIII., following the example of the French king, hurried down to Portsmouth, where he collected a formidable number of ships for the defence of the English coast. Everything was ready, and he dined on board the *Mary Rose*, the largest ship in the fleet, with her captain, Sir George Carew, on the morning of the day that intelligence was received of the approach of the enemy. The fleet was ordered out of harbour immediately; and on her way to Spithead, the *Mary Rose*, struck by a sudden squall, heeled over so as to bury her lower deck ports, which were only sixteen inches from the water line; these were open at the time, and the ship immediately filled and sunk. Sir George Carew and almost the whole ship's company were lost. When we remember that within these last ten years a Russian line-of-battle ship was lost in the Gulf of Finland in a manner almost exactly identical, we are at no loss to understand how such an accident could happen in the days of Henry VIII., when ports in a ship's side were still novelties, and the proper precautions were but little understood. Fragments of the wreck of the *Mary Rose* are even now, I believe, occasionally picked up, not very far from the spot where more than two centuries later the *Royal George* went down, in consequence of a very similar neglect.

But notwithstanding these accidental losses, the many battles fought between the fleets during the reign of Henry VIII. were all more or less indecisive; and the peace which was concluded in 1546 found the two navies at a point of comparative equality. The one great difference, however, between them was, and still is, the difference in the natural tastes of the people. In England the navy is a direct consequence of a seafaring disposition, heightened to a necessity of self-preservation by commercial aptitude. In France, on the contrary, the navy appears only as an exotic, which indeed a careful cultivation can bring to a certain growth, but which withers away when deprived of the sheltering warmth of a strong govern-

ment. The truth of this is strongly shown by the history of the hundred years that followed the death of Henry. In both countries, religious excitement disturbed the minds of people, leading, in both, to revolution and civil war; yet through all, the naval strength of England continued respectable, fed and nurtured entirely by commerce and adventure; so that whenever the necessities of the State required, a force able to perform any service, and thoroughly to be depended on, could at once be assembled. So brought up, so schooled were the heroes who conquered the Spanish Armada; men who owed nothing to the crown, everything to trade; men such as Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Frobisher, Raymond, and a host of others, whose names brighten one of the most glorious pages of English history. But during the same period the navy of France sank to the lowest ebb; and her ships, her trade, her seamen had to be made afresh, entirely by the absolute power of the Government of Louis XIV. and his minister Colbert.

With the Dutch it was very different. The Dutch are a nation of merchants, and their commerce supplied them with sailors to an extent far beyond what the population of their country would seem to warrant. These manned their ships, when commercial jealousy, and the pride of their newly won freedom stirred them up to an English war. And it is specially worthy of remark, as showing the strong naval feeling that moved them,—that during the whole period of the war of the seventeenth century, the real cause of contention was their refusal to pay the “privilege of the flag.” To this privilege they objected almost from the first day of their independence. They protested against it; they wrote against it; and they fought against it; and indeed they seem to have been the only people who considered the claim as a thing worth much trouble. Most certainly the French never pushed their dislike to the mark of homage to anything like the same extent.

The Dutch resisted the “privilege” with the same dogged resolution that they had shown in maintaining their freedom. They engaged men of talent to assert before all Europe the equal right of all nations to the use of the sea, as a right founded on the unmeasurable and unstable nature of the ocean. One of the most distinguished of these was Grotius, the celebrated international lawyer, who in a treatise entitled “*Mare Liberum*,” maintained that the sea was free to all who owned ships, and wished to use it as a highway; arguing that it was variable, never the same, and therefore could not be considered as a settled property. Selden, who wrote his “*Mare Clausum*” in reply, defended the “privilege” on the ground that, by the usage of all nations, seas could be held as a part of an empire, as had been done by ancient Rome and modern Venice, and as had been done by England in all ages. As I have said before, many

of his arguments are absurd, but those which he has founded on the admitted claim of all the early Norman and Plantagenet kings are beyond dispute; and the last witness whom he calls in support of his case is the very man with whom he is arguing. Some years before he was engaged as a special pleader for the Dutch, Grotius had published a Latin poem as an address to James I., King of Great Britain, and in this had spoken of the sovereignty of the seas exercised by the kings of England, as a thing quite beyond dispute. He had even assigned them a wider dominion than any of them had claimed, the dominion, in fact, of the whole ocean, of all "quod ventis velisque patet." The whole passage is given in the most unsparing manner by Selden, from whom I quote it:—

"Berum Natura creatrix  
Divisit populos, et metas ipsa notavit.  
Sic juga Pirenæ, sic olim Rhenus et Alpes  
Imperii mensura fuit: Te flumine nullo  
Detinuit, nullâ nimbosi verticis arce.  
Sed totum complexa parens hic terminus ipsa  
Substitit, atque uno voluit sub limite claudi.  
Te sibi seposuit, supremo in gurgite, Nereus.  
Finis hic est, qui Fines caret—Quæ meta Britannis  
Litora sunt aliis; Regnique accessio tanti est  
Quod ventis velisque patet."

As a point of evidence, few can doubt that Selden skilfully proved his argument. As a point of common sense, the doctrine of a "close sea" seems now-a-days somewhat absurd, though in the seventeenth century it was a lively reality, sternly enforced, when need was, by shot and cutlass. In such an important matter the Dutch refused to be convinced by the evidence or the admissions of any number of witnesses, however skilfully these might be set forward against them. The ill-feeling caused by enforcing the "privilege of the flag" was brought to a crisis by the *Navigation Act*, passed in England by the Parliament, shortly after the battle of Worcester, in which it was decreed that "no foreign ships should bring any goods to England excepting such as should be of the growth or manufacture of that country to which the said ships belonged, and that no foreign goods should be imported to England but what were laden at the places where they grew, or were manufactured, or at least at the nearest ports to such places, or those from whence they must necessarily be imported, or were usually bought at the first hand." This act, as it entirely shut the Dutch out from the English carrying trade, interfered with their material interests and rendered them eager for the war which shortly followed. There had been a feeling of jealousy between the countries for many years. The Commonwealth of England was as haughty in its foreign relations as any government that Europe has ever seen; and that of Holland was obstinate and ambitious. Between

the two, it was but natural that war should break out, and the nautical skill and courage of the people made the war a bitter one.

It is not my purpose here to follow out the changing incidents of that war. I say war, and not wars, because, although divided into distinct parts by several truces or treaties of but short duration, there was in reality but one, which lasted from its beginning in 1652 to 1674, when the English jealousy of the French alliance obliged the Government to grant the Dutch terms of peace, and to conclude a treaty which, hard as it bore on them, was faithfully observed, and continued as the bond of agreement between the two countries, till the Revolution of 1688 brought them still closer together. And in this treaty the "privilege of the flag," the principal cause of the war, formed a separate and important article, by which the Dutch agreed "to make their ships, whether single or in fleets, strike the flag and lower the topsail to those of England, whether single or in fleets, provided they carried the king's flag. And this respect was to be shown within the four seas which surround this island, extending from Cape Finisterre to the middle point of the land of Staten, in Norway."

The triumph of England had been hardly won. In no war in which the country has ever been engaged, was such a severe and continuous strain put on its naval resources, and never has it met at sea such an obstinate and unyielding determination. A Dutch fleet triumphant in the Channel, with a broom at the masthead, emblem of the way it was sweeping the English from the seas;—a Dutch fleet burning and destroying English ships in an English port;—a Dutch fleet, sometimes victorious, often defeated, but always offering the boldest opposition to the English admirals, these were the spectacles which Holland exhibited to the eyes of Europe for nearly a quarter of a century. Superior resources eventually prevailed; and in all the truces Holland sued for the conditions, and England granted them; but in each case exhaustion alone seems to have been the pacificator, and in each case a short lull, as it were a breathing-time, was broken in on by a still wilder and fiercer storm. Between enemies so equally matched in courage and skill, wealth and numbers must eventually conquer; but to have held their own so long, to have played a losing game so boldly, was as glorious for the Dutch, as the ultimate victory was for the English.

Whilst these two powerful navies were contending for the mastery of the seas, France, under the splendid financial administration of Colbert, was gradually rising to be a maritime power of the first class. It was not perhaps till the accession of William III. that it was discovered how strong she had become, a discovery the English people were slow to believe in, till in 1690 they found the French, with an overpowering force, cruising in the Channel. Even the Government in London was as incredulous as the body of the nation, and by

issuing to the Earl of Torrington, the commander-in-chief of the allied fleet, orders to engage the French whenever he met them, brought about the unfortunate battle off Beachy Head on the 30th of June. That in this action, the French, with more than eighty ships, were unable to inflict a decisive blow on the allies, who did not muster more than fifty, may stand as evidence that though they had the ships, they had not the skill necessary for conducting them to victory; and the cloud, however slight, that rested that day on our naval prestige, was gloriously lifted two years later, when on the 18th and following days of May, 1692, Admiral Russell completely crushed the French fleet—almost annihilated the French navy—off Capes Barfleur and La Hogue. It was nearly a hundred years from those terrible days before the French again appeared in the Channel in any force.

In August, 1779, with a view probably to cripple our resources, and prevent our sending relief to Gibraltar, the fleets of France and Spain, amounting together to sixty-six sail of the line, under the command of Count d'Orvilliers, came into English waters. They advanced as far as Plymouth; but without attempting to land, they retired to the neighbourhood of the Scilly Isles, off which they cruised for several days. Sir Charles Hardy, then commanding the Channel fleet, went to the westward to look for them, and for two or three days was so close to them that a thick fog alone prevented an action. This fog luckily lasted till Sir Charles, having learnt the numbers of the allied fleet, withdrew to Spithead, believing that he could there, in the narrower sea, act more efficiently on the defensive, to which his numerical inferiority reduced him. Whatever was the object of the allies in coming into the Channel, they seemed in no way eager to carry it out. On the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, now thoroughly aroused, they could find no point eligible for a landing, and after Sir Charles's retreat to Spithead, they never came beyond the Lizard. And sickness was mean time destroying their forces. An epidemic broke out amongst them, and raged with such violence, that several ships were practically disabled; so that, after a cruise of three weeks or a month, they were compelled to return to Brest, where their sick filled the town; the churches and convents of the neighbourhood were turned into hospitals, and it was some time before the Spanish ships were in a condition to sail for Cadiz. Formidable as the invasion had been, the enemy had never been masters of the Channel, had never passed the Start, nor attempted anything beyond a useless demonstration.

It must, however, be admitted that the naval power of England, though great, was at that time barely sufficient for the enormous amount of work it was called on to perform. War at the same time with France, Spain, and the American colonies, taxed its energies to

the very utmost; and although our fleets nowhere experienced any disaster, they were constantly, and in various quarters of the world, obliged to stand on the defensive, or unable to pursue an advantage. Opposed at home by D'Orvilliers, Langara, Cordova, and the notorious corsair Paul Jones; in America by d'Estaing, De Guichen or De Grasse; and in the East by Suffren, one of the most brilliant and dangerous of the naval heroes which the French navy has produced,—our admirals, with forces almost everywhere inferior in both numbers and equipment, were yet, by zealous and skilful service, able to hold their own against their antagonists; whilst Howe, by the relief of Gibraltar, and Rodney by the decisive victory of S. Domingo, raised the fortunes of the country from the low ebb to which the American troubles had reduced them.

The invasion of the Channel by D'Orvilliers was the last. It is not my purpose here to write of the many noble deeds performed on both sides in later or in preceding wars. I have merely wished to point out, what is possibly new to many of my readers, that our claim to the sovereignty of the sea was not originated by any real or fancied naval superiority, but simply by the geographical accident that placed seas so large, and yet so bounded, round our coasts. I have wished to show that, in former days, there was no more vanity or pride in calling our kings sovereigns of the sea, than there was in calling them sovereigns of Sussex or of Kent; that the entrance of a hostile fleet into the narrow seas was an invasion of English territory as much as when the Scotch ravaged Northumberland, or when the Spaniards landed on the coast of Ireland. I have wished to show that, in this spirit alone, did Britannia claim to rule the waves; and that, as a matter of fact and history, she held that province throughout with a grasp which the rest of Europe vainly attempted to loosen;—until, in the height of her glory, more than half a century ago, she voluntarily resigned it, in order that it might be made the grand highway of European commerce and civilisation.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.<sup>1</sup>

HE who succeeds in persuading himself that he has found out the secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets—always supposing the existence of a secret—may fold his arms, and consider his mundane work done. For him there are no more worlds to conquer. Such is Mr. Gerald Massey's happy situation. He is perfectly satisfied that he has found out the secret. He goes further: he is perfectly satisfied that nobody else ever had an inkling of the mystery; that, in short, the Sonnets were "never interpreted before." Nothing short of so thorough a conviction could have enabled him to build up a monument of six hundred weighty pages to a problem, upon which the ingenuity of a legion of speculators has been already expended in vain.

All readers who have dipped into the lumber of annotation under which Shakespeare has been buried, are aware that this question of the Sonnets is old ground; and it would be sheer waste of time to recapitulate the theories which have been advanced by Schlegel, Coleridge, Hallam, Farmer, Drake, Brown, Gervinus, and a dozen others, down to the latest strains of the rack by Philarète Chasles, who traced both the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke in the Inscription, and Herr Bernstorff, who discovered in Mr. W. H. no less a personage than Mr. William Himself. We have here to do only with Mr. Massey's theory, which claims the right of standing alone. In his introduction Mr. Massey puts all previous interpretations bodily out of court, and proceeds forthwith to develop his own.

Divesting his scheme of clouds of extraneous details, and fantastical speculations, its main features may be briefly stated. Mr. Massey arbitrarily divides the Sonnets into two series, one of which he supposes to have been written for the Earl of Southampton, and the other for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Having grouped the Sonnets to suit this division of subjects, he next subdivides each series into two classes, one of which he calls Personal, to signify Sonnets written by Shakespeare in his own person, and the other Dramatic, a term not very felicitously chosen to distinguish the Sonnets which he supposes Shakespeare to have written in the persons of other people. It will be seen that, in order to support these conclusions, Mr. Massey revolutionises the order of the poems, and presents them in a new distribution; while he still further begs the question of interpretation by affixing titles to them, such as "Southampton in Love," "Elizabeth Vernon's Soliloquy," with a view to forestall the judg-

(1) SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS NEVER BEFORE INTERPRETED: HIS PRIVATE FRIENDS IDENTIFIED: together with a recovered likeness of himself. By GERALD MASSEY. Longman and Co., 1866.

ment of the reader. The critic would be justified in stopping the inquiry at this point, on the ground that there is no case to go to the jury. The Sonnets as exhibited to us by Mr. Massey are clearly not the Sonnets as they were printed in Shakespeare's lifetime, with, we are quite warranted in assuming, the knowledge and sanction of the poet. It is a manifest perversion of the evidence to break up the order of the poems into fresh combinations, and then to argue upon the imaginary results thus obtained. By a similar process, any theory, however absurd, might be made to acquire a certain illusory colouring of probability; and Mr. Massey's results are not so feasible as to compensate for the violent means by which he arrives at them. If we are to have interpretations of the Sonnets, let them at least be founded upon the Sonnets as they have come down to us. But granting Mr. Massey free range and licence to shuffle the Sonnets as he pleases, let us see what is the story he extracts from them.

The first group relates to Southampton. Shakespeare is here supposed to have become acquainted with the young earl immediately after he came to London. Southampton was then eighteen years of age, and Shakespeare twenty-seven. The Sonnets addressed in the first instance to the earl begin by advising him to marry. The great object Shakespeare, it seems, had in view was to get his young friend married, and Mr. Massey is of opinion that the Sonnets were commenced solely for that purpose. The earl is speedily in a way to gratify the poet's wishes: he falls in love with Lady Elizabeth Vernon. The Sonnets now run in different channels. The poet is taken into the confidence of the lovers, and writes "dramatic" sonnets for them, to represent the shifting phases of their courtship. Sometimes it is the earl pouring out his passion to the lady; sometimes it is the lady, who has become jealous of her cousin, Lady Rich; occasionally it is Shakespeare himself on various topics, including ruminations upon his own death; and finally, after many sentimental evolutions, comes the marriage, crowned by a sonnet, written for the occasion. All these circumstances are supposed to be traced consecutively in the group as selected and disposed by Mr. Massey. Admitting the arrangement to be justifiable, and that the sequence here adopted represents the exact order of time in which the Sonnets were written, the evidence of the intention of the poet is purely internal. There is not a particle of external evidence extant to show that Shakespeare was ever acquainted with Lady Elizabeth Vernon; that she ever confided to him her love affairs, her jealousies, or her flirtations; that she ever engaged him to put her emotions into verse; or that Lord Southampton ever made use of him for like purposes. It is essential, therefore, to the reception of Mr. Massey's interpretation that it should be fairly borne out by the text, there being no other evidence in support of it; and that the meaning which he



believes he has found in the poems should be tolerably clear to the reader when it is pointed out to him. But even with the aid of Mr. Massey's luminous glosses, readers of ordinary discernment will utterly fail to detect a trace of the circumstantial history Mr. Massey sees so plainly mapped out in his groups. It is not possible, within any reasonable compass, to produce adequate proofs of this. It would require as big a book as that before us to follow Mr. Massey through his details, and unravel his fine threads of speculation. But a single example will show upon what slender grounds he sometimes assumes his facts. The marriage of Southampton, which crowned the object for which the Sonnets are alleged to have been written, and which brought the Southampton group to a close, is the most marked and distinctive incident in the whole. Mr. Massey tells us that Shakespeare wrote a particular sonnet "in celebration of the happy event." Here, at least, where the poet is commemorating the accomplishment of his friend's felicity and the termination of his own vicarious poetical labours, we have a right to expect that the evidence should be reasonably plain and explicit. This supposed nuptial sonnet is that numbered 116 in the original series, which begins—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments."

Mr. Massey could hardly have been more unfortunate had he picked out as an epithalamium one of the Sonnets on Death. The witness he has called into court answers in an opposite direction. There is absolutely nothing relating to marriage, or remotely suggestive of marriage, in the sonnet from beginning to end, except the word "marriage" in the first line, and there it is used in a figurative sense. Had Shakespeare intended to celebrate a marriage in these verses, especially a marriage which he is supposed to have been singing in advance for six or seven years, he surely would not have taken such pains to conceal his purpose.

Similar instances abound. The want of agreement between the text and the explanation is felt in almost every page where the text is quoted. We are everywhere conscious of being subjected to a critical pressure against which our judgment rebels. The screw that is put upon the poems to make them fit the theory constantly jars upon us. Other modes of getting up evidence, so to speak, are equally open to objection. Thus, for the purpose of proving that a close friendship existed between Southampton and Shakespeare, Mr. Massey quotes the famous Southampton letter, the authenticity of which lies under an ugly suspicion that need not be further characterised here. In such a case he was bound to furnish some reasons for assuming the document to be genuine; but he furnishes none. He tells us, indeed, that he "feels it to be genuine," and

that it "has a touch of nature, a familiarity in the tone, beyond the dream or the daring of a forger." But I submit that the authenticity of a document, especially when it comes to be used in evidence, is not a matter of feeling, but of proof; that it is not safe to set limits to the imagination or the audacity of a forger; and that it is not consistent with experience to suppose that forgers cannot be as natural and familiar as other people. Again, as to Southampton's gift of £1,000 to Shakespeare. Mr. Massey thinks that help, including money, may have been given "when the poet most needed help, to hearten him in his life-struggle." This is a view of the earl's patronage which is no doubt very honourable to the patron; but if we admit the tradition at all, we are bound to take it as we find it. We must not modify or square it to our own notions. The story comes down to us from Rowe, who had no great faith in it himself, and who had it from somebody who was supposed to have had it indirectly from Sir William Davenant. It runs to the effect that Southampton gave Shakespeare £1,000, not "to hearten him in his life-struggle," but "to enable him to go through with a purchase he had a mind to;" so that, if it ever took place, it was not in the days of want, but in the golden time of profitable investments, in which, for all we know to the contrary, Southampton himself might have had a beneficial interest.

Smaller artifices pervade the manipulation of the poems. Resemblances are found in passages between which none exist, or at best only such fitting and superficial coincidences as are incidental to verse of all forms and periods. The inferences drawn from premises so vague are valueless. Sometimes passages are taken from the plays and contrasted with other passages taken from the Sonnets, and by affixing arbitrary dates to both, certain conclusions are arrived at which Mr. Massey sets down as facts. But facts got at in this way have no more solidity than card houses. They tumble down at a breath. The chronology of the plays and Sonnets is pure conjecture, and, in most cases, conjecture groping in the dark. The dates ascribed to the Sonnets are governed exclusively by the convenience of the argument, or what Mr. Massey would probably call the internal evidence, which, in a matter where there is nothing to be proved but a scheme of imaginary circumstances, is really no evidence at all. And where this internal evidence does not fit the occasion, it is made to fit by a subtle and complex interpretation. Thus, sonnet 138, in which the writer avows himself to be old, is made to supply proof that he is young, by being relegated to a period when "a new element" had entered into the Sonnets, and they had "become playful and ironic." This was one of the two sonnets which were published surreptitiously by Jaggard in 1599; "therefore," says Mr. Massey, "it must have been written

when William Herbert was in his nineteenth or twentieth year;" that is, it must have been written in 1598 or 1599, William Herbert having been born in 1580. But why must it have been written in 1598 or 1599? We are the more justified in asking satisfaction on this point, seeing that the other sonnet, 144, published by Jaggard, which comes before Mr. Massey under precisely the same conditions, is assumed to have been written about, or immediately after, 1595. The amount of diligence and ingenuity bestowed upon the working out of these results is prodigious; and no one who examines the book attentively can fail to perceive that Mr. Massey is thoroughly in earnest, and that he implicitly believes in the integrity of the processes by which he shapes his means to his end. All that can be said upon that head is to deplore that his labour has not been more judiciously laid out.

The popular notion that Southampton and Shakespeare were intimate friends is drawn from the dedications of the "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece." There is really no other evidence to show that they were even known to each other; and it is necessary, for the sake of accuracy, to recall the reader's attention to the fact that "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593, and dedicated to the earl, who at that time had not completed his twentieth year. There is nothing in it to warrant the supposition that they were then personally acquainted, or that the poet had been specially noticed by his lordship. The dedication to "Lucrece," in 1594, is in a different vein. It indicates personal knowledge, and we gather from it that in the interval Southampton had bestowed some favours on Shakespeare. Five years afterwards, in 1599, we learn from Rowland White's letter to Sidney, that Southampton seldom went to court, and spent his time chiefly at the playhouse; but that was after his marriage, and at a time when his share in the Sonnets, according to Mr. Massey's interpretation, was at an end. Throughout his whole life he was very little at large in London, so that the opportunities of cultivating such a friendship were few and brief. Mr. Massey has examined the whole subject in two exhaustive chapters—one devoted to a life of Southampton, and the other to the "personal friendship" of poet and patron; and the fact that he has not added a single authentic item to the scanty particulars previously known, shows that if the close intimacy which he has assumed really existed, the proofs of it are yet to be discovered.

But what are the favours his lordship conferred upon Shakespeare? Rowe's story is astounding. That Lord Southampton, who is said to have been a "liberal encourager of poets," although we have very little evidence of the fact, may have conferred upon Shakespeare some marks of his "protection," according to the wont of patrons, is not

improbable; but that he bestowed upon him at one time, or in a series of benefactions, a sum equal to £5,000 of our present money, is a legend of munificence which may be dismissed to the social statistics of that happy time when houses were thatched with pancakes and streets were paved with gold.

Upon the whole, I suspect that Lord Southampton is under heavier obligations to Shakespeare than Shakespeare was to Lord Southampton. Were it not for Shakespeare, in all likelihood, we should never have heard of his lordship. His fame rests mainly, perhaps exclusively, on his accidental relations to the poet; nor is there much in his life, except its waywardness and strange vicissitudes, to impart any interest to his biography. He seems to have been of a rash and impetuous temperament, and utterly deficient in judgment. His career was a violent coil of disasters and delinquencies. He was perpetually getting into quarrels; and spent half his life in prison, or under the displeasure of his superiors. His courage was unquestionable, but it was sometimes displayed so unjustifiably as to bring down the censure of the service in which he was engaged. His ebullitions of passion amounted to a kind of frenzy. After having violated the etiquette of the Presence Chamber, he struck the officer in waiting who remonstrated with him in the discharge of his duty. He had personal quarrels with the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Grey, and Lord Montgomery, which in two instances led to open outrage. He was tried with Essex for high treason, found guilty, and condemned to death; but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the tower where he was kept, till, with other State prisoners, he was liberated by the death of Elizabeth. Several writers extolled him as a patron of letters. Florio received his bounty. Minsheu was his pensioner. Chapman lauded him as "the choice of all our country's spirits." Beaumont wrote an elegy on his death. But the panegyrics of an age of venal flattery, when the tumid language of dedications and epitaphs had almost taken an established form, are not the safest guides to historical characters. The wild and turbulent life of Southampton is unfavourable to the supposition that he ever extended any steady or substantial support to men of genius; and that he had the power to do so is rendered doubtful by the fact that he left his widow and children in very distressed circumstances.

The hero of the second batch of sonnets is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. That Herbert bestowed some patronal kindness on Shakespeare may be gathered from the dedication of Heminge and Condell; and that is all that is known concerning their intercourse. Mr. Massey fills in the meagre suggestion with ample inferences from the Sonnets. Herbert came to London in 1598. He was then in his eighteenth year; Shakespeare was thirty-four, an age at which Mr. Massey says he was "getting past his sonnetearing time." South-

ampton was out of England, and, as he was married about this period, his poetical connection with Shakespeare had ceased. Herbert, consequently, had the field to himself, and he soon found occasion to employ Shakespeare's pen in precisely the same way as it had previously been employed by Southampton. He, too, fell in love, and, of all people in the world, with the very lady who had just before disturbed the repose of Southampton, and awakened the jealousy of Elizabeth Vernon—the beautiful and notorious Lady Rich. This discovery, however it may have dawned upon Mr. Massey through the Sonnets, comes upon the reader with a startling effect. Lady Rich, the sister of Essex, the Stella of Sidney, and the mistress of Mountjoy, was seventeen years older than Herbert; she had been married to Lord Rich about eighteen years when she is supposed to have enthralled Herbert; and at that time, or very soon afterwards, her *liaison* with Mountjoy, of which there had been broad symptoms three years before, was a matter of public scandal. There is no reason why a woman like Lady Rich might not throw a boy of eighteen into a state of delirium; but remembering the notoriety of her character and position, and especially the part she is presumed to have played in the previous batch of sonnets, it is rather too much to ask us to believe that, under such circumstances, Shakespeare would have lent himself to Herbert, as he had lent himself to Southampton before, to commemorate an infatuation so utterly discreditable to all persons concerned. Yet this is the theory of the second series of Sonnets, as they are here interpreted. Herbert, in short, becomes Southampton's successor as a "begetter" of sonnets in the brain of Shakespeare, and adds to the collection a few of his own, Mr. Massey being clearly satisfied, "for various reasons," that at least four of the sonnets published as Shakespeare's in Shakespeare's lifetime, with Shakespeare's knowledge, were written by Herbert himself. Having thus got up a fresh set of equivocal love-verses on his own account, Herbert conceived the idea of publishing the whole, including the Southampton series. To carry out this design—which showed a lofty indifference, if not to public opinion, at all events to private feeling, considering that all the persons implicated in the business were still living—it was necessary to obtain the assent of Southampton; but there was no difficulty in that quarter, for Southampton, as we may easily imagine, was not likely to be scrupulous on such a point. Nothing now remained except the sanction of Shakespeare, who acquiesced at once; "for," says Mr. Massey, "if Southampton did not object, it was not for Shakespeare to resist. The Sonnets were accordingly handed over to Thorpe, the bookseller, and committed to the press. This brings us to the much-vexed dedication. Mr. Massey adopts the solution, frequently discussed before, that "Mr. W. H." was William Herbert, an assumption which is disposed

of by the awkward fact that Herbert had succeeded to the title of Earl of Pembroke nine years before the dedication appeared. Facts, however, are not considered "stubborn things" in such cases, and Mr. Massey gets rid of this little obstruction by suggesting that the inscription was left to Thorpe, "with the injunction that the present title of Pembroke should be suppressed, and initials 'alone uscd.'" As the title was to be accounted for by some means, this frank mode of cutting the knot was, no doubt, as good as any other.

Whatever may be the ultimate reception of Mr. Massey's interpretation of the Sonnets, nobody can deny that it is the most elaborate and circumstantial that has been yet attempted. Mr. Armitage Brown's essay, close, subtle and ingenious as it is, recedes into utter insignificance before the bolder outlines, the richer colouring, and the more daring flights of Mr. Massey. What was dim and shapeless before, here grows distinct and tangible; broken gleams of light here become massed, and pour upon us in a flood; mere speculation, timid and uncertain hitherto, here becomes loud and confident, and assumes the air of ascertained history. A conflict of hypotheses had been raised by previous annotators respecting the facts and persons supposed to be referred to in the Sonnets, and the names of Southampton, Herbert, and Elizabeth Vernon flitted hazily through the discussion. It has been reserved for Mr. Massey to build up a complete narrative out of materials which furnished others with nothing more than bald hints, and bits and scraps of suggestions. Unfortunately the tree that has been reared with so much care does not bear edible fruit. All readers who approach the inquiry from a logical point of view must reject Mr. Massey's conclusions. His theory is unsatisfactory, partly because it reflects discredit upon Shakespeare, which most people will be unwilling to accept without better warrant, but mainly because the kind of reasoning by which it is made out will not bear the test of examination. The very fulness and minuteness of the details tell against the probability of the whole story; for whatever general inferences might be reasonably drawn from the Sonnets, there is nothing more unlikely than that they should yield so considerable a crop of particulars.

The worst of it is, dropping Mr. Massey's book altogether, that these interpretations of Shakespeare help materially to spoil our enjoyment of him. They spread like a nightmare over the imagination, and we must absolutely banish them from our thoughts before we can go back to the poems with an unencumbered sense of pleasure. But when we have banished them, and find ourselves able to read the Sonnets again at our ease, it is like getting away into the tranquilising repose and pure air of the country from the smoke and uproar of the town.

ROBERT BELL.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WITH the last fortnight ended the active political controversy of the Session. After the re-election of the new Ministers, Parliament re-assembled on the 16th ult.; and the first question which occupied it was naturally a discussion on the merits of that weapon which has had so large a share in altering the balance of power in Europe within the space of a fortnight. As usual, we are behindhand in our military improvements; and not even our troops in India are provided with breechloaders, although the difficulty of recruiting our army there is immense, and the possession of such a weapon makes one man as effective as five armed in the ordinary manner. Simultaneously with the discussion in the House of Commons, an interesting trial of all the new inventions for breechloading rifles has been going on at Wimbledon; and although it is extremely difficult to say which will be found the most to combine effectiveness with simplicity, the fact appears now to be acknowledged by all that the most imperfect breechloader is superior for military purposes to any muzzleloader that has ever been invented. The repeating cannon, which showers volleys of bullets instead of a single ball, somewhat on the principle of the Shrapnell shell, a deadly instrument, which if it ever becomes manageable may play a most important part in future warfare, was also exhibited at Wimbledon. The result of the Prussian successes with the needle-gun has been that our new Government has hastened to arm our troops with breechloaders, and for this purpose a supplementary estimate of half a million has been granted by the House of Commons, which will prevent that part of Mr. Gladstone's Budget being carried out which proposed to reduce the National Debt by the creation of terminable annuities. Mr. Gladstone, while assenting to this course, has however announced that he will not abandon his efforts to reduce the National Debt the next session, and that, if the new Government omit doing so, he will himself bring forward a scheme for that object. On Thursday, the 19th, the first of the new Ministers had the opportunity of representing his department before the House, and Lord Cranborne made the yearly statement on the Indian Budget with considerable success. The subject was perfectly new to him, and he had had a very short time for preparation, but he exhibited a mastery of details and an intelligence and breadth of view which elicited compliments from all the speakers who followed him, and who were nearly all on the Opposition side of the House. The speech was extremely satisfactory on account of the sound principles it enunciated, and the decision of character of the noble lord is a guarantee that he will not be overruled by subordinates. "To keep peace and push on public works," he said, "is the policy of the India Office. If India can increase the enormous means of production at her command; if she can draw forth the inexhaustible elements of wealth which lie in the richness of her soil and in the teeming millions of her population; if she can impress upon neighbouring powers, whether outside her boundary or included within her own dominions, that her rulers have abandoned for ever that policy of annexation and of territorial aggrandisement which formerly spread distrust and caused disturbances around her; if she can diffuse among all the populations under her charge the

blessings of English civilisation and government, and impart to them a culture which will enable them to appreciate those blessings and render them perpetual; if all these things can be done, this period of peace and apparent stagnation will be turned to the best possible use it can be put to." Much, however, remains to be done to carry out these noble sentiments; and there is plenty of work to occupy the energies of a young statesman, who has had the good fortune to accede to a most important office in the very prime of life.

On the next night (Friday) Lord Stanley, perhaps the most important member of the Ministry, having regard to his social position, age, acquirements, and the trust generally reposed in him, had to make his first official statement on the foreign policy of the new Ministry. It was in answer to questions put by Mr. Laing and Mr. Horsman, which were followed by characteristic speeches from Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Gladstone—the former stating all that could be said by the reactionists, and the latter enthusiastically expressing the general feelings of the country with regard to the union and future prosperity and grandeur of Italy. Lord Stanley spoke clearly and decisively with regard to the future policy of the Government, disclaiming all intention on the part of the Government to give advice uncalled for, or to take part in entangling mediation. "There is no danger," he said, "as far as human foresight can go, of continental complications involving this country in war. If we don't intend to take an active part in the quarrel, we ought to be exceedingly cautious how we use menacing language or hold out illusory hopes. If our advice is solicited, or if there is any likelihood that that advice will be of practical use, I don't think we ought to hesitate to give the best advice in our power; but while giving it under a deep sense of moral responsibility, as being in our judgment the best, we ought carefully to avoid involving ourselves or the country in any responsibility for the results of following that advice in a matter where no English interest is concerned. I don't think we ought to put ourselves in such a position that any Power could say to us, 'We have acted upon your advice, and we have suffered for it. You have brought us into this difficulty, and therefore you are bound to get us out of it.'" The same views of qualified non-intervention were expressed also in the election speeches of Lord Stanley at Lynn and Mr. Disraeli at Aylesbury, and also by Lord Derby in the House of Lords. All sides also have spoken in favour of a united Italy and a united Germany, as not likely to disturb the European equilibrium, as steps towards a natural division of Europe into political communities, and additional safeguards to European peace. There was a totally different feeling evident in the House of Commons upon the occasion of the former foreign debate. Then Prussia was looked upon simply as an aggressor, and Austria was considered rather sinned against than sinning. The unscrupulous policy of Bismarck was against the English idea of right, and Englishmen who are little informed on foreign affairs had not had sufficiently brought before them the great injury which Germany was suffering from her divided condition and the insurmountable obstacles which Austria offered to her union and development. The victories of Prussia have opened the eyes of all to the immense progress made by Northern Germany in intelligence and wealth, and to the decrepitude of Austria, and the slight hold she has on the affections of the German people.

We have noticed at some length the *début* of two young cabinet ministers



of the new Government, because they are both men whose future conduct and opinions may be of great importance to the country. It is upon its younger members that Lord Derby's Government principally depends for its strength. If all its members were like Lord Stanley, Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and Mr. Hardy, its future might be long. To turn, however, to another minister, who has been playing a conspicuous figure this week, we cannot award the same praise. The conduct of Mr. Walpole has not been successful in the matter of the Hyde Park riots. These riots have been disgraceful to the town, and to the Government which determined on a course which they most inefficiently carried out. Nothing can be more sacred than the right of Englishmen to meet for the purpose of petitioning for a redress of grievances, or to discuss any political question. But there is a proper time and place for all things, and this right should not be exercised so as to endanger the public peace, or to interfere with the ordinary avocations of citizens. The law has wisely constituted the government of the day the authority to determine whether the parks should be used for religious and political meetings, or be kept for the recreation of the mass of the community. Mr. Beales and his friends, however, thought otherwise, and it was therefore necessary that they should go and demand admittance, and be refused. There was, as might have been expected, an immense meeting, composed partly of honest operatives who went for the purpose of attending the political meeting and vindicating what they were told was their right to meet in the Park, partly of an immense multitude of *prolétaires* from all parts of the town, who had no political objects, and only came in expectation of a row. The earnest section of the working classes, who composed the Reform League, and had a rational object in view, marched arm-in-arm in procession, and were quiet and orderly. When Mr. Beales was refused admittance into the Park at the Marble Arch, he headed the procession down to Trafalgar Square, which had formerly been indicated by Sir George Grey as an unobjectionable place to hold a Reform meeting. The members of the League followed him; the meeting was peaceably and regularly held, and the crowd dispersed early in the evening. Not so, however, the immense collection of roughs which had remained round Hyde Park. These tore up the railings in various parts along Park Lane and the Bayswater Road—a feat which had not been performed since the riots in Queen Caroline's time—and did some damage to the trees and flowers. All this riot, we maintain, was owing to the injudicious arrangements of the Government. They were fully aware of the immense congregation of roughs that would accompany the Reform demonstration, and ought to have been prepared to meet them, and protect every foot of Hyde Park, even if for that purpose it had been necessary to call out every householder in the town to assist them. The Government had only prepared a body of police insufficient to protect more than the gates of the Park, and a company of the Foot Guards and a troop of the Life Guards in the middle of the Park. There could not have been a more ludicrous preparation, or one that was surer to give greater advantages to the attacking party. The soldiers were in a false position, and powerless for good, and the police had to look quietly on while public and private property was damaged. Nothing saved disastrous consequences but the fact that the authorities had not any real political party to deal with, but only those half-employed floating

masses of population which must be considerable in a city of three millions of inhabitants. The leaders of the Reform movement have endeavoured throughout to prevent all violence; and although the policy may be questionable of wishing, as Mr. Layard did, for a demonstration of the masses in Hyde Park, to prove by ocular demonstration to the aristocrats of the West End that the working-classes really desired the franchise, yet Mr. Beales and his friends have condoned a good deal by their subsequent moderation in dissuading their friends from meeting till the question of right has been tried. Mr. Walpole showed a weakness which, under some circumstances, might have led to disastrous results; and the discussion in the House of Commons clearly shows that some vast open space must be set aside as a recognised place for open-air political meetings when public opinion becomes excited. All the open spaces, such as Kennington Common, have now been enclosed, and the legislature will be wise to set apart a place where public meetings shall be held, and not leave permission to assemble to the discretion of the Home Secretary for the time being, who may have a fearful responsibility thrust upon him in times of difficulty. It is clearly English law that the military are not kept up to keep the people in order, and that their employment for coercive purposes is unjustifiable, except in cases of extreme necessity; and nothing could have been more unwise than to bring a small body of them into the Park before any disturbances had commenced. If the Government at any time feels its authority in want of support, its constitutional course is to call on the general body of the citizens to support their own decisions made through the legislature; and such, although tardy, was the course which Lord Derby at length announced that he should pursue in case of need. We trust, however, that such an extremity will not arise, and that the admission of intelligent artisans to the suffrage, and the passage of a Reform Bill, may be safely entrusted to the reason and good sense of the community without any demonstrations partaking of the character of physical force.

If our children were to ask what has really been the chief cause of the great war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, we should have to answer (always supposing that by that time we had not forgotten it ourselves), "The principal reason was that the Germans wished, in order to become united, to free two or three hundred thousand Schleswig-Holsteiners from the rule of Denmark and incorporate them with Germany." And if these same inquisitive children went on to ask what was the chief condition of peace, we should have to reply, "The chief condition of peace was, that in order to bring about the unity of Germany, eight millions of Austrian Germans should be driven out of Germany." Now we have, nearly all of us, the highest opinion of the sense and intelligence of our children, but that such an inconsistency should be at once understood by them without further explanation, will not be believed even by the most infatuated paternal mind. It seems, indeed, too monstrous that a great and bloody war, which was begun for the purpose of driving a handful of Germano-Danish subjects into the German Bund, should end by the expulsion from that bund of eight millions of Germano-Austrian citizens, and the demolition of the old bund—all for the sake of German unity, and accompanied by the applause of the greater half of Germany and its well-wishers.

Absurd as the whole affair seems, it is to be accounted for by some sound

political reasons, which we will endeavour to point out and not the fault, of Austria that she consists of nationalities, some of which are at feud with each other—Slovenes, the Czechs and the Germans—nationalities which are inferior to the Germans in culture and industry. The House of Austria on several occasions attempted to obtain admission, together with the other races, into the German Bund, ostensibly in order to be admitted for the purpose of increasing still further the already existing influence of Austria in the Federal Council. This plan found the opposition of the North German Governments, and, of course, could not possibly consent that Frankfort should become a confusion of tongues, like the tower of Babel. Austria, however, the more she became convinced of the impracticability of her plan, the more decided were her efforts to inflame the smaller states against each other, so as to prevent the accomplishment of her point, which must naturally fall towards Berlin. Austria, with her various nationalities, was thus a constant obstacle to the aspiration of the German states. As she could not possibly become a German state, the Magyars and Slavonians even complained that she looked towards Germany and cultivating the roots of her power in the provinces of the monarchy, nothing remained to her but an Austrian, and therefore non-German, policy. This was the fault, so much as the misfortune, of Austria; we will not blame the House of Hapsburg for having thus acted, nor attempt to propose an honest and frankly liberal policy she might have given to the Galicians, Magyars, Slovenes, and Czechs alike; but many had a good right to decide for herself whether she should remain a permanent disintegration, because it was Austria's composition of heterogeneous races. Prussia, too, in her condominium with Austria at Frankfort was a far more liberal than even the condominium which had been called the German Confederation by the Gastein Convention. When, therefore, now seems to be approaching its close, all politicians in the German state of affairs were convinced that the question whether Holstein was to become a possession of Prussia or of Austria, and whether Hesse-Cassel was to be fused with Brandenburg or the whole of Germany, but, above all, which was to be the dominant power—Austria or Prussia. Count Bismarck had latterly declared that Prussia could never fulfil her mission in Germany unless she were not entirely expelled from the Bund. He has been ever since striving to attain this object, and has staked the success of his efforts. After the battle of Königgrätz the principal condition of peace—the exclusion of Austria from the Bund—presented itself as a matter of course. All that remained was the payment of a portion of the expenses of the war, an unimportant increase of territory which Prussia will not care for, and the condition stated above, of subordinate importance, which made the most dangerous rival of Prussia power.

German ground, for it alone—and there should be no delusion on this point—has reduced Austria to the rank of a second-class Power.

Our newspaper press, whose sympathies had been with Austria at the beginning of the war, chiefly from a feeling of right, and of indignation at the shameless manner in which the Prussian Government had come forward, first against Denmark, then against the Duchies, and finally against Austria, now console the latter Power by the reflection that it has a sphere of action in its own dominions sufficiently extensive to enable it to remain a first-class Power as before, and that it has practically lost nothing, as, with the exception of Venetia, which has never really been a source of power to her, and at the worst a slice of her Silesian frontier, her territory will not be diminished. Such consolation as this either shows great ignorance of the situation, or is a mere well-meaning phrase without any real significance. Those who will look earnestly and sensibly at the position can only arrive at the conclusion that Austria's power has received a blow from which her proverbial good-fortune will hardly enable her to recover. The policy of Austria has always, and under all circumstances, had two objects in view—the defence of her influence in Germany, and in the Italian peninsula. She has spared no sacrifice to preserve and extend this influence; for this purpose she has waged bloody wars, desolated her own provinces, concluded and abandoned alliances, ruined her finances beyond hope of redemption, fought against freedom both at home and in the whole of Europe, down to Sicily and Spain, united herself in intimate relations with ultramontanism, and made bitter enemies among the liberals of all countries. The Austrian was liked everywhere, far more than the North German, and especially than the Prussian; but the policy of his government was detested all over the world, and in his own country more than anywhere else. At length Austria has succumbed; a single battle has been her death-sentence. That for which she had painfully struggled for the last two centuries, by means of blood, intrigue, and priestcraft, has been destroyed,—she has, to all appearance, for ever lost her footing, both in Italy and at the same time in Germany, and the dynasties of Carignan and Hohenzollern, which the ancient house of Hapsburg has hitherto regarded with supreme contempt, are sharing its imperial purple between them.

What will happen next? We Englishmen are always ready with good advice, although we want it ourselves only too often, and we are accordingly recommending the humiliated Austrian Emperor, with all possible goodwill, to forget all that has happened, to leave the Prussians to their Germany and the Italians to their Venetia, and to turn all his attention in his own country to the reduction of the expenditure, and to the greatest possible extension of the liberties of the people and of free-trade, which if he will do, he will still be a very respectable Emperor and ally. In what manner the expenditure is to be reduced now that the treasury is empty, credit extinct, commerce crippled, and taxation carried to its utmost limit, we do not pretend to be able to say, and it is pretty certain that if Austria were to ask us for a loan to-morrow, we would, in spite of all our pity and good-will, carefully button up our pockets. As regards the liberties of the people we are equally at a loss to give any practical advice. Is a Reichsrath to be again convoked at Vienna? The Magyars and Czechs would be even less disposed to go

to it than before, now that they have lost the last particle of respect for the German elements of the empire. Or are separate parliaments to be held at Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Lemberg, perhaps, too, at Brünn, Gratz, Hermannstadt, and Agram, to complete the picture of the general confusion? The Hungarians clamour for free trade, which the German provinces fear; is the Emperor to declare himself the enemy of the Magyars or of the Germans, as he cannot at the same time please both? Wherever we look in Austria we find opposition of interests, division, want of activity and intelligence, a narrow patriotism without any spirit of self-sacrifice for the general good, and besides all this, a general discouragement, caused by the unfortunate results of the war, which trenches on despair, a want of self-confidence, and an inner consciousness that the fault of the defeat is to be charged not alone to Benedek or the want of the needle-gun, but to the wretched and senseless administration of the government at Vienna, and the superior intelligence of the enemy. A nation which gives itself up for lost must perish. From the day that the Emperor of Austria, without daring to make any further opposition (probably because he thought it impossible to do so), decreed his own withdrawal from Germany, his abdication of the position of a first-rate Power is complete.

If we now turn our attention to Prussia, we shall find an elevated tone of feeling on all sides, such as becomes a country which has proved its predominance in so forcible a manner to astonished Europe. In Prussia the first thought of every one is for her brilliant victories, and the fathers, brothers, and sons who, it is hoped, will soon return to their homes. People will not begin to criticise what has been achieved just yet, but when they do so much will appear deserving of condemnation and regret that is lost sight of in the moment of triumph. Above all, the Prussian people will have to accustom themselves to the thought of admiring freedom only at a distance. Individual concessions, at any rate on the question of the budget, will probably be made to them by the King and his Premier, but on the whole they will have to put up for a long time with the present arbitrary and unparliamentary *régime*. Kings that return home as victors from the field of battle are seldom sentimental admirers of popular freedom, and least of all is William I., who has always been of the opinion that the strength of Prussia is to be found, not in its intelligence, but in its army. The people will yield, as they have yielded hitherto, and they will do so the more willingly that the increase of their power, influence, and prestige will console them for other things which would have been denied them in any case. The Berlin Chamber will have little more to do than to vote the supplies asked for by the Ministry, and then it will have to give place to the universal German Parliament, of whose mode of meeting, sphere of action, influence, and power, no one can as yet form any correct idea. How far it will exercise its influence on Prussia and the governments of the other States, it is impossible to predict, and indeed all speculation in regard to the further development of the relations of the German States with each other must be useless so long as the terms of peace are not defined in detail, and accepted. If it should turn out that, as is reported, Prussia is only to obtain, besides the Elbe Duchies, slices of Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, just sufficient to establish the connection between her eastern and western provinces, while the Kings of

Hanover and Saxony, together with the other small fugitive sovereigns, will be permitted to return to their former capitals, Count Bismarck has only carried out half of his programme. If all went as he wished, Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse-Cassel would be at once incorporated with Prussia, and the consummation thus brought about which must come sooner or later. He is not troubled by any scruples of legitimate rights to the throne, and he would be quite ready to silence any opposition on the part of France or Russia, by giving up to the former power the Bavarian Palatinate with Saarlouis, and to the latter a piece of Galicia, in return for their compliance. But where what is called legitimacy is in question, he must evidently yield to the will of his royal master, and he does not find it nearly so easy to persuade him into taking violent measures as when he wishes to violate the constitutional rights of the people. King William treats with great tenderness his crowned colleagues; and on the whole it is more flattering to his pride to have royal vassals who are entirely dependent on his will at Dresden and Hanover, than to govern in those capitals himself and to incorporate them with his monarchy. His conscientious scruples may be deserving of respect, and his pride is intelligible; but, looking at the matter from an exclusively political point of view, it must be confessed that Bismarck's programme was the wiser one. When one has gone so far, it is a mistake to stop half-way. If Prussia is to be mistress of Germany, it is as well she should be so in name as well as in reality. Why replace old fictions with new? Although the diplomatic representation of the whole of northern Germany, as well as its army, is in future to be placed in the hands of Prussia, she will yet have to struggle against much active and passive opposition from the reluctantly obedient courts of the countries under her supremacy, which will be unpleasant, and in the end intolerable. It would therefore have been wiser to do now what must be done in any case before long.

In the other parts of Germany things have occurred just as a month ago we predicted they would. The Federal army took a long time to put itself in movement, and whenever it advanced it was beaten or forced speedily to retire. The Prussians pushed irresistibly towards and across the Maine, and if the armistice does not stop them, they will soon become masters of Stuttgart and Karlsruhe, as they are of Frankfort. Of all the towns that have been taken by the Prussian army, the latter has suffered the most. The Prussian generals have imposed upon it a contribution of no less than £2,500,000, to say nothing of the heavy demand for billets and shoes, waggons and horses. Even the generals of the first Napoleon did not behave with such severity; but Frankfort has always been a thorn in the side of the Prussian Government, from the times of the *Paul's Kirche* in 1848, when the Frankforters were lavish of their expressions of sympathy for Austria, to the present day, when the Frankfort bankers still do more business in Austrian *métalliques* than in the Prussian funds. It is on account of these sympathies, and because the Rothschilds prefer to lend money at high interest to Austria rather than to Prussia, that the Frankfort citizens are now to be reduced to beggary. We hope Prussia will not have recourse to extreme measures, but content herself with having given the town a fright which it will not soon forget.

At the time our last notice was written, the whole of the French nation was in a state of indescribable exultation at the supposed triumph which had been achieved by France through the cession of Venetia to the Emperor Napoleon, in whose hands the settlement of the quarrels which were devastating Europe now seemed to be placed. The joy that was felt by all classes of Frenchmen at an event so flattering to their vanity was considerably increased by the prospect which it opened of a speedy restoration of peace, and especially by the belief that it would curb the ambitious projects of Prussia. France, it was said, had gained a greater victory than any of the Powers who had made such heavy sacrifices of blood and treasure to carry on the war, without losing a man or a shilling. She had compelled, solely by the exertion of her moral influence, the Emperor of Austria to give up to the Italians a province which they had been unable to conquer, and to sue for her mediation between him and his enemies, and she was now about to stop the victorious career of Bismarck, and, by the mere force of her prestige, compel him to disgorge most of his conquests. And indeed it seemed that this brilliant dream, extravagant as it was, would soon be realised. An intimate understanding existed between France and Austria, and matters even went so far that it is credibly asserted a written agreement was entered into between the two Courts, one of the stipulations of which was that France should, in the event of Prussia refusing the terms of peace proposed by Austria, intervene by force of arms in favour of the latter Power; Austria was rapidly strengthening her northern army with reinforcements from Venetia, which, if they came up in time, might after a single victory utterly destroy the Prussian army; and Italy could of course do nothing in face of the opposition of France.

The commencement of the negotiations, however, soon dispelled these illusions. To the proposal of France for an armistice Prussia replied by accepting the French mediation "in principle," and Italy by stating that the treaty between her and Prussia made it necessary for her to shape her course in this matter by that of the Berlin Cabinet. It soon became evident that Prussia was determined not to cease fighting unless Austria was excluded from the Confederation, and that Italy, besides her obligations towards Prussia, which we believe to be much more stringent than is generally supposed, had certain claims of her own to the Italian Tyrol, and even Trieste, which she was by no means disposed to forego, merely for the purpose of pleasing her patronising neighbour. Austria, too, who had only given up Venetia to France in order to secure the friendship of the Emperor Napoleon and enable her to direct all her strength against Prussia, put forward terms which she must have known Bismarck would not accept. She declared she would agree to a reform of the Germanic Confederation, provided, however, that her interests as a first-rate Power in Germany should not be injured, and she even hinted pretty plainly that she would expect some compensation in Germany for the loss of Venetia. The truth is, that she desired nothing so little as a peace with Prussia, and that the Emperor Francis Joseph, together with Count Mensdorff, the Archduke Albert, and Prince Maurice Esterhazy, who now transact all the affairs of State between them to the exclusion of every other statesman, were eager to have another battle that might give them the chance of retrieving the honour of the Austrian arms. Meanwhile the Emperor Napoleon pressed the Prussian

Government for a definite reply to his proposal, and was at length informed by Count Goltz that Prussia could not consent to an armistice unless an understanding were arrived at in regard to the preliminaries of peace, on the basis of the entire exclusion of Austria from the new Germanic Confederations, with whom her relations should in future be on precisely the same footing as with other foreign Powers. At the same time Signor Nigra declared that Italy's consent to an armistice must depend, not only on that of Prussia, but also on that of the Italian nation. The time had now arrived for the "*médiation armée*," which France had promised to make in favour of Austria. We have good authority for stating that the Emperor Napoleon, furious at the opposition which he met with on every side, at first seriously contemplated bringing Prussia and Italy to reason by force of arms. General Frossard was despatched to the Prussian head-quarters with a threat of armed intervention on the part of France unless Prussia abated her demands; and Italy was treated in an even more unceremonious manner. Orders were issued for despatching a Commissioner to Venetia, who, aided by the French fleet from Toulon, and a detachment of French soldiers, was at once to take possession of the province in the name of France, and place French flags on the fortresses of the Quadrilateral. Before these orders could be carried out, however, it became apparent that their fulfilment would place France in a position of extreme danger.

The news of the cession of Venetia to France, which had so greatly flattered the vanity of the French people, produced the very opposite effect on that of Germany. Austria, in making this clever move, had, with characteristic backwardness, only calculated upon the action of governments, without in any way taking into account that of nations, and her manœuvre to secure the alliance of France by practically submitting to her arbitration all the questions at issue between her and Prussia, and especially that of the re-organisation of Germany, drew down upon her a unanimous cry of indignation from all parts of the Fatherland. The people of Southern Germany, who had until then shown strong leanings towards Austria, not from any love for her, but from dislike to Prussia, now turned away from a Power which had thus bartered the honour of Germany to secure her own safety; and in every town and village of the Confederation, from the north to the south, the conduct of Austria was loudly condemned, and the firm determination expressed to resist to the utmost any attempt at dictation on the part of France. Austria had, in fact, played into the hands of her enemy; and the national repulsion towards Bismarck and the theory of Divine right vanished before the prospect of a French intervention and the humiliation of Germany.

In Italy matters looked no less threatening. The sort of protectorate which since 1859 France has exercised over the Italian nation has naturally been very galling to Italian pride; and the proverbial dislike which is felt towards those to whom we are under an obligation, was intensified by the feeling that France had determined to exact the payment of the debt of gratitude Italy owed her, to the last penny. Under these circumstances the cession of Venetia, not to Italy, but to France, painfully reminded the Italians of the cession of Lombardy under similar circumstances after the last Italian war, which province was not transferred to Victor Emmanuel without the sacrifice of Italian territory. That France aspires to the possession of Liguria and the Mediterranean sea-board as far as Genoa, and perhaps also of Sardinia, is well



known, and it was only natural that a repetition of the cession of Lombardy should therefore awaken feelings of suspicion in the Italian people. Moreover Italy had suffered a defeat—not a decisive one, it is true, but still a defeat—on the soil of Venetia, and she was burning to wipe out the stain which had been inflicted on her arms. The Garibaldians, from whom so much had been expected, and who, for obvious reasons, are far more popular with the people than the regular army, had not had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, their endless skirmishes with the Austrians in the difficult passes of the Italian Tyrol having led on both sides to victories as petty and inglorious as their defeats; and the fleet under Admiral Persano, to whom every one believed the Austrian navy would fall an easy prey, had as yet been inactive. The Italians felt that they were being balked of the gratification of proving their military strength as a great European Power, and that they were again being placed by France in those leading-strings from which they hoped they had at length escaped, and to avoid which they had exhausted their resources in forming a large army and a formidable fleet. It is true that the disastrous defeat of Admiral Persano at Lissa, and the stubborn resistance of the Austrians in the Italian Tyrol, have failed to establish the belief in the military and naval superiority of the Italians; but they would in any case have far preferred to obtain Venetia through the successes of the Prussians than as a present from France, for which, moreover, she would doubtless require a substantial equivalent. All these reasons produced so strong an unwillingness among the Italian people to accept Venetia from France, that Victor Emmanuel, who doubtless fully sympathised with them in this matter, telegraphed to the French Emperor that he was unable to stem the popular current, and that his acceptance of the armistice on such conditions would be the signal of a revolution in Italy which would probably cost him his throne. At the same time Baron Ricasoli, whose opposition to French dictation has made him immensely popular among the Italians, by whom it is favourably contrasted with the, in their opinion, criminal pliancy of General La Marmora, openly declared he would resign if his king accepted the French proposals.

The Emperor Napoleon was now placed in a dilemma of an exceedingly unpleasant kind. On the one side were his engagement to assist Austria, his wish to diminish the growing power of Prussia, which threatened to become a formidable rival to France, the immense prestige which he would gain in Europe by arranging a peace according to his own views, and the humiliation which France would suffer by having to retire after having so far committed herself; on the other, the strongly-expressed opposition of both the German and the Italian nations to his proposals, the doctrine of nationalities which he had always upheld, and the disinclination of his people to enter on a war which would necessarily entail the heaviest sacrifices on the part of France. These considerations, however, probably weighed with him but little compared with the feeling that he might perhaps after all not come out victorious in the struggle. It was impossible not to see that Bismarck was becoming more than a match for Napoleon, and that the great potentate who a few months ago was the arbiter of Europe had been eclipsed by the astute and daring Prussian Minister. What followed is known to all the world. France accepted the Prussian proposal of excluding Austria from the Confederation, left the Italians to their own devices in Venetia, sustained a diplomatic defeat, in fact,

*sur toute la ligne.* Austria, being thus left more isolated than ever, had no alternative but to yield; and while France still keeps up the show of mediating between the belligerents, Bismarck is now practically master of the situation.

Whether the negotiations that are going on between Count Mensdorff and MM. Benedetti and Grammont at Vienna, and between Prince Napoleon and Baron Ricasoli at Ferrara, will lead to peace, is now the question. The fact of an eight days' armistice having been agreed to by the belligerent Powers is, in itself, no proof whatever of their pacific intentions. For Austria, it was above all things necessary to gain time, in order to restore the *morale* of her army, and concentrate all the troops at her disposal for the defence of Vienna. Prussia, too, besides wishing to keep on good terms with France, will find it an advantage, should the negotiations fail, to have given her troops the rest they so greatly need after their tremendous exertions; and Italy had no alternative but to accept the armistice when it had been agreed to by the other belligerents. At Vienna, the feeling in the highest quarters is decidedly warlike; the Emperor ardently desires to have another great battle with his enemy; but his people are dispirited, his treasury empty, and if he brings about the failure of the negotiations, it will be by another of those *coups de tête* which are characteristic of him, and in contradiction to the wishes of the great majority of the most influential inhabitants of his capital. On the other hand, the sentimental weakness of the King of Prussia for an anointed fellow-sovereign in misfortune is almost the only circumstance that prevents Count Bismarck from imposing such onerous conditions on Austria as to make a continuance of the war inevitable. In Italy the feeling, both at Court and among the people, is even more warlike than at Berlin. The Italians not only want Venetia without compensation, but also Trieste and the Italian Tyrol, which they hold to be their natural boundaries. On the whole the situation is surrounded by difficulties of a very formidable character, and if diplomacy should succeed in removing them, it will have gained a victory that will do much to retrieve a succession of very damaging defeats.

*July 27th.*

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD: ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. Longmans. 1866.

THE origin of this volume of essays is remarkable. The principle of contribution is the same as that of the well-known "Essays and Reviews." Like that work, it is the joint production of a number of writers belonging to the same general school of theology, but who are responsible only for their own contributions. There is, indeed, an editor, but he announces in the preface that he has exerted no "editorial interference," and that the several "writers have been left free to express their individual convictions." This fact greatly enhances the interest and importance of the work. It is the manifesto of the Catholic or Ritualistic party of the Church of England, that section of the more general body called High Church, which has lately come so prominently into notice. What the public have known of it has been chiefly through its Ritualism, but now it comes to the front with a combined effort of authorship, not on doctrinal points only, but on "questions of the day," and I do not hesitate to say that it makes a valuable offering to the stock of general thought and enlightenment.

Those who have fancied that this party are chiefly occupied with the frivolities of ecclesiastical millinery and church adornment are entirely wrong. This volume will undeceive them. They will perceive in it a depth of purpose, a freedom of mind, and an extent of research which will surprise them. They will perceive that this is a party, and this a band of writers which cannot safely be despised. They can meet their enemies in the gate, and not feel ashamed. And if they had a turn for sarcasm, they could find as ample scope for it in the systems and practice of their opponents, as their opponents do in theirs. They may be excused for seeing nothing Divine "in the melancholy duet of parson and clerk," and for believing that prayer is a higher ordinance than the pulpit displays of their Evangelical denouncers. They may be pardoned for seeing nothing admirable or sacred in dull and dreary services, and for wishing to enlist the senses on their side, and thus making of the offering of the Lord a gladsome offering, grateful to eye and ear. They have more to say for themselves than those who know them not would imagine, and assuredly they have far greater strength. But my immediate concern is with the work before me.

The essays are eighteen in number. The first is on "University Extension," by Professor Rogers, of Oxford. He agrees with Dr. Temple, of Rugby, in thinking that the residence of students in lodgings, *more antiquo*, and apart from the expenses of collegiate life, should be permitted. He would also permit the affiliation to the Universities of the best educational bodies of the country, such as King's College in London, so that a student of any of them might take his Oxford or Cambridge B.A. degree on bare examination, without residence.

The next article is a most able one on "The Missionary Aspect of Ritualism." Those who wish to come to the heart of the Ritualistic movement and to comprehend it, ought to study this article. They will find that the case is not so

easily disposed of as they might think. The Ritualists have laid hold of a deep and powerful principle, and they find that it draws immensely. That principle is to make worship dramatic, and to teach religion by object lessons. "Ritualism," says Dr. Littledale, "is the object lesson of religion; and how popular it is can be known by those only who have seen its working amongst a poor population in towns. It affords a common ground where high and low can meet; for there are certain cravings for the beautiful common to both, which are certainly not gratified by the ordinary Sunday routine." This is quite true; let us just see what large classes of society are wearied, repelled, or at all events left unsatisfied by the dreary, unadorned, and monotonous services which are the general rule. Persons of imaginative tastes and faculties find no vent for their natural instincts in such services. That such persons are repelled is no slight evil. But "the same is true, and more generally true, of women, and most true of all in the case of children, to whom a church-going Sunday is too often a terrible weariness of the flesh. A church which refuses to provide for such cases, and they count by hundreds of thousands, at once stamps itself as a class religion, and forfeits all claim to catholicity of purpose." Now the women and the children form two-thirds at least of our congregations, and these feel a natural distaste to what is dry and abstract, and require to be reached through their senses and the more emotional parts of their nature. One hears simplicity of worship extolled as if it was self-evident truth that the simpler Divine service is made the better. Dr. Littledale tells us on the contrary, that "no public worship is really deserving of its name unless it be histrionic," and that "simplicity, that is, bareness and poverty in the externals of worship, is unsuited for a national, much less for a universal religion."

Let us bring it to the test of facts, and on the largest scale. How is it that the Anglican Church is stopped in its growth, and can make no way at all except among the English, and totally fails to attract foreign races? Evidently because it makes too limited an appeal to human nature. It is decent and decorous; but more and higher things are wanted. And even in England, with all its social pre-eminence, more than half the nation stands aloof from it; the Scotch disdain it, the Irish loathe it, and the Welch reject it. In America it exists, but only among certain classes of the race. To other classes it presents no attractions. I was amazed, at the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851, to find bishops advocating the opening of the London churches to foreigners, that they might see how Divine worship ought to be conducted; that, smitten by its beauties, they might carry a good report of it home! And with what result? Why, of course, with none at all; for what beauty of holiness or charm of reverence could they find in our bepewed churches, in which the congregation sit listlessly while a man reads prayers out of a book by the hour, from which the only change is to a dull psalm tune and a long harangue? During the week the closed and barred churches would seem to them more like the sepulchres of religion than its shrines and temples. Now the party which this volume represents want to make the Church of England a catholic church, and to endear it to young and old, to high and low, to women and children, to the poor and the ignorant, and no less to the refined and artistic, to the imaginative and poetical. It is a high aim, whether they attain it or not; and even working in chains as they do, they still see much fruit in their labours. In London their services are

thronged alike in the aristocratic West and in the democratic East. The Bishop of London is unfeignedly anxious to provide a religious home for the millions of the metropolis who have no worship. But the money fails; the tocsin does not yield, or, at least, not the twentieth part of the sum demanded; and even if it did, no harvest of souls can be gathered from the unaltered regulation system of our Church. The Bishop must revolutionise the services; they are too long; they are too monotonous; they are too dry. They discourage devotion instead of assisting it; they weary, but do not satisfy. It will be all labour in vain unless there is a total change of system. Churchmen speak of "our incomparable Liturgy," as if its literary merits could make the reading of it Sunday after Sunday an unfailing success. "But the way to test it," says Dr. Littledale, "is to bring a religious foreigner, or a comparatively uneducated Dissenter, into a church where no variation from the average parochial routine is to be found, and the verdict will, in almost every instance, be unfavourable. There is nothing to impress the eye, nothing to quicken the attention, nothing to make the breath come short or the pulse beat quicker. There is not the sense of awful, brooding calm, which those who know what a Presbyterian Communion Day in Scotland is, when conducted by ministers of a high stamp, will remember with respect. There is not the swing and heartiness of a Wesleyan meeting. There is not the mysterious and symbolical pomp of a Roman Catholic church. It is very sedate, very decorous, very good, no doubt, for those who like it; but it is not in the very least degree missionary." But a missionary church is wanted in London, and by the masses everywhere. Our Church partially succeeds with the decorous, well-to-do classes, but with none else; the masses know it not. Their common law right to the use of the parish church has been taken away from them, and they regard it not. It is the same in other lands; three centuries of domination and monopoly have failed to give it a hold in the Irish soil; it is as hateful a stranger there as ever. Nor is it necessary to dwell on what this writer calls "the pitiful history of Anglican missions to the heathen." Now this being the case, I deny that those men who are bent on trying a new principle deserve to be either insulted or repressed. If we are ever to have a religion and church for the masses, we must freely invoke this principle. Certain it is that all the systems fail. If the Bishop of London succeeded in getting all the millions he asks for, not all his gold could make a stiff and negative Anglicanism either effective or beloved. He might plant his churches thickly in every quarter, but the heart of the masses will not warm to them unless there is a complete change of system. The selfish and exclusive pew system, and long and dull services, together extinguish the popular affection.

"Infanticide, its Cause and Cure," is next discussed. Paley, in his "Evidences," among the social reforms effected by Christianity, mentions the abolition of the practice of the exposure of infants. It has been revived, however, and infanticide has now become a British institution. We might naturally expect the bishops to take the lead in the warfare against this abomination—this resuscitation of the rites of Moloch. But neither individually nor collectively do they touch it with the tip of their fingers. It is too foul a subject for such holy hands, and so they leave others to deal with it. And so it has ever been with these spiritual peers: the abolition of the Slave Trade, while the cause

was struggling, found not friends but bitter opponents in the Episcopal Bench. How can we expect them to care for the massacre of the innocents? Dr. Lankester has been sounding in the ears of the public for many years his warnings on the terrible increase of child murder. He is of opinion that there are 12,000 women in London to whom this crime may be attributed. The root of this crime is, of course, in the low moral condition of masses who are estranged from religion, and only an insignificant fraction of whom have any connection with a church. These shepherdless, uncared-for multitudes rival the heathen in their worst deeds, and streams of infant blood now cry out against this land. Bishops may be heedless, but others, thank God, are intent on grappling with this evil. The author of this essay, the Rev. Mr. Humble, of Perth, makes some valuable suggestions. He thinks that the father of the child escapes too easily; and that children ought to take rank from the father, and not from the mother, and consequently ought to have assigned for their bringing up a sum proportional to their father's station in the world. This is the Mahommedan law, which is much more just than our own. A rich man pays for his child just the same as a labourer or a mechanic. The other rule would greatly curb the profligacy of the upper classes. Moreover, the father ought to be held responsible for concealment, and to be punished if he connives at it.

I am glad to see that Mr. Humble has the courage—when speaking of prostitution, that other sore and obtrusive evil in this country—to recommend, at least in part, the adoption of the Continental system, and the bringing it under police surveillance and regulations. He instances the regulations in this matter in Paris, and thinks them wise. Even the police there take a pitying and parental oversight of the forlorn and tempted girl. She is earnestly exhorted; her friends are communicated with; she is fully forewarned of what is before her; and if, after all, she determines on embracing the life, she is still under control, and protected, as far as medical care and oversight can protect her, from its worst scourge. And this is done in the interest of society even more than of herself. We neglect both; and let the condition of the British army attest the folly and cruelty of our plan. It is held a sufficient answer to say that the State ought not to recognise vice, and that we seem to protect vice by bringing it under any regulations, though such regulations are proved in other lands to have the effect of lessening it! Such is the shallow and mock morality which imposes on the dull British conscience, and stands in the way of any reform. Hence we the more honour Mr. Humble for speaking out on this subject,—but he will have few clerical followers.

I have only glanced at the contents of three articles, but the other fifteen are all both interesting and able. On practical subjects there are several: on Religious Confraternities; on Hospital and Workhouse nursing; on Clerical Celibacy; on Vows, and their Relation to Religious Communities. The Rev. Gregory Smith contributes a paper on Positivism. It contains a noble passage, p. 266, contrasting the new religion with the old one. Throughout it there is not one bitter or reproachful word. As might be expected, there is an answer to Professor Tyndall's views on Prayer in the article entitled "Science and Prayer." In it I find a pregnant question. "What is man himself but a supernatural phenomenon? His first appearance upon earth is a stupendous miracle. It was an innovation on the previous order of nature, greater than a

resurrection from the dead." Sir Charles Lyell admits the portentous difficulty. "In our attempt to account for the origin of species, we find ourselves brought face to face with the working of a law of development of so high an order as to stand nearly in the same relation as the DEITY himself to man's finite understanding; a law capable of adding new and powerful causes, such as the moral and intellectual faculties of the human race, to a system of nature which had gone on for millions of years without the intervention of an analogous cause." (Antiquity of Man, chap. xxxiii.)

There is, indeed, much reason for resisting the theory of an inactive Deity, whose only rule is that of non-intervention. Are we to believe that the original Source of all activity is the only inactive being in the universe; that the Source of all energy is the only being who does not exert his power?

Mr. G. E. Street, the eminent architect, contributes a paper on Foreign Gothic, and its influence on English Art. He is a worthy coadjutor of Mr. Scott in promoting its study.

For the rest, I may say that this volume does infinite credit to the rising Catholic or Ritualistic School—to its liberality, activity of mind, and research. The writers are no crabbed formalists, but take wide views. As a sign of this, I may mention a highly eulogistic notice of "Ecce Homo," a book which has been so much discussed in religious circles. They only require a fair field and no favour; for not only in active labours, but in the world of thought and literature, they are well able to hold their own.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT OF IRELAND. By JOHN P. PRENDERGAST.  
Longmans. 1865.

Was Mr. Prendergast's book well-timed or the reverse? will be a question with almost every one who reads it. We believe it to have been well-timed; for, though it is folly to disturb a healing wound, still, when a wound will not heal, a wise doctor will not hesitate to lay it bare in the hope of finding a reason for its obstinacy. Now, Mr. Prendergast undoubtedly does something towards explaining why, after so many years of English rule, Fenianism, and every other Irishism, are not only possible but inevitable. He has taken a piece of history which most of our historians pass entirely over; and he has worked it out fully and conscientiously, giving his authorities at every point, and contenting himself with indicating the effect of the "Settlement" on the temper of the people, and with hinting at the unquestionable transmission of this effect quite down to our own day. No doubt the land question lies at the root of the Irish difficulty, chiefly on account of the way in which estates have been acquired, and of the conduct of many of those who have gained them. The vast majority of those who settled in Ireland in Cromwell's day had no more idea of amalgamating with the natives than the people of Perth have of introducing "miscegenation" into Western Australia. If they spared any of those whom they were at first minded to turn out root and branch, it was that they might be, like the Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water. And the abhorrence of everything Irish which they carried with them their descendants have in most cases inherited. They have, indeed, given up all claim to be

extra religious. "I have hunted with them, dined with them, drunk and fought with them; but I have never prayed with them. For an Irish Protestant is a man who never goes to church, and who hates a Papist," says one who knew them well. But, religion apart, they have acted up to the spirit of the inscription on the gate of Bandon, which welcomed Jew, Turk, or infidel—every one except a Papist. And, for all practical purposes, Papist and native were interchangeable terms, for "the degenerate English," as previous settlers are always styled by the next invading swarm, seldom clung to the old faith unless they had become *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*.

The wound which Mr. Prendergast lays open is, it must be confessed, an old one. Two hundred and twenty years is a long time; but then nations have long memories. There was no great cordiality over here between Norman and Saxon till Henry III.'s reign at any rate, though more than one of his predecessors had done their best to amalgamate the two peoples. Take "the Tory" of 1655 (one of Major Morgan's "three burdensome beasts") as he is described by Mr. Prendergast,—the reckless outlaw, ousted from his land, and taking to the woods instead of "transplanting" to Connaught; suppose that he escaped the death which threatened him on all sides, and that his children settled down as hinds on the property whence he had been ejected. Trace the family (as Eugene Sue did his "Famille prolétaire") through all the monstrous legislation and social misery which have been endemic in the island; and is it any wonder that its present representatives should be what they are, the ready dupes of every one who tells them that all their ills are due to present English misrule? What would such a history be? Scarcely have our young Tories got into anything like quiet life when William III.'s confiscations complete the work which Cromwell only began. Then come the penal laws, perhaps the most ingeniously diabolical of any enactments which man's worse nature ever prompted; then '98, and the atrocious cruelties which forced on that rebellion. And all this time the "dominant race" stood aloof, as distinct in feeling and interests from the mass of the people as the whites are from the blacks in Jamaica. There, too, from the first was the Established Church. At the very outset, infinite pains were taken to prevent the natives from conforming to it. To pray or preach in Erse was strictly forbidden; "the service must be in English or in Latin." Good Bishop Bedell, revered by the Irish, and honoured by them with a grand funeral, got nothing from his countrymen but a thorough snubbing for causing a part of the New Testament to be put into Irish. It was not meant that the natives should turn Protestant; their masters would much rather have them as they were. To come nearer our own day; the Union was never very popular, we can understand why from the parallel cases of Turin and the other Italian ex-capitals; while most of the more recent conciliatory measures have unhappily been looked on as enforced concessions rather than hearty attempts to do good. On the whole, our peasant family, with such antecedents, and growing up under such circumstances, would be pretty sure to furnish just now a good many Fenians, besides being thoroughly discontented even at the best of times. Now, the book before us explains how the "Tory," the ancestor of the disaffected peasant of to-day, grew up. Shalmaneser tried "transplanting" on a small scale; so did Darius and others before him and after. So, for the matter of that, did the men who ousted Hereward. But all these were mere retailers in confiscation compared with the



Long Parliament. Moreover, in England the nature of the country was against the formation of a race of "Tories." It was not so well tilled as it is now. There were the Fens, and there was Sherwood Forest; but there was nothing like an Irish bog from the Somerset marshes, where Alfred hid himself so well, up, at any rate, as far as the West Riding. The English outlaw was heavily handicapped in comparison with the Irish rapparee. In fact, his best plan, on the whole, was to get across into Wales; and so just to do the very thing which the Parliament wished to force the Irish into doing. The Irish, on the other hand, often preferred remaining to be thorns in the eyes of the new settlers; and if they happened to be near a convenient morass it was very difficult to force them over into Connaught. All sorts of plans were tried. Mr. Prendergast tells us how a Mr. Hetherington was sentenced by a court-martial "sitting (Puritan fashion) in St. Patrick's," and was duly hanged with placards on his breast and back "for not transplanting." Many were sent off to "the Barbadoes," sold to Bristol merchants, who shipped some 6,400 in four years, and so exceeded their orders "to take any who were wandering without visible means of livelihood" that in 1655 these orders had to be revoked; though afterwards, when Penn had seized Jamaica, Secretary Thurloe writes to Lord Henry Cromwell to secure a thousand "Irish wenches" and twelve or fifteen hundred boys, to take the place of the Maroons. Cromwell answers there will be no difficulty, save that force must be used to take them. "Who knows," he says, just as Queen Isabella said to Columbus, "but it might be a means to make them English—I mean Christians?" Still the Tory was not extirpated; and the very fact that another "burdensome beast," the wolf, so rapidly increased that wolf hunts were got up close to Dublin, and land not nine miles off was held by a rent of wolves' heads, gave greater vitality to the native. The Cromwellians dared not be "thorough;" they had Scripture warrant for going on by degrees, "lest the beasts of the field should increase upon them." And so the grand opportunity was suffered to slip by; and the old leaven remained. The Tories who escaped an outlaw's doom crept one after another out of their lairs, and were rather welcomed than otherwise by "adventurers" and military settlers, who had found themselves quite nonplussed for labourers, and whose land was fast becoming a howling wilderness. And thus, with so grand a programme, we have but a poor performance; and, instead of a second England east of the Shannon, with a wild Irish Wales beyond it, there remained the same miserable mixture of discordant elements which has always given, and seemingly will always give, nothing but vexation, till somehow a clean sweep is made of what the Parliament (with the best possible intentions) failed to get rid of. That is the English view of the subject; of course it is not Mr. Prendergast's. But both agree in tracing much of the present evils of Ireland to the way in which the "settlement" was managed. "It should never have been attempted," says the Irishman. "Of course not," rejoins the Englishman, "unless it could have been thoroughly carried out." How it was actually carried out the reader will learn from the book before us. Mr. Prendergast cites a great many cases of cruelty and hardship; the remarkable fact being that almost all the sufferers have English names. The absence of native Irish among the petitioners for leave to stay a month or two in order to get in a crop, or to superintend the sale of stock and produce, is explained partly by their ignorance of English law-

forms, partly by their poverty, which prevented them from even meeting the expenses of an appeal. Many of the petitions are very touching. Mary Archer has an aged father who "would be suddenly brought to his grave, wanting his usual accommodation." John, Lord Power of Curraghmore, "hath for twenty years past been distracted and destitute of all judgment." Sir Nicholas Comyn, of Limerick precinct, is "numb at one side of his body with a dead palsy;" but he has to go, with his wife, the Lady Catherine Comyn, and their one servant, Honora M'Namara—a sad "following" theirs must have been. Sad, too, must have been the journey of "Ignatius Stacpoole, of Limerick, orphan, aged eleven years, flaxen haire, full face, low stature; and Katherine Stacpoole, sister of the said Ignatius, aged eight years, flaxen haire, full face." How soon hard fare and exile must have sharpened those "full faces," while the poor children were kept under a surveillance so severe that it needed a special order for any one—Lord Trimleston, Sir R. Barnewall, and others tried it—to pass and repass even from the Connaught suburb of Athlone into the town itself. Out of a long list of petitioners, the only Irish name is that of Piers Creagh, whose plea is that he is "hated by his countrymen for his known inclination to the English Government." Of course such a wholesale deportation must have been a work of difficulty. The commissioners are "overwhelmed with the sense of their weakness and unworthiness. The children are come to the birth," &c. Indeed, Scripture phrases drop from their lips as nauseously as, David tells us, the quails' flesh did out of the mouths of the full-fed Jews in the desert. They fast and pray, and enjoin the same thing on all Christian friends, and invite the commanders and soldiers to join them in lifting up prayers with strong crying and tears. That they do not pray in vain may be gathered from the following, which is racy of the time:—The Irish of Cashel were "dispensed from transplanting." "But" (says a letter in "Mercurius Politicus") "the Lord, who is a jealous God, and much more knowing of their wickedness than we are, by a fire on the 23rd, hath burnt down the whole town except some few houses that the English lived in. . . . Moreover, they which had got their dispensations died of the plague, and none else long before nor since dead of the disease there."

In this way the ground was sufficiently cleared to admit of the loan whereby the Parliament had raised Lord Wharton's army being repaid in land. As soon as the debentures were cancelled, the soldiers came in for their share out of the surplus land. The maps which Mr. Prendergast reproduces from Dr. Petty's original survey, give a great idea of the wholesale nature of the scheme. Unfortunately for its success, it was not honestly carried out. Captain Bassett gave the soldiers of his troop a barrel of beer for their lands. Others would show a soldier a worthless piece of bog as his lot, and buy it of him for a trifle. The land-jobbing and the troubles to which it led are by no means edifying, when we remember the solemn protest of each regiment that they "had rather receive the worst piece of heather from the 'Lord's lot' than the richest land of their own choosing." By amalgamation, then, many "lots" were drawn into previously existing properties, and Ireland became from that moment a country of large estates. Land there was in plenty; but how to till it? It was absolutely necessary (as we said) to 'tice back some of the "Tories." They were glad enough to come, but the peculiar features of the case explain why their descendants have always looked on themselves as co-proprietors with the great-grandchildren of the interlopers. Yet there was another peril in allowing these Irish to return.

Many of the "adventurers" and most of the soldiers were single men. Their temper may be judged by "the humble petition of officers, soldiers, &c., to the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland," in which they pray that the transplanting be fully carried out, so as to keep them from temptation. "Shall we," they ask, "join in affinity with the people of these abominations? Would not the Lord be angry with us till He consumes us, having said, 'The land which ye go to possess is an unclean land, because of the filthiness of them that dwell therein'?" Yet, still, there could not be too many safeguards against mixture of bloods; so it is enacted that for marrying an Irish Papist an officer is broke, and a soldier, if a dragoon, is reduced to the line, if a foot soldier he is made a pioneer, "without hope of rise." Love laughs at well-laid plans; and the soldiers soon got a trick of "converting" the girls they took a fancy to, so that Ireton had to put out one of the most remarkable proclamations ever penned: that "whereas divers officers and souldiers doe intermarry with women of this land that are Papists, or who only for corrupt or carnall ends pretend to bee otherwise, and who, while not really brought off from their false ways, are declared by the Lord to be a people of His wrath; and lest any be left to their own misguided judgments in things where usually blinded affection makes them take any pretence for a reall worke of God on the heart, I think fitt"—to order every girl to pass a previous examination in her spiritual state before a board of military saints!

Such was the plan of the incomers to oust as many natives as possible, and to reduce the rest to helotism. But why was such a monstrous scheme set on foot? For, even to attack mere Irish, the Parliament must have had some better pretext than their being Catholics. The transplanting was intended expressly as retribution for "the massacre of 1641." Now here is the most important part of Mr. Prendergast's book. He denies the existence of any such deliberate massacre as that which, from Rushworth and Sir J. Temple downwards, make such a monstrous figure in every English historian. And he certainly succeeds in throwing the burden of proof on those who attribute to the Irish anything like a plan of comprehensive extermination. Very little is heard of a premeditated design till, war breaking out between Charles and his Parliament, it becomes the Parliament's interest to make the Irish so hateful in English eyes that their help may be worse than useless to the royal cause. Then Sir J. Temple's well-known book appears with its sensation vignettes; then the horrors deepen; and cruel reprisals taken by infuriated kernes are spoken of as part of a systematic design. We must not forget, either, that the "massacring," such as it was, was set going by the English and Scotch. Professor Goldwin Smith, in his excellent work, "Irish Character and Irish History," tells how the Scots of Carrickfergus killed every man, woman, and child in Island Magee, though the islanders had not the least share in the rebellion. These same Scots, too, began the bloody work by their conduct at the Bridge of Newry. "The Levites' Lamentation," complaining how three gentlemen of Ardagh "were murdered by these bloud-suckers," says, "Weo had put to death neare fourty of them upon the bridge at Newry, amongst which were some eighteen women, which were stript naked, thrown in and shot at in the water, and two of the Pope's pedlars, seminary priests; in return of which they slaughtered many prisoners in their custody."

But more decisive still is the testimony of Dr. Henry Jones, rector of Kilmore, in Cavan, afterwards Bishop of Meath, given by Bishop Bedell's son-in-law. Jones was a prisoner with twelve hundred others. These remained seven months in the hands of the massacring Irish. They were treated with all kindness, *allowed the practice of their religion*, and at last honourably exchanged to the garrison of Drogheda, in May, 1642. "The Irish," says the account, "shed tears on parting with them." On the whole, we think it must be conceded that there was no systematic and premeditated massacre such as is ordinarily described, though there were cruel reprisals and sad atrocities on both sides. The story certainly served its end, for it embittered the English of that time, and, unhappily, the bitter feeling is not yet entirely got rid of.

Massacre or no massacre, every one who wishes to understand why Ireland is as it is, will read Mr. Prendergast. We have said nothing about his preface, in which he gives a graphic account of how, while ferreting out a genealogy, he came on the records of the "settlement" in the tower of Dublin Castle. We must not linger over his introductory sketch, in which he so graphically describes that old homegrown civilisation (of which Mr. Wilkins has already told us so much in this Review) which broke in pieces at the rude touch of Ostmen and Norman invaders. We have shown that the book is interesting. That it is impartial may be gathered from the remarks about Cromwell—no favourite with Irishmen in general. The Protector comes out as a kindly man, interceding in behalf of sufferers—notably for Spenser's grandson, who (by a strange instance of retributive justice) was amongst the "proscribed;" and for Lord Ikerrin, who, being very sick and allowed six months' respite from transplanting to repair to "the Bath," in England, pushes on to London, and has speech of Cromwell. Cromwell begs the Council to let him off, or at least to give him some money help, "for indeed he is a miserable object of pity; and we desire that care be taken of him, and he be not suffered to perish for want of subsistence." The Protector, however, was by no means omnipotent. Spenser and Lord Ikerrin had to go. Such is Mr. Prendergast's book. It contains a great deal which will be new to most Englishmen. It is temperately written, and supported at every point by contemporary records; and we who pride ourselves on our impartiality, will do well to allow it the weight which it deserves. As Professor Goldwin Smith says, we "ought in this case to cultivate the charities of history, and to pay attention to general causes;" for in no other way can we hope to read the riddle of Ireland's chronic disaffection and misery.

H. S. FAGAN.

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DENMARK IN THE EARLY IRON AGE, ILLUSTRATED BY RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE PEAT MOSSES OF SLESVIG. By CONRAD ENGELHARDT, late Director of the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Flensburg. Williams & Norgate.

IN this interesting volume M. Engelhardt, after a general survey of the Danish antiquities belonging to the early Iron Age, gives a full account of the two most important peat-moss finds,—those, namely, of Thorsbjerg and Nydam.

The excavations were carried on under his superintendence, and at the expense of the Danish Government, during the summers of 1858 to 1863, the objects discovered being deposited in the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Flensburg.

The researches at Nydam were still unfinished when the two German Powers so unjustly attacked Denmark in 1864, and it is needless to say that they have never been resumed in a satisfactory manner. Although, therefore, "the investigation of one of these two great South Jutland moss-deposits cannot be considered as complete, the results obtained are nevertheless highly interesting and instructive, not only because these deposits contained so large a number of objects, which in both cases may safely be assumed to be almost contemporary, but also because they can be assigned with certainty to the earliest dawn of Danish history, when Iron first makes its appearance as being in general use in the North."

Peat is extensively worked in Denmark, and objects of antiquity are not unfrequently found in it. Generally these are single, but in some cases large numbers occur at one level and in one circumscribed area, so as to justify the conclusion that they belong to one period. In some, at least, of these cases it is quite evident that they were intentionally deposited. At Nydam itself, for instance, not only, says M. Engelhardt, "were wooden articles often lying in large heaps,—several layers of shields, one above the other, occasionally also with javelins stuck through them to keep them together,—but certain classes of objects were almost all found together in one place. This was, for instance, the case with nearly all objects of gold, and one particular spot the workmen called 'chain-mail close,' knowing that we should probably find some of these articles there. The vessels of burnt clay, having been sunk by placing large stones in them, lay at the greatest depth; and sometimes spear-heads and smaller arms were wrapped up in coats of mail. These are a few examples out of many, but they go far, I think, to prove that the whole was purposely sunk in the water, and that this and similar accumulations of antiquities cannot be considered accidental, or explained by supposing that a great number of warriors have fallen through the ice during a battle in winter, or on any similar hypothesis."

The complete absence of human bones also, especially when combined with the perfect preservation of animal remains, is a complete answer to that hypothesis. It has been suggested that these localities are the sites of lake villages, like those of Switzerland, but this, again, is disproved by the absence of piles. Moreover, as regards the Nydam case, the objects were all found in the immediate neighbourhood of three boats, in which it is probable that originally they all lay. These boats had been sunk purposely, as is proved by the existence of holes roughly cut through the planks under the water-line. We may also agree with M. Engelhardt that "the common origin of all the deposits of this kind discovered in the peat-bogs is obvious, and it is further evident that for the most part they have been made under similar circumstances and for the same reasons." When giving a short notice of these discoveries in 1863,<sup>1</sup> I lent to the theory that the objects had been hidden away under water during some period of disturbance, and thus lost. Even as recently as 1848, many arms, household utensils, &c., were thus deposited in the peat-bogs. I was told of one case in particular, where the mayor, fearing a popular *émeute*, sunk the arms belonging to his town in a lake, and as in the excitement of the moment he omitted to mark the place, they have never been again recovered. M. Engelhardt, how-

(1) *Natural History Review*, 1863, p. 626. See also "Prehistoric Times," p. 8.

ever, urges as an objection to this view, that most of the objects found in the Danish peat-mosses were purposely injured so as to be rendered useless before they were deposited. He thinks, therefore, that we are not yet in a position "satisfactorily to solve these enigmas."

The objects themselves are so numerous and so varied that they throw much light on the economical condition of the country at the period to which they belong. In these peat-finds, moreover, there is little danger of things belonging to a later date becoming accidentally mixed with the ancient remains, because the growth of peat gradually covers up the stratum containing the antiquities, and thus prevents modern and extraneous objects from finding their way into the original deposit. The two "finds" at Thorsbjerg and Nydam are so very similar that there can be no doubt of their belonging to the same period and the same people. The principal difference between them arises from the fact that whereas at Nydam the objects of iron are well preserved, this is unfortunately not the case at Thorsbjerg, the action of the water having there almost entirely destroyed all traces of that metal.

It is evident, however, that at Thorsbjerg, as at Nydam, the arms and cutting instruments were all of iron, both from traces which still remain, and also because if they had been of bronze—the only alternative—they would have remained uninjured.

M. Engelhardt commences his description of the antiquities with that of the large boat discovered at Nydam. It was built of oak, is seventy-seven feet long, and "rather broad in the middle, viz., ten feet ten inches, flat at the bottom, but higher and sharper at each end; it consists of eleven oak-planks, viz., five on either side, besides the bottom plank, of which the keel forms part." On all the planks are perforated clamps, which are of one and the same piece with the planks themselves, and must therefore have been left when the latter were cut out of the solid timber. The planks themselves are fastened together by iron nails, but additional strength, and perhaps also additional elasticity, was given by having them tied together by bait ropes passed through the perforated clamps. The rowlocks also were tied to the gunwale by bait ropes, and consisted of a projecting horn, beneath which was an orifice, through which again a rope loop was passed. Very similar rowlocks, and, indeed, very similar boats, are still used in some parts of Norway. The rudder was nine feet seven inches in length, and near the middle it has a hole, through which a rope may have been passed for the purpose of tying it to the side of the boat. "This is," says Mr. Engelhardt, "the most ancient form of rudder known. Rudders quite similar to this in shape and construction may be seen on many representations of the ships of classic times, and always on the right hand ('starboard') of the steersman." Lateral rudders are represented on the Bayeux tapestry, on the bas-reliefs over the door of the leaning tower of Pisa, and on an old seal of the town of Sandwich. Indeed the side rudder was not replaced by the hinged rudder now in use until the end of the thirteenth century.

In and round this boat were found oars, swords, lances, axes, awls, knives, brooches, whetstones, wooden vessels, brooms, shields, bows and arrows, glass beads, pottery, &c., &c.

The dress of the period is illustrated by some remains found at Thorsbjerg. These comprise two square cloaks, a kirtle, and two pairs of trousers, all of

woollen cloth, and a pair of leather sandals. A pair of stockings of fine woollen cloth, woven with a diamond pattern, are sewn on to the trousers. These garments display more skill in weaving than those of the bronze age which were found in Treenhoi, and which I have figured, after Madsen, in "Prehistoric Times." Thorsbjerg has produced more than sixty fibulæ; Nydam, as yet, only nine. They are of bronze, sometimes plated with gold and silver, and furnished with concentric rings of small glass beads. They are of two varieties: circular and bowed. The other ornaments are clasps, buttons, beads of agate, glass, or porcelain, spiral finger-rings of bronze, fragments of gold rings and bracelets—cut up, as M. Engelhardt supposes, to serve as ring money—and pendants of bronze, silver, or gold. Tweezers of bronze and silver are common, and bone combs have been found at Nydam, but not at Thorsbjerg.

The arms of defence comprise helmets, coats of mail, breastplates, and shields. One of the former is made of silver.

M. Engelhardt considers that the breastplates "are of Roman, or, perhaps, rather of Romanised, manufacture; the art is of no very high character, and we are inclined to consider them as having been copied from better models by barbarian artificers in the service of Roman armourers." The ornaments on them represent warriors, Medusa-heads, fishes, birds, serpents, dolphins, &c. The shields are circular, made of boards, with handles of wood and bosses of iron, bronze, or sometimes of silver. One has an inscription in dotted Roman letters, AEL. AELIANUS.

More than a hundred swords have been found at Nydam. They are of iron, richly damascened in various patterns—long, straight, and two-edged. They are between thirty and forty inches long, and the blades are from one inch and a-half to two inches and three-quarters broad near the hilt, from which the breadth gradually decreases until about an inch from the point. Several have inscriptions in Roman letters, and one has two figures resembling Runes, inlaid with gold wire, on a conspicuous part of the blade. Sword hilts are very numerous. They are of wood, with plates of bronze, silver, or gold. In form as well as in material these swords differ very much from those of the bronze age.

Spears appear to have been in very general use. At Nydam, alone, nearly six hundred were discovered. No less than forty bows were found at Nydam, and the arrows also were very numerous. The greater number of them are specially interesting as having on them the owner's mark. Modern savages place similar marks on their arrows, which they can thus reclaim. Moreover, after a battle or a hunt, they can thus prove their skill. Harness is represented by bridles, bits, spurs, &c. Stirrups, saddles, and horseshoes were unknown. Fire seems to have been obtained by means of pyrites, twelve pieces of which have been found.

The earliest Danish coinage appears to have been that of King Sven Tveskjæg, who reigned in the eleventh century. Up to that period gold and silver rings are supposed to have been used as money. The Nydam and Thorsbjerg finds, however, both included a certain number of Roman coins. These were altogether 71 in number, distinguished as follows:—Nero 1, Vitellius 2, Vespasian 4, Domitian 1, Trajan 7, Hadrian 7, Ælius 1, Antoninus Pius 16, Faustina the Elder 5, Marcus Aurelius 10, Faustina the Younger 3, Commodus 3, Septimius Severus 1, Lucius Verus 2, Lucilla 2, Commodus 5, Macrinus 1. They range, there-

fore, over about a hundred and fifty years: from 60 to 217 years after Christ. The Nydam find is rather the more recent in its character; Thorsbjerg reaching from 60 to 194, Nydam from 69 to 217. It is curious that three of the coins are ancient counterfeits, being copper plated with silver.

These coins give us an approximate date for the objects with which they were found. As we must allow some time for the transport from southern countries, it is evident that the Nydam and Thorsbjerg deposits cannot be older than the middle of the third century. This is the period to which they are referred by M. Engelhardt. On the other hand the *Athenæum*, in an article by one of our best archaeologists, maintains that they cannot be older than the fifth century, relying mainly on the general character of the objects, and as regards the coins arguing that they only give us a fixed date in one direction. In this country, it is urged, Roman coins were in extensive use throughout the Saxon period. In support of this argument, Mr. Tristram has written to the same journal to state that in Tunis he collected above 100 coins belonging to the old Greek and Roman colonies, and still in actual use. I believe that a careful search would find Roman coins still in circulation in Great Britain. But this does not touch M. Engelhardt's argument. A hoard of the fifth century might certainly have contained a coin of Nero, but it seems unlikely that it should contain none which were less than a hundred years old. Saxon "finds" may comprise Roman coins, but they do not consist exclusively of them. The argument used in the *Athenæum* and supported by Mr. Tristram would be good if M. Engelhardt was relying on a single coin; but in this case we have more than seventy coins, belonging to no less than seventeen different types. The weight of the evidence depends in such cases on the number of coins, and also in part on their variety. If such finds of coins as those of Thorsbjerg and Nydam had been made in Italy, we could hardly have regarded them as later than the middle of the third century. Occurring as they do in so distant a locality, some time must of course be allowed for transport. It is evident that they cannot be earlier than the middle of the third century; from the preceding considerations I do not think that they can be later than the middle of the fourth.

M. Engelhardt expresses, I believe, the general opinion of Danish archaeologists when he divides the "Iron Age" of Denmark into three periods—namely, "the Early Iron Age, from about 250 to 450 A.C.; the Transition Period, extending to the close of the seventh century; and the Late Iron Age, terminating with the introduction of Christianity about the year 1,000. The Early Iron Age, with which we are here now particularly concerned, presents at its very first appearance three important elements of a higher civilisation—the use of iron, of horses for riding and driving, and of an alphabet of Runic letters."

I cannot, however, myself think that iron was really unknown in Denmark until so late a period. We know that in Southern Europe it was in use in the time of Homer and Hesiod; and it seems improbable that the knowledge of so useful a substance should have taken twelve hundred years to reach Denmark, especially as it was extensively used for arms by the Gauls and Germans even before the time of Cæsar.

Whatever differences of opinion, however, there may be on these or other points, all antiquaries will agree that we are under a deep debt of gratitude



to Professor Engelhardt for this valuable work, and Messrs. Evans and Flower have done good service to science in superintending the publication of an English edition. The plates, which are the same as those used in the Danish memoirs, are thirty-three in number, and very well executed.

On the whole, Professor Engelhardt's researches in the Danish peat-mosses are a model of what archaeological investigations should be. It is much to be hoped that the Prussian Government will continue the researches commenced under the enlightened rule of the Danes, and it would be a wise and gracious act if they requested Mr. Engelhardt to carry on that which he has so well begun.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

RESEARCHES INTO THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH DOG. By GEORGE R. JESSE.  
2 vols. Robert Hardwicke. 1866.

MR. JESSE modestly observes that he has brought this work before the public in a "somewhat rugged state," and he excuses its defects on the ground that his professional avocations prevent him from bestowing "the revision on it which he could desire." The author would perhaps have acted more wisely if he had postponed the publication until he could give it the attention which it certainly requires. He has read a great deal on the subject, and writes of it with evident interest; but despite all his efforts he has failed to do it justice. In these two volumes he has collected a vast store of facts, some of which are curious and unfamiliar, many anecdotes worthy of preservation, and illustrations from writers in prose and verse; he has transcribed royal edicts and dog laws all the world over; he has narrated with much minuteness the horrid sports for which dogs were formerly trained in England. But his book has no plan. It is a confused mass of details, many of them interesting enough, which the reader must put into shape as he best can. If there is, which may be doubted, any necessity for a new work on the British dog, that work has yet to be written. Mr. Jesse has produced an amusing miscellany of facts and fiction, and in doing so has doubtless expended much time and patience. The result, however, can scarcely be considered commensurate with the labour. The illustrations, which are designed by the author, are many of them excellent; and the book, if unworthy of the title prefixed to it, is eminently amusing, and will please any reader who wishes to be pleased, and does not care to be critical.

JOHN DENNIS.

END OF VOL. V.







